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GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XXIX.

BETIMES in the morning I was up and out. It was too early yet to go to Miss Havisham's, so I loitered into the country on Miss Havisham's side of town—which was not Joe's side; I could go there to-morrow—thinking about my patroness, and painting brilliant pictures of her plans for me.

She had adopted Estella, she had as good as adopted me, and it could not fail to be her intention to bring us together. She reserved it for me to restore the desolate house, admit the sunshine into the dark rooms, set the clocks a going and the cold hearths a blazing, tear down the cobwebs, destroy the vermin—in short, do all the shining deeds of the young Knight of romance, and marry the Princess. I had stopped to look at the house as I passed; and its seared red brick walls, blocked windows, and strong green ivy clasping even the stacks of chimneys with its twigs and tendons, as if with sinewy old arms, had made up a rich attractive mystery, of which I was the hero. Estella was the inspiration of it, and the heart of it, of course. But, though she had taken such strong possession of me, though my fancy and my hope were so set upon her, though her influence on my boyish life and character had been all-powerful, I did not, even that romantic morning, invest her with any attributes save those she possessed. I mention this in this place, of a fixed purpose, because it is the clue by which I am to be followed into my poor labyrinth. According to my experience, the conventional notion of a lover cannot be always true. The unqualified truth is, that when I loved Estella with the love of a man, I loved her because I found her irresistible. Once for all; I knew to my sorrow, often and often, if not always, that I loved her against reason, against promise, against peace, against hope, against happiness, against all discouragement that could be. Once for all; I loved her none the less because I knew it, and it had no more influence in restraining me, than if I had devoutly believed her to be human perfection.

I so shaped out my walk as to arrive at the gate at my old time. When I had rung at the bell with an unsteady hand, I turned my back upon the gate, while I tried to get my breath and keep the beating of my heart moderately quiet. I heard the side door open and steps come across the court-yard; but I pretended not to hear, even when the gate swung on its rusty hinges.

Being at last touched on the shoulder, I started and turned. I started much more naturally then, to find myself confronted by a man in a sober grey dress. The last man I should have expected to see in that place of porter at Miss Havisham's door.

"Orlick!"

"Ah, young master, there's more changes than yours. But come in, come in. It's opposed to my orders to hold the gate open."

I entered and he swung it, and locked it, and took the key out. "Yes!" said he, facing round, after doggedly preceding me a few steps towards the house. "Here I am!"

"How did you come here?"

"I come here," he retorted, "on my legs. I had my box brought alongside me in a barrow."

"Are you here for good?"

"I ain't here for harm, young master, I suppose?"

I was not so sure of that. I had leisure to entertain the retort in my mind, while he slowly lifted his heavy glance from the pavement, up my legs and arms, to my face.

"Then you have left the forge?" I said.

"Do this look like a forge?" replied Orlick, sending his glance all round him with an air of injury. "Now, do it look like it?"

I asked him how long he had left Gargery's forge?

"One day is so like another here," he replied, "that I don't know without casting it up. However, I come here some time since you left."

"I could have told you that, Orlick."

"Ah!" said he, dryly. "But then you've got to be a scholar."

By this time we had come to the house, where I found his room to be one just within the side door, with a little window in it looking on the court-yard. In its small proportions, it was not unlike the kind of place usually assigned to a gate-porter in Paris. Certain keys were hanging on the wall, to which he now added the gate key; and his patchwork-covered bed was in a little inner division or recess. The whole had a slo-

venly confined and sleepy look, like a cage for a human dormouse: while he, looming dark and heavy in the shadow of a corner by the window, looked like the human dormouse for whom it was fitted up—as indeed he was.

"I never saw this room before," I remarked; "but there used to be no Porter here."

"No," said he; "not till it got about that there was no protection on the premises, and it come to be considered dangerous, with convicts and Tag and Rag and Bobtail going up and down. And then I was recommended to the place as a man who could give another man as good as he brought, and I took it. It's easier than bellowsing and hammering.—That's loaded, that is."

My eye had been caught by a gun with a brass-bound stock over the chimney-piece, and his eye had followed mine.

"Well," said I, not desirous of more conversation, "shall I go up to Miss Havisham?"

"Burn me, if I know!" he retorted, first stretching himself and then shaking himself; "my orders ends here, young master. I give this here bell a rap with this here hammer, and you go on along the passage till you meet somebody."

"I am expected, I believe?"

"Burn me twice over, if I can say!" said he.

Upon that, I turned down the long passage which I had first trodden in my thick boots, and he made his bell sound. At the end of the passage, while the bell was still reverberating, I found Sarah Pocket: who appeared to have now become constitutionally green and yellow by reason of me.

"Oh!" said she. "You, is it, Mr. Pip?"

"It is, Miss Pocket. I am glad to tell you that Mr. Pocket and family are all well."

"Are they any wiser?" said Sarah, with a dismal shake of the head; "they had better be wiser, than well. Ah, Matthew, Matthew! You know your way, sir?"

Tolerably, for I had gone up the staircase in the dark, many a time. I ascended it now, in lighter boots than of yore, and tapped in my old way at the door of Miss Havisham's room. "Pip's rap," I heard her say, immediately; "come in, Pip."

She was in her chair near the old table, in the old dress, with her two hands crossed on her stick, her chin resting on them, and her eyes on the fire. Sitting near her, with the white shoe that had never been worn, in her hand, and her head bent as she looked at it, was an elegant lady whom I had never seen.

"Come in, Pip," Miss Havisham continued to mutter, without looking round or up; "come in, Pip, how do you do, Pip? so you kiss my hand as if I were a queen, eh?—— Well?"

She looked up at me suddenly, only moving her eyes, and repeated in a grimly playful manner,

"Well?"

"I heard, Miss Havisham," said I, rather at a loss, "that you were so kind as to wish me to come and see you, and I came directly."

"Well?"

The lady whom I had never seen before, lifted up her eyes and looked archly at me, and then I saw that the eyes were Estella's eyes. But she was so much changed, was so much more beautiful, so much more womanly, in all things winning admiration had made such wonderful advance, that I seemed to have made none. I fancied, as I looked at her, that I slipped hopelessly back into the coarse and common boy again. O the sense of distance and disparity that came upon me, and the inaccessibility that came about her!

She gave me her hand. I stammered something about the pleasure I felt in seeing her again, and about my having looked forward to it for a long, long time.

"Do you find her much changed, Pip?" asked Miss Havisham with her greedy look, and striking her stick upon a chair that stood between them, as a sign to me to sit down there.

"When I came in, Miss Havisham, I thought there was nothing of Estella in the face or figure; but now it all settles down so curiously into the old——"

"What? You are not going to say, into the old Estella?" Miss Havisham interrupted. "She was proud and insulting and you wanted to go away from her. Don't you remember?"

I said confusedly that that was long ago, and that I knew no better then, and the like. Estella smiled with perfect composure, and said she had no doubt of my having been quite right, and of her having been very disagreeable.

"Is *he* changed?" Miss Havisham asked her.

"Very much," said Estella, looking at me.

"Less coarse and common?" said Miss Havisham, playing with Estella's hair.

Estella laughed, and looked at the shoe in her hand, and laughed again, and looked at me, and put the shoe down. She treated me as a boy still, but she lured me on.

We sat in the dreamy room among the old strange influences which had so wrought upon me, and I learnt that she had but just come home from France, and that she was going to London. Proud and wilful as of old, she had brought those qualities into such subjection to her beauty that it was impossible and out of nature—or I thought so—to separate them from her beauty. Truly it was impossible to dissociate her presence from all those wretched hankerings after money and gentility that had disturbed my boyhood—from all those ill-regulated aspirations that had first made me ashamed of home and Joe—from all those visions that had raised her face in the glowing fire, struck it out of the iron on the anvil, extracted it from the darkness of night to look in at the wooden window of the forge and flit away. In a word, it was impossible for me to separate her, in the past or in the present, from the innermost life of my life.

It was settled that I should stay there all the

rest of the day, and return to the hotel at night, and to London to-morrow. When we had conversed for a while, Miss Havisham sent us two out to walk in the neglected garden; on our coming in by-and-by, she said, I should wheel her about a little as in times of yore.

So, Estella and I went out into the garden by the gate through which I had strayed to my encounter with the pale young gentleman, now Herbert; I, trembling in spirit and worshipping the very hem of her dress; she, quite composed and most decidedly not worshipping the hem of mine. As we drew near to the place of encounter, she stopped and said:

"I must have been a singular little creature to hide and see that fight that day: but I did, and I enjoyed it very much."

"You rewarded me very much."

"Did I?" she replied, in an incidental and forgetful way. "I remember I entertained a great objection to your adversary, because I took it ill that he should be brought here to pester me with his company."

"He and I are great friends now," said I.

"Are you? I think I recollect though, that you read with his father?"

"Yes."

I made the admission with reluctance, for it seemed to have a boyish look, and she already treated me more than enough like a boy.

"Since your change of fortune and prospects, you have changed your companions," said Estella.

"Naturally," said I.

"And necessarily," she added, in a haughty tone, "what was fit company for you once, would be quite unfit company for you now."

In my conscience, I doubt very much whether I had any lingering intention left, of going to see Joe; but if I had, this observation put it to flight.

"You had no idea of your impending good fortune, in those times?" said Estella, with a slight wave of her hand, signifying in the fighting times.

"Not the least."

The air of completeness and superiority with which she walked at my side, and the air of youthfulness and submission with which I walked at hers, made a contrast that I strongly felt. It would have rankled in me more than it did, if I had not regarded myself as eliciting it by being so set apart for her and assigned to her.

The garden was too overgrown and rank for walking in with ease, and after we had made the round of it twice or thrice, we came out again into the brewery yard. I showed her to a nicety where I had seen her walking on the casks, that first old day, and she said, with a cold and careless look in that direction, "Did I?" I reminded her where she had come out of the house and given me my meat and drink, and she said, "I don't remember." "Not remember that you made me cry?" said I. "No," said she, and shook her head and looked about her. I verily believe that her not remembering and not minding in the least, made me cry again, inwardly—and that is the sharpest crying of all.

"You must know," said Estella, condescending to me as a brilliant and beautiful woman might, "that I have no heart—if that has anything to do with my memory."

I got through some jargon to the effect that I took the liberty of doubting that. That I knew better. That there could be no such beauty without it.

"Oh! I have a heart to be stabbed in or shot in, I have no doubt," said Estella, "and, of course, if it ceased to beat I should cease to be. But you know what I mean. I have no softness there, no—sympathy—sentiment—nonsense."

What *was* it that was borne in upon my mind when she stood still and looked attentively at me? Anything that I had seen in Miss Havisham? No. In some of her looks and gestures there was that tinge of resemblance to Miss Havisham which may often be noticed to have been acquired by children, from grown persons with whom they have been much associated and secluded, and which, when childhood is past, will produce a remarkable occasional likeness of expression between faces that are otherwise quite different. And yet I could not trace this to Miss Havisham. I looked again, and though she was still looking at me, the suggestion was gone.

What *was* it?

"I am serious," said Estella, not so much with a frown (for her brow was smooth) as with a darkening of her face; "if we are to be thrown much together, you had better believe it at once. No!" imperiously stopping me as I opened my lips. "I have not bestowed my tenderness anywhere. I have never had any such thing."

In another moment we were in the brewery so long disused, and she pointed to the high gallery where I had seen her going out on that same first day, and told me she remembered to have been up there, and to have seen me standing scared below. As my eyes followed her white hand, again the same dim suggestion that I could not possibly grasp, crossed me. My involuntary start occasioned her to lay her hand upon my arm. Instantly the ghost passed once more, and was gone.

What *was* it?

"What is the matter?" asked Estella. "Are you scared again?"

"I should be, if I believed what you said just now," I replied, to turn it off.

"Then you don't? Very well. It is said, at any rate. Miss Havisham will soon be expecting you at your old post, though I think that might be laid aside now, with other old belongings. Let us make one more round of the garden, and then go in. Come! You shall not shed tears for my cruelty to-day; you shall be my Page, and give me your shoulder."

Her handsome dress had trailed upon the ground. She held it in one hand now, and with

the other lightly touched my shoulder as we walked. We walked round the ruined garden twice or thrice more, and it was all in bloom for me. If the green and yellow growth of weed in the chinks of the old wall, had been the most precious flowers that ever blew, it could not have been more cherished in my remembrance.

There was no discrepancy of years between us, to remove her far from me; we were of nearly the same age, though of course the age told for more in her case than in mine; but the air of inaccessibility which her beauty and her manner gave her, tormented me in the midst of my delight, and at the height of the assurance I felt that our patroness had chosen us for one another. Wretched boy!

At last we went back into the house, and there I heard, with surprise, that my guardian had come down to see Miss Havisham on business and would come back to dinner. The old wintry branches of chandeliers in the room where the mouldering table was spread, had been lighted while we were out, and Miss Havisham was in her chair and waiting for me.

It was like pushing the chair itself back into the past, when we began the old slow circuit round about the ashes of the bridal feast. But, in the funereal room, with that figure of the grave fallen back in the chair fixing its eyes upon her, Estella looked more bright and beautiful than before, and I was under stronger enchantment.

The time so melted away, that our early dinner-hour drew close at hand, and Estella left us to prepare herself. We had stopped near the centre of the long table, and Miss Havisham, with one of her withered arms stretched out of the chair, rested that clenched hand upon the yellow cloth. As Estella looked back over her shoulder before going out at the door, Miss Havisham kissed that hand to her, with a ravenous intensity that was of its kind quite dreadful.

Then, Estella being gone and we two left alone, she turned to me, and said in a whisper:

"Is she beautiful, graceful, well-grown? Do you admire her?"

"Everybody must who sees her, Miss Havisham."

She drew an arm round my neck, and drew my head close down to hers as she sat in the chair. "Love her, love her, love her! How does she use you?"

Before I could answer (if I could have answered so difficult a question at all), she repeated, "Love her, love her, love her! If she favours you, love her. If she wounds you, love her. If she tears your heart to pieces—and as it gets older and stronger, it will tear deeper—love her, love her, love her!"

Never had I seen such passionate eagerness as was joined to her utterance of these words. I could feel the muscles of the thin arm round my neck, swell with the vehemence that possessed her.

"Hear me, Pip! I adopted her to be loved. I bred her and educated her, to be loved. I developed her into what she is, that she might be loved. Love her!"

She said the word often enough, and there could be no doubt that she meant to say it; but if the often repeated word had been hate instead of love—despair—revenge—dire death—it could not have sounded from her lips more like a curse.

"I'll tell you," said she, in the same hurried passionate whisper, "what real love is. It is blind devotion, unquestioning self-humiliation, utter submission, trust and belief against yourself and against the whole world, giving up your whole heart and soul to the smiter—as I did!"

When she came to that, and to a wild cry that followed that, I caught her round the waist. For she rose up in the chair, in her shroud of a dress, and struck at the air as if she would as soon have struck herself against the wall and fallen dead.

All this passed in a few seconds. As I drew her down into her chair, I was conscious of a scent that I knew, and turning, saw my guardian in the room.

He always carried (I have not yet mentioned it, I think) a pocket-handkerchief of rich silk and of imposing proportions, which was of great value to him in his profession. I have seen him so terrify a client or a witness by ceremoniously unfolding this pocket-handkerchief as if he were immediately going to blow his nose, and then pausing, as if he knew he should not have time to do it before such client or witness committed himself, that the self-committal has followed directly, quite as a matter of course. When I saw him in the room, he had this expressive pocket-handkerchief in both hands, and was looking at us. On meeting my eye, he said plainly, by a momentary and silent pause in that attitude, "Indeed? Singular!" and then put the handkerchief to its right use with wonderful effect.

Miss Havisham had seen him as soon as I, and was (like everybody else) afraid of him. She made a strong attempt to compose herself, and stammered that he was as punctual as ever.

"As punctual as ever," he repeated, coming up to us. "(How do you do, Pip. Shall I give you a ride, Miss Havisham? Once round?) And so you are here, Pip?"

I told him when I had arrived, and how Miss Havisham had wished me to come and see Estella. To which he replied, "Ah! Very fine young lady!" Then he pushed Miss Havisham in her chair before him, with one of his large hands, and put the other in his trousers-pocket as if the pocket were full of secrets.

"Well, Pip! How often have you seen Miss Estella before?" said he, when he came to a stop

"How often?"

"Ah! How many times. Ten thousand times?"

"Oh! Certainly not so many."

"Twice?"

"Jaggers," interposed Miss Havisham, much to my relief; "leave my Pip alone, and go with him to your dinner."

He complied, and we groped our way down the dark stairs together. While we were still on our way to those detached apartments across the paved yard at the back, he asked me how often I had seen Miss Havisham eat and drink; offering me a breadth of choice, as usual, between a hundred times and once.

I considered, and said, "Never."

"And never will, Pip," he retorted, with a frowning smile. "She has never allowed herself to be seen doing either, since she lived this present life of hers. She wanders about in the night, and then lays hands on such food as she takes."

"Pray, sir," said I, "may I ask you a question?"

"You may," said he, "and I may decline to answer it. Put your question."

"Estella's name. Is it Havisham, or——?" I had nothing to add.

"Or what?" said he.

"Is it Havisham?"

"It is Havisham."

This brought us to the dinner-table, where she and Sarah Pocket awaited us. Mr. Jaggers presided, Estella sat opposite to him, I faced my green and yellow friend. We dined very well, and were waited on by a maid-servant whom I had never seen in all my comings and goings, but who, for anything I know, had been in that mysterious house the whole time. After dinner, a bottle of choice old port was placed before my guardian (he was evidently well acquainted with the vintage), and the two ladies left us.

Anything to equal the determined reticence of Mr. Jaggers under that roof, I never saw elsewhere, even in him. He kept his very looks to himself, and scarcely directed his eyes to Estella's face once during dinner. When she spoke to him, he listened, and in due course answered, but never looked at her that I could see. On the other hand, she often looked at him, with interest and curiosity, if not distrust, but his face never showed the least consciousness. Throughout dinner he took a dry delight in making Sarah Pocket greener and yellower, by often referring in conversation with me to my expectations; but here, again, he showed no consciousness, and even made it appear that he extorted—and even did extort, though I don't know how—those references out of my innocent self.

And when he and I were left alone together, he sat with an air upon him of general lying by in consequence of information he possessed, that really was too much for me. He cross-examined his very wine when he had nothing else in hand. He held it between himself and the candle, tasted the port, rolled it in his mouth, swallowed it, looked at the port again, smelt it, tried it, drank it, filled again, and cross-examined the glass again, until I was as nervous as if I had known the wine to be telling him something to my disadvantage. Three or four times I feebly thought I would start conversation; but whenever he saw me going to ask him anything, he looked at me with his glass in his hand, and rolling his wine about in his mouth, as if requesting me to take notice that it was of no use, for he couldn't answer.

I think Miss Pocket was conscious that the sight of me involved her in the danger of being goaded to madness, and perhaps tearing off her cap—which was a very hideous one, in the nature of a muslin mop—and strewing the ground with her hair—which assuredly had never grown on *her* head. She did not appear when we afterwards went up to Miss Havisham's room, and we four played at whist. In the interval, Miss Havisham, in a fantastic way, had put some of the most beautiful jewels from her dressing-table into Estella's hair, and about her bosom and arms; and I saw even my guardian look at her from under his thick eyebrows, and raise them a little, when her loveliness was before him, with those rich flushes of glitter and colour in it.

Of the manner and extent to which he took our trumps into custody, and came out with mean little cards at the ends of hands, before which the glory of our Kings and Queens was utterly abased, I say nothing; nor of the feeling that I had, respecting his looking upon us personally in the light of three very obvious and poor riddles that he had found out long ago. What I suffered from, was the incompatibility between his cold presence and my feelings towards Estella. It was not that I knew I could never bear to speak to him about her, that I knew I could never bear to hear him creak his boots at her, that I knew I could never bear to see him wash his hands of her; it was, that my admiration should be within a foot or two of him—it was, that my feelings should be in the same place with him—*that*, was the agonising circumstance.

We played until nine o'clock, and then it was arranged that when Estella came to London I should be forewarned of her coming and should meet her at the coach; and then I took leave of her, and touched her and left her.

My guardian lay at the Boar in the next room to mine. Far into the night, Miss Havisham's words, "Love her, love her, love her!" sounded in my ears. I adapted them for my own repetition, and said to my pillow, "I love her, I love her, I love her!" hundreds of times. Then, a burst of gratitude came upon me, that she should be destined for me, once the blacksmith's boy. Then, I thought if she were, as I feared, by no means rapturously grateful for that destiny yet, when would she begin to be interested in me? When should I awaken the heart within her, that was mute and sleeping now?

Ah me! I thought those were high and great emotions. But I never thought there was anything low and small in my keeping away from Joe, because I knew she would be contemp-

tuous of him. It was but a day gone, and Joe had brought the tears into my eyes; they had soon dried, God forgive me! soon dried.

METAMORPHOSES OF FOOD.

THE stomach is a mighty magician. Into its universal maw are thrust the most varied materials drawn from every corner and crevice of Nature: solids and fluids, of stable and unstable combination, animals and plants, minerals and salts, all of which are mixed and ground, moistened and mashed, torn asunder, taken to pieces, and formed anew into a kind of broth, which is always, and in all men, the same broth, no matter how different may have been the materials from which it was formed. Nature, by the endless combinations of a few elements, produces endless diversities of inorganic and organic life. The stomach clutches these, and reduces their diversity to simplicity. The world is ransacked for food; and the food is made into blood. Races and nations differ in the substances they feed on, and in the way they feed on them, but all these differences disappear in the final result; the blood of one race and one nation is the same as the blood of all races. So also the cow eats grass and turnip, converting them into blood; the lion declines those succulent vegetables, but feasts upon the cow, and yet converts this food into nothing better than blood.

It is the same with cooking. Wonderfully various are the means men have hit upon for preparing their food, to make it easy of digestion, pleasant of taste. In these they have been guided by instinct, and occasionally enlightened by knowledge. But all means point to the same end. Climates differ, modes of life differ, tastes differ, prejudices differ. The Greenlander gorging himself with pounds of seal's flesh and train oil, would look with wondering contempt on the Hindoo, distending himself with rice and rancid butter. The Abyssinian who likes his stake raw, cut from the living animal, would hardly comprehend the Parisian's fancy for a stake stewed into strings, and disguised in brown gravies. The Neapolitan refreshing himself with juicy cocomero, might sniff at the German exhilarating himself with sausages and raw ham.

How various were the articles of food, and the habits which prevailed at meals, among ancient peoples, may be gathered from existing records; and these have been put together by Dr. Reich, of Bern, in one of those elaborately erudite treatises which only Germans have the patience to compose. The book is called "Die Nahrungs und Genussmittelkunde," and has a pathetic interest thrown over it from the fact that it was written in years of such hunger, cold, and misery, that in closing the preface to the first part, the author says he is on the brink of the grave, and may not survive to complete what he has so laboriously commenced. Much of this work is meant for a scientific public only, but we shall borrow from its more popular pages a few details to exemplify our position respecting the varieties of food and its preparation.

The Greeks were at all times less of gourmets than the Romans. In Homer's time their appetites were no doubt heroic enough, and huge havoc was made on swine's flesh, when the chance was afforded; but even on princely tables nothing more recherché was found than bread, beef, mutton, pork, and goat's flesh, always prepared in the same way. Nor even among the later Greeks was there any great expenditure of ingenuity in cookery. Plain roast, with olives, lemons, figs, pomegranates, apples, pears, melons, and a few vegetables seem to have made up their list of eatables; if we add to the roasts, an occasional dog or donkey, and a rabbit or hare, the list still seems small. The Greeks took three meals daily—breakfast, dinner, and supper. The first was a very simple affair, consisting of bread dipped in wine. Supper, which answers to our dinner, was the chief meal. The early Greeks sat down to their meals, but the later Greeks borrowed from the East the practice of reclining on cushions. They took off their sandals, and washed hands and feet before commencing; a practice all the more commendable since they ate with their fingers, and wiped their fingers on bread-crumbs. Our "silver fork school" would have had its feelings painfully outraged at the idea of Pericles and Aspasia without a fork, using as such the crusts of bread, which crusts, when they became too moist, were thrown under the table, and snapped up by expectant dogs. Indeed, the fork is a modern invention; and was not the product of English genius, though in England it has been carried to its greatest eminence. It arose in Italy, in the later half of the fifteenth century. In the sixteenth century it was introduced to the French Court as a brilliant novelty; and only in 1608 was first brought to England by Thomas Coryat. Yet it is suspected there were gentlemen even among those forkless persons.

But this is a digression. The Greeks ate without a fork or spoon. Soup they managed to drink out of bowls, as impatient juveniles have been known to drink it in our own time; or else they sopped bread in it. During the meal no wine was drunk; but when the eating was over, and the hands had a second time been washed, wine, generally mixed with water, was handed round. Water, wine, and milk were the only drinks of the Greeks; other drinks were despised as barbaric. The sexes always ate separately.

The Romans began, of course, as simple feeders, but in process of time became such gourmets as the world has not since seen. Pulse, bread, fruit, vegetables, and only a few meats, with wine and water, were the staple food of the early Romans; then came beer; and then, as the conquest of the world brought them more and more into contact with various customs, the list of articles and the modes of preparation became longer and more various. Then came the search after rarities. The livers of nightingales, the brains of flammingos, the

tender parts of peacocks, wild boar, oysters, blackbirds, deer, hares, spices from all countries, and ingenious forms of pastry—these were dressed up in a thousand different ways, so that Apicius could leave ten books of receipts. The Romans had three daily meals. The jentaculum, or breakfast, the prandium, or dinner, and the cœna, or supper. The first consisted of bread and salt, olives, cheese, dried grapes, and sometimes milk and eggs. The prandium was more like our meat luncheon. It consisted of warm or cold meat, the remains of yesterday's supper; and, in luxurious houses, of oysters, eggs, and sweets. The drinks were water, wine, and mulsum—a beverage composed of wine and honey. The cœna was an elaborate affair, divided into three courses: the first, gustus, or promulsis, was something like the "whet" of a modern French dinner, only of a more substantial kind: oysters, eggs, broths, light vegetables, especially lettuces, with piquant sauces, and digestible fish. Only mulsum was drunk with this course. With the second course, or fercula, the serious business began. A huge roast, say a wild boar served up whole, was placed on the table; then came hares, pigeons, peacocks, flamingos, ostrich eggs, rare fishes, parrot heads, and nightingale tongues. The wine was cooled by snow. Besides wine, there were various other drinks—beer, camum, and zythum—whatever they may have been. Then followed the third course, mensæ secundæ, consisting of fruit, sweetmeats, delicate dishes of many kinds. Fingers, of course, were liberally soiled in eating of these dishes, and instead of wiping them on bread-crumb, as the Greeks did, the Romans used napkins, each guest bringing his own. The women ate with the men; but they sat, while the men, in later years, reclined on sofas. Slaves carved the joints, keeping strict time to the accompaniment of music.

The Egyptians brewed beer from barley, baked bread from the meal of the lotos-seed, and distilled oil from olives. The immense richness of the soil, which in the Nile delta gave four crops a year, furnished abundant vegetable food, and the Nile furnished abundant fish. Upon fish, lotos, garlic, melons, and dates, the poorer classes chiefly subsisted. Those who could afford flesh, preferred the quail, the duck, the goose, and beef; very often the meat was simply salted, and eaten without further cookery. Not but what the Egyptian cooks displayed considerable ingenuity. Sir Gardiner Wilkinson's researches show them to have understood various modes of preparing dishes, especially of pastry. The drinks were numerous. It was the custom during a banquet to carry round a coffin, containing a painted corpse, made of wood, which was shown to each guest, as a memento that he, too, must one day die, and that the best thing he could do was to enjoy the present moment. The Egyptians sat at table, and used a wooden or ivory spoon to aid their fingers. Dances and music enlivened the meal.

The Iberians were almost exclusively animal feeders. Of cookery they had but the simplest ideas: raw or roasted meat, with wine and mulsum, summed up their notions of a banquet. The Lusitanians only drank water, and ate scarcely any flesh but that of goats. The Gauls were equally indifferent to vegetable food. They preferred swine's-flesh, roasted, salted, or smoked. They drank wine, milk, and a barley drink; but wine was their especial favourite, because it intoxicated them. Maidens and youths waited at meals. The men sat on the skins of wild beasts. The ancient Germans were likewise mainly animal feeders, and huge feeders. Wild boar, hare, deer, aurochs, blackcock, wild-goose, duck, pigeon, sheep, pigs, oxen, and horses, with some fishes, were eaten raw as well as roasted. When the flesh was eaten raw, it was generally kneaded by hands and feet, in the skin, until it was tolerably soft. They drank must, meth, beer, and wine, and drank it unstintingly.

The Jews made supper their chief meal, and generally did not break their fast until after the morning prayer. On the Sabbath no breakfast was eaten. Before and after meals hands were washed, and a grace was said. The meats and vegetables were handed round in dishes, and the guests helped themselves with fingers and bread crusts to as much as they fancied. In ancient times they sat at table, but in later times the fashion of reclining on divans came in. Many meats were forbidden: for example, the flesh of all animals which had died a natural death, which were killed by other animals, and which, when killed by man, had not lost the greater part of their blood. To eat blood, or meat with the blood in it, was to incur the penalty of death. Pork, we need scarcely add, was not eaten, except, perhaps, here and there by a Jew of a sceptical turn of mind. There were also parts of the fat and flesh which were forbidden, and no meat cooked in milk was permitted. Hares and camels, donkeys and dogs, many birds, all reptiles, and some fishes, were likewise forbidden.

The Hindoos were, and are, very simple in their diet. The chief article was rice (in Sanscrit *richa*, in Persian *rizeh*, in Greek *oryzon*), from which they also made a sort of wine, which, however, was only drunk on festal occasions; in general they drank only water. There was a favourite dish called krishara, a sort of thick riz au lait, made of rice, milk, sugar, and cardamoms. Intoxicating drinks were forbidden; nevertheless, beer, meth, barley wine, palm wine, cocoa milk, were secretly indulged in; and, in spite of religious scruples, much wine was drunk. The Persians, according to Strabo, fed luxuriously on animal and vegetable diet; huge animals being roasted whole, and washed down with copious draughts of wine; but we know nothing of the food of the people, it is only the banquets of princes, splendid with goblets and salvers, that have been thought worthy of mention. The ancient Arabs were often named after the food they ate; thus we hear of the rhizophagists (root eaters), kreophagists (flesh eaters), and

ichthyophagists (fish eaters), and more specifically of elephant eaters, crocodile eaters, ostrich eaters, locust eaters, &c. The fish eaters heaped fish upon heated stones, removed the backbones, mashed the flesh into a sort of cake, and dried it in the sun. Except the pig, which the Arabs regarded with horror on account of its dirty and hideous person, almost all animals were welcome to them.

We need not follow Dr. Reich in his extensive researches into the food of all nations. The foregoing varieties suffice to indicate that the human stomach can be contented with very simple food, and very rude cookery, and will also master almost every variety of organic substance, and please itself with every combination which ingenuity can devise. There are tribes which subsist entirely on animal food, and there are tribes which subsist entirely on vegetable food, and there are those, by far the greater number, which subsist on varieties of both. Much depends on climate and mode of life; not a little on custom and prejudice. If the labourer in Benguela is satisfied with a handful of manioc meal, and is kept in "condition" by this modest diet, the labourer in England would show but shrunken muscles and feeble energy on such food; nor could either of them flourish on the quantities of raw flesh and train oil eagerly devoured by the Esquimaux. Rice and pulse keep the sepoy in vigour, but the English soldier, under the same conditions of climate, would languish on such food. It is a popular error to suppose that in hot climates meat and fat are instinctively avoided, and are proper only for cold climates. There are numerous tribes in the hottest parts of Africa which always eat meat when they can get it, and eat it gluttonously; and the great carnivorous animals are mainly inhabitants of hot climates. The truth is, there is a certain adaptation between the organism and its food which is quite independent of temperature; and just as there are flesh-feeders and vegetable-feeders among animals (the food of both coming to the same thing after being digested), so there are races of men organised to flourish on different kinds of food. It is in vain to say all men are alike, and therefore must be equally adapted to digest the same kind of food. Alike they are, but also different. Even among the same tribe, or race, we find important individual differences. One man cannot digest eggs, another cannot digest milk, a third cannot eat mutton, a fourth cannot touch butter, a fifth is made ill by tobacco, a sixth by strawberries, and so on. Now, it is purely a question of adaptability whether food shall be nutritious or the reverse. We know that cabbage will feed cows, monkeys, and men, because cabbage can by them be digested; but it will not feed fish, cats, or vultures, simply because it cannot be digested by them. And the cabbage which the monkey eats uncooked must be cooked for the man, because his digestive powers are feebler.

All cooking is a preparatory digestion. The ancients used to consider digestion itself only a process of cooking, and in some respects they were right. In proportion as the food has been well cooked there is less labour thrown upon the stomach, which will have to grind and mash the food, to reduce it to a pulp and a liquid. For it is a fact worth bearing in mind, that only liquid food is capable of nourishing an organism. In however solid a condition the substance enters the stomach it must be reduced to liquid before any of it can nourish; all that is not capable of being made liquid, or of being held in solution, passes away as worthless. The caterpillar, for example, devours daily about twice its own weight of solid food, yet exact experiment has proved that a caterpillar which in twelve hours voided from fifteen to eighteen grains of refuse, only gained one or two grains in weight during that period, the fact being that it had only pressed out the juices of the leaves, and voided all the solid parts. Had its digestive powers been more vigorous, it would have eaten less and liquefied more. The same thing is true of the higher organisms. In proportion to their power of liquefying food is the quantity of nutriment they extract from articles of food.

And the reasons why food must be liquid before it can nourish an organism are twofold: first, the food has to be conveyed from the stomach to the various parts of the body which have to be nourished; and as it is conveyed in canals which are everywhere closed—blood-vessels with no openings in their walls to let the food escape—it would be for ever carried to and fro by the torrent of the circulation (most accurate phrase!); and the parts of the body through which this torrent rushes would be as little benefited by the food as if none were there. Secondly, supposing openings to exist, or to be ruptured, and the solid food to be deposited on the organs, no nutrition could take place; because these organs are made up of innumerable little cells or vesicles, every one of which must separately be fed, and no one of which has any mouth or opening for the food to enter.

Thus, the food has first to be carried away by a vast network of closed vessels, through the walls of which it must ooze; and then it has to ooze through the walls of the tiny cells constituting the individual atoms of each organ. It is obvious that only liquid food can thus pass out of the blood-vessels and into the cells. It does so in virtue of a remarkable law—named the law of Endosmosis—by which a fluid moistening one side of a membrane will gradually change places with a different fluid moistening the other side of this membrane. Outside the blood-vessel there is a fluid, and with this the blood sets up a process of exchange. The blood thus oozed from the vessel now finds itself outside the membrane (cell wall) of the cells which contain liquid; and between these two a similar process of exchange takes place: the cell gets new food, and gets rid of wasted material.

We here reach the final stage of the long history of cooking and digesting. All those manifold efforts and stratagems by which food is

first secured, then prepared by the elaborate ingenuity of cooks, then digested by the elaborate machinery of the digestive apparatus, and then conveyed to various organs by the wondrous machinery of the circulation—are set going to bring a little liquid into contact with the delicate membrane of a cell, visible only under the magnifying powers of the microscope. Every organ of the body is composed of millions upon millions of these cells, every one of which lives its separate life, and must be separately fed. To feed it, thousands of men dig and plough, sow and reap, hunt and fish, rear cattle and slaughter them; thousands act as mere agents and carriers of the food; thousands as cooks; and each has to satisfy the clamorous demands of his own hungry cells. The simpler plants floating in water, or the simple parasites living in the liquids of other animals, feed without this bother and this preparation. The higher organisms have to devote their energies to secure and to prepare their food, because their simple cells cannot secure it, and must have it. In man, self-indulgence and indolence often weaken the digestive machinery, which has therefore to be stimulated into activity by condiments, by flavours, and by mental exhilaration: his meal becomes a banquet. The stimulus of festal excitement, the laugh and conversation of a joyous dinner, spur the lazy organs of digestion, and enable men to master food, which if eaten in solitude, silence, or sorrow, would lie a heavy lump on the stomach. Eating seems a simple process, until a long experience has taught us its complexity. Food seems a very simple thing, till science reveals its metamorphoses.

A PARCEL OF PREACHERS.

THERE are, perhaps, no countries in the known world so fond of religious excitement as England and America. The phrase "religious excitement" being here used as comprehending not only revivals and other convulsive exhibitions of that nature, but the headlong following of preachers who, either by their religious writings or by their sermons, or both, attract great numbers of disciples, both in person and pocket. The causes of such success are numerous; foremost among them may unquestionably be set down the intolerable dulness of regular sermons, which, in respect of composition, and in respect of delivery, are for the most part the very worst discourses known to mankind. It must also be taken into account that the irregular preacher generally preaches extempore, and that there is a strong inherent disposition in the Saxon race to listen to speeches; then, his discourse is of a fierce-flavoured, strong, and fiery kind, and it was not Garrick alone who was best pleased by the highest pepperer; then, the congregations of eccentric preachers are not under the usual restraints, but may take an active part in the proceedings, and give vent to their feelings by groanings, moanings—and even sometimes occasional rollings on the chapel floor—and many other like demonstrations. Again, the sermons of some of these preachers are in parts like a Joe Miller, or Complete Jest Book, comprising many jokes and puns that can be repeated afterwards by the hearers with great success. Finally, it is the custom of these gentlemen to represent themselves as on terms of familiarity with the Deity, which good understanding awakens a strange complacency in the breasts of their admirers, as if they partook in the distinction.

It is the object of the present paper to revive the remembrance of a few popular preachers, deceased. Those who are living speak for themselves; but it is noticeable how closely they model themselves on the dead, and how very little originality is to be found among them.

One of the most remarkable of these was Rowland Hill, sixth son of Sir Rowland Hill, baronet, of Hawkstone. He first began to preach when he was at Cambridge, and he received severe censure from his superiors for going about and preaching in the barns and farm-houses of the villages near the University. When he left Cambridge, and had been ordained, he used to preach, sometimes as often as thrice a day, to large congregations. He used to stock his sermons with queer phrases and odd illustrations, and often amused his congregation with jokes.

On one occasion, when preaching at Wapping to a congregation composed chiefly of seafaring men and fisherwomen, he greatly astonished his congregation by commencing the sermon with these words: "I come to preach to great sinners, notorious sinners—yea, to *Wapping* sinners." On another occasion, there came a heavy shower of rain, which compelled several persons to take refuge in the chapel; Hill, remarking this, looked up and said: "Many people are greatly to be blamed for making their religion a cloak, but I do not think those are much better who make it an umbrella." In 1803, the time of the first grand volunteer movement, he preached to a large congregation of volunteers. Two psalms, of his own composition, were sung on this occasion; one of them was sung before the sermon, to the tune of "God save the King;" the other, after the sermon, to the tune of "Rule Britannia." It began: "When Jesus first at Heaven's command."

Hill was earnest in manner, and imposing in appearance. He was very tall, and had a loud sonorous voice; he would seem to have been a modest man, and to have particularly objected to being considered an enthusiast. Preaching once at Wotton, he said, "Because I am in earnest, men call me an enthusiast, but I am not; mine are the words of truth and soberness. When I first came into this part of the country, I was walking on yonder hill, I saw a gravel-pit fall in and bury three human beings alive. I lifted up my voice for help so loud that I was heard in the town below at a distance of a mile; help came and rescued two of the poor sufferers. No one called me enthusiast then, and when I see eternal destruction ready to fall upon poor sinners, and about to entomb them irrevocably in an eternal mass of woe, and call aloud on

them to escape, shall I be called an enthusiast now? No, sinner, I am not an enthusiast in so doing; I call on thee aloud to fly for refuge to the hope set before thee in the Gospel of Christ Jesus."

William Huntington, the coalheaver, was a strong contrast to Rowland Hill, and was immeasurably inferior to that really remarkable man in every respect. Huntington was born in the Weald of Kent; his father was a day labourer, earning seven or eight shillings a week. Huntington, in his published sermons, tells several anecdotes of his childhood, one of which shows his inordinate conceit and vanity. He had a great desire to go as errand-boy into the service of a certain Squire Cooke; but the squire already had an errand-boy, with whom he was very well satisfied. Huntington bethinking himself that if all things were possible with God, it was possible for the Almighty to send him into Squire Cooke's service, and procure the discharge of this unfortunate boy, asked the Almighty in an "extempore way" (his own words) "to give him that boy's place;" and made many promises how good he would be if this request were granted. Some time after a man came to his house, and told him that Squire Cooke's boy had been turned away for theft, and advised him to go and apply for the place. He did so, and (as a matter of course) obtained the situation. The inference that the theft was committed for Huntington's special behoof through Divine interposition, is very shocking.

On another occasion when this favoured gentleman was older, he was again in want of a situation; a part of his history which appears to us to be highly probable. He was informed that a certain Squire Pool, of Charren in Kent, was in want of a servant. He went after the place, and, on the way, he prayed God to grant him the situation. When he arrived at the gentleman's house, he found a servant in the parlour, with whom the gentleman had partly agreed; but the squire immediately broke off with this man when he saw Huntington (very much to his subsequent regret, we have no doubt), and engaged that lump of conceit. Huntington ascribed this, of course, to the great influence of his prayers, and the high regard in which the Almighty held him. He soon left this situation, too (through a want of appreciation on the part of sinners), and tried to set up as a cobbler; failing that, as a gardener. He obtained a gardener's situation, and lost it (so he says) for refusing to work on Sundays; he then became reduced to the necessity of labouring as a coalheaver, and began to preach in earnest.

Huntington used generally to preach at Woking; but he also visited his friends, and preached in their houses. In his sermons, The Bank of Faith, and God, the Guardian of the Poor, printed with an account of his life, he mentions, as an instance of the Lord's care for him, that he had ordered a box of clothes to be left at the Star Inn, at Maidstone in Kent, and that he went for it with only a shilling in his pocket. When he arrived at Maidstone he found that the box had been sent on by the carrier, so he had to go back again without it. He had spent his shilling, was very hungry and tired, and began to think that if he had faith and prayed, he might have anything he wanted. Just then, the thought seized him that he would go out of the footpath into the horse-road; he did so, and instantly saw a sixpence lying in the road, and, a little further on, a shilling. He attributed his finding these, to the regard the Lord had for him, and to the effect of his prayers, and to his great faith.

On another occasion, a heavy fall of snow threw him out of work. In the night he prayed the Lord to send the snow away. When he got up next morning, he found it all melted. No doubt, if he had lived in the last great frost, he would have procured a thaw immediately.

Some of this man's printed sermons are very ludicrous. In one of them, he relates that, being greatly in want of a pair of leather breeches, he prayed very earnestly to God for this favour. He went to London to get a pair on credit at a shop belonging to one of his friends. Not finding the shop, he called on another friend of his, a shoemaker, who told him that a parcel had been left there for him. He opened the parcel, and found that it contained a pair of leather breeches, which fitted him perfectly, although he had never been measured for them. In a letter he wrote to the unknown donor, he declared that God must not only have put it into the heart of that charitable personage to send him a pair of breeches, but must also have given him his (Huntington's) exact measure.

One Sunday, as he was rising early to go to Moulsey to hear a popular preacher who was coming to preach there, there came a voice which he both heard and felt, saying, "You must preach out of doors to-day, and you must preach from this text: 'Go therefore into the highways, and as many as ye find, bid to the marriage.'" He went to the meeting. The preacher did not make his appearance, and Huntington got up and preached with such effect, that a young widow fell down in a fit caused by "violent convictions," and was obliged to have a blister applied to her head. We strongly recommend this remedy for general adoption in similar cases.

At the latter part of his life, Huntington preached several sermons, which were afterwards printed separately. Among them is The Coalheaver's Cousin rescued from the Bats. In one of these compositions he says, in reference to a gentleman having made him a present of ten guineas, "I found God's promises to be the Christian's bank-notes; and a living faith will always draw on the Divine Banker; yea, and the spirit of prayer and the deep sense of want will give an heir of promise a filial boldness at the inexhaustible bank of heaven." He was also in the habit of calling the Almighty his Bank, his Banker, and his blessed Overseer.

A very different man from Huntington was the Rev. William Dodd, LL.D. He is repre-

sented to have been a man of elegant manners and refined tastes; a lover of literature and a poet. Perhaps he was all these—an indifferent poet he certainly was. He was born in the year 1729, at Bourne in Lincolnshire. He was sent to Cambridge at an early age, and, in the year 1755, produced a translation of The Hymns of Callimachus, translated from the Greek into English verse, with explanatory notes, with the select Epigrams and other Poems of the same author, Six Hymns of Orpheus, and The Encomium of Ptolemy, by Theocritus. In the same year he wrote several sermons full of Christian precepts and religious sentiments. He greatly interested himself in public charities, and subscribed large sums of money towards the founding of the Magdalen Hospital. He preached two or three times at Magdalen House before Prince Edward. Thus he became acquainted with Lord Chesterfield, who was so pleased with him that he confided to him the education of his eldest son. Dodd bought a house in Southampton-row, where he lived in a sumptuous manner. Wishing to obtain the living of St. George's, Hanover-square, he endeavoured to get it by offering a bribe to the Lord Chancellor. An anonymous letter was also sent to Lady Chesterfield, offering a sum of money if she would procure Dr. Dodd the same living. It was discovered that the letter must have been written by Dodd himself, although he tried to throw all the blame on his wife; but this was not credited, and falling into disfavour, his name was ordered to be struck off the list of Royal chaplains. To regain his lost reputation, he subscribed more liberally than ever to schools and charities; but continued to live so extravagantly, that at last he was afraid to go out of his house lest he should be arrested for debt. However, being severely pressed by his creditors, he became desperate, and forged the name of Lord Chesterfield to a bond for four thousand two hundred pounds. The forgery was discovered, and he was arrested—taken from a gay convivial party—and committed to Wood-street Compter. Public sympathy was lavished on him in the most absurd manner; everybody talked of "the unfortunate Dr. Dodd;" and the following verses, supposed to have been written by himself, appeared in all the newspapers:

Amidst confinement's miserable gloom,
'Midst the lone horrors of this wretched room,
What comforts, gracious Heaven! dost thou bestow
To sooth my sorrows, and console my woe?
A wife beyond the first of woman kind,
Tender, attached, and e'en to death resigned.
Dear youthful friends, in life's ingenuous hour
As children zealous, to exert each power;
Men skilled in wisdom's most sagacious lore,
Solicitous to aid, to save—restore!
Lawyers and counsellors, without a fee,
Studious to guide, direct, and set me free!
Nay—from the men I falsely deemed my foes,
The ready offer of all service flows,
While gratitude in guise unknown draws nigh,
Says "I was kind," and tenders his supply!
Above the rest, my keepers, soothed to grief,
With sympathetic pity give relief;
Treat as a guest the sufferer they revere,
And make it even tranquil to be here.
Great God of mercy! if amidst my woes
A stream of such peculiar comfort flows;
Flows full, flows only from thy care divine.
May I not humbly, firmly, Lord, resign!
And trust the issue to thy care alone?
Yes, Lord, I trust, "Oh, may thy will be done!"

This "revered sufferer" also had the coolness to insert the following letter in the principal newspapers: it is written quite as of course, and more with the air of an injured innocent than with that of a squandering, unprincipled forger.

Dr. Dodd begs leave to present his most sincere and grateful acknowledgments to those many sympathising friends who have been so kind as to think of him in his distresses, and to assure them, that though his mind was too much engaged and agitated with necessary and important business during his confinement in Wood-street, to admit the kind favour of their proffered visits, he shall now be happy, at any time, to receive their friendly and Christian consolation.

Perfectly at ease with respect to his fate, and thoroughly resigned to the will of God, he cannot but feel a complacency in the striking humanity which he has experienced; and while he most earnestly entreats a continuance and increase of that "spirit of prayer, which he is told is poured forth for him," he cannot omit to assure all those who, by letter or otherwise, have expressed their solicitude on his behalf, that, conscious of the purity of his intention from any purpose to do injury, and happy in the full proof of that intention, by having done no injury to any man in respect to this unfortunate prosecution, he fully reposes himself on the mercies of his God, and has not a wish to live or die, but as life or death may tend to the glory of that God, and the good of mankind.

February 27th, 1777.

He was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to death; his fate created a great sensation among all classes. The lord mayor, aldermen, and commons of the city of London, got up petitions beseeching commutation of the sentence, and a monster petition, thirty-seven yards long and signed by twenty-three thousand persons, was presented with the same object. A young man named Joseph Harris, convicted of highway robbery, was sentenced to die with him; but the lord mayor, aldermen, and commons, did not present any petition praying for commutation of the younger and probably less culpable offender's sentence, nor was a single quarter of a yard of public sympathy unfolded in his behalf. However, the lord mayor, his sagacious brethren, and the thirty-seven yards of paper and the twenty-three thousand signatures, could not save Dr. Dodd. He was hanged with the low, unclassical, and altogether inelegant Joseph Harris.

Orator Henley, another well-known preacher, was a member of St. John's College, Cambridge, where he distinguished himself by his abilities and perseverance. When twenty-two years of age, he wrote a poem, entitled Esther, Queen of Persia; when he left Cambridge he began to

practise theatrical attitudes in his sermons, affected oratory, and intoned his voice. Growing impatient from disappointment, he founded his "Oratory." The building is thus described in a contemporary print:* "The place that Orator Henley pitched upon for his Oratory is very remarkable and befitting his noble institution: being a sort of wooden booth built on the shambles in Newport-market, near Leicester-fields, formerly used as a temporary meeting-house of a Calvinistical congregation."

Henley set himself up as a rival to the Universities and the Church; indeed, he had some thoughts of forming a little project for the abolition of the universities and the overthrow of the Church. He boasted "he would teach more in one year than schools and universities did in five, and could write and study twelve hours a day, and yet appear as untouched by the yoke, as if he had never borne it." Disraeli relates that Henley was in his youth extremely modest, unaffected, and temperate—qualities which he certainly did not retain as he grew older, for he burst into the wildest indulgences, and his bombast and self-conceit were absolutely wonderful. His pulpit was covered with black cloth, embroidered with gold; his creeds, vulgates, and liturgies were printed in red and black; he struck medals which he dispensed to his admirers, representing a sun near the meridian, with the motto Ad Summa, and the inscription, Inveniam viam aut faciam (I will find a way or make it). His sarcasm is considered to have been keen, and he "went in" for brilliant jokes in his sermons. He was a great enemy of Pope, whose satire on him is well known:

Embrowned with native bronze, lo! Henley stands,
Tuning his voice and balancing his hands,
How fluent nonsense trickles from his tongue!
How sweet the periods, neither said nor sung!
Still break the benches, Henley, with thy strain,
While Sherloch, Hare, and Gibson preach in vain.
Oh, great restorer of the good old stage,
Preacher at once and Zany of thy age!

He usually chose a text from the Old or New Testament, and adapted it to the topics of the day, or to a satire on persons personally obnoxious to him; but sometimes his discourses resembled a kind of general oration rather than a sermon. His manuscript sermons are preserved in the library at the Guildhall, London; his handwriting is very irregular, and some of the sermons are so much erased and blotted that it is not easy to decipher them. We see from his sermons that he was a good scholar.

One of his Orations, preached October 21, 1730, is entitled, "A Sober Enquiry into the History and Adventures of Whyttington and Hys Cat." The text chosen for this discourse was, "A cat may look at a king" (English Proverb). It is chiefly a satire on governments and the Church. He tells the story of Whittington and his cat, and in pointed satire likens cats to the magistrates and judges. "A cat is a creature extremely political; it does indeed, like other civil magistrates, look not only grave but sleepy; but when it winketh, little knows the mouse what it thinketh." The next paragraph is a satire on the Church. He says: "There is no mention of *cats* in the Scripture; mice are there spoken of, therefore Church mice are common, but many of them are poor, for the Church cats, pretending only to play with them, starve the mice." The rest consists of satires on the topics of the day, which would not interest the reader now-a-days.

Henley sometimes prayed in a devout and impressive manner, but sometimes his prayers were ludicrous and even blasphemous. In one of his sermons, discoursing of the peoples who would be damned, he prayed that the Dutch might be "undamned." In another of his sermons, he undertook to prove that the petticoat was worn by the ancients, and, in corroboration, quoted that chapter of the Old Testament in which Samuel's mother is said to have made him "a little coat"—obviously a "petticoat." He usually hired a body of strong men to attend his sermons and dispose of anybody inclined to discuss a point with him; but on one occasion, having challenged any two Oxonians to argue with him on the superiority of his doctrines and teaching over those of the Church and the Universities, two Oxonians appeared, attended by a larger body of prize-fighters than he was provided with, and he slunk away by the back door.

He had on all occasions a particular aversion to the bishops; in a sermon preached September 6, 1741, entitled, "The present war of the world in religion and nations," he says: "It might have been presumed, when Christ came, one Lord, one Faith, one Baptiser, one God and Father of All, that we might have been blessed with unity. Quite the reverse. Peter, who denies his Lord with cursing and swearing, was the first who drew the sword; then quarrelled with Paul, and bequeathed his spirit to bishops, who quarrel with all that think differently from them." He might not have said this with the less reason, if he had lived in the edifying days of "Essays and Reviews." He was very fond of styling himself a "Rationalist." On his death-bed the last words he uttered were, "Let my notorious enemies know I die a Rationalist." With this important piece of information for the confusion of his enemies, we leave Orator Henley and the subject.

* The Historical Register for 1726.

ADOLFUS, DUKE OF GUELDERS.

FIFTEENTH AND SIXTEENTH CENTURIES.

Adolfus, Duke of Guelders, having died,
Was laid in state for men to see. Priests vied
With soldiers, which the most should honour him.
Borne on broad shoulders through the streets, with hymn
And martial music, the dead Duke at last
Reach'd Tournay. There they laid him in the vast
Cathedral, where perpetual twilight dwells,
Misty with scents from silver thuribles;
Since it seems fitting that, where dead kings sleep,
The sacred air, by pious aids, should keep
A certain indistinctness faint and fine,
To awe the vulgar mind, and with divine

Solemnities of silence, and soft glooms,
Inspire due reverence around royal tombs.
So, in the great Cathedral, grand, he lay.

The Duke had gain'd his Dukedom in this way:
Once, on a winter night, . . . these things were written
Four centuries ago, when men, frost-bitten,
Blew on their nails, and curst, to warm their blood,
The times, the taxes, and what else they could, ...
A hungry, bleak night sky, with frosty fires
Hung hard, and clipt with cold the chilly spires,
Bent, for some hateful purpose of its own,
To keep sharp watch upon the little town,
Which huddled in its shadow, as if there
'Twas safest, trying to look unaware;
Earth gave it no assistance, and small cheer
('Neath that sharp sky, resolved to interfere
For its affliction), but lockt up her hand,
Stared fiercely on man's need, and his command
Rejected, cold as kindness when it cools,
Or charity in some men's souls. The pools
And water-courses had become dead streaks
Of steely ice. The rushes in the creeks
Stood stiff as iron spikes. The sleety breeze
Itself had died for lack of aught to tease
On the gaunt oaks, or pine-trees numb'd and stark.
All fires were out, and every casement dark
Along the flinty streets. A famisht mouse,
Going his rounds in some old dismal house,
Disconsolate (for since the last new tax
The mice began to gnaw each other's backs),
Seem'd the sole creature stirring; save, perchance
(With steel glove slowly freezing to his lance),
A sullen watchman, half asleep, who stept
About the turret where the old Duke slept.

The young Duke, whom a waking thought, not new,
Had held from sleeping, the last night or two,
Consider'd he should sleep the better there,
Provided that the old Duke slept elsewhere.
Therefore, ... about four hundred years ago,
This point was settled by the young Duke so, ...
Adolfus (the last Duke of Egmont's race
Who reign'd in Guelders, after whom the place
Lapsed into the Burgundian line) put on
His surcoat, buckled fast his habergeon,
Went clinking up that turret stairway, came
To the turret chamber, whose dim taper flame
The gust that enter'd with him soon smote dead,
And found his father, sleeping in his bed
As sound as, just four hundred years ago,
Good Dukes and Kings were wont to sleep, you know.

A meagre moon, malignant as could be,
Meanwhile made stealthy light enough to see
The way by to the bedside, and put out
A hand, too eager long to grope about
For what it sought. A moment after that,
The old Duke, wide awake and shuddering, sat
Stark upright in the moon; his thin grey hair
Pluckt out by handfuls; and that stony stare,
The seal which terror fixes on surprise,
Widening within the white and filmy eyes
With which the ghastly father gazed upon
Strange meanings in the grim face of the son.

The young Duke haled the old Duke by the hair
Thus, in his nightgear, down the turret stair;
And made him trot, barefooted, on before
Himself, who rode a horseback, thro' the frore
And aching midnight, over frozen wold,
And icy meer, ... (that winter, you might hold
A hundred fairs, and roast a hundred sheep,
If you could find them, on the ice, so deep
The frost had fixt his floors on driven piles), ...
From Grave to Buren, five and twenty miles.
There in a dungeon, where newts dwell, beneath
The tower of Buren Castle, until death
Took him, he linger'd very miserably;
Some say for months; some, years. Tho' Burgundy
Summon'd both son and father to appear
Before him, ere the end of that same year,
And sought to settle, after mild rebuke,
Some sort of compromise between the Duke
And the Duke's father. But it fail'd.
This way
The Duke had gain'd his Dukedom.
At Tournay,
Afterwards, in the foray on that town,
He fell; and, being a man of much renown,
And very noble, with befitting state,
Was royally interr'd within the great
Cathedral. There, with work of costly stones
And curious craft, above his ducal bones
They builded a fair tomb. And over him
A hundred priests chanted the holy hymn.
Which being ended, ... "Our archbishop" (says
A chronicler, writing about those days)
"Held a most sweet discourse." . . . . And so the psalm,
And silver organ ceasing, in his calm
And costly tomb they left him; with his face,
Turn'd ever upward to the altar-place,
Smiling in marble from the shrine below.

These things were done four hundred years ago,
Adolfus, Duke of Guelders, in this way
First having gain'd his Dukedom, as I say.
After which time, the great Duke Charles the Bold
Laid hold on Guelders, and kept fast his hold.
Times change: and with the times too change the men.
A hundred years have roll'd away since then.
I mean, since "Our archbishop" sweetly preach'd
His sermon on the dead Duke, unimpeach'd
Of flattery in the fluent phrase that just
Tinkled the tender moral o'er the dust
Of greatness, and with flowers of Latin strew'd
(To edify a reverent multitude)
The musty surface of the faded theme
"All flesh is grass: man's days are but a dream."
A bad dream, surely, sometimes: waking yet
Too late deferr'd! Such honours to upset,
Such wrongs to right, such far truths to attain,
Time, tho' he toils along the road amain,
Is still behindhand; never quite gets thro'
The long arrears of work he finds to do.
You call Time swift? it costs him centuries
To move the least of human miseries
Out of the path he treads. You call Time strong?
He does not dare to smite an obvious wrong
Aside, until 'tis worn too weak to stand
The faint dull pressure of his feeble hand.
The crazy wrong, and yet how safe it thrives!
The little lie, and yet how long it lives!
Meanwhile, I say, a hundred years have roll'd
O'er the Duke's memory. Now, again behold!

Late gleams of dwindled daylight, glad to go:
A sullen autumn evening, scowling low
On Tournay: a fierce sunset, dying down
In clots of crimson fire, reminds a town
Of starving, stormy people, how the glare
Sunk into eyes of agonised despair,
When placid pastors of the flock of Christ
Had finish'd roasting their last Calvinist.
A hot and lurid night is steaming up,
Like a foul film out of some witch's cup,

That swarms with devils spawn'd from her damn'd
charms.
For the red light of burning burgs and farms
Oozes all round, beneath the lock'd black lids
Of heaven. Something on the air forbids
A creature to feel happy, or at rest.
The night is curs'd, and carries in her breast
A guilty conscience. Strange, too! since of late
The Church is busy, putting all things straight,
And taking comfortable care to keep
The fold snug, and all prowlers from the sheep.
To which good end, upon this self-same night,
A much dismay'd Town Council has thought right
To set a Guard of Terror round about
The great Cathedral; fearing lest a rout
Of these misguided creatures, prone to sin,
As lately proven, should break rudely in
There, where Adolfus, Duke of Guelders, and
Other dead Dukes by whom this happy land
Was once kept quiet in good times gone by,
With saints and bishops sleeping quietly,
Enjoy at last the slumber of the just;
In marble; mixing not their noble dust
With common clay of the inferior dead.
Therefore you hear, with moody measured tread,
This Guard of Terror going its grim watch,
Thro' ominous silence. Scarce sufficient match
However, even for a hundred lean
Starved wretches, lasht to madness, having seen
Somewhat too long, or too unworthily lookt
Upon, their vile belongings being cookt
To suit each priestly palate. . . . . If to-night
Those mad dogs slip the muzzle, 'ware their bite!

And so, perchance, the thankless people thought:
For, as the night wore off, a much-distraught
And murmurous crowd came thronging wild to where
I'the market place, each stifled thoroughfare
Disgorges its pent populace about
The great Cathedral.
Suddenly, a shout,
As tho' Hell's brood had broken loose, rockt all
Heaven's black roof dismal and funereal.
As when a spark is dropt into a train
Of nitre, swiftly ran from brain to brain
A single fiery purpose, and at last
Exploded, roaring down the vague and vast
Heart of the shaken city. Then a swell
Of wrathful faces, irresistible,
Sweep to the great Cathedral doors; disarm
The Guard; roar up the hollow nave; and swarm
Thro' aisle and chancel, fast as locusts sent
Thro' Egypt's chambers thick and pestilent.

There, such a sight was seen, as now and then
When half a world goes mad, makes sober men
In after years, who comfortably sit
In easy chairs to weigh and ponder it,
Revise the various theories of mankind,
Puzzling both others and themselves, to find
New reasons for unreasonable old wrongs.

Yells, howlings, cursings; grim tumultuous throngs;
The metamorphoses of mad despair:
Men with wolves' faces, women with fierce hair
And frenzied eyes, turn'd furies: over all
The torchlight tossing in perpetual
Pulsation of tremendous glare or gloom.
They climb, they cling from altar-piece and tomb;
Whilst pickaxe, crowbar, pitchfork, billet, each
Chance weapon caught within the reckless reach
Of those whose single will a thousand means
Subserve to (. . . . terrible, wild kings and queens
Whose sole dominions are despairs . . . .), thro' all
The marble monuments majestical
Go crashing. Basalt, lapis, syenite,
Porphyry, and pediment, in splinters bright,
Tumbled with claps of thunder, clattering
Roll down the dark. The surly sinners sing
A horrible black santis, so to cheer
The work in hand. And evermore you hear
A shout of awful joy, as down goes some
Three-hundred-years-old treasure. Crowded, come
To glut the greatening bonfire, chalices
Of gold and silver, copes and cibories,
Stain'd altar-cloths, spoil'd pictures, ornaments,
Statues, and broken organ tubes and vents,
The spoils of generations all destroy'd
In one wild moment! Possibly grown cloy'd
And languid, then a lean iconoclast,
Drooping a sullen eyelid, fell at last
To reading lazily the letters that
Ran round the royal tomb on which he sat.
When (suddenly inspired with some new hate
To yells, the hollow roofs reverberate
As tho' the Judgment-Angel pass'd among
Their rafters, and the great beams clang'd and rung
Against his griding wing) he shrieks: "Come forth,
Adolfus, Duke of Guelders! for thy worth
Should not be hidden." Forthwith, all men shout,
"Strike, split, crash, dig, and drag the tyrant out!
Let him be judged!" And from the drowsy, dark,
Enormous aisles, a hundred echoes bark
And bellow—"Judged!"
Then those dread lictors all,
Marching before the magisterial
Curule of tardy Time, with rod and axe,
Fall to their work. The cream-white marble cracks,
The lucid alabaster flies in flakes,
The iron bindings burst, the brickwork quakes
Beneath their strokes, and the great stone lid shivers
With thunder on the pavement. A torch quivers
Over the yawning vault. The vast crowd draws
Its breath back hissing. In that sultry pause
A man o'erstrides the tomb, and drops beneath;
Another; then another. Still its breath
The crowd holds, hushful. At the last appears,
Unravaged by a hundred wicked years,
Borne on broad shoulders from the tomb to which
Broad shoulders bore him; coming, in his rich
Robes of magnificence (by sweating thumbs
Of savage artisans,—as each one comes
To stare into his dead face,—smeared and smudged),
Adolfus, Duke of Guelders, ... to be Judged!

And then, and there, in that strange judgment-hall,
As, gathering round their royal criminal,
Troopt the wild jury, the dead Duke was found
To be as fresh in face, in flesh as sound,
As tho' he had been buried yesterday;
So well the embalmer's work from all decay
Had kept his royal person. With his great
Grim truncheon propt on hip, his robe of state
Heap'd in vast folds his large-built limbs around,
The Duke lay, looking as in life; and frown'd
A frown that seem'd as of a living man.
Meanwhile those judges their assize began.

And, having, in incredibly brief time,
Decided that in nothing save his crime
The Duke exceeded mere humanity,
Free, for the first time, its own cause to try
So long ignored,—they peeled him, limb by limb,
Bare of the mingled pomps that mantled him;
Stript, singed him, stabb'd him, stampt upon him,
smote
His cheek, and spat upon it, slit his throat,
Crusht his big brow, and clove his crown, and left

Adolfus, Guelders' last own Duke, bereft
Of sepulture, and naked, on the floor
Of the Cathedral; where, six days, or more,
He rested, rotting. What remain'd indeed,
After the rats had had their daily feed,
Of the great Duke, some unknown hand, 'tis said,
In the town cesspool, last, deposited.

CENSUS CURIOSITIES.

On Sunday, the seventh of April, all the people of Great Britain are to be counted; and as much knowledge about us all as can be asked for with a hope of getting it, will be put in the power of men who take thought for the condition of the nation. Every ten years there is such a numbering, and there is effort to make each, as to the facts it yields, more useful to the public than the one before it. Conscientious exactness in making the returns, is, in this matter, the duty that every one owes to his neighbours. The census tells us how many mouths we have to feed, partly tells what we can provide for them, makes known what we all live by, and helps to a knowledge of what must be done by the State to make it easy for us all to live.

More than two thousand years ago, Rome had two magistrates called censors, whose chief duty was to take an estimate—in Latin, Census—of the goods of the citizens, and to impose upon each, taxes proportioned to his wealth. They had also authority to "censure" vice and immorality, and to expel an offender against public morals, even from the Senate. The first censors were created two thousand three hundred years ago, when the Senate of Rome observed that the consuls were too busy with foreign war to attend to home politics, and the high responsibility of the office then created caused it to be reserved for men who had passed through the highest grades of magistracy. It was thought overbold in Crassus to aspire to be censor when he had not yet been either consul or prætor. The Roman census, or estimate of population, had regard only to taxation and conscription for the service of the armies. It indicated the number and the respective stations of all free persons, their positions as husbands or wives, fathers or mothers, sons or daughters. The freemen made returns of slaves, cattle, and other property. It need not be said that for the keeping of such a register, the censor had under him an office full of clerks. The Roman had to present himself; he was not visited at his own door and furnished with a census paper to fill up and leave till called for. Every five years the taxable Roman, however poor, omitted the duty of presenting a return of himself, his household, and goods, at the peril of a higher penalty than any now enforced in Europe: namely, the confiscation of himself to slavery. His goods were sold, and he was sold as the possession of the State.

Every five years, when the numbering was done, there was solemn purification, which is, in Latin, lustrum; and so lustrum came to mean a period of five years, as it does at this day even in English. The registers of the population, when complete, were deposited in the Temple of the Nymphs.

No speculative use was made of the statistics obtained in a Roman census. They meant money and men, but nothing more, and the defining of property qualification. Men spoke of the senatorial, and there was the equestrian, census; in later times, census dominicate and census duplicate were names of feudal taxes, and this word "cense," used by old English writers, has become the "cess" of modern ratepayers.

Long before England had a census in the modern sense, the despotisms of the Continent, for aid to their centralised administration and police, had many occasional numberings of districts, provinces, and realms. Of the population of Great Britain there was only a very rough guess to be made; and, indeed, of the population of any part of Europe before the year eighteen hundred, nothing very accurate was known.

It was in the first year of the present century that the first effort was made to take a census of the people of Great Britain. Ireland was not included in that census of eighteen hundred and one. Helped by the zeal of Mr. Rickman, the assistant clerk of the House of Commons, this census proved to be no vain attempt to classify the people roughly as well as to count heads. There was a division into, first, persons chiefly employed in agriculture; secondly, persons chiefly employed in trade; thirdly, persons employed in neither way. But nobody knew clearly, how to class the women, children, and servants; and when in the two next censuses returns of the occupation of the head of each family was asked for, it was in very many instances a question as to who was to be considered the head of this family or that. Our second census, that of eighteen hundred and eleven, made an unsuccessful attempt to include Ireland in the returns. The third census, in 'twenty-one, obtained the population of Ireland; ten years later, came the fourth census, that of 'thirty-one, revised in Ireland three years later, when it was made the basis of a system of national education. In the census of 'forty-one, the use of the Irish constabulary force as a staff of enumerators—and, in 'fifty-one, the additional help of an ordnance survey then nearly complete—brought the statistics of Ireland into better order. In these two censuses, important details of the state of Irish agriculture were secured.

The last of the censuses, that of the year 'fifty-one, was taken on the thirty-first of March: the return being of the population as it lay on the preceding night, with note of the amount and distribution of the church and chapel attendance on the morning of Sunday the thirtieth.

There is no such thing as exact truth to be got by the most carefully devised census. Many returns will be erroneous through stupidity,

some will be erroneous through design; we may be pretty sure, for example, that the holders of overcrowded lodging-houses in the worst part of St. Giles's, and other such town districts, will have an eye to the law in relation to their pockets, and will secure an under-statement of the numbers asleep under their roof. Then there will be errors through necessity. Persons engaged in more than one occupation will return only their leading occupation. Thus, many farmers are at the same time innkeepers, maltsters, millers, even shoemakers and blacksmiths; very many land-proprietors must be returned under other heads, and so forth. But the rough estimate obtained—every man being careful to give the truest return in his power—is accurate enough for any useful purpose. At the last census it appeared that there were, in England and Wales, apart from Ireland and Scotland, about two millions and a half of traders, two million engaged in agriculture, a million and a half occupied in manufactures, a million of servants out of a little more than eight millions of workers: leaving out of account the more than nine million and a half of unclassified women and children. The whole population of England and Wales was at the last census something under eighteen millions.

In fourteen thorough farming counties, such as Bedford, Hertford, Suffolk, it was found that nearly one in two of the grown men were engaged in cultivation of the earth. The county in which the proportion of men engaged in agriculture is the smallest, setting aside London, is Lancashire, where not more than about one man in ten is occupied with agriculture. Fishermen were not found to be very numerous. Penzance was the place at which they bore the greatest proportion to the rest of the community; but even there, not one in ten adult men was a fisherman. At Yarmouth it was only one such man in sixteen who lived by fishing.

Among traders, the bakers yielded curious returns. In many towns and districts every housewife is her own bread-maker. So, we find the proportion of bakers in London (where there were about ten thousand) ten times greater than that in all Wales. In all Wales there were not five hundred bakers; in the Cardigan district there was not one. In proportion to the numbers of the people there are eight bakers in London for every one in Leeds; but confectioners, who live almost wholly in towns, are more favoured by the north than by the south. In proportion, again, to the population, if the number of pastrycooks be a true sign, York eats five times as many tarts as London. Again, illustrative of local reasons for the flourishing of given trades, is the fact that in all Wales there were only fifty greengrocers, while London employed three thousand three hundred and twenty-five. But Wales, as compared with London, contained three times as many millers and maltsters. Of licensed victuallers and beershop-keepers, London had only an average proportion. The number, as compared with the rest of the surrounding population, was found to be greatest in purely agricultural, and least in mining districts; greatest in Cambridge, Huntingdon, Hertford; least in Northumberland, Durham, and Cornwall. Brewers abound, and abound most at Burton. There, one adult man in every twenty-three helps to make beer.

As the brewers gather themselves together about Burton, so do the shoemakers throng in Northampton: where one man out of every three makes shoes. In the whole districts including Northampton, Wellingborough, Thrapston, &c., one in five of the men and one in eight of the women are engaged in shoemaking. Next to Northampton comes Stafford, as the shoemakers' own town. In the Stafford district one man in five and one woman in ten lived by shoemaking, and the proportion was high in adjacent places, more especially in Stone and Nantwich. In Norwich, again, one man in ten and one woman in fourteen, make shoes. In London there is a special gathering of shoemakers in Shoreditch and Bethnal-green.

Very remarkable in this way is the straw hat and bonnet making commonwealth of Luton and St. Albans, but especially of Luton, where one woman in every two or three was found to be a straw hat and bonnet maker. Again, there is the noticeable gathering of clothiers in the West Riding of Yorkshire, and of patten and clog makers in Lancashire. As a general rule, it appears that Englishmen are more ready to live with a short supply of tailors than of shoemakers. We need not comment on the fact that nearly half the paper-stainers and paperhangers of England and Wales live by their trade among the houses of London. And in London there are special trade districts. Cabinet-makers and chairmakers abound most in Shoreditch, Bethnal-green, St. Luke's, Clerkenwell, Pancras, and Marylebone (but the especial seat of chairmakers is the Wycombe district, in Buckinghamshire); organ-builders are most numerous in St. Pancras; leather-workers in Bermondsey, where their actual number is two thousand above the fifty which would be their number if they kept the usual London proportion. We need hardly say that the returns of milliners and washerwomen showed the direct influence of wealth and fashion on these callings. The highest proportion of washerwomen found in any town at the last census, was at Brighton: where every fifteenth woman was a washerwoman. In Bath, of every fifteen women one was a washerwoman, and another a milliner. In North Wales, only one woman in a hundred is a washerwoman. Domestic washing days are the rule. In Leeds there is only one washerwoman among every fifty-two women. In London, of every twenty-two women one earned her living as a washerwoman, and one was a milliner.

Domestic servants form a very large class, and its distribution also corresponded of course to the distribution of wealth. In Bath, one man in sixteen, and a fourth part of all the wo-

men, were in service. In Brighton, the proportion was a little lower. In Cheltenham, the proportion of men-servants was higher—higher even than at Cambridge—but not so high as at Oxford, where nearly a tenth part of the men are in service. In Liverpool, hardly more than one man in a hundred is a servant. In London, taking old and young together, one male in seventeen, and one female in every three or four, live by domestic service. The proportion of men-servants in St. George's, Hanover-square, was a fourth part of the male population of the district. Of men and women together, three in five were servants; three were in waiting upon two. On the other hand, in Bethnal-green only one man in a hundred men, and five or six women in a hundred women, lived in this way. Of the professions in England and Wales (we need say nothing about their distribution), it appeared at the last census that one man in a hundred and eighty was a minister of religion, schoolmasters were in almost the same proportion; but there were not two-thirds of the number of medical practitioners, and of these only one man in two thousand five hundred was a physician. The artist, reckoning together painter and sculptor, proved to be one man in a thousand, or one woman in ten thousand. One man in five thousand was an editor or journalist; one man in ten thousand was an author. In all England and Wales, the whole number of women returned ten years ago as engaged in literature, —a number yielding no appreciable proportion on the entire population—was but one hundred and nine.

These suggestive calculations we draw from some papers founded on the bulky census returns of 'fifty-one, by Mr. T. A. Welton, read lately before the Statistical Society. Curious information is also given in these papers as to the degree of thickness in the peopling of the chiefly agricultural, manufacturing, and mining districts, and the rates at which different parts of the country grew in population during the ten years from census to census. Thus it is found that during the fifty years of which the ten yearly census has taken account, the population has been almost trebled in the twenty principal metal manufacturing districts: while it has increased only eighty per cent, or has not quite doubled, in the rest of the country. In the ten years between the last census and that which preceded it, the increase of population in all England and Wales was rather more than an addition of twelve souls to every hundred. The whole population rose, in round numbers, from sixteen to eighteen millions. So that, for this part of the United Kingdom, we may expect a return of more than twenty millions next month. The rate of increase varied much, as we have said, in different places. In Wilts, there was even decrease. In Cambridge, there was very little more than the average increase. In Durham, the increase was of above twenty-five; in London, nearly of twenty-one on every hundred. London had advanced, and the exact figures are worth giving in this case, from 1,948,417 to 2,362,236. The present population, therefore, may not be many thousands short of three million, for the pace of growth is quickened.

A VERY LIKELY STORY.

A SPARKLING April morning greeted me, as, after an unbroken absence of thirty years, I set foot once more on English ground, at Deal. Circumstances that seemed fatal to my hopes of future happiness on earth, had induced me, at the age of twenty-five—at which period I had served eight years in the British cavalry—to sever myself from home and country, profession and friends.

I got into the train at Deal. There was only one other passenger in the compartment: a stout middle-aged man, with a rosy good-natured face, and a curious habit of pursing up and then separating his chubby lips, with a kind of smack—as though he were kissing something.

At first, I took this sound as the preliminary to some observation, and turned, with proper politeness, to receive it, but nothing followed. On the contrary, my companion appeared, as we proceeded, to retire more and more into himself. He was immersed in gloomy meditation, the lively, not to say, humorous expression departing utterly from his face, until, at length, to my profound astonishment, he suddenly threw himself back in the corner of the carriage, and burst into tears!

There was something at once touching and absurd in the agitated workings of that jolly face, the quivering of that chubby lip. His emotion increased; he sobbed aloud. It appeared absolutely incumbent on me, his only fellow-traveller, to offer some remark.

"You suffer, sir, I fear," I observed.

"In mind, severely, sir." (He made a manifest effort at self-control.) "I am smack ashamed of myself, I ask your smack pardon. Few things, I may affirm, could have wrung from me an exhibition of smack feeling such as *this:* an emotion strong enough to have engaged the kind and well-meant smack sympathy of a chance companion smack," concluded the traveller.

I murmured some words intended to be consolatory, covered by the rumbling of the train.

"This," resumed my companion, "is the smack Ann——"

He clapped his handkerchief suddenly to his eyes, and again his broad shoulders heaved with the violence of his agitation.

I was not quite certain what he meant by "Ann," and, having nothing to add to my former observations, held my peace.

"Smack," said the traveller, at last; "this is the anniversary of one of the most singular and mysterious events in the annals of English crime (I may add, also, in those of medico-chirurgical science); one, my good smack, sir, that has been the source of much smack suffering to a very old and smack valued friend of mine. And, what is

most remarkable, this very compartment of this very carriage, number one hundred smack and fifty-three, was the scene of the extraordinary occurrence to which I smack refer."

"You interest me extremely," I answered, "and, were not the remembrance apparently too painful, I should be tempted to inquire further."

"So far smack, my dear smack sir, from suffering in the recital, I find it my only real smack comfort," sighed the traveller; "especially when, as in the present instance, I am smack certain of such smack attention."

"You do me only justice, sir; I shall listen with the utmost interest. And I beg you will not spare me the minutest detail," said I, settling myself comfortably in my seat.

"Then here smack goes," rejoined my companion, brightening up with amazing suddenness, and slipping his handkerchief into his pocket.

Thus (for the sake of brevity, I omit the smacks) proceeded his narrative:

"It was, as I have said, the Anniversary of this day, the very dawn of that changeful month which, I have generally observed, however it may end, almost invariably commences with a smile, that two persons took their seats in this identical carriage, number one hundred and fifty-three. The one was a man of sixty-four or five, tall and dignified, his manner and bearing characterised by that kind of languid grace which betokens the highest breeding. He was wrapped in a coat lined with costly furs, and wore a travelling-cap with gold band, from which peeped forth brown and glossy curls, 'the skull that bred them in the sepulchre'—in fact, a wig.

"He was accompanied by a young lady of handsome, but, how shall I characterise them? determined features; large grey, searching eyes; a cold, fixed mouth, as if the teeth within were in a state of continual clench; altogether, a masterful aspect, which, allowing temper to correspond, would induce a person of moderately weak nerves to prefer the society of a fine young panther, and, which, in the present instance, certainly suggested the idea of the old gentleman's being rather in her custody, than in her company. These two were, like ourselves today, the only tenants of the compartment.

"The train, sir, proceeded on its way, and, in due course, entered the Long Tunnel; in the middle of which three plate-layers were at the moment engaged in some work or inspection. Their names (you asked for the minutest details) were Michel O'Loughlin, Cornelius Podgerbot, and David Llewellyn Jones. O'Loughlin had a wife and three children; also an aunt, who suffered from rheumatism. But these particulars, though mentioned in deference to your wish, are, in effect, not material to the story.

"The men I speak of, had plenty of notice of the train's approach, and retired, with their torches, into one of the small recesses provided for such occasions. Half an hour later, the three emerged from the tunnel pale and agitated, and, hurrying to the nearest station, made a most extraordinary statement.

"They affirmed that, at the moment of the train's passing the recess, when, consequently, the glare of their torches fell right upon the passing objects, they beheld an old gentleman and a young lady engaged in a desperate struggle, each making frantic efforts to force the other from the carriage, the door of which swung open.

"No cries could be distinguished in the wild roar of the train, but if any were uttered it was not by the female combatant, whose white resolute face, glowing eyes, and set teeth, were perfectly, though but for an instant, revealed to the horrified witnesses. Her hands were buried in the furs about the neck of her antagonist, much as a tiger might clutch a deer, and the man appeared in the act of succumbing to her superior force. A few yards more, and an object was distinctly seen to fall from the carriage. The door swung to; the train whirled away.

"Hurrying to the spot where the body was seen to fall, the men commenced an eager search; strange to say, nothing could be found! Some spots that looked like blood, were certainly distinguishable on the surface of the rail; some bits of rent fur, a glove; but where was the mangled and disabled body? They examined, as they thought, every square inch up to the tunnel's mouth—perhaps a hundred yards—when one of the party, who had returned a pace or two for closer scrutiny, uttered a sudden shout, which brought the others to his side.

"It was Michael O'Loughlin, who was standing, with his torch uplifted, gazing with starting eyes, like a shying horse, at some object on the ground. It was *a woman's foot;* a foot, small and delicately moulded, clothed in an open-worked silk stocking, and a purple jean slipper with a rosette. It was set firmly on the earth, protruding, as it were, from the dark side-wall of the tunnel. Thus, coming suddenly into the light of the torches, it seemed as though the body to which it belonged, concealed within, had put forth its lower extremity in order to trip up the startled searcher.

"'Why, blow *me!* here *is* a game!' was the natural comment of Cornelius Podgerbot. 'However did she get in there?'

"'Anyhow, it's a pretty little foot as *ever* I see,' remarked Llewellyn Jones.

"He stooped to touch it, but jumped back in horror, as a man might who had grasped a snake for a twig. It had come away in his hand! Sir, the foot had been cut clean off, about three inches above the ankle. No blood was visible; the vessels were clearly exhausted. There was scarcely any stain or discoloration, and the severed organ looked more like an exquisite imitation of nature, than a limb torn with violence from the parent trunk.

"But where was the body? The walls were intact; there was no place of concealment, no excavation where such an object could by any possibility have escaped their scrutiny. After a

few minutes, the first excitement having subsided, a feeling of superstitious horror began to creep over the men. With one accord, as stricken with a sudden fear, they hastened into the outer day.

"Pembridge Station was distant scarcely a mile, and less than ten minutes had elapsed before they were breathlessly recounting what had happened in the ears of the astonished station-master. There was no discrediting their narrative, backed by such a witness as that which one of the party now produced, unrolling it from his handkerchief and neckcloth. It was therefore resolved to telegraph at once to London, requesting that the police might be on the look-out for the train, which would not be due at the terminus for nearly another hour.

"Quickly flashed the warning words along the wire:

"'Police — stop—first-class—old gent—fur—brown wig—murder.'

"It chanced that, at the moment of the train in question being due, Inspector Gimlett, of the L division, Detective, was leaning idly against the station-rails. His eye, which seemed to sweep in everything, fell upon a tall pale person, in a furred coat and travelling-cap, who descended from a first-class carriage, taking a pinch of snuff.

"The trifling act I have mentioned sufficed to awake Mr. Gimlett's general suspicions. Who on earth, even though active and sure-footed, would select the instant of getting out of a railway carriage hardly come to a stand, for taking a pinch of snuff? The inspector winked at a subordinate near, who directly proffered his assistance to the tall gentleman, and strolled on. A hubbub that had first aroused Mr. Gimlett from his meditations had increased.

"'I tell you, fellow, you've mistaken your man!' vociferated a burly individual, who had also a fur collar and a brown wig. 'I'm an alderman. I'm a magistrate. I'm Sir Tibbley Winks, of Aldersgate and Finsbury-square. I'm —"Murder," sir?'

"'Very good, Sir Tibbley,' said a policeman, who had his hand lightly on the old gentleman's shoulder. 'Perhaps you'd walk into the office for a moment.'

"'Office, sir! I'll walk into my own chariot, and nothing else!' bawled the civic dignitary. 'There it is—them two bays—a waiting——'

"'*Stop!*' said the steady voice of Inspector Gimlett, who had wrought his way through the throng, irresistible as the instrument whose name he bore. 'This gentleman *is* Sir Tibbley Winks, the active and worshipful city magistrate. It is altogether a mistake—Sir Tibbley will excuse it—public duty—crowded station—hem! See Sir Tibbley's luggage taken to his carriage instantly. Now, ninety-two, follow me.'

"There appeared to have been some difficulty about cabs, as the tall traveller was still taking pinches of snuff, on the platform, as if he were firing minute guns of distress. Surrounded by some rather effeminate-looking luggage, and attended by the porter-policeman, he was smiling, indeed, but there was an evident restlessness in the glances he cast on every side, as cab after cab declined his signal to come and take up. With the approach of Mr. Gimlett, however, the unpopularity of the fare disappeared.

"'Here, one of you!' cried the inspector.

"Six cabs immediately drew up. He engaged the two first.

"'What shall we do with the *lady's* luggage, sir?' asked Mr. Gimlett, blandly.

"'The la—la——' stammered the traveller.

"'Silk stockings, and sich?' put in number ninety-two, officiously.

"His inspector rebuked him with a look, and repeated his question.

"'The "lady's," my good friend?' said the dignified traveller, who had regained his composure; 'I am alone.'

"'Very good, sir. Put the gentleman's two bonnet-boxes on the roof, crinoline and parasol on the box, parcel of shawls, satin mantilla, and reticule inside. Heavy baggage in the second cab. Now, sir, all ready, please. If you wish to set this little business straight, off-hand, we can call on the coroner at once, you know, on our way to the—hum——'

"'If, by the hum, you mean your confounded station, by all manner of means,' said the traveller, 'let us avoid that paradise. Besides, I have the pleasure of knowing the excellent coroner, Mr. Smoothly Slirr; so come along. After *you*.'

"'No, impossible,' said the polite inspector, and followed the traveller into the cab; number ninety-two taking charge of the luggage in the other.

"That excellent public officer, Mr. Slirr, occupied a large mansion in the neighbourhood of Russell-square. The day I am speaking of happened to be his birthday, and he was entertaining a party of friends at dinner, when the cab drove up to the door, and Mr. Gimlett sent up his card and that of the traveller.

"In an instant, down rushed Mr. Slirr, his napkin in his hand. He shook hands warmly with the stranger, greeting him by the name of Lovibond, and begged him to alight.

"Mr. Gimlett, who was apparently a little hurt at being overlooked, here interposed, and briefly explained that the main object of their visit was to request the worthy coroner to hold an inquest at once, in order that Sir Charles Lovibond might either proceed to his own residence without further detention, or to the county jail, as the case might be; thus avoiding the preliminary annoyance of appearing before another magistrate, who might worry the applicant with no end of questions, and, very likely, require the attendance of witnesses.

"Mr. Slirr admitted the force of the argument.

"'But the jury,' he said, pausing; 'we *must* have a jury, eh, Gimlett?'

"Mr. Gimlett acquiesced in the desirability of adhering to this popular form.

"'At this late hour, you see,' resumed Mr. Slirr—'Ha! stay. By the most singular good fortune, my dinner-party comprises exactly twelve. They will, I am sure, at my request, suspend politics for five minutes, and form themselves into a friendly little jury.'

"The good-natured coroner hastened back to his dining-room, and returned in a minute or so with the intelligence that everything had been comfortably arranged; a jocular resolution having moreover been hastily put and carried, that the intended perquisition should last no longer than the new magnum just brought in."

"But, really, my good sir," I interposed at this point, "your narrative, though of remarkable interest, is hardly, let me observe, consistent with those rules of jurisprudence such as, I faintly remember, prev——"

"Forgive me," interrupted my companion; "you have probably been absent some time from this country, and are consequently not smack aware of the searching and much-needed reforms that have taken place in our civil and smack criminal code."

"Proceed, sir, I beg," said I.

"Mr. Slirr kept covenant with his lively jury. He commenced the proceedings by reminding them that the real—he had nearly said the only duty incumbent upon them—was to respect the feelings of the highly-popular accused: a gentleman society could ill spare, even for the few hours they were about to employ in giving a fresh burnish to his character; so much for that innocent person. He said, emphatically, 'innocent,' for the jury knew, as well as he, the coroner, that everybody *was* innocent, till, et cetera.—'Pass the claret, Tipler.'—Secondly, he begged to deprecate most earnestly the indulgence of any idle curiosity as to the mere facts of the case, inasmuch as such a proceeding might savour of an uncourteous distrust as to the competency of that superior tribunal which was paid—and very handsomely paid—for looking into this sort of thing.

"A juryman inquired, amidst some disapprobation, where was the body upon which they were, at the moment, allegorically seated?

"Inspector Gimlett informed the court that the body had not yet come to hand, but that one foot was confidently expected by the train at eight forty-five. Other members might follow.

"A short desultory conversation ensued, which was stopped by the coroner's glancing significantly at the exhausted magnum, and suggesting that they had better consider their verdict. They immediately brought in, Murder.

"'Murder, eh?' said the coroner to the foreman. 'All right, old fellow. There you are' (he hastily recorded it), 'and here's the thingamy' (giving the warrant to Mr. Gimlett). 'Dine with me to-morrow, Lovibond, after the trial? Devonshire mutton.'

"'With the greatest pleasure,' replied Sir Charles, and, waving a farewell to the jury, withdrew.

"They drove direct to Oldgate.

"Although the apartment into which Sir Charles was inducted, was, in point of fact, one of the most luxurious in the prison, it so little satisfied his fastidious taste, that, after partaking of some stewed pigeons à la crapandine, and a few glasses of very tolerable Burgundy, he sent for the governor, and inquired how long it was probable he might be detained?

"The governor replied that the usual weekly assize would be held on Thursday.

"On Thursday! And this was only Monday! And Sir Charles had engaged himself to dinner to-morrow! Could nothing be done to accelerate the dilatory action of the law?

"The governor felt all the hardship of Sir Charles's position. There was but one remedy—a royal commission. Good thought! The Home Secretary was at that very moment a guest at Windsor. Supposing that the necessary forms could be gone through, and that the judges were in town, the trial might take place to-morrow, at the usual hour. He would at once set the telegraph at work.

"The amiable and zealous governor was as good as his word, and such success attended his well-meant efforts, that everything was settled, the bill was found, and the commission was opened by ten o'clock on the following morning.

"The prisoner, who had passed an excellent night, rose in high good humour, and dressed himself with unusual care. The papers of the previous evening, in second, third, and even fourth editions, had made this remarkable case so widely known, that, long before the opening of the doors, crowds besieged the different entrances.

"The judges (Squall and Rumpus) took their seats with their accustomed punctuality.

"Counsel for the prosecution, learned Attorney-General, assisted by Mr. Bullseye, Q.C., and Mr. Owdyce. Part of the prisoner—Mr. Serjeant Calantine, and Mr. Egbert Bee.

"Mr. Bullseye apologised for the absence of his leader, who was engaged in nine other cases of equal importance with that now about to be submitted to their ludships. He himself had been engaged (at whist) till near six o'clock that morning, but had had abundant opportunity, during breakfast, to look into the case, and found himself in a position to lay five to four with the learned judge (Rumpus) that he landed a verdict safe, before luncheon.

"The court declined the bet, pointing out to Mr. Bullseye the serious public inconvenience that might ensue, should the example be so extensively followed by the prisoner, jury, and others, as to call for the establishment of a regular ring, before the commencement of each case.

"Mr. Bullseye bowed acquiescence, and, resuming his address, called upon the jury to banish from their minds all idea of the case before them. (Three jurors pocketed their fourth editions—three others made a hasty note of the learned

counsel's observation — the foreman simply winked.) It would be but a brief procedure, he might add, not more than a 'foot' in length, but he did not expect them to appreciate his little joke, until they had heard what was to follow. If, by chance, any individual of that useful and talented body, the reporters for the press, were present (a laugh, and tremendous scratching of pens), he would request them to record it, 'a foot.'—Well, to the facts.

"'On a lovely evening in early June, nine hundred and seventy years ago, the ancestor of the prisoner at the bar first landed on these shores. That he was a man of humane and gentle character, and refined tastes, is sufficiently proved by the fact that, in those turbulent times, no record exists of his having burned a castle, ravaged a nunnery, or broiled a Jew! Might it not be fairly expected that a man so gracious would be the honoured father of a line of no less scrupulous sons, wags, beaux, statesmen, poets, queen's counsel; men whose ardent love of truth, and hate of blood, would embalm them for ever in the retentive memory of the land their virtues had adorned? Alas! alas!'

"Mr. Bullseye would not detain the jury by tracing, through nearly nine centuries and a half, the history of this remarkable family, but would ask them to look at once at *him*, their miserable descendant, cowering under the glance of the justice he had offended and defied!

"He would restrain his feelings, which had, for a moment, got the better of him. 'The prisoner, gentlemen, entered the railway station at Deal, purchased two first-class tickets, and, accompanied by a young lady of prepossessing appearance, got into a carriage, assisted in doing so by a porter, to whom, in defiance of the by-laws hanging up before him handsomely framed, he gave *a fourpenny-piece*. I mention this fact as showing that habitual contempt for all legal enactments which cropped out (to use a figurative expression) so fearfully a few minutes later.

"'Before leaving, the prisoner desired to purchase a biscuit, and, finding none were to be had, expressed his dissatisfaction in language of considerable strength. This apparently trivial fact is of the highest importance. It will be my duty to prove to you, gentlemen, that the prisoner, on leaving, was in a condition of *extreme hunger*.'

"The learned counsel went on to state that, on the train arriving at London-bridge, the young lady alluded to was missing. In the mean time a telegram had been forwarded requesting the apprehension of the prisoner, and this was speedily followed by the arrival of three witnesses, who related what they (the jury) would presently hear, and brought with them a young lady's foot, with silk stocking and brodequin complete. No trace of the body had been discovered! The mutilated remains of the unhappy girl were not to be found in the tunnel whose cavernous depths witnessed this atrocious deed. They could not have hopped away upon the leg that was left. He had a theory. It was strange! It was startling! But ill would it beseem the wig he wore, should he shrink from the promulgation of *any* theory, no matter how repugnant to common sense, that might serve his client, or possess the very slightest chance of finding credence with a British jury.

"'They had all studied natural history. Indulgence in recreative science was a familiar characteristic of that admirable class which poured into the British jury-box its treasures of patriotism, of wisdom, and of wit. This bottle' (holding up a small phial) 'contains a colourless liquid and invisible animalculæ. The jury would instantly recognise those curious nomads as members of a deeply-interesting family, the infusoria. They were distinguished by the most complete unanimity of taste and touching harmony of purpose. Their whole time was passed in eating each other.

"'Size, in the case of these happily-constructed children of nature, seemed to be of no consequence whatever. A sharp-set individual of the race has been seen to attack and swallow a friend as large as—nay, larger than—himself, and to be none the worse for his repast! They would bear this fact in mind.'

"Anthropapagy (Mr. Bullseye continued), properly so called, had not flourished in England for a very considerable period. He believed that there was no absolute record of the practice, since that case in which a gentleman of half-Highland, half-negro extraction—Mr. Alexander (commonly called "Sawney") Bean—cut a very distinguished figure. Time, which, according to the poet, eats all sorts of things (edax rerum), has, it must be owned, revolutionised the whole science of gastronomy. But, though it has changed, it has not abolished, innocent and primitive tastes. Horses, and, he believed, donkeys, were eaten in the polished salons of Paris. Was it too much to inquire, if donkeys, why not *men?* Again, let him ask, what becomes of the innumerable letters of the alphabet advertised for day by day, and year by year, yet which never come to hand? 'What, for example, becomes of the friend for whom, in difficulties, you advanced the sum of fifty pounds? Do you ever meet him again? Never. Is he dragged to some suburban shambles and eaten? Is he simply devoured by regret at his own inability to come up to time? Your knowledge of the man precludes the latter theory. Then, by the exhaustive process, it must be the former.'

"The learned counsel had little more to add. There was his theory. He did not ask them to accept it. It was theirs, to take or leave. He would conclude by a simple summary of his facts. He had shown:

"1. That the prisoner, on quitting Deal, was almost frantic with hunger.

"2. That the young woman entered the tunnel, and never came out (at least, in her original form).

"3. That Anthropophagy cannot yet be classed

among the many extinct vices of our virtuous land.

"4. That, strange as it may appear, one creature can consume another, bigger than itself, without greater inconvenience than may naturally result from eating an over-hearty dinner.

"He left the matter, with the most complete confidence, to their decision. One word more. The learned judge would, probably, tell them that, should they entertain any doubt, the prisoner was entitled to the benefit of that doubt. He would, however, respectfully suggest that, seeing how often prisoners had enjoyed such pulls, it was high time justice had *her* innings. He claimed the doubt on behalf of the crown.

"Sundry witnesses were then examined, and among others, of course, the three platelayers. At the evidence of the latter the learned judge (Squall) pricked up his ears.

"'But, surely, brother Bullseye,' said the judge, 'your own witnesses contradict your theory! They saw the body flung from the carriage. How then could it have been disposed of in the way you suggest?'

"'I do not, my lud,' replied Mr. Bullseye, 'usually deal in hyperbolic praise; but your ludship will permit me to say that nothing short of your ludship's superhuman penetration, could have so immediately, and with such needle-like precision, touched the one weak point in our case! The witnesses may have been deceived——'

"'But, really, your theory'——

"'My lud, my lud,' responded the learned counsel with some heat, 'if your ludship can find a better, I beg you will do so.'

"The little skirmish over, the name of Dr. Chipham was called, and that distinguished physician, surgeon, and comparative-anatomist, entered the witness-box, and was examined by Mr. Owdyce.

"After some preliminary questions:

"'You have, I believe, Dr. Chipham,' said Mr. Owdyce, 'expended much inquiry into the prolongation of vitality, under embarrassing circumstances?'

"'I have.'

"'In the pursuit of this investigation, you have experimented upon a large number of living animals?'

"'I have.'

"'May I ask how many?'

"'About thirteen thousand.'

"'Of what species, doctor?'

"'Cats, rats, bats, sprats, dogs, frogs, hogs, donkeys, monkeys, bab——'

"'*Babies*, sir?' exclaimed Mr. Justice Squall, hastily.

"'—Boons, my lord, racoons, and all the larger and smaller British birds, especially the finch-family,' concluded the philosopher.

"'What was the usual nature of your experiments?'

"'I generally cut off a limb or two, sometimes *all*.'

"'In the course of science, you have had occasion to deprive such and such animals of a limb or two, sometimes *all*,' repeated Mr. Owdyce, thoughtfully. 'Now, sir, let me ask you what effect usually followed?'

"'In the case of *one* limb (I speak of quadrupeds),' said the doctor, 'lively, but spasmodic, action in the remaining members; *two* limbs, embarrassment in movement, weakness, agitation; *three* limbs, great depression of spirits, accompanied with disinclination to rise; *four* limbs, generally death.'

"'In respect to the biped—say, for example, the human subject—does your experience enable you to guess, sir, whether an individual deprived of one foot, could hop away on the other?'

"'That would depend somewhat on the nervous system, I take it.'

"'Suppose the case of a delicate young lady?'

"'I should say, impossible.'

"The witness withdrew.

"The prisoner, who had paid marked attention to the later testimony, and had been observed to glance repeatedly at the judge (Rumpus), as noting the effect of the evidence on the mind of that eminent lawyer, here handed down a slip of paper, which was passed on to his counsel, Mr. Sergeant Calantine. The latter smiled, nodded approvingly, and gave it to his junior, Mr. Egbert Bee, who crammed his handkerchief into his mouth, and bent over his papers, with a suffused brow.

"'If,' said Mr. Justice Rumpus, 'the prisoner desire to make any direct communication to the court, we are ready to hear it.'

"'Hem,' said Mr. Serjeant Calantine, 'my lud, hem——'

"Counsel conferred together, and the paper was handed across the table to the attorney-general, who had just come in. A smiling conversation ensued, and the judge, whose curiosity became powerfully excited, again interposed: remarking that, as the paper in question had been submitted to all parties, there could be no possible objection to the court's participation in the 'secret.'

"Now, the slip, in fact, contained a simple, though masterly sketch, in the burlesque style, of the judge himself: full credit being given by the artist to the preponderance of nose and obliquity of vision which characterised the learned man.

"'Well, Mr. Attorney,' said the latter, impatiently, 'is not that document to be handed up?'

"'It—it isn't—excuse me, my lud—for your ludship's—hem—eye,' said Mr. Attorney.

"'My lud, there is an objection on the face of it,' added Mr. Serjeant Calantine.

"'What is the objection?'

"'Your ludship('s) knows,' replied the learned serjeant.

"The judge threw himself back in his chair, evidently disappointed, and motioned for the trial to proceed.

"Counsel for the prosecution announced their case complete.

"Mr. Serjeant Calantine rose with a weight upon his shoulders, compared with which, the catheral church of St. Paul's, the entire National Gallery (the heaviest thing he knew), and he would throw in the clock-tower at Westminster, were as the down upon a gosling's wing! He (the learned serjeant) nevertheless expected to be down upon *it*, and that in two seconds. The case lay in a nutshell. He would crack it then and there, and much good might the contents do the learned advisers of the crown!

"His learned friend had commenced his address with a florid appeal to the good offices of a body of public gentlemen, of whose presence at his very elbow, to the number of about a hundred and fifty, he affected to be wholly ignorant. If he (the learned serjeant) had correctly analysed the characters of these virtuous men, they were more likely to be disgusted than conciliated by such open adulation. His learned friend had adopted a like impolitic course with regard to the twelve extraordinary men who, at that moment, in that box, fulfilled the most exalted office, majesty excepted, in this realm. To what end the compliments addressed to them? As well expect the pump in Piccadilly to yield Château-Margeaux, Burgundy, Tokay, as a British jury to eliminate aught but coruscations of wisdom, reason, logic, and philosophy. He bowed before that jury. He felt his minuteness. His intellectual being was dwarfed and quailed within him as he regarded those twelve creatures—not, indeed, in their mortal character, men like himself—but as representing an institution, whose colossal head trifled with the stars, and whose feet were rooted in the everlasting birthright of impossible generations! . . . .

"He had remarked that the case was in a nutshell. Crack! Here it was. He should repose his triumphant defence on two points alone, either of which was conclusive of the prisoner's innocence. These were, first, the hostile verdict of a coroner's jury; secondly, the indigestible nature of some portions of female attire now unhappily in vogue. On the first point—

"At this moment, another slip of paper was placed before the learned counsel, who read it with some agitation, and glanced uneasily towards the jury.

"'Well, brother Calantine?' asked the judge, impatiently.

"'Pardon me, my lud,' replied the serjeant; 'this case is likely to take a singular, and, certainly, unexpected turn. The prisoner desires me to communicate to the court a resolution, which I may perhaps be allowed to give in his own emphatic words—namely, that if, in the present age of the world, a dozen such asses can really be found, as to adopt the theory suggested by my learned friend—he at once coincides with Sir Christopher Hatton's swan—

> O, 'tis enough. Come death, now close mine eyes,
> More geese than swans now live—more fools than wise—

and requests me to throw up my brief.'

"'Under the conditions stipulated by the prisoner, I put it to you, brother Calantine,' said the judge, '*can* you struggle against a verdict?'

"The learned serjeant threw one mournful glance at the jury, struck his head lightly against that of Mr. Egbert Bee, and then replied that he could not.

"The judge opened his note-book.

"'Before addressing myself,' he began, in his clear mellifluous tones, 'to a summary of this most important case, I feel it painfully incumbent on me to call the attention of the proper officers, to those—I may say—fundamental principles, which contribute to, if they do not actually govern, the due and comfortable administration of justice in this court. I allude to the condition of the armed-chairs on which my brother Squall and I are condemned to sit.

"'My brother Squall's seat has not been fresh padded since that excellent, but by no means slender puisne judge, Sir Thomas Blumber, afterwards Lord Heavistone, occupied it. My own chair has knots in the cover, to which those of the native wood would be infinitely preferable, and the constitution of one of the hinder legs is weaker than I could wish.'

"He then summed up to the jury, and the foreman, without the ceremony of consulting his colleagues, instantly returned a verdict of—

"'*Guilty as possible.*'

"The court remarked that this was not the usual form. It might be taken as implying some uncertainty as to the amount of the prisoner's guilt. It would detract seriously from the rich absurdity of the conclusion at which they had really arrived. Besides, unless they gave implicit credence to the theory, the prisoner's stipulation was not complied with, and the case must be re-heard.

"The foreman replied briskly that, rather than *that*, he would undertake to return any verdict most agreeable to the court. But, in truth, the jury *had no doubt*. His expression, 'guilty as possible,' was intended to convey their persuasion of the prisoner's superlative culpability.

"The court was satisfied.

"Mr. Justice Rumpus then proceeded to pronounce a cordial eulogy on the conduct of the prisoner, in saving the time of the court and country. A more gentlemanly and agreeable prisoner it had never been his lot to try! He regretted that no alteration had as yet been made by the legislature with regard to the hour of—hem!—(the prisoner knew to what he referred). It had been fixed thus inconveniently early, from consideration to those numerous parties who, unable to command accommodation at the Magpie and Stump, were compelled to bivouac, during the previous night, under the prison walls. The mornings were still raw and cold, but he trusted the prisoner would wear his worsted muffler, until—until it became necessary to discontinue it.

"The prisoner bowed to the court, shook hands warmly with Mr. Serjeant Calantine, and quitted the dock.

"No sooner had he regained his cell than the governor made his appearance.

"'I telegraphed this morning,' said the latter, cheerfully, 'to our excellent functionary, C., who is absent, professionally, in Kent, and I have no doubt he will arrive in admirable time. What will you have for supper?'

"Sir Charles declined to eat. He had been swallowing carbon all day in that suffocating court, and thought he would lie down for an hour or two.

"Late in the evening the governor returned.

"'Here's a dilemma! C. has got the mumps. What on earth are we to do?'

"The prisoner intimated that that was the sheriff's business, not his.

"'C. has, indeed, promised to send a substitute; but can we rely upon him, do you think?' asked the perplexed governor.

"Sir Charles replied, that, as a perfect stranger to the gentleman in question, it would not become him to offer an opinion on that point; and, only requesting that he might not be called up to no purpose, he bade the governor good night, and retired to rest.

"It is unnecessary to dwell upon the scenes of that night in the vicinity of Oldgate Jail. The crowd was estimated at about thirty thousand. The wooden barricades with which the police had ingeniously interlaced the entire thoroughfare, answered their purpose so effectually that nearly six hundred ribs were broken before midnight.

"As the hour of eight approached, the excitement became terrific. It was nothing, however, in comparison with the anxiety that possessed the worthy governor, as minute after minute slipped by, and neither C. nor deputy appeared.

"The prisoner, who had been appealed to, to get up, so as to be in readiness when wanted, positively declined. The governor was still engaged in mild expostulation with him, when a warder rushed in and announced that the deputy had actually driven up to the prison-gate. But, in the act of passing from the cab to the interior of the jail, his heart had failed him. He had dived among the crowd, and disappeared. The mob was becoming impatient. There was every prospect of a disturbance. It wanted but a minute and a half of the time. Here was the prisoner still comfortably in bed. There were but two courses to pursue. Reprieve, or execution. Under the pressure of circumstances, the excellent governor resolved to strain a point, and discharge the prisoner on his own responsibility.

"Sir Charles at once assented. The crowd dispersed, with a few groans; a fight or two, in which the police lightly intermingled, consoling them, in some degree, for the disappointment. The prisoner rose, dressed, and in half an hour was seated at breakfast at an hotel in Brook-street, Grosvenor-square, perusing, in the Morning Anticipator, an accurate and circumstantial account (printed overnight) of his own trial, conviction, final deportment, execution, and posthumous confession.

"He had scarcely finished, when a carriage dashed up to the door. Next minute, a young lady, flying into the room, threw herself into his arms.

"'My dear, dear, odd uncle! What *is* all this? What have you been doing?'

"'My still dearer, and at least equally eccentric niece, taking pleasure, in a manner suggested by yourself.'

"'By *me?*'

"'When it pleased you to jump out of the train, before it had stopped, at Caterham, and to rush off in search of your model (dropped, no doubt, out of the carriage in the tunnel, when you struggled to prevent my leaning out to secure that door)—when, I say, you left me thus, alone with your women's fidfads, an odd idea occurred to me. Had any accident happened to you, you wild thing, I might be accused of your murder! It was, really, rather to my amusement than surprise, that, on reaching London, I found such a suspicion absolutely on foot. But, never did I imagine that that exquisite work of art—that foot, almost as perfect, save for its want of actual flesh and blood—as that which supplied the model——'

"'Nonsense, uncle.'

"'Would rise up in witness against me!'

"'But what is this about *eating?*'

"'My love, what's the day of the month?'

"'The third of April.'

"'Then the day before yesterday was the First of April.'

["And, my dear sir," added my travelling companion, "seeing that we have reached the smack station, that this is the anniversary of the smack day to which I have alluded—that is to say, the smack First Day of April—and that, being past the meridian, the hour of foolery has expired, I beg to thank smack you for your kind attention, and to wish you a very smack good morning."]

MR. CHARLES DICKENS

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CHRISTMAS CAROL AND THE TRIAL FROM PICKWICK.

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GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XXX.

AFTER well considering the matter while I was dressing at the Blue Boar in the morning, I resolved to tell my guardian that I doubted Orlick's being the right sort of man to fill a post of trust at Miss Havisham's. "Why of course he is not the right sort of man, Pip," said my guardian, comfortably satisfied beforehand on the general head, "because the man who fills the post of trust never is the right sort of man." It seemed quite to put him into spirits, to find that this particular post was not exceptionally held by the right sort of man, and he listened in a satisfied manner while I told him what knowledge I had of Orlick. "Very good, Pip," he observed, when I had concluded, "I'll go round presently, and pay our friend off." Rather alarmed by this summary action, I was for a little delay, and even hinted that our friend himself might be difficult to deal with. "Oh no he won't," said my guardian, making his pocket-handkerchief-point with perfect confidence; "I should like to see him argue the question with *me*."

As we were going back together to London by the mid-day coach, and as I breakfasted under such terrors of Pumblechook that I could scarcely hold my cup, this gave me an opportunity of saying that I wanted a walk, and that I would go on along the London-road while Mr. Jaggers was occupied, if he would let the coachman know that I would get into my place when overtaken. I was thus enabled to fly from the Blue Boar immediately after breakfast. By then making a loop of about a couple of miles into the open country at the back of Pumblechook's premises, I got round into the High-street again, a little beyond that pitfall, and felt myself in comparative security.

It was interesting to be in the quiet old town once more, and it was not disagreeable to be here and there suddenly recognised and stared after. One or two of the tradespeople even darted out of their shops and went a little way down the street before me, that they might turn, as if they had forgotten something, and pass me face to face—on which occasions I don't know whether they or I made the worse pretence; they of not doing it, or I of not seeing it. Still my position was a distinguished one, and I was not at all dissatisfied with it, until Fate threw me in the way of that unlimited miscreant, Trabb's boy.

Casting my eyes along the street at a certain point of my progress, I beheld Trabb's boy approaching, lashing himself with an empty blue bag. Deeming that a serene and unconscious contemplation of him would best beseem me, and would be most likely to quell his evil mind, I advanced with that expression of countenance, and was rather congratulating myself on my success, when suddenly the knees of Trabb's boy smote together, his hair uprose, his cap fell off, he trembled violently in every limb, staggered out into the road, and crying to the populace, "Hold me! I'm so frightened!" feigned to be in a paroxysm of terror and contrition, occasioned by the dignity of my appearance. As I passed him, his teeth loudly chattered in his head, and with every mark of extreme humiliation, he prostrated himself in the dust.

This was a hard thing to bear, but this was nothing. I had not advanced another two hundred yards, when, to my inexpressible terror, amazement, and indignation, I again beheld Trabb's boy approaching. He was coming round a narrow corner. His blue bag was slung over his shoulder, honest industry beamed in his eyes, a determination to proceed to Trabb's with cheerful briskness was indicated in his gait. With a shock he became aware of me, and was severely visited as before; but this time his motion was rotatory, and he staggered round and round me with knees more afflicted, and with uplifted hands as if beseeching for mercy. His sufferings were hailed with the greatest joy by a knot of spectators, and I felt utterly confounded.

I had not got as much further down the street as the post-office, when I again beheld Trabb's boy shooting round by a back way. This time he was entirely changed. He wore the blue bag in the manner of my great-coat, and was strutting along the pavement towards me on the opposite side of the street, attended by a company of delighted young friends to whom he from time to time exclaimed, with a wave of his hand, "Don't know yah!" Words cannot state the amount of aggravation and injury wreaked upon me by Trabb's boy, when, passing abreast of me, he pulled up his shirt-

collar, twined his side-hair, stuck an arm akimbo, and smirked extravagantly by, wriggling his elbows and body, and drawling to his attendants, "Don't know yah, don't know yah, pon my soul don't know yah!" The disgrace attendant on his immediately afterwards taking to crowing and pursuing me across the bridge with crows as from an exceedingly dejected fowl who had known me when I was a blacksmith, culminated the disgrace with which I left the town, and was, so to speak, ejected by it into the open country.

But unless I had taken the life of Trabb's boy on that occasion, I really do not even now see what I could have done save endure. To have struggled with him in the street, or to have exacted any lower recompense from him than his heart's best blood would have been futile and degrading. Moreover, he was a boy whom no man could hurt; an invulnerable and dodging serpent who, when chased into a corner, flew out again between his captor's legs, scornfully yelping. I wrote, however, to Mr. Trabb by next day's post, to say that Mr. Pip must decline to deal further with one who could so far forget what he owed to the best interests of society, as to employ a boy who excited Loathing in every respectable mind.

The coach, with Mr. Jaggers inside, came up in due time, and I took my box-seat again, and arrived in London safe—but not sound, for my heart was gone. As soon as I arrived, I sent a penitential codfish and barrel of oysters to Joe (as reparation for not having gone myself), and then went on to Barnard's Inn.

I found Herbert dining on cold meat, and delighted to welcome me back. Having despatched The Avenger to the coffee-house for an addition to the dinner, I felt that I must open my breast that very evening to my friend and chum. As confidence was out of the question with The Avenger in the hall, which could merely be regarded in the light of an ante-chamber to the keyhole, I sent him to the Play. A better proof of the severity of my bondage to that taskmaster could scarcely be afforded, than the degrading shifts to which I was constantly driven to find him employment. So mean is extremity, that I sometimes sent him to Hyde Park-corner to see what o'clock it was.

Dinner done and we sitting with our feet upon the fender, I said to Herbert, "My dear Herbert, I have something very particular to tell you."

"My dear Handel," he returned, "I shall esteem and respect your confidence."

"It concerns myself, Herbert," said I, "and one other person."

Herbert crossed his feet, looked at the fire with his head on one side, and having looked at it in vain for some time, looked at me because I didn't go on.

"Herbert," said I, laying my hand upon his knee. "I love—I adore—Estella."

Instead of being transfixed, Herbert replied in an easy matter-of-course way, "Exactly. Well?"

"Well, Herbert? Is that all you say? Well?"

"What next, I mean?" said Herbert. "Of course I know *that*."

"How do you know it?" said I.

"How do I know it, Handel? Why, from you."

"I never told you."

"Told me! You have never told me when you have got your hair cut, but I have had senses to perceive it. You have always adored her, ever since I have known you. You brought your adoration and your portmanteau here, together. Told me! Why, you have always told me all day long. When you told me your own story, you told me plainly that you began adoring her the first time you saw her, when you were very young indeed."

"Very well, then," said I, to whom this was a new and not unwelcome light, "I have never left off adoring her. And she has come back a most beautiful and most elegant creature. And I saw her yesterday. And if I adored her before, I now doubly adore her."

"Lucky for you then, Handel," said Herbert, "that you are picked out for her and allotted to her. Without encroaching on forbidden ground, we may venture to say that there can be no doubt between ourselves of that fact. Have you any idea yet, of Estella's views on the adoration question?"

I shook my head gloomily. "Oh! She is thousands of miles away, from me," said I.

"Patience, my dear Handel: time enough, time enough. But you have something more to say?"

"I am ashamed to say it," I returned, "and yet it's no worse to say it than to think it. You call me a lucky fellow. Of course, I am. I was a blacksmith's boy but yesterday; I am—what shall I say I am—to-day?"

"Say, a good fellow, if you want a phrase," returned Herbert, smiling, and clapping his hand on the back of mine, "a good fellow with impetuosity and hesitation, boldness and diffidence, action and dreaming, curiously mixed in him."

I stopped for a moment to consider whether there really was this mixture in my character. On the whole, I by no means recognised the analysis, but thought it not worth disputing.

"When I ask what I am to call myself to-day, Herbert," I went on, "I suggest what I have in my thoughts. You say I am lucky. I know I have done nothing to raise myself in life, and that Fortune alone has raised me; that is being very lucky. And yet, when I think of Estella——"

("And when don't you, you know?" Herbert threw in, with his eyes on the fire; which I thought kind and sympathetic of him.)

"—Then, my dear Herbert, I cannot tell you how dependent and uncertain I feel, and how exposed to hundreds of chances. Avoiding forbidden ground as you did just now, I may still say that on the constancy of one person (naming no person) all my expectations depend. And at

the best, how indefinite and unsatisfactory, only to know so vaguely what they are!" In saying this, I relieved my mind of what had always been there, more or less, though no doubt most since yesterday.

"Now, Handel," Herbert replied, in his gay hopeful way, "it seems to me that in the despondency of the tender passion, we are looking into our gift-horse's mouth with a magnifying glass. Likewise, it seems to me that concentrating our attention on that examination, we altogether overlook one of the best points of the animal. Didn't you tell me that your guardian, Mr. Jaggers, told you in the beginning, that you were not endowed with expectations only? And even if he had not told you so—though that is a very large If, I grant—could you believe that of all men in London, Mr. Jaggers is the man to hold his present relations towards you unless he were sure of his ground?"

I said I could not deny that this was a strong point. I said it (people often do so, in such cases) like a rather reluctant concession to truth and justice;—as if I wanted to deny it!

"I should think it *was* a strong point," said Herbert, "and I should think you would be puzzled to imagine a stronger; as to the rest, you must bide your guardian's time, and he must bide his client's time. You'll be one-and-twenty before you know where you are, and then perhaps you'll get some further enlightenment. At all events, you'll be nearer getting it, for it must come at last."

"What a hopeful disposition you have!" said I, gratefully admiring his cheery ways.

"I ought to have," said Herbert, "for I have not much else. I must acknowledge, by-the-by, that the good sense of what I have just said is not my own, but my father's. The only remark I ever heard him make on your story, was the final one: 'The thing is settled and done, or Mr. Jaggers would not be in it.' And now before I say anything more about my father, or my father's son, and repay confidence with confidence, I want to make myself seriously disagreeable to you for a moment—positively repulsive."

"You won't succeed," said I.

"Oh yes I shall!" said he. "One, two, three, and now I am in for it. Handel, my good fellow;" though he spoke in this light tone, he was very much in earnest: "I have been thinking since we have been talking with our feet on this fender, that Estella surely cannot be a condition of your inheritance, if she was never referred to by your guardian. Am I right in so understanding what you have told me, as that he never referred to her, directly or indirectly, in any way? Never even hinted, for instance, that your patron might have views as to your marriage ultimately?"

"Never."

"Now, Handel, I am quite free from the flavour of sour grapes, upon my soul and honour! Not being bound to her, can you not detach yourself from her?—I told you I should be disagreeable."

I turned my head aside, for, with a rush and a sweep, like the old marsh winds coming up from the sea, a feeling like that which had subdued me on the morning when I left the forge, when the mists were solemnly rising, and when I laid my hand upon the village finger-post, smote upon my heart again. There was silence between us for a little while.

"Yes; but my dear Handel," Herbert went on, as if we had been talking instead of silent, "it's having been so strongly rooted in the breast of a boy whom nature and circumstances made so romantic, renders it very serious. Think of her bringing-up, and think of Miss Havisham. Think of what she is herself (now I am repulsive and you abominate me). This may lead to miserable things."

"I know it, Herbert," said I, with my head still turned away, "but I can't help it."

"You can't detach yourself?"

"No. Impossible!"

"You can't try, Handel?"

"No. Impossible!"

"Well!" said Herbert, getting up with a lively shake as if he had been asleep, and stirring the fire; "now I'll endeavour to make myself agreeable again!"

So he went round the room and shook the curtains out, put the chairs in their places, tidied the books and so forth that were lying about, looked into the hall, peeped into the letter-box, shut the door, and came back to his chair by the fire: where he sat down, nursing his left leg in both arms.

"I was going to say a word or two, Handel, concerning my father and my father's son. I am afraid it is scarcely necessary for my father's son to remark that my father's establishment is not particularly brilliant in its housekeeping."

"There is always plenty, Herbert," said I: to say something encouraging.

"Oh yes! and so the dustman says, I believe, with the strongest approval, and so does the marine store-shop in the back street. Gravely, Handel, for the subject is grave enough, you know how it is, as well as I do. I suppose there was a time once, when my father had not given matters up; but if there ever was, the time is gone. May I ask you if you have ever had an opportunity of remarking down in your part of the country, that the children of not exactly suitable marriages, are always most particularly anxious to be married?"

This was such a singular question, that I asked him in return, "Is it so?"

"I don't know," said Herbert, "that's what I want to know. Because it is decidedly the case with us. My poor sister Charlotte who was next me and died before she was fourteen, was a striking example. Little Jane is the same. In her desire to be matrimonially established, you might suppose her to have passed her short existence in the perpetual contemplation of domestic bliss. Little Alick in a frock has already made arrangements for his union with a suitable young person at Kew. And indeed, I think we are all engaged, except the baby."

"Then you are?" said I.

"I am," said Herbert; "but it's a secret."

I assured him of my keeping the secret, and begged to be favoured with further particulars. He had spoken so sensibly and feelingly of my weakness that I wanted to know something about his strength.

"May I ask the name?" I said.

"Name of Clara," said Herbert.

"Live in London?"

"Yes. Perhaps I ought to mention," said Herbert, who had become curiously crestfallen and meek, since we entered on the interesting theme, "that she is rather below my mother's nonsensical family notions. Her father had to do with the victualling of passenger-ships. I think he was a species of purser."

"What is he now?" said I.

"He's an invalid now," replied Herbert.

"Living on——?"

"On the first floor," said Herbert. Which was not at all what I meant, for I had intended my question to apply to his means. "I have never seen him, for he has always kept his room overhead, since I have known Clara. But I have heard him constantly. He makes tremendous rows—roars, and pegs at the floor with some frightful instrument." In looking at me and then laughing heartily, Herbert for the time recovered his usual lively manner.

"Don't you expect to see him?" said I.

"Oh yes, I constantly expect to see him," returned Herbert, "because I never hear him without expecting him to come tumbling through the ceiling. But I don't know how long the rafters may hold."

When he had once more laughed heartily, he became meek again, and told me that the moment he began to realise Capital, it was his intention to marry this young lady. He added as a self-evident proposition, engendering low spirits, "But you *can't* marry, you know, while you're looking about you."

As we contemplated the fire, and as I thought what a difficult vision to realise this same Capital sometimes was, I put my hands in my pockets. A folded piece of paper in one of them attracting my attention, I opened it and found it to be the playbill I had received from Joe, relative to the celebrated provincial amateur of Roscian renown. "And bless my heart," I involuntarily added aloud, "it's to-night!"

This changed the subject in an instant, and made us hurriedly resolve to go to the play. So, when I had pledged myself to comfort and abet Herbert in the affair of his heart by all practicable and impracticable means, and when Herbert had told me that his affianced already knew me by reputation and that I should be presented to her, and when we had warmly shaken hands upon our mutual confidence, we blew out our candles, made up our fire, locked our door, and issued forth in quest of Mr. Wopsle and Denmark.

CHAPTER XXXI.

On our arrival in Denmark, we found the king and queen of that country elevated in two arm-chairs on a kitchen-table, holding a Court. The whole of the Danish nobility were in attendance; consisting of a noble boy in the wash-leather boots of a gigantic ancestor, a venerable Peer with a dirty face who seemed to have risen from the people late in life, and the Danish chivalry with a comb in its hair and a pair of white silk legs, and presenting on the whole a feminine appearance. My gifted townsman stood gloomily apart, with folded arms, and I could have wished that his curls and forehead had been more probable.

Several curious little circumstances transpired as the action proceeded. The late king of the country not only appeared to have been troubled with a cough at the time of his decease, but to have taken it with him to the tomb and to have brought it back. The royal phantom also carried a ghostly manuscript round its truncheon, to which it had the appearance of occasionally referring, and that, too, with an air of anxiety and a tendency to lose the place of reference which were suggestive of a state of mortality. It was this, I conceive, which led to the Shade's being advised by the gallery to "turn over!"—a recommendation which it took extremely ill. It was likewise to be noted of this majestic spirit that whereas it always appeared with an air of having been out a long time and walked an immense distance, it perceptibly came from a closely contiguous wall. This occasioned its terrors to be received derisively. The Queen of Denmark, a very buxom lady, though no doubt historically brazen, was considered by the public to have too much brass about her; her chin being attached to her diadem by a broad band of that metal (as if she had a gorgeous toothache), her waist being encircled by another, and each of her arms by another, so that she was openly mentioned as "the kettle-drum." The noble boy in the ancestral boots, was inconsistent; representing himself, as it were in one breath, as an able seaman, a strolling actor, a gravedigger, a clergyman, and a person of the utmost importance at a Court fencing-match, on the authority of whose practised eye and nice discrimination the finest strokes were judged. This gradually led to a want of toleration for him, and even—on his being detected in holy orders, and declining to perform the funeral service—to the general indignation taking the form of nuts. Lastly, Ophelia was a prey to such slow musical madness, that when, in course of time, she had taken off her white muslin scarf, folded it up, and buried it, a sulky man who had been long cooling his impatient nose against an iron bar in the front row of the gallery, growled, "Now the baby's put to bed let's have supper!" which, to say the least of it, was out of keeping.

Upon my unfortunate townsman all these incidents accumulated with playful effect. Whenever that undecided Prince had to ask a question or state a doubt, the public helped him out with it. As for example: on the question whether 'twas nobler in the mind to suffer, some roared yes, and some no, and some inclining to both opinions said "toss up for it;" and quite

a Debating Society arose. When he asked what should such fellows as he do crawling between earth and heaven, he was encouraged with loud cries of "Hear, hear!" When he appeared with his stocking disordered (its disorder expressed, according to usage, by one very neat fold in the top, which I suppose to be always got up with a flat iron), a conversation took place in the gallery respecting the paleness of his leg, and whether it was occasioned by the turn the ghost had given him. On his taking the recorders—very like a little black flute that had just been played in the orchestra and handed out at the door—he was called upon unanimously for Rule Britannia. When he recommended the player not to saw the air thus, the sulky man said, "And don't *you* do it, neither; you're a deal worse than *him*!" And I grieve to add that peals of laughter greeted Mr. Wopsle on every one of these occasions.

But his greatest trials were in the churchyard: which had the appearance of a primeval forest, with a kind of small ecclesiastical wash-house on one side and a turnpike-gate on the other. Mr. Wopsle in a comprehensive black cloak being descried entering at the turnpike, the gravedigger was admonished in a friendly way, "Look out! Here's the undertaker a coming to see how you're a getting on with your work!" I believe it is well known in a constitutional country that Mr. Wopsle could not possibly have returned the skull, after moralising over it, without dusting his fingers on a white napkin taken from his breast; but even that innocent and indispensable action did not pass without the comment "Wai-ter!" The arrival of the body for interment, in an empty black box with the lid tumbling open, was the signal for a general joy which was much enhanced by the discovery, among the bearers, of an individual obnoxious to identification. The joy attended Mr. Wopsle through his struggle with Laertes on the brink of the orchestra and the grave, and slackened no more until he had tumbled the king off the kitchen-table, and died by inches from the ankles upward.

We had made some pale efforts in the beginning to applaud Mr. Wopsle; but they were too hopeless to be persisted in. Therefore we had sat, feeling keenly for him, but laughing, nevertheless, from ear to ear. I laughed in spite of myself all the time, the whole thing was so droll; and yet I had a latent impression that there was something decidedly fine in Mr. Wopsle's elocution—not for old associations' sake, I am afraid, but because it was very slow, very dreary, very up-hill and down-hill, and very unlike any way in which any man in any natural circumstances of life or death ever expressed himself about anything. When the tragedy was over, and he had been called for and hooted, I said to Herbert, "Let us go at once, or perhaps we shall meet him."

We made all the haste we could down stairs, but we were not quick enough either. Standing at the door was a Jewish man with an unnaturally heavy smear of eyebrow, who caught my eye as we advanced, and said, when we came up with him:

"Mr. Pip and friend?"

Identity of Mr. Pip and friend confessed.

"Mr. Waldengarver," said the man, "would be glad to have the honour."

"Waldengarver?" I repeated—when Herbert murmured in my ear, "Probably Wopsle."

"Oh!" said I. "Yes. Shall we follow you?"

"A few steps, please." When we were in a side alley, he turned and asked, "How did you think he looked?—I dressed him."

I don't know what he had looked like, except a funeral; with the addition of a large Danish sun or star hanging round his neck by a blue ribbon. that had given him the appearance of being insured in some extraordinary Fire Office. But I said he had looked very nice.

"When he come to the grave," said our conductor, "he showed his cloak beautiful. But, judging from the wing, it looked to me that when he see the ghost in the queen's apartment, he might have made more of his stockings."

I modestly assented, and we all fell through a little dirty swing-door, into a sort of hot packing-case immediately behind it. Here Mr. Wopsle was divesting himself of his Danish garments, and here there was just room for us to look at him over one another's shoulders, by keeping the packing-case door, or lid, wide open.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Wopsle, "I am proud to see you. I hope, Mr. Pip, you will excuse my sending round. I had the happiness to know you in former times, and the Drama has ever had a claim which has ever been acknowledged, on the noble and the affluent."

Meanwhile, Mr. Waldengarver, in a frightful perspiration, was trying to get himself out of his princely sables.

"Skin the stockings off Mr. Waldengarver," said the owner of that property, "or you'll bust 'em. Bust 'em, and you'll bust five-and-thirty shillings. Shakespeare never was complimented with a finer pair. Keep quiet in your chair now, and leave 'em to me."

With that, he went upon his knees, and began to flay his victim; who, on the first stocking coming off, would certainly have fallen over backward with his chair, but for there being no room to fall anyhow.

I had been afraid until then to say a word about the play. But then, Mr. Waldengarver looked up at us complacently, and said:

"Gentlemen, how did it seem to you, to go, in front?"

Herbert said from behind (at the same time poking me), "capitally." So I said "capitally."

"How did you like my reading of the character, gentlemen?" said Mr. Waldengarver, almost, if not quite, with patronage.

Herbert said from behind (again poking me), "massive and concrete." So I said boldly, as if I had originated it, and must insist upon it, "massive and concrete."

"I am glad to have your approbation, gentlemen," said Mr. Waldengarver, with an air of

dignity, in spite of his being ground against the wall at the time, and holding on by the seat of the chair.

"But I'll tell you one thing, Mr. Waldengarver," said the man who was on his knees, "in which you're out in your reading. Now mind! I don't care who says contrairy; I tell you so. You're out in your reading of Hamlet when you get your legs in profile. The last Hamlet as I dressed, made the same mistakes in his reading at rehearsal, till I got him to put a large red wafer on each of his shins, and then at that rehearsal (which was the last) I went in front, sir, to the back of the pit, and whenever his reading brought him into profile, I called out 'I don't see no wafers!' And at night his reading was lovely."

Mr. Waldengarver smiled at me, as much as to say "a faithful dependent—I overlook his folly;" and then said aloud, "My view is a little classic and thoughtful for them here; but they will improve, they will improve."

Herbert and I said together, Oh, no doubt they would improve.

"Did you observe, gentlemen," said Mr. Waldengarver, "that there was a man in the gallery who endeavoured to cast derision on the service —I mean, the representation?"

We basely replied that we rather thought we had noticed such a man. I added, "He was drunk, no doubt."

"Oh dear no, sir," said Mr. Wopsle, "not drunk. His employer would see to that, sir. His employer would not allow him to be drunk."

"You know his employer?" said I.

Mr. Wopsle shut his eyes, and opened them again; performing both ceremonies very slowly. "You must have observed, gentlemen," said he, "an ignorant and a blatant ass, with a rasping throat and a countenance expressive of low malignity, who went through—I will not say sustained—the rôle (if I may use a French expression) of Claudius King of Denmark. That is his employer, gentlemen. Such is the profession!"

Without distinctly knowing whether I should have been more sorry for Mr. Wopsle if he had been in despair, I was so sorry for him as it was, that I took the opportunity of his turning round to have his braces put on—which jostled us out at the doorway—to ask Herbert what he thought of having him home to supper? Herbert said he thought it would be kind to do so; therefore I invited him, and he went to Barnard's with us, wrapped up to the eyes, and we did our best for him, and he sat until two o'clock in the morning, reviewing his success and developing his plans. I forget in detail what they were, but I have a general recollection that he was to begin with reviving the Drama, and to end with crushing it; inasmuch as his decease would leave it utterly bereft and without a chance or hope.

Miserably I went to bed after all, and miserably thought of Estella, and miserably dreamed that my expectations were all cancelled, and that I had to give my hand in marriage to Herbert's Clara, or play Hamlet to Miss Havisham's Ghost, before twenty thousand people, without knowing twenty words of it.

EASTER IN RUSSIA.

It is about nine o'clock in the morning, and the market-place is thronged; for we are on the outskirts of one of the largest and wealthiest cities in Russia—a town taken from the Turks in the wars of the last century. A gay fresh breeze whirls in a gallant dance the bright-coloured head-gear of the peasant women, and the long golden moustaches of the Mujiks, usually so close to them. We are preparing for Easter; and that is why there are so many people at market. Let us glance round the crowd. The broad features of mankind are much the same in whatever country we view them. There, for instance, is Ivan Ivanovich and Vera Feodorevna (British Darby and Joan) come to town to buy holiday finery. Ivan's coat is of a shiny cloth, the glory of some village tailor, who prides himself on giving good measure for good money. It is long and loose, but Ivan looks stiff and out of place in it. He would be more easy in his usual sheepskin gown and calico breeches. His back is bent; his face is flushed and wistful; he is a sharp lad, but shy and awkward among so many strangers. He does not know whether to be afraid of town folk or to grin at them. Perhaps now he is a little nervous, but he will shout a loud guffaw by-and-by when he gets back to his farm among the German colonists, and the sheep and the dogs, and the ragged ponies, and the wolves, and the bogs in the great wilderness of the steppe.

Vera is a tousled lass, with a freckled face and mud-boots reaching to her knees. Her head is tied up with a red kerchief, flowing shawl-wise down to her shoulders. She has some smart Siberian beads round her neck, and a trinket or two; but the skirt of her dress is dingy and of a surprisingly flimsy texture. She was cheated by a catchpenny when she bought it. It is made nohow—too long before, and too short behind. She also would feel more comfortable in her usual pretty skirt of red cotton, her white bodice open at the breast, and her crown-shaped bonnet tinselled at the borders. In person she is loose-limbed and strong; she could floor any dancing master in the town with one hand; and probably would do so if provoked by him, especially in Lent. She has small keen cold blue eyes, without much eyelash, but of a kind good expression, a short cheerful nose, chapped lips, and great brown honest working hands. It would not be a bad thing if she were a little more intimate with soap and water; but with all the mud here and the dust round the corner, a clean face never lasts five minutes, so where is the use of washing it?

Here is the old retired officer (the same type may be seen at Bath or Cheltenham) in his trim threadbare clothes, cheapening his hard fare,

and buying the wrong thing with the swaggering air he learned long ago, when a few copecks were, maybe, little heeded by him; when he was squandering his patrimony at St. Petersburg, or gambling it away with idle comrades in some wild station of the Caucasus. Few but the imprudent or the utterly self-sacrificing are old and poor together. It is mostly a man's own fault if he is in penury at sixty; but even poverty sits less ungracefully on a soldier than on other men, and the spare military figure in parley with yonder huckster is a picture not without a certain dignity and pathos. He has bought a hard stringy sort of sausage, and no bread. Poor old boy! no wonder he is so thin.

Chaffering with a blowzy farmer's wife is our epicure's housekeeper, or perhaps some anxious caterer for a sick child, or some loving wife, indulgent to her husband in all things, wise, for his sake, in fat fowls and fine fish. See what a mistress of the craft she is! How closely she examines everything; with what a right honest mind she values a single copeck; how carefully she counts out her money, insists on the right change—a troublesome thing to get in Russia—and lastly, how well she has employed the contents of her little purse! Do women love a bargain, or do they only bargain for love, careful over other goods? and is thrift a form of affection, having its quiet unsuspected heroism? Most of us would buy respect with an open hand, but for some loving thought. It is so pleasant to be prodigal that the selfish generally are so.

Near this buxom dame is the chief cook of a profuse noble, purchasing large quantities of provisions, with an eye to his sweetheart's table where he sups of an evening when his saucepans are cool. He does not bargain or haggle over prices. The more he spends the larger will be his gains. He would accept no place without the perquisites of marketing, and would not enter the service of a shrewd arithmetician for twice his present wages. Not far off, is a drunkard, bloated and untidy, with a guilty defiant eye and blackguard mien. He is talking with a companion, on whose rough face toil, thrift, health, and prosperity are written by Nature's own hand. The toper has evidently a dim consciousness of his own degradation, but he feels reckless, and turns aside from hope very fiercely. Wandering about, too, hither and thither, are the usual market swarm of elderly gluttons in straitened circumstances, whose souls are in their bellies. They love to gloat over food, to finger it, to buy rich morsels at small price, to prowl about the larders and sculleries of the world. It is easy for young ambition and restless enterprise, for the happy or the busy to sneer at these poor dirty old creatures, wallowing in grease and cheap sensuality: no man's mind is in his stomach at twenty. But suppose any one of us had outlived love, hope, ambition, friends, and had only a few pence aday to warm and nourish him, would it be very wonderful if he felt cold and hungry from scanty meals and an empty fireplace, if he thought the market a cheerful walk, and were eager for a bargain with a friendly butcher or with Vera Feodorevna for her last lean fowl and dozen of smallish eggs? Such a bargain might become the event of his dull day. He might like to be known among his starveling cronies as a rare hand at an omelette or a winter soup; and vanity might console itself even with that scrag of a reputation. Many a smart hussar and dashing guardsman, many a fine dandy, has passed the evening of his life a-marketing.

The aspect of our streets is that which one might fancy would belong to a distant French colony whose inhabitants had never learned to spell. We paint our wares generally outside our doors, the art of reading not being by any means a general accomplishment among us. We are not, however, altogether without literature, and we can easily make up our deficiency by signs and tokens. "Telieure per meliter et cevile," with a uniform coat and a pair of civilian trousers, we consider a neat and appropriate ensign to set up at a tailor's shop. A horn of plenty pouring out boots and shoes, with the word CORD°N,E is, in our opinion an ingenious sign for a cobbler, the o and i being added ornamentally after consultation with a learned friend. Bread, stays, hats, saucepans, show each of our callings so plainly that all who run may read of them. Sometimes we write French word *modiste* with Russian letters, which looks odd; or we write Russian words with French letters. But, whether we write in French or in Russian, our constitutional weakness in orthography is at once apparent. Besides our regular shops, we have a large class of itinerant street tradesmen: glaziers with their glass waiting for a job, furniture-makers with tables and chairs freshly varnished to hide the cracks, screen-makers, hawkers of birds, and hawkers of lobsters with a single lobster for a stock-in-trade, lobsters being a rarity. The most curious of these street-tradesmen are, however, the very ancient community of money-changers: they are generally Polish or German Jews; they set up their portable pulpit-shaped tables along the busy streets; each table has a little wire-covered cage in one corner to keep the money; a sharp-eyed, hook-nosed man, very dirty and greasy, sits under a huge white umbrella, keeping watch over it (for we are a light-fingered race), and there is need of vigilance. He has no fixed price for his goods. A man of business may get change at five or six per cent., a flat or a sprig of fashion will pay twenty. The sharp greasy man intends to die worth a million. Small change is scarce in Russia; though it might be made plenty for the cost of print and paper, there being little coin in circulation.

Piled up in heaps upon the ground are many strange foreign fish, unknown in our waters: the sturgeon, mother of appetising caviare, first guest at our dinners, the sterlet, the soudak, the sword-fish, the horny-scaled turbot, and others of a shape monstrous as those which scared back the diver of the ballad. They must be in-

deed terrible to peaceful waterfolk when alive, some must be even of an awful beauty; but now they are mere dabs of clammy glutinous ugliness, flabbing about wherever an old fish-wife flings them. Near are the vegetable stalls. Vegetables are scarce with us, save the hardy cabbage which makes our national stchee soup. Our asparagus plants are not bigger than crow-quills. We import our cauliflowers. Salads are rare. The butchers'-shops are little dark Oriental-looking wooden sheds under a wooden colonnade, with a painted money-box for a till. Each establishment is worth, perhaps, ten pounds sterling, till included. Large dogs prowl about, but the meat is small. The lamb and veal look still-born; ghastly little objects that never could have enjoyed air and life. More in demand than meat are hard tough polonies, sausages of extraordinary appearance, pickled beetroot, damp salt-fish, dried herrings, and salted cucumbers. But our prime trade just now is in pigs. Every one wants to eat a sucking-pig; no matter even if he is not a sucking-pig. Persons of breeding should not inquire too closely into the ages of their friends. If some of these Easter sucking-pigs appear like quite middle-aged porkers, we dare say nobody will grumble when they are boiled and served cold with horse-radish sauce. Britons might think cold boiled sucking-pig rather flabby, but we do not.

So we must each have a pig, and farmer or his wife must show us a pig. We will not buy a pig in a poke. There he lies tied up in his poke rolling over and over, throwing himself down, treading on himself, half stifled, and squeaking passionately. Thousands of his race are squeaking too. Farmer unties the sack, and before Piggy can get breath to recover himself or show fight, he is hanging by one leg in the air, with his head downwards. Pig, being of an apoplectic habit of body, is thus alarmed and rendered powerless. Then we poke our pig to feel if he is fat. Imagine the hysterical yells of a strong youthful pig being tickled and poked in his ribs, and punched with the forefinger along the loins, and in the small of his back. Imagine ten thousand strong young pigs being so tickled and poked at the same time, with much poultry of varied feather cackling their death shrieks, and you will have a just idea of our market music.

In a hole of the wood covering of a drain, stands a basket of violets with a woman in sheepskin cowering beside it. She is more ugly than a female bogie. She has a scarred noseless face, bound up in a black cloth; no features, no teeth, no distinct shape or figure. Her violets are not pleasant to look at; their leaves are white with dust, their stalks foul with mud. Our gardens grow but poor flowers. Begrimed and scentless as they are, however, they are scarce and dear. Yonder, young lover, so straight and tall, with the high lordly head and haughty stride, is a prince and a soldier. He has been sent by the lady of his heart to find her the first violets of the year, and he has been, with knightly devotion, marching about, any raw morning this month past, on that gentle errand: he will purchase the pick of the old she-bundle's basket. See how contemptuously he waves back the change for his bank-note. We do not care for change, nor for small things generally—quite enough in Russia. We have not precisely a just standard of the becoming, and we are often lavish when it would be as fine, and much better, to be only liberal.

A water-cart is filling from a well near the new prison. No wonder water is so dear: there are four horses and six men sent to fetch a single buttful of it. Presently, fourteen men will be working with a pump and a long leather pipe to do the work of one water-cart; and they will take hours to lay the dust on less than a quarter of a mile of road before the governor-general's house. Labour is precious among us, yet we are as wasteful of it as of our time or our money.

A broad handsome shady walk leads from the market-place to the cemetery. Here are the beggars. They are seated on the ground and read prayers for alms from great folio prayer-books (so also they may be seen in the bazaars of the East). Let us not teach them prayers in vain, lest our own prayers remain unheard. We must take off our hats respectfully and give something with a silent blessing. In Russia we are naturally charitable and generous, a race of cavaliers; bearing some saintly precept mostly in our minds, fearing the Lord and lending to him freely. They are reverend men, too, these beggars. Their manners are not at all suppliant. Their long white hair is parted in the middle and descends to their shoulders; their majestic beards are long and well kept, their bearing grave and proud. They more resemble the palmers of the middle ages than the squalid mendicants of modern times. It would be absolutely impossible to dismiss them with a political economy phrase from a newspaper leading article.

We are a motley assembly. Amongst us the highest civilisation may be seen side by side with semi-barbarism. Minds carefully cultivated, the most exquisite polish of manner, brilliant wit, amazing knowledge of the world, gorgeous palaces, splendid jewels, rich banquets, French dresses, and ignorance, coarseness, squalor, hunger in sheepskin. Little more than half a century ago we were Turkish. But a Mohammedan population seldom remains in a conquered country. The Moors left Spain after the fall of Boabdil; the Circassians hurried in thousands from their mountains after the surrender of Schamyl; the Tartars have nearly deserted the Crimea. A few years ago, indeed, there was still one Turkish inhabitant remaining in Russian Bessarabia; now he is dead there is not one. The old race of conquerors, however, although they rode away, left a deep trace behind them. Our habits and feelings much resemble theirs. Our manners are patriarchal. We are fond of adopting children into our families. We call our servants by their christian names, and they call us by ours, Ivan Ivanovich, plain John Johnson on both sides. Some of us have no surnames at

all. The Eastern robe is common among us. We wear sashes and girths about our loins. We wear beards and we pray openly in the market-place. We carry our superstitions into the business and concerns of life. Yonder stands a fine house on a commanding site; it would let for a rental of two thousand pounds sterling yearly, but it remains unfinished because the owner had a dream or a presentiment that if he added another stone to it some evil would befal him. The reason is known to all the town, and no one considers it surprising that a man should forego two thousand a year for such a cause. We have lucky and unlucky days; lucky and unlucky numbers. We have one very beautiful belief: it is that if we sin our punishment will fall on those we love. We do not willingly pronounce the name of death. We would on no account tell a friend that he looked well, or happy, or fat, or take leave of him on the threshold of a door, or look at the moon over the left shoulder, or start on a journey without sitting down just before quitting the house. We believe in the evil eye, and in dreams and charms and omens. We are a people of soldiers, and despise the pursuits of trade. We are intolerant of Jews, who form a class apart and live by themselves. The poorer sort wear a distinctive dress; it is the old Eastern robe so oddly modernised with collar and buttons, that it looks like a sentry-box coat on a swell in Punch. Formidable gangs of dog banditti infest our streets, and canine footpads lurk in every corner and archway. Many of us have strange names, part Greek part Turkish, with Russian terminations in off or ski or ovski. The cold Eastern beauty, the fine delicate nose, the shrewd eye, the slight nervous form, is common among us. We eat much with spoons from bowls and basins. Yonder glides a man with rapid step and unquiet glance: his head and shoulders are dressed like those of a Greek at Rhodes or Chios, but his legs are cased in trousers and shoes from a German slop-shop. What is the heavy round cap on yonder men's heads but the turban in disguise? and what are their long gowns and bare necks, and calico breeches, but traditions and recollections of the East.

But it is not only in our outward appearance and manners that we resemble the old population. We have, above all, the same unthrift. We are like the heedless heirs of a noble estate, who never think of counting the cost of bad management. We have never studied the useful sentence, "There is that which scattereth and yet increaseth." Our elders (when they reflect on such things at all, which is but seldom) put their faith rather in the weak old proverb that "a penny saved is twopence gained," and we spend the saved twopence on a ride in a wheelbarrow. What can we do besides? From October till May our high streets and squares are dangerous bogs. Ten yards beyond the town limits our roads are altogether impracticable to city-bred pedestrians. If we venture out on foot we return home without our shoes. There are great holes in our roads a yard deep. People may go from one end of a long street to the other before they can find a ford; and at last be forced to call a wheelbarrow to ferry them across. A gentleman going to a ball may be bogged, wheelbarrow and all, in the middle of a broad street, and obliged to wade through an open drain to shore; or he may become fixed in the mud, so as to render it necessary that he should be pulled out by main force. No townsman goes to market on foot in winter time. Even the stout peasantry and hardy German colonists, both men and women, wear high fisherman's boots, to enable them to flounder about. Stilts would serve the purpose better, but our soil is so soft that their wearers would immediately plant themselves, and might perhaps strike root before they would be pulled up. In summer we sometimes cannot see a yard before us for dust. Three hours after heavy rains we are still blinded by it. In spring we have hail, rain, snow, blow, mud, and dust, all together. In autumn we are bogged one side of a street in mud and have to buffet with a dust-heap on the other.

So the first thing which strikes a stranger in our town is the number and shabbiness of our carriages. A London brougham would be knocked to pieces in a month among our ruts and holes. The paint and lining and smartness of it would be spoiled in a week. It would kill our spindle-shanked galloways to draw it. We prefer wheelbarrows with two ponies so tied to them that the little creatures are seldom both in one hole at the same time, and may thus pull each other occasionally out of a difficulty. These wheelbarrows (droschky is the local name for them) are built on very weak springs. There is always a good deal of make-shift and a good deal broken about them. To sit in them is as bad as going across country on a lame horse. Some people compare their motion to the labouring of a ship in distress during rough weather; and complain of a sensation resembling sea-sickness. However, we dress in mud or dust-coloured clothes, according to the season, and go pitching and tossing about in them gaily on our voyage. Women and children often get wrecked or stranded, and sometimes even an experienced navigator is killed or seriously injured. An Englishman was recently killed by a jolt while riding in a droschky. This constant familiarity with danger breeds the usual contempt of it, and gives a certain air of determination and gallantry to our manners in the street very surprising to a foreigner.

There is a good deal of eye disease among us from the dust, and a great many bald folk. We suffer much from the terrible evils of want of exercise. We are nervous, hypochondriacal, afflicted much with headaches and liver complaints. We are given to tea and stimulants and late hours. To go out for a walk is merely to take a roll in the dust, and horsemanship is not fashionable among us. People use carriages and droschkys who in other countries seldom quit their legs: small clerks, apprentices, shop people, and servants. A cook going

to market hires a droschky, and, as only one person can sit in it comfortably, his scullion follows in another; while a pavosky, or cart, to carry provisions, brings up the rear. It is a fine and improving sight to witness five men, three carriages, and six horses moving half a mile in procession to buy a piece of beef—cook, scullion, three coachmen, two droschkys, and one pavosky. Any tradesman who thought of sending round to his customers for orders, of fattening his meat instead of selling skeletons, of killing his poultry instead of selling it alive, of regulating his prices, weights, and measures, so as to check the frauds of cooks and commissaries, would probably make a rapid fortune. But nobody thinks of these things. All purchases must be made by agents and deputies, and there must be a droschky and a perquisite mixed up with every transaction of our lives.

The money wasted in one year for wheelbarrows by persons who would much rather walk, by reason of their prudence or slender means, would pave an ordinary town twice over; but it would not pave ours. Like most Russian towns, its size is altogether disproportionate to its population. Our streets are as large and broad as those of Berlin. In our main thoroughfares may be seen palaces worth twenty thousand pounds sterling, and next door to them hovels not worth twenty pounds sterling. To the hovel is, perhaps, attached a spacious court-yard, or even a garden. Formerly, having but few inhabitants, and desiring to attract more, we were thankful to any one who would set up even a permanent umbrella in our best streets. Building regulations were useless when none thought of building; besides, they are a modern idea with us. By-and-by, a free port and a pleasant climate set us prospering. We grew in luxury, we reared palaces and warehouses, but the old barns and sheds still remain to encumber our best sites. What is to be done with them? They are private property, they are valuable, they let well. They give a far better interest on capital than better buildings, and capital is scarce with us. It will pay fifteen and twenty per cent. on good security. Invested in houses it will not return more than five. But how is all the immense space covered by the barns and sheds and umbrellas to be paved and drained and lighted at a reasonable cost?

Better to go and live further off out of the dust, and keep fierce dogs to frighten our mild thieves, and pave and light and drain for ourselves after a fashion; that is, as far as our court-yards and staircases are concerned. So thought also the last generation, and off it went just within easy distance of the office, or the counting-house, poor folk and dependents following with their sheds and umbrellas again. The suburb of fifty years ago is in the heart of the town now, and respectability with its gig must start once more afield, and the straggling city grows wider and wider. A palace here, a barn there; then an immense warehouse, and another and another; then a little shed, like an Eastern shop in a bazaar, with, perhaps, two pounds' worth of wood-work about it inside and out; then another palace, a small shop, a vacant space, three sheds, a granary, a palace, a barn, and so on. Our streets and public ways, too, are simply detestable.

Yet, the surprising thing here most certainly is, not that we have some deficiencies and imperfections, but that we have so few. Sixty years ago, the scene around us was a wilderness: it is now a noble city, the hopeful young queen of our seas, and a splendid monument of our genius and enterprise. Higher memories also belong to it. It has been often the asylum of the unfortunate. It has given prompt and gracious hospitality to the persecuted of many countries and of many faiths—to the French royalist who fled from the Directory, to the oppressed Greeks and Armenians of the last generation. All prospered, being hustled in the race of life by no narrow national jealousies or clan prejudices. The blessing of God has always seemed to follow such exiles to their new home, and to enrich the land which has received them. There is a grand old story connected with our short annals. Hither came the chief of the great ducal house of Richelieu. He was appointed governor-general here at a time when place and profit were generally considered one and the same thing. Any man in power might easily have acquired a large fortune without being guilty of unusual or arbitrary acts. But the high-hearted French noble thought otherwise. He found a wretched village, and left it a great town. How he ruled it may be told by the inscription on his statue, which is set up in front of the magnificent line of palaces which look towards the sea, along our boulevard. Our traditions relate, that when at last the duke quitted the city he had founded, he took but a soldier's wardrobe with him, no more than his horse could carry together with its rider. It is certain that Louis XVIII begged him back from his new master, who was loth to part with him. His picture may be seen at Windsor Castle; it is that of a handsome man, with the true air of an aristocrat about him.

Have courts ever been really as corrupt as democracies, and have not even the most thoughtless princes contrived to choose their servants, as well as the pawnbroker and the tallyman, who have all the votes of a poor district in their strong-box, and few ideas beyond it? Happily for us, we have not begun to meddle with such questions yet. We are still guided by tradition in most things. We are content to do as our fathers did. But we are growing rapidly ripe for change. We are indifferent about it still, perhaps rather apathetic, as in other matters, but we are not averse to it. Education and public opinion are busy among us; the latter even feverish. They will do wonders of good or evil by-and-by, perhaps in ten years, perhaps in five, perhaps to-morrow. A grand experiment is, for the first time, being fairly tried among us, and whatever may be the result, the Emperor Alexander has fairly earned

one of the best and purest reputations in history —the reputation of a sovereign who is, perhaps, the most truly liberal-minded man in his dominions; is seen, in spite of infinite difficulties, keeping his place steadily in the van of progress and enlightenment; who has, with admirable magnanimity, given freely to a loyal and submissive people more than they would have ventured to ask or to hope; and who is guiding them, with a right fatherly hand, out of the darkness and misery of ages, to knowledge, civilisation, and prosperity.

We are noble materials for a great prince and legislator. We are pious, dutiful, and obedient; we are quick-witted and intelligent; thereby differing materially from Orientals, and showing that our blood has become rich and red with much mixing. The Russian of the last generation, in travellers' stories, would be now a silly caricature of his sons; but we have our little failings, and they are mostly on the surface. We are, it must be confessed, rather too fond of getting tipsy. It is a good-humoured tipsiness, and would not much matter, but that there is a consequent gambling and rashness in our transactions which does us harm. We are not orderly or exact in our dealings. We are not men of business. But tipsiness, and gambling, and disorder are sins of education, and as we grow wiser we shall become sober, prudent, and orderly, no doubt. Let us only pray that we may not begin to learn at the wrong end of the book. First, should come the alphabet, then easy lessons in one syllable. C, l, e, a, n, spells clean, for instance, would be an excellent commencement. We could wait much longer for political caricatures and satires on tchinovniks: perhaps we could dispense with them altogether. It is by no means necessary that four thousand of our students should be giving their minds chiefly to that kind of thing, and not be over promising lawyers and doctors. Yet, looked at in any light, we are a kindly and lovable race. All who know us well must feel an affection for us. It is difficult to persuade any one to go away, or to live contentedly elsewhere, after he has once settled among us. We are hospitable, generous, diffident of ourselves, and have, indeed, a great deal too much respect for other folks' fashions and opinions; we are remarkably courteous, pleasant, and good tempered; we are too apt to mistake wit for wisdom, and to consider a smart phrase or a sparkling anecdote an answer to anything and everything that might be alleged on the other side. But we are eminently a righteous and God-fearing people; and none can be more conscientious and sincere in their religious duties. See how we have kept Lent: every one has fasted truly for seven weeks. Many have invented all kinds of refinements in fasting; they have allowed themselves no butter, no eggs, no milk, no fish, no oil, seeking to mortify the body utterly. During seven long weeks nothing has been seen on many rich tables but mushroom broth and bitter salads. Among the poor, tall labouring men have appeased the cravings of nature with a warm infusion of sour cabbages (stchee) and black bread. The stricter sort deny themselves all agreeable society, all cheerful conversation and amusement, especially during the first week of Lent, and the last. A lady will not see her betrothed, nor a husband look upon his wife. Nature would often break down utterly under such a trial, were it not for the strength which an approving conscience gives to the feeblest frames. No money, no worldly advantage of any kind, would tempt people to subject themselves to discipline like this. Not all the power in the world would make them fast one day before or after the time prescribed by their Church. Even those of another faith will hardly refuse their respect and reverence to fellow-mortals who strive so long and earnestly, by self-denial and mortification, to win nearer up to the smile of God.

During the last few days of Lent, nature grows thoroughly exhausted. Many persons are ill. Gaunt, hungry skeletons prowl listlessly about the streets, thinking of food. All society, all business, is at a stand-still: everything is put off: nobody will work or play. Ladies solace their colds and headaches by preparing silks to colour the Easter eggs: or they hurry from shop to shop, buying presents for poor dependents and relatives, especially for children. One day is taken up in visiting all the churches of the city. He who sees much of Russians at this time will be inexpressibly touched by their kindliness and noble charities, by their solemn and unaffected godliness. On Good Fridays many persons dress in complete mourning, fast from all food and drink, and remain in strict seclusion. Easter-eve is a day of ceaseless prayer —hearty, honest, fervent prayer.

At length, at three o'clock in the morning of Easter Sunday, the grand midnight service at the cathedral is over; the glad chanting of the choristers is ended; the prayer in many tongues is read. Every one kisses his neighbour, and says "Christ is risen!" "Verily he has arisen!" is the answer. It was formerly the custom to stop persons in the street and kiss them; but that is now falling into disuse.

Then comes all the pomp and circumstance of Easter. Appetite and pleasure are released from their bonds; few go to bed; a plentiful breakfast is prepared in every house; and the table remains spread to all comers for several days. The traditional fare is a sucking-pig, a lamb, a shoulder of veal, a ham, curdled cream, Easter bread, red eggs, and whatever good housekeeping may suggest besides. All business is suspended; shops are closed for three days; all the world is off junketing and visiting. The streets are alive with fiddling, and the light sweet sound of laughter coming through open windows. Some old enmities are reconciled; some families healed of their dissensions. Blessed are the days which bring hope to the peace-makers!

In every house is a sound of festivity; the number of tipsy persons is incredible; in the stateliest palaces no one can be found to open the door; servants lie about the passages and

staircases hopelessly drunk; they cannot even be aroused to receive vails which it is still customary for friends of the house to give them on public holidays.

Beyond the town is a fair. There are whirligigs and roundabouts, with men of fifty turning in them. There are strong drinks, many mountebanks, loud music, much dust, much noise. So this, then, is why you robbed me, my domestic Birbantaki? Are your rackety, rioting, and joyless debaucheries, your headache and parched throat, with that scar on your nose, worth the quiet conscience and good character you paid for them? Come and tell me, ten days hence, when you and your friends will be sober again.

CHRISTIAN, THE DOL HERTZOG.

(SO CALLED FROM HIS FURIOUS BEHAVIOUR.)

1660.

CHRISTIAN, Duke of Brunswick, and Bishop of Halberstadt,
For a token of love, wore a lady's glove, in the loop of his riding-hat.
For he had seen the Bohemian Queen in England; and, they say,
In the sole soft part of his rock-rough heart, slept the memory of that day.
For Christian, the Dol-Hertzog, was half a brute at the best,
With but little space for a lady's face to lie and be loved in his breast.
Yet he may have loved well, for he hated well (tho' he showed his hate like a beast,
With tooth and claw), and the thing of things that he hated most was a priest.
He maul'd the monk, and flay'd the friar, nor left the abbot a rag,
And "Gottes Freund, and Pfaffers Freind," was the boast on his battle flag.
Yet he worshipt God in his own wild way—as a beast might worship too—
Simply by thoroughly doing the work which God had set him to do:
With never a "Pater noster" said, never a candle burned,
And never a "pleni gratia," for any good gift returned.
Worship no better than any beast's! yet with reverence, too, to spare,
Of its own dumb kind, in the silent mind, for what God made gentle and fair.
At least, from one touch I argue as much in this wild man of Halberstadt,
Since, for token of love, a pure lady's glove he wore in his riding hat.

Christian, the Dol-Hertzog, came riding to Paderborn;
And his men were dropping for lack of bread, and his horses for lack of corn.
Not a crown-piece in the coffer, either bread or corn to buy!
"What shall we do, Duke Christian?" "Anything, Friends, but die!"
"The Saints us save," saith some one, "for we are weary and faint."
"'Sdeath! and so they shall, good fellows! Who is the Paderborn Saint?"
"The Paderborn Saint is the Saint Liboire; and his image stands by itself
As large as life in the church, all cover'd with jewels and pelf."
"The Saint Liboire is a saint of saints, for he to our pious wishes
Shall accord a final miracle in the way of the loaves and fishes!
Faith! since he hath jewels, and since he hath pelf, he shall buy us both bread and corn,
And if ever I swear by a saint, it shall be by the Saint of Paderborn."

Christian, the Dol-Hertzog, rode on into Munster town,
There, in the great Cathedral (greater for their renown!)
Carven in silver, and cover'd with gold (truly a glorious band!)
Round the altar, all in a row, the Twelve Apostles stand.
Christian, the Dol-Hertzog, call'd his captains of war—
"We will visit these Twelve Apostles, and see how their worships are,"
Then they all went clanking together (godless knaves as they were)
Over the sacred flintstones, up to the altar stair:
Never a "De profundis" was heard, never an anthem sung,
But where, thro' great glooms, 'twixt the solemn tombs, those iron footsteps rung,
Each priest, like a ghost, from that grizzly host, patter'd off o'er the pavement stone,
And the iron men and the silver saints stood face to face and alone.
To that Sacred Dozen, thro' a silence frozen, strode the wild man of Halberstadt,
As when Brennus the Gaul stalkt into the hall where the Roman senators sat.
The Duke loves little speaking; but he made, that day, a speech
To those Twelve Apostles, as pregnant as any the preacher can preach;
For, "You Twelve Apostles," said he, "for many a year and a day
How is it that you have dared your Master to disobey—
Who bade you 'ite per orbem,' go about in the world where ye can,
From city to city for ever, succouring every man?
But you, yet unmoved by the mandate, you slothful and rascally crew!
Stand there stock-still, letting others be stript to give succour to you.
Therefore, about your business! down instantly all, and disperse!
Comfort the needy! circulate freely! profit the universe!
The better to serve which purpose, divinely ordain'd from of old,
I hereby will and command both ye and your ill-gotten gold
To assume the shape of Rix-thalers!"

The Apostles had nothing to say,
As it seems, in defence of themselves. They at least were obliged to obey.
At dawn they were down from their niches; ere night on their mission they sped;
And the broken were bound up and heal'd, and the hungry were speedily fed.

This way Duke Christian affirm'd, little heeding Apostles or Priests,

That the first great need of a man is—to feed . . . . after the fashion of beasts!
That man's business is, chiefly, *to live*; the rest being God's, who contrives
(So fancied Duke Christian, at least) uses enough for men's lives.
But, since even the beasts must work, Duke Christian thought (I suspect)
If Apostles are made to work also, Apostles must not object.

AN UNEXAMINED WITNESS IN THE GREAT MARRIAGE CASE.

I AM a subject of that mysterious satrap, that gilded proconsul, who sits enthroned in his Castle of Indolence—Dublin Castle—and gives laws to Hibernia. I look down over the quay wall into the muddy Dublin Tiber—Flavus Tiberis—and am overshadowed by the ponderous structure where defunct John Doe and his brother Richard used to fight their battles—the Palace of Justice. I am at this moment hopelessly absorbed and engulphed in the Great Marriage Case. The primeval outside-car of the country has whirled its fare down to the Irish Palace of Justice, has shot him off with an elastic spring, has flung him into one of the noisy streams pouring in at its entrances. Fast as it has travelled down with its own special din and clatter, another more overpowering din and clatter has kept pace with it—the hurly-burly of the Great Marriage Case. At the street corner, on the bridge, at the crossing, it stares at me from obtrusive placards. The cries of newsboys—perfect newspaper imps—strident, ear-piercing, vociferated with importunity from infantine throats, proclaim that they alone are licensed channels for information respecting the Great Marriage Case. They seem to have been born and multiplied with an appalling fecundity, expressly for the Great Marriage Case. Storming parties contend with hostility, at entrances to dingy tabernacles where daily prints are incubated, for third editions with latest particulars of the Great Marriage Case. Reuter's telegrams are now only of a feeble interest. Men, and women especially, all seem to eat, drink, inhale, the Great Marriage Case. It has been on, for days, will be on for days, and I am going with the rest of the inebriated, to the Irish Palace of Justice.

I have fought my way in. From a sort of barristerial amphitheatre, a perfect horsehair prairie and thick tangled undergrowth of white furs, I look out, still suffering from intensest lateral pressure. The barristerial stalks with the whitish pods nodding, fluctuating, bending, are matted together in a rank luxuriance. General lay humanity has all the rest of the place to itself, having burst in, in a flood. Bench, galleries, seats, partitions, the popular constituents of a court, are here overlaid with a thick rind of humanity. The galleries do not contain, but are themselves contained, in humanity. There are whole slopes of living vegetation slanting with a gentle descent to that pit or well, where the fighting counsel sit, and do their battle. Loose humanity has actually lifted itself on to shelves—to impossible sharp edges, where for sitting, there is need of angelic organisation and miraculous adhesion; humanity is seen clinging to gas-pipes and rails, mid air; nay, is actually seen outside, high near the roof, peering down through the windows.

Rhadamanthus-in-Chief sits in his green judicial pavilion, partially in shadow, noting diligently. A broad well-cut face, with swart craggy eyebrows, well marked over with broad tracks of honest sense and sure judgment. Humanity has swarmed over upon him too, in a perfect gush of noble persons. Little green curtains are lifted cautiously now and again, and betray bonnets and ribbons lurking in ambuscade. The bolder fair sit in a long line, in a sort of sacred preserve, and ply their scent-bottles. I am given to understand later, that the ladies are a source of terrible embarrassment to the constituted authorities; intimidation and even violence being brought to bear on the bewildered officials. A great question affecting the sex is at stake, and it would seem to be their duty to rally round their sister.

Down in the legal well, I can make out a row of mercurial horse-hair pods, which I take to be a row of lively piano dampers, moving up and down spasmodically, but which are indeed the fighting captains in this great case. They enjoy a sort of retired privacy, within a sort of holy pale known as the inner bar. Eyes follow the motions of these consecrated chiefs and glorified elders. This more protracted pod and brisker damper, which is eternally springing up and down boisterously, is well known: Brightside, the tempestuous, the thunderer, feared in parliaments—who comes trampling down upon his war-horse into the thick of debate. He is for Madame Innocence. With him, the minor serjeant, a little captain, hot, fierce, and sudden of quarrel, overcharged with soda, wired down, but exploding his corks every second. We admire the "pluck" of the shorter serjeant, and see his horsehair casque always tossing in the thick of the fight. Crossing to the other camp, there is to be seen, in the pay of wicked Major Mephistopheles, some terrible captains whom we regard sourly; for they are, as it were, legal Roundheads, old Ironsides and Covenanters; the others, with whom are our sympathies, are Cavaliers, gay, chivalrous, and romantic. See, the veteran White-whisker, first to the right; we dread him specially—an awful ancient, pitiless, and reputed to be a grand inquisitor in the matter of handling witnesses.

It is a duello between Madame Innocence and Major Mephistopheles. Madame Innocence has told her story first. Days ago, in the very first act of the piece, there had arisen a hum, a rustle, a stretching of necks, as a small figure was seen ascending into the awful pillory or pulpit reserved for witnesses. Straw-coloured hair, almost golden, and folded back after that seductive French fashion—soft and tender eyes—a small round face, almost "baby-

ish" in shape and size, and tinted with a delicate pink, yet with a tint of suffering and faint lines of pain. Such as have travelled so far as an Eternal City, detect a likeness to the famous Cenci picture. Hark! All her simple story, detailed by the golden-haired lady—in so musical a voice—so graphically, yet so sadly, that we all (junior barristerial element) there and then enrol ourselves as her knights, and are prepared to do something frantic on the first opportunity. Letters? That thick octavo volume contains all those documents, printed and set out for the common use of counsel. Such tenderness—such wit—such graceful womanly style—such playful dallying with her subjects! Privately, we class them with Lady Mary's or the ingenious French lady's; but we may be biased. Those more touching passages, where she pleads against that desertion which she has an instinct is overshadowing, wring our very hearts. We think it no shame that rough impetuous Brightside, reading them aloud, should have that huskiness in his throat, that unusual break in his voice; or that gentle-hearted Rhadamanthus-in-Chief, high in his green pavilion, should be obstreperously busy with his handkerchief. Elderly barristerial element, past such things now, shows signs of weakness and shake heads mournfully. It is very sad. We are all verging upon dotage. The golden-haired lady in the box is fast turning us into fools.

Suddenly, an anxious "Hush! hush!" sibilates like a gale of wind down the sides of the vale, as White Whisker rises in his legal well to perform *his* work. He has his probes and scalpels, we know well, up his sleeve. How we tremble for her—how we sympathise! But White Whisker is all velvet-fingered at first, quite tame and smooth and almost encouraging—which we dread more than all, for we know it to be his craft. He is anxious for a little information purely innocent, a few dates, a residence here and there, in short, has become quite a polite and insinuating White Whisker. Artful White Whisker! I can see the large melancholy eyes looking at him doubtfully, mistrustful of his courtesies. He is only getting ready for his spring. Dear lady be careful, be on your guard, is telegraphed from a hundred barristerial eyes. There! he *has* sprung, discharged his crushing question, and she has shrunk back into her corner a little scared. There again! If she has not recovered herself, put by his thrust in the neatest and most skilful way, and White Whisker is flung upon his back, idly beating the air with his paws!

A pause of a few seconds, while White Whisker is lifted up by his friends, restored with stimulants, encouraged, and comes on again smiling. Ha! an unfair thrust, a foul blow! Chivalrous Brightside has sprung up with a bound, as though there was a coil of stiff wire under his gown, and he had just flown out of a box. White Whisker resents this interference, flings himself upon him. Brightside rolls out impetuous defiance, and in an instant both have grappled and are struggling. The voice of Rhadamanthus-in-Chief is heard through the brawl, and with difficulty he parts the combatants.

White Whisker comes up again, bleeding and furious. We tremble. He pushes her fiercely and with hard thrusts. No breathing time, no artful oiliness. Slowly and surely he is winding his net round and round her, entangling her hopelessly. Now he presents his dilemma. "Choose, madam, either horn!" See! She has parted his net like a cobweb, has stepped lightly and without injury between the horns, and has walked forth free—flinging him, for this second time, so triumphantly, that we must, we junior barristerial element, in defiance of all judicious control, burst into a rapturous round of applause.

White Whisker is positively frantic this time. He will use his claws.

"Tell me," he begins, scornfully, "Miss—*Miss*——"

Madame draws herself up proudly, withers him with a look from the melancholy eyes.

"My name is not Miss, but Madame Innocence!"

Again we junior bar must forget the decencies of the situation, and give her another round for this. Rhadamanthus-in-Chief frowns it down, even threatens, but we can see with an affected harshness.

Once more is White Whisker coming on craftily, irritated by failure repeated; he skilfully touches on delicate passages of her life, probing her searchingly, but having all his insinuations flung back upon his own head. Finally, utterly blinded, not seeing whither he is going, he stumbles into a third fatal pitfal, and, with a mad obstinacy, insists on knowing what passed under seal of confession. Excited barristerial element is transported at this outrage. Packed bystanders in the passages enjoying the luxury of a gratuitous Turkish bath, unclean humanity in the galleries, all enter indignant protest, and luckless White Whisker is swept away in a storm of hisses, groans, and utter execration. A deputation from unclean humanity would like to come down and take White Whisker into their hands once for all. Rhadamanthus-in-Chief is indignant, and throws the corner of his robe over Madame Innocence to protect her. Finally, confounded, routed, horsehair rumpled, claws broken, White Whisker sinks down into his legal well, while the golden-haired Cenci retires, crowned with one parting salvo of applause.

A few days' interval—for this dramatic performance has spread itself over a span of nearly a dozen days—and Major Mephistopheles has appeared in the witness-box to tell his story. A haughty supercilious fighting man, bearding the hostile population who hem him in on all sides, with a defiant scowl. Unclean humanity in the galleries hunger and thirst to have him away. Already they have fallen on some luckless wight outside, whom they have mistaken for Mephistopheles, and are hurrying him to a muddy bath in the river, when he is rescued. Mephistopheles is driven to bay, and will brave it

out. He owns to everything with a strange coolness, unfolds his schemes in a hard icy voice, and proclaims candidly that Madame Innocence was a poor common creature, of the earth, earthy, and, on the whole, no better than she should be. Our ears tingle as we hear him. We are inclined—still the junior barristerial element, by this time infatuated—to cast lots who shall wait for him outside. But there is retribution at hand, for Little Serjeant, crackling, detonating all over, is now at his throat. What strange feats he performs with that hapless officer! How he shrieks at him; what contradictions he involves him in; how he wrings from him—though miserable Major strives to fence it off desperately—a faltering confession of a debased morality; then lets him go! Unwashed humanity hiss and groan each questionable sentiment, and hoot him loudly as he fades out into Erebus.

It comes round at last to the final scenes, when it being known that brilliant Brightside is about to thunder, all the world rushes down to hear. His feats Parliamentary are well known, and may be taken as earnest of this coming effort; and it has been whispered abroad that Brightside means to put his whole soul into the speech, and make it his best work. Unhappy Deputy Rhadamanthus has no peace, being pressed ferociously for sitting accommodation. Court has become endowed with a strange expansiveness, and, full to bursting before, is now made to stretch and hold about twice as many. A dozen or so of Peers hem in Rhadamanthus-in-Chief, and choke up his little green pavilion. Barristerial element was heretofore thought to be packed close with all economy of space, but now, by means of hydraulic pressure, space is made out for many more. I see undignified exposure of legal legs, escaping from gowns, and swinging in the air, while the legal bodies to which they belong are perched indecorously aloft on beams, adhering Heaven only knows how. I am struck by faces, military beyond dispute, with beards and moustaches clearly of the dragoon pattern, clumsily disguised in the professional wig. It is darkly whispered that a complete suit of the trappings is to be had on hire, for the sum of half-a-crown. Witness-box, now disused, presents almost a comic spectacle: being filled to bursting with persons who have not come to give their testimony, and who stand together sheepishly—pilloried as it were—exposed to the gaze of all, with a bearing ludicrously purposeless and unmeaning. And here, now, hush again, and let not a pin fall for some five hours to come; for Brightside has risen slowly, and is going to begin.

At first, a low measured stream, artfully subdued, while he quietly insinuates himself into our hearts. Gradually he begins to warm, the colour mounts to his cheeks, and his long arms swing like the even beats of a pendulum, and mark time melodiously. Presently, his voice begins to roll in full sonorous billows, his sentences rise and fall with a touching and melancholy music, and the long arms toss and beat the air with a greater wildness: he is fast warming and taking us all with him. Gentlemen of the Jury, indeed! A phrase iterated perhaps, in compliment to those twelve intelligent burghers suspended in their gallery; but he is really speaking to us, to the great sloping vale of humanity washed and unwashed, to the men with the fluttering scraps of paper, who are now racing after him for bare life. Withering denunciation, terrible gibbeting of hapless Major Mephistopheles. He scourges him with words, as with a flail; and his r's roll fearfully as he brands "this wr-r-r-etched man:" he seems to have been worrying him between his teeth savagely, and afterwards to have flung him from him. Away with all the conventional restraints and that pure sham of respect for the established decencies! We know that good-natured Rhadamanthus-in-Chief is with us in his heart, and will not take such disrepect unkindly. So, as a matter of course, when Brightside has wound up with some splendid climax, and has paused for one second, our whole theatre—boxes, pit, and galleries—bursts in a stupendous crash of encouragement. Feeble gesture of deprecation from Deputy Rhadamanthus—an appeal more *ad misericordiam*, than a menace of the awful terrors of the court. We vary the shape of this testimony of our sympathies; now it is a low murmur, now a groan, now a movement and rustle of bodies popularly known as "sensation;" periodically, the usual artillery crash of applause. Brightside, now fully launched, rides upon the storm—is borne along triumphantly—his voice swings, too, in time with those tossing arms of his. What tender music! What artful cadences and dying falls! Splendid tragedian! Weep on, gentle ladies, as he paints the sorrows of his client! His own tones are not altogether unbroken. See his figure now bent down crouching low, as though he were about to "d-r-rag" the body of his miserable enemy from beneath the table. Hearken yet again to his voice, now running in a low sustained monotone, now piping shrilly in a high and curious treble. There, he is done—has sunk down into his well, exhausted—and we fly to our feet and cheer.

Yet one day more, and Rhadamanthus-in-Chief proceeds to charge—clearly, earnestly—and considering how dreamy a thing is a charge, viewed oratorically—with a certain power of eloquence. At times we are tempted to burst into approbation, but check ourselves in time, seeing the indecorum of the thing. Finally, it is done, and the twelve intelligent men have withdrawn. Their gallery is the only vacant place now. Crafty White Whisker, vigilant to the last, is digging a pitfal—that is to say, is tendering exceptions. We wait and wait on, until the darkness has well set in, and the lamps are lighted. They flare luridly on the swart faces of the great unwashed, piled upon each other in a perfect wall of human countenance. Barristerial element chafes and fumes, and, by way of relaxation, discusses the law of the case. It is

rumoured that all access or egress is hopeless, humanity outside having been gathering and gathering, filling up the halls and passages to the broad streets outside—and the quays and the bridges beyond that again—thoroughfares impassable for vehicles. But all wait patiently. Presently, after one hour's expectancy, the mystic door is seen to open, and the first of the twelve intelligent burghers appears with his document. Instant lull of roar of voices, rampant but an instant before. Agitation swells and falls, as though it were a palpitating human breast. Convulsive shrieks for silence, as Rhadamanthus-in-Chief returns to his green pavilion, and, standing up, interrogates. Now—Hark!

We are waiting, crouching in ambuscade as it were, and as soon as the welcome sentence has passed his lips we have all—unclean humanity, barristerial element, all, for we have fraternised now—sprung to our feet, and given a yell, a roar, a shriek, any sound that could be noisiest. No attempt even at protest from Deputy Rhadamanthus. There is a cloud of horsehair in the air: barristerial element having thrown up its covering frantically. We are insane temporarily. We are black in the face with this frightful straining of lungs. We then battle our way out in the round hall outside, lighted luridly by a great gas torch in the hand of a stone figure of Justice, and find there an insane humanity too, roaring and bellowing in great billows. Utterly demented, we have to shake hands with thousands of unclean but overjoyed hands. We have to give epitomised versions of the great verdict to groups of the excited unwashed, who thereupon go off into insane dances, and bellow frantically. The barristerial trappings are torn and roughly handled. Out into the street then where dense population waits now only for the great heroine of the night, whose carriage is seen drawn up within the closed gates, and whom they will drag home, in a procession fifty thousand strong.

AMERICAN STREET RAILROADS.

Street railroads may be said to be at last in Train with us in England. That is to say; after our American cousins have enjoyed the advantages of street tramways for years and years, their merits are just beginning to be slowly and timidly admitted by Englishmen.

I fear, if this tardiness to receive good things because they are new, increase among us, if this sluggishness to welcome improvements strengthen, if this Chinese torpor to advance on better paths because they are untried, deepen, we shall soon be justly branded by our enemies as *the Confucianists of Europe*. Let us learn, then, ere the full paralysis of Chinese conservatism and cessation of all growth set in, that no good institution is really a good institution if it be incapable of growth, modification, and development; when the fruit is ripe it begins to rot, and nothing in nature, whether flower, cloud, sea, earth, or human being, ever remains in a fixed and unimprovable condition.

American street railways, so complete, admirable, pleasant, and adaptive in themselves, are now being talked of in England as dangerous, uncertain, experimental, costly in trial, and doubtful in result. Without tiring my readers with discussions on T springs, or with diagrams of wheels and tiresome expositions of the law of forces, I will briefly describe how simply, perfectly, and quietly the thing "works," to use an eminently practical man's technicality, in America.

In Boston, Philadelphia, and New York, street railroads have long been common. In the first and third city, less universally than in the second—that marble city of the Quakers—the city of Babylonian rectangles, the city meted out like a chess-board. In all these cities, the street railroad is a perfect success, which never can be done away with till air-balloon omnibuses or steam Hansoms, finally supersede horses and all othef four-legged tractors.

In comparison with the order, method, and harmony of American streets, the whirlpool and storm of London is what the confused mind of a ploughboy is to the regimental organisation of such a brain as Brougham's. The American's is the aspect of a wiser order; it is what our street physiognomy fifty years hence will be. After our perpetual charges and polings, our jerking stoppages, our wheel-lockings, and our breakings down, our delays and our impatiences, New York is a kind of heaven on earth. American streets are what London streets should be and will be soon, if conservative stupidity, pig-headed bigotry, or unreadiness, are not allowed to cast all good and new things into the Slough of Despond. Mr. Buckle declares that scepticism is the healthiest condition the intellect can be in; to me it seems that no national mind can be healthy and growing which is not rather receptive of than antagonistic to new truths. New errors let it grind and crush, but new truths let it embrace and welcome.

Let me fancy myself, as in that lost time last year, a wanderer in New York, a trampler of the pavement, a "loafer," walking out ground plans of the sea-side city, as if, like a certain ancient Roman, I had been offered as much land as I could set my footprints on in a day.

What does it matter where I have last come from? Perhaps from Baltimore by railway, and then across from New Jersey, by steam ferry, with breezy wave and churn of froth—perhaps from the half German town of Hoboken, where I have been playing cricket with the English residents, and talking of English ways and manners—perhaps from the sulphur springs in Virginia, or from Saratoga ball-rooms—perhaps from some village on the beautiful Hudson, thinking of Washington Irving's old Dutch legends, or talking to some poor Delaware Indian crone under a wayside tree—perhaps from the trim wooded dells that take away all painful sense of death, in Greenwood Cemetery—perhaps from watching the landings of Irish emigrants, or from observing the gyrations of trotting spider waggons in the magnificent drives of the Central Park.

I am in Broadway near the Battery, and I want to go up, miles off, into Bowery, and to slant off thence to some side avenue. The cars of the street railroad are what I wait for. I am near the dull red pile of Trinity Church, and desire to overleap space and to be in time for dinner with my friend Judge Stuyvesant, at Henderson-street, by five. I know that to take a cab or hackney-carriage in New York would evince a folly almost criminal. In the first place, Americans never use these costly conveyances, which are so expensive, partly because they are drawn by two horses, and partly because the drivers are bullies and scoundrels. Their costliness I know, because I once paid four shillings to go less than a mile—from the Astor House Hotel to the New York Hotel at the upper end of Broadway — and when I paid it, the American friend whom I was with, congratulated me on having escaped so cheaply. In fact, it is not the custom in New York to hire a hackney-coach, and only foreigners and greenhorns ever do so, and they learn to rue it.

The ordinary frequenter of the streets uses the ordinary omnibus or the street railway car. Nor has he any cause to complain of either, for the Americans are a hundred years beyond us in both sorts of conveyance—in simplicity, in accommodation, and in organisation of times of transit.

As the system of laying the rails seems not understood in England, and its difficulty is a special stumbling-block of its opponents (chiefly persons interested in the existing public conveyances) let me briefly describe the street railroad.

The rails are sunk a little below the surface of the street, so that the carriage-wheel sinks down upon them, its hollow surface fitting into the sunken rail, as in the ordinary tramroad way. As the carriages go at a sure steady safe pace, the rail is little worn, and does not often require renewal. When it does, the discomposure of the road is less than the fuss produced in our London streets by laying down a single gas-pipe. These slightly sunk rails, which require no bristling array of dangerous points or switches, no complicated and expensive machinery of dial-plates and turn-tables, are hardly visible till you are close upon them. They rut the road, less than a gutter does, or a raingully. So far from being an impediment to general traffic, they aid it; and it is a common thing in New York to see a heavily laden cart, full of iron, or hogsheads, following the street railway car: the carter using the rails to ease his steaming horses. But of course only those carts which are of the right gauge, and whose wheels are not too broad for the rails, can obtain this privilege. Really to hear the Chinese of Europe talk about this excellent modern invention, you would think that at the sight of a street railway car, all the horses within view became unmanageable, and all the riders were at once thrown off. In reality, a street railway car is far less dangerous to face than a Hansom cab, or a racing omnibus; it comes on at a quiet, even, sliding pace, and is so easy to avoid, that I never heard of even a child or an old woman who was injured by one.

But here comes a car—to return to my personality—gliding on at some nine miles an hour, slackening as I approach, to let out a batch of passengers. It moves on again before I can well reach it; but a moment's trot "at the double," and I overtake it, and while it moves, I leap on to the broad steps, catch hold of the balcony rail, and pass into the interior.

It resembles a huge omnibus, it is loftier than ours and full twice as long, and is corporeally of a cheery vermilion or glowing sun-flower colour—hues not mitigated by the ardent sun and bright sea air of New York city. Outside it will generally bear, as badges of some company I suppose, varnishy portraits of Moorish beauties, or grotesque heads in cocked hats, representing the Knickerbocker whom Washington Irving made immortal in America, or the great general who was George the Third's special bugbear, with his grand calm face, his thin cold lips, and his grave massy face.

The carriage has two doors about the size of ordinary summer-house doors, both of which either shut or slide close. The rows of windows, always open in summer—for American heat would roast ice itself—pull up and down much as ours do at home. The driver, wearing no uniform or livery, but in plain paletot and wide-awake, stands (never sits) on the low small platform in front of his door, driving his two horses quietly, but with perfect ease. In summer he generally pushes back the door behind him, and chats with the nearest passengers; with that quiet, frank, manly ease, peculiar to Americans in such ranks of life. More generally, if the passengers are inclined to be silent or want the door shut, he slides the door, and talks to somebody who stands beside him, or to the conductor, who having collected his cents, has saved time for conversation. Talk to the driver. He will stand no nonsense of English pride, but you will find him sensible and well informed, full of quiet self-respect and the confidence that arises from it.

The conductor has his own coteries, his gossips and familiars, on the platform at the other end of the car. It is guarded by a low partition four feet high, against which passengers preferring the open air can lean, or on which they can sit: though sitting is rather unsafe, unless you hold tight, as a sudden jolt or a sudden increase of speed might make you fall backward. The platform is wide enough to hold another passenger beside yourself, if he choose to keep himself together, and lean against the opposite side of the carriage on either side of the door. Without crowding, there might, with the conductor, be room (on the two steps and all) for about six persons on the outside car and platforms; but in the evening, when merchants are coming home to dinner on the river-side railways, I have seen a dozen or more clinging on to different parts of the small enclosure; but this is exceptional. The conductor is a neatly-dressed

man, in no distinctive dress, differing in no way from the passengers generally; quite as well mannered; and manifesting no servile deference; never impertinent, and with no mean tricks. When you have been seated on your red velvet cushion for perhaps ten minutes, you will see him walk up and down the centre of the carriages, collecting his six or ten cent fares. If he want to tell the driver to stop, he pulls a leather strap that runs along the roof of the carriage, and this strikes an alarum, and warns the driver to pull in his horses. When the car is stopped, another pull of this roof-strap tells the driver to go on. The use of this strap is not confined to the conductor; any passenger is entitled to pull it if he wants to stop; or if anything disagreeable has happened in the carriage, such as a quarrel, or the admittance of a drunken man.

There is no uneasy stir and anxiety to make sure of being put down in the right place, as in England; no necessity to probe and puncture the conductor, as in London. It is all methodical, simple, complete. If you are young and alert, you do not stay to pull the string, but quietly drop from the back step (which is not a foot from the ground) without haste and without fear.

The inside of the carriage holds some forty or more people without crowding. It is a little room in width, and there is no fear of your toes being constantly trodden upon as in English omnibuses; there is no annoyance from other people's dirty boots and dripping umbrellas. The conductor, when he walks down the centre, brushes nobody's knees. There is, indeed, no limit to the numbers—seventy or eighty or one hundred—these cars will hold at the same time. The extra number are not, however, jammed and driven into rows of seats already filled, but they stand comfortably in the centre of the carriage, holding by leather loops attached at intervals from the roof for this purpose. For short distances, many people prefer standing to sitting.

There are no seats on the roofs of the street railway cars; it is too hot in summer and too cold in winter for such an altitude to be enjoyable; and the risk and trouble of scrambling about an omnibus roof is never very enviable, even if the mode of sitting were pleasant. I should mention, also, that the windows of these cars have always effective blinds. The fare, too, is fixed, and very cheap.

These cars have also, like those of the Paris boulevards, another great advantage. Every Englishman must remember the unpleasant moment when he jumps into an omnibus; before he can get a seat, on goes the vehicle, sending him tumbling headlong over a suffering path of toes and corns, and dank dirty straw, and at last into a seat, between two angry, hurt, and reluctant people—perhaps a ruffled old maid and a gouty millionnaire, fresh from losses on the Stock Exchange. The French, mathematical and organising by nature, orderly Quakers in comparison to us business slovens, have long since got over this, as all people who have been to Paris will remember with pleasure and gratitude. They have a long brass rail running on either side of the roof, the full length of the carriage. The Americans have overcome the same difficulty, equally simply, by means of the leather loops depending from the roof, before mentioned. But, indeed, the soft easy gliding motions of the street railway car, neither jerking, nor leaping, nor joltingly abrupt, does not so much need this precaution, though it is still a comfort.

The American street cars run from well-known terminal depôts, at certain well-known intervals of time, and never at any other. They do not rush off brutally, ten together, like a pack of hungry curs, to fight and wrangle for the same twenty passengers, but are orderly as the planets. They run at gradated hours, and with proper intervals between each other. Each horse, each carriage, each driver, each conductor, performs so many journeys in the day. The horses are never jaded, and the carriage, full or empty, never lingers at crossings, side streets, or public-houses. You never have to wait twenty minutes for a conveyance. I have already said that these street railroads require no turn-tables or other mechanical appliance. The reason of this, is, the ingenious construction of the carriages, which are provided on either hand with iron holders for the traces, and with boxes to receive the pole; thus, when the driver gets, say to Haarlem, and wants, after resting his prescribed quarter of an hour, to return to the city, the grooms of the terminus stables merely unfasten the horses (Americans, on account of the heat, use very little harness) from the front, and attach the animals in two minutes to what was just now the rear.

There is no bawling of scurrilous conductors in American streets. Everyone can read the names of places in large legible letters on the street cars; if a stranger wants to inquire his way, it is worth ten cents to leap on the step, ride for a few minutes, and learn the road from the conductor: who, if he sees him to be an Englishman (and they always find an Englishman out), will be delighted to have a few minutes' talk with him.

The American omnibuses are not much better than our own. They are small and the fare is dear. They are generally, in New York, of a white colour, which gives them a singular appearance of cleanliness and brightness. They rule in Broadway rather insolently, because the street railroad has not yet reached that Regent-street of the American commercial capital. Vested interest has been too strong, but a day will come, and probably soon (for the Americans are not slow-handed when they see a good thing within reach), and the omnibuses will pass away out of sight like a flight of white butterflies.

In two respects only, do the American omnibuses differ from ours. In the first place they have no roof-bench seats; secondly, you do not pay the conductor, as with us—for there is no conductor—but you touch a bell to inform the driver, and then slip your silver cents into a

little locked red glass money-box just below the driver's seat, and where he can see what you put in—though he seems generally, I observed, to trust to a passenger's honour. You ring the same bell, if you want to stop. On the outside, these omnibuses are generally adorned with paintings of Indian chiefs, portraits of Knickerbocker and Washington, allegorical figures of Liberty waving "the star-spangled banner" over a very blue and narrow Atlantic. I believe that sometimes when Cuban planters, or old irascible, controversial, and rather pompous Louisiana gentlemen owning "cotton hands" are present, there is a stir made if a negro gets into a street car; but this, within my knowledge, seldom happens in the North, though sometimes rowdies, black sheep themselves, excited by liquor, have been known to try and turn out black passengers. The very last time I was in a New York street car, a perfect flock of blacks got in. We were coming from the Central Park to Broadway, a long distance, past several old Dutch-named streets, and I had plenty of time to watch the passengers' behaviour.

Opposite me sat a very poor old grey negro-plasterer, with his bag of tools at his feet; there were spots of whitewash on his grizzly hair and pathetically grotesque features. A poorer and more jaded son of toil one could not meet with; his thin blue linen clothes were patched and spotted and threadbare; his eyes were worn and pale; it was evident that the sands of the poor old negro plasterer's life were all but run. Death would soon claw him in his clutch. He would soon be cast into the great black dusthole where no colour can be seen, for the sun is not there, neither the dawn, and there king and slave sleep side by side without grumbling at each other. No one pushed the poor old negro, no one moved from windward of him, no one struck him, no one turned up his nose at him. The conductor took his fare, as he did that of the other passengers. He even chatted with the poor old soul about to be gathered to his unknown black fathers. There was nothing either disturbed or intrusive about the old plasterer.

There were seated, also, not far from "this old image of God cut in ebony," three young Creole girls, smartly dressed, who, from the bandboxes resting on their knees, I set down as milliners. They, too, were quite at their ease, slightly contemptuous of the old plasterer—not because of his Ethiop skin, but because of his poverty and grime, as I presume. Still there is no doubt that had a hard ungracious Southern man entered the car and complained of coloured people's impudence, the conductor would at once have sent the poor black sheep of the human race to the right about, and turned them on the outside balcony.

A propos of the separation of the black and white pieces on the United States chessboard, I will here mention what I saw one day in the South. I was there in a time of blood-heat excitement. There were rumours of negroes burning villages and poisoning the wells in Texas. A Wesleyan preacher, suspected of being an itinerant Abolitionist agent, had just been hung by Judge Lynch's stern myrmidons somewhere in Missouri. I had pointed out to me, at every railway station in Kentucky, spies watching to see if any Northern travellers or English passengers whispered or drew aside the negro railway porters. I could not stir without finding a sallow eye augering into me. I was afraid almost to speak kindly to the negro slave waiters at the hotels in South Carolina. The local papers were full of news of Palmetto regiments with red-starred banners enlisting in Charleston; of Virginia men buying guns and powder; of Alabama purchasing cannon; of Louisiana burning to take arms. I looked particularly, in all the Southern railroads and stage cars, to see if the blacks were kept carefully separated from the whites. I did not find the distinction very severely maintained, though there was generally a special car in which, partly by prescription, and partly from custom, the blacks seemed to congregate.

On an Alabama river-boat, I remember two slaves, sturdy young men, just bought in a New Orleans slave store, and going down with their purchaser, a small holder, to Montgomery. Scipio and Juba were dressed exactly alike, in jacket and trousers of coarse blue cloth; such suits as slave merchants are accustomed to throw into the bargain, tending as they do to set off their planter's purchase. There, day after day, for I spent many days aboard that terribly frail and dangerous steamer, the "Hickory Nut," sat, on a bale of cotton ust outside the dining saloon door, those twin negroes, Juba and Scipio, like two black turtle-doves; always in the same place from morning till night; always whispering in the same quiet, passionless, imperturbable way, their conjectures, I suppose, about their new master and his plantation, or quiet sarcasms on the last master, now probably employed in liberally dispensing tobacco-juice over the quays of New Orleans. We "wooded," we glided on, we stuck on sand-banks, we got off sand-banks, still the twin ravens sat whispering on the cotton bales. It was a great relief to me when suddenly at "Nash's landing" the master got out, followed abjectly and gravely by the two blacks: Scipio honoured by his trunk: Juba by his carpet-bag and umbrella. They passed up the red-sand cutting in the steep river bank, and disappeared down a distant street. But I have every reason to suppose that Mr. Ezra Harbottle is still wandering over the world, followed at a respectful distance by Scipio and Juba. For, a week after they left the boat, I met the three in Montgomery, walking processionally in exactly the same manner—only, this time Scipio carried a green parrot in a brass cage, and Juba a hat-box and a rifle.

To return to my subject of street railroads. I saw them in full operation, not only in New York, but also in Boston and Philadelphia. The latter city is divided by streets intersecting each other at right angles. Here, if any-

where, confusions and stoppages might be expected to arise from street railroads, but no such confusion occurs. The street car is stopped more easily than an ordinary vehicle. If another car be seen coming, the conductor pulls his bell, and the one car waits at the crossing until the other has passed. It is true it cannot move off the rails to avoid obstacles, but it can stop for them. At Boston they work equally well, running deep into the fashionable streets, and running out again into the far-distant suburbs, past Longfellow's pleasant home, and up to the beautiful cemetery on the steep banks of the Schuykill. There must come a time when street railroads will be found all over the European world.

THE SICK PAUPER.

A RECENT movement on behalf of what are called the "Destitute Incurables in Workhouses," is well described in a paper by Miss Elliot and Miss Cobbe, read at the Social Science Meeting at Glasgow in September last year. The plan is explained by these ladies, which has been since supported by the money and the advocacy of wise and kind people—in a circular addressed to all the Boards of Guardians in England; by many of whom it is approved, and by some already in course of adoption. Faultless in spirit and intention, easily carried out, and ensuring the alleviation of much suffering, we think it is not quite faultless in detail. By two changes we think it would be improved.

In the first place, we think it is hardly advisable that any set of sick people should be brought together, whether destitute or wealthy, to be ticketed Incurable. Anything more stifling to the sick mind than the mere sense of being established in a hospital for Incurables, to say nothing of the influence of association with the despondencies of all the other incurables who represent society in such a hospital, can hardly be conceived. What is meant by Incurable? A disease called incurable in one generation, is curable in the next. A disease incurable by one man, is curable by another. A disease called curable, ends in a painful death; a disease called incurable, is borne with little suffering through a long life, and after all is not the cause of death. The first proposal in the plan before us is, "that in every workhouse persons suffering from acute and distressing diseases, such as dropsy, consumption, or cancer, should be placed in wards especially allotted to them, to be called the wards for male and female incurables." The second, altogether sound, suggestion is, "that in these particular wards, private charity be permitted to introduce whatever may tend to alleviate the sufferings of the inmates."

Now, the second change of plan we suggest is this. We do not at all see why the being labelled Incurable should be a condition of the extension of mercy to the destitute sick in workhouses when they are seriously sick. It is clear that no physician was by, at the wording of the first of the above quoted suggestions; for the "acute and distressing diseases" are precisely the most curable, and it is a known distinction between acute attacks of a disorder and its lingering but less distressing form, that one though more immediately dangerous is more curable than the other, which from its taking time is called (from the Greek word that means time) chronic. It is one aim of the art of medicine to extend its dominion over these chronic cases; and although in our ordinary hospitals acute and other curable diseases yield the greater number of the inmates, and a shelter for life is not given to any patient, yet the persons who would be now regarded as incurable, dismissed relieved and readmitted, do receive prolonged attention. But whenever it shall be the wish of the benevolent to make fuller provision for such cases outside the workhouse, the last thing to be done is to found Hospitals for Incurables. Special endowments of "chronic wards" in the existing hospitals would cost comparatively little. Maintenance for life of each inmate being provided by a special fund, the wards being additions to and not subtractions from the hospital resources, those little colonies of permanent sick would be of value to the student, while there would be every encouragement to hope, every chance of cure, afforded to the inmate.

In the workhouses, then, we would suggest a slight modification of the plan proposed. Let that which charity proposes to do for the sick poor of the workhouse who cannot get well, be done also for those who *may* not get well. If it be desirable for economic reasons that benevolence, even in its independent working, should not be too active among paupers who are on the rates; if even the sick ward of the workhouse must, for the good of the parish purse, be comfortless; then let there be a sick ward for all those who require slight aid from the doctor who are in no wise dangerously ill, and let all the rest of the sick go into the wards of the workhouse infirmary, there to be classed as the doctor may desire, and to find in the day of their sore trouble, even in the workhouse, human sympathy. Why is the patient gasping or aching with the intenser pangs of a sharp curable disease, that yet may kill within a week, to be condemned to the uncushioned bench outside the bed, to be denied the bit of orange and the little plate of grapes, or the air-pillow—luxuries that may save life—while they are allowed only to those whose infirmity is hopeless? Why are we to leave pneumonia to the poor's rate, and give the addition of our Christian tenderness to asthma? If it be replied that those cases of urgency will be received into the incurable ward, we ask what right they have there? And what might be the effect on a patient at the turning-point between life and death, when told that he had been put among the incurables?

We heartily support the scheme of bringing a small charitable fund to bear on the condition of the sick poor in our workhouses; but no political

economist will resist the application of it to all who are at all dangerously, as well as to all who are hopelessly, sick. Let the workhouse infirmary itself be the scene of benevolent action, and if there must be a special ward, let it be a sick ward for those cases of slight illness on which it may not be thought advisable to bestow special indulgence. The chief requisites for the "Incurable ward" are said to be air and water beds; stuffed arm-chairs; air-cushions for those who have sores; soft pillows; screens to exclude suffering from view; fruit or lemonade; cough lozenges, (!) about which the house-surgeon would have a word or two to say; a change in the form of meat and vegetable now and then; a little better tea; some books and paper; a few pictures for the walls; a growing flower or two. The place for all these things is the infirmary; most of them ought to be, but it is too true that they are not, provided by the parish. It is the wise desire of the promoters of this movement to raise no question on that score, but to set themselves about a charitable work that will need in each parish no extensive funds—only a little money and more sympathy, and a good understanding with the Boards of Guardians. Every man who has any influence in any parish in the country, can begin to act in this matter, and if it be set about in a right spirit, the last persons to refuse co-operation ought to be the Boards of Guardians. It is no case for jealousy among the poor outside the workhouse. The sick poor outside the workhouse, receive many active kindnesses from the same people who would support this workhouse movement, and still more, far more, and more worth, from the healthy poor who are their neighbours. In the workhouse, it is not in the power of one inmate to give to his neighbour any but an unsubstantial sympathy. The sick pauper is isolated; nothing can make his workhouse bed an object of desire. The succour of charity is due to him, and will be grudged by none, we think.

THOMAS TURNER'S BACK PARLOUR.

Noble and learned editors have given us innumerable volumes of the memoirs of statesmen, politicians, poets, and wits of the last century. Now here are two gentlemen, Mr. R. W. Blencowe and Mr. Mark Antony Lower, who have had the reading of a manuscript diary in one hundred and sixteen stout memorandum-books, and instead of publishing it all have only sent a modest paper of extracts to the "Sussex Archæological Collections." The diarist is Mr. Thomas Turner, general shopkeeper at East Hothly, in Sussex. He sold grocery, drapery, haberdashery, hats, nails, cheese, brandy, paper, tobacco, and coffins; and in the parlour behind his shop he made entries not only as a tradesman of his dealings with his customers, but as husband, vestryman, neighbour, and a man of his home life, and his dealings with society at large. He was so much of a scholar that he had begun life as a village schoolmaster, taking threepence a week for educating the son of a country gentleman, and when he gave up school-keeping the odour of scholarship dwelt with him. He says, "Reading and study (might I be allowed the phrase) would in a manner be both drink and meat to me, was my circumstances but independent." His circumstances not being independent he had also a relish for calf's liver and hog's-heart pudding, and a weakness for strong beer that he spills much ink in deploring.

When Mr. Turner was born, in the year seventeen twenty-eight, an Admiralty survey of the British coasts had not a word for Newhaven, Worthing, or Brighton, and passed lightly over Hastings as a small town. In the days of Mr. Turner's father, judges in the spring circuits never ventured farther into the slough of Sussex than East Grinstead, or Horsham. Chancellor Cowper, when a barrrister on circuit, wrote to his wife in sixteen ninety, that "the Sussex ways are bad and ruinous beyond imagination. I vow 'tis a melancholy consideration that mankind will inhabit such a heap of dirt for a poor livelihood. The country is a sink of about fourteen miles broad, which receives all the water that falls from two long ranges of hills on both sides of it; and not being furnished with convenient draining, is kept moist and soft by the water till the middle of a dry summer, which is only able to make it tolerable to ride for a short time. The same day I entered Surrey, a fine champagne country, dry and dusty as if the season of the year had shifted in a few hours from winter to midsummer." In such a district, with the wretched roads made passable by an occasional causeway of stones on one side, for the use of the farmers, who with their wives on pillions behind them jogged from village to town, lived Mr. T. Turner. In his young schoolmaster days, he desired to confine his over-easy temper within rules, and set down his determination to live a good, wholesome life, rising early, breakfasting between seven and eight, dining between twelve and one, not eating too much meat, and supping upon weak broth, water-gruel, or milk-pottage, with now and then a fruit pie for a change, and to go to bed at ten o'clock. "If," he said, "I am at home or in company abroad, I will never drink more than four glasses of strong beer: one to toast the king's health, the second to the royal family, the third to all friends, and the fourth to the pleasure of the company. If there is either wine or punch, never upon any terms or persuasion to drink more than eight glasses, each glass to hold no more than half a quarter of a pint." Alas, for these resolves on moderation!

Mr. Turner in his back parlour read books of all kinds. He desired to cultivate his mind in every corner, and set down the names of the books he read, with his opinions upon them. Within five or six weeks he digested Gay's Poems, Stewart on the Supreme Being, the Whole Duty of Man, the Universal Magazine, Paradise Lost and Regained, Othello, Thomson's Seasons, Tournefort's Voyage to the Levant, Young's

Night Thoughts, and Peregrine Pickle. On one day he says, "In the evening I read part of the fourth volume of the Tatler; the oftener I read it the better I like it. I think I never found the vice of drinking so well exploded in my life, as in one of the numbers." The twentieth of June being his birthday, "I treated," he says, "my scholars with about five quarts of strong beer, and had an issue cut in my leg." "Sunday—I went down to Jones, where we drank one bowl of punch and two muggers of bamboo; and I came home again in liquor. Oh! with what horrors does it fill my heart, to think I should be guilty of doing so, and on a Sunday too! Let me once more endeavour, never, no never, to be guilty of the same again!" Mr. T. T. was a patriot, too. In seventeen fifty-six, a month or two after he had resigned his school to Francis Elless, he "heard of the loss of Fort St. Philip and the whole island of Minarco (Minorca). . . . Never did the English nation suffer a greater blot. Oh, my country, my country!—oh, Albian, Albian! I doubt thou art tottering on the brink of ruin and desolation this day!" The nation is all in a foment upon account of losing dear Minarco." On the whole, however, there were more occasions given by the war for rejoicing and bell-ringing than for despondency. East Hothly was in the neighbourhood of Halland-house, an estate of the Duke of Newcastle's, where there were great doings when the duke came down, and where the duke's steward, Mr. Coates, set the example of loyalty by tapping the strong beer on all national occasions. Invited to one such gathering, Mr. Turner, before setting out, records in his diary that he is very miserable at the prospect of having to make a beast of himself before going to bed. "But what can I do? If I goe, I must drink just as they please, or otherwise I shall be called a poor singular fellow. If I stay at home, I shall be stigmatised with the name of being a poor, proud, illnatured wretch, and perhaps disoblige Mr. Coates." Mr. Coates representing the custom of Halland-house, no trifling matter to the general dealer in a village of some five hundred inhabitants, was not to be disobliged. Mr. T. Turner went, and drank health and success in a glass of strong beer apiece to: 1, his Majesty; 2, the Royal Family; 3, the King of Prussia; 4, Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick; 5, Lord Anson; 6, his Grace the Duke of Newcastle; 7, his Duchess; 8, Lord Abergavenny; 9, Admiral Boscawen; 10, Mr. Pelham of Stanmore 11, the Earl of Aneram; 12, Lord Gage; 13, Marshal Keith, and several more loyal healths. "About ten I deserted, and came safe home; but to my shame do I mention it, very much in liquor. Before I came away, I think I may say there was not one sober person in company." This was a party of twenty, including the clergymen of that and the adjoining parish.

At the merry meetings of the tradesmen held among themselves, especially the rounds of supper parties given at Christmas, the wives got drunk with the husbands. "Their mirth being rather obstreperious than serious and agreeable. Oh! how silly is mankind to delight so much in vanity and transitory joys!" Thomas Turner was a prudent, thriving man, a churchwarden in his time, and arbitrator of the quarrels of the parish, who left a flourishing business to his son. His first wife, with whom he records all his quarrels, and of whom he records also his hearty liking and affection, was a prudent, thrifty woman, yet even she was sometimes brought home on a servant's back, after he had slipped away, as far gone as he dared to be, leaving her behind to make his excuses. When they played cards, it was brag or whist—usually brag—they played at, and we have record of pleasant sittings at cards between Mr. and Mrs. Turner and a couple of neighbours, which were continued as innocent entertainment all the night through. The stakes were small. The diarist records on one occasion special lamentation because he has lost at brag three shillings, which "might have been" given to the poor.

Mr. Thomas Turner, as became the tradesman of a hundred years ago, had a due reverence for rank. Here is one of his entries: "Sunday, July 10. The Right Hon. Geo. Cholmondely, Earl Cholmondely, Viscount Malpas, joint vice-treasurer of Ireland, Lord Lieutenant, cust. rot., and Vice-Admiral of Cheshire, Governor of Chester Castle, Lord Lieutenant of Anglesea, Caernarvon, Flint, Merioneth, and Montgomery, Steward of the Royal Manor of Sheen, in Surrey, and Knight of the Bath, being a visiting at Mr. Coates's, was at church this morning." So Mr. Turner worshipped the lord on that Sunday at any rate.

On the fifteenth of October, seventeen fifty-six, having been just three years married, the diarist in the back parlour behind the shop, looks back on a series of matrimonial quarrels, and on afflictions "which we have justly deserved by the many anemositys and desentions which have been continually fermented between us and our friends." But now, he adds, we "begin to live happy; and I am thoroughly persuaded, if I knew my own mind, that if I was single again, and at liberty to make another choice, I should do the same; I mean, make her my wife who is so now." The chief of the "fermenting parties" was—of course—his wife's mother, Mrs. Slater, a very Xantippe, he says, "having a great volubility of tongue for invective, and especially if I am the subject; though what the good woman wants with me I know not."

It was the refuse slag of the extinct iron works that hardened the narrow slip of Sussex road that could be travelled over in the winter-time, when, a little more advanced in the world, Mr. Turner kept a horse, saddle, and pillion of his own; before he could do that, he hired or borrowed. Thus he writes one day, in the damp autumn weather: "My wife and I having fixed to go to Hartfield, my wife endeavoured to borrow a horse of Jos. Fuller, Tho. Fuller, Will. Piper, and Jos. Burgess, to no purpose,

they having no reason for not doing it, but want of good nature and a little gratitude; though I make no doubt but they will, some or other of them, be so good natured as soon to come and say, 'Come, do write this land-tax or window-tax book for us;' then I always find good nature enough to do it, and at the same time to find them in beer, gin, pipes, and tobacco; and then poor ignorant wretches, they sneak away, and omit to pay for their paper; but, God bless them, I'll think it proceeds more from ignorance than ill nature. My wife having hired a horse of John Watford, about four o'clock we set out on our journey for Hartfield, and as we were riding along near to Hastingford, no more than a foot's pace, the horse stood still, and continued kicking up until we was both off, in a very dirty hole (but, thanks be to God, we received no hurt). My wife was obliged to go into Hastingford House, to clean herself. My wife and I spent the even at my father Slater's. We dined off some ratios of pork and green sallard."

When there was a race of any sort at Lewes, Mr. Turner went to see it, and came home in such a state as to call for the reproach on himself in his diary that he "behaved more like an ass than any human being—doubtless not like one that calls himself a Christian." On the whole, however, he was a good church-going householder. This is a Sunday record, for example: "My whole family at church—myself, wife, maid, and the two boys. We dined off a piece of boiled beef and carrots, and currant suet-pudding, and we had, I think, too extreme good sermons this day preached unto us. Tho. Davey at our house in the even, to whom I read five of Tillotson's sermons." This unfortunate Thomas Davey must have stood in very particular need of edification; for Tillotson's sermons are poured into him whenever he appears. Soon afterwards we read of another Sunday: "Tho. Davey came in the evening, to whom I read six of Tillotson's sermons." This was a stormy time in the back parlour. A little before we had read: "This day how are my most sanguine hopes of happiness frustrated! I mean the happiness between myself and wife, which hath now continued for some time; but, oh! this day it has become the contrari!" And a little afterwards we read: "Oh! how transient is all mundane bliss! I who, on Sunday last" (when Thomas Davey had the six sermons read to him), "was all calm and serenity in my breast, am now nought but storm and tempest. Well may the wise man say, 'It were better to dwell in a corner of the house-top, than with a contentious woman in a wide house.'" On the following Christmas-day, "the Widow Marchant, Hannah and James Marchant, dined with us on a buttock of beef, and a plumb suet-pudding. Tho. Davey at our house in the even, to whom I read two nights of the Complaint." Thomas Davey had material for a complaint of his own, we think; but Doctor Young's Night Thoughts was a favourite work with Mr. Turner.

Mrs. Porter, the clergyman's wife, was not always civil to her friends in their character as tradespeople, but when she was, it was a great pleasure to serve her. "I went down to Mrs. Porter's," writes the diarist one day, "and acquainted her I could not get her gown before Monday, who received me with all the affability, courtesy, and good humour imaginable. Oh! what a pleasure it would be to serve them was they always in such a temper; it would even induce me, almost, to forget to take a just profit. In the even I read part of the New Whole Duty of Man." A few days afterwards, he says, "We supped at Mr. Fuller's, and spent the evening with a great deal of mirth till between one and two. Tho. Fuller brought my wife home upon his back. I cannot say I came home sober, though I was far from being bad company. I think we spent the evening with a great deal of pleasure." Sometimes there were drunken fights between neighbours as they met each other on their way home from their several merry meetings. T. T. records a great fight with Doctor Stone, the occasion of which he was much puzzled to remember the next morning. Another night there was a more considerable fight, from which T. T. escaped on the horse of a friend who was interposing in his favour.

Mr. Porter, the clergyman, who was a man of some substance, a Greek scholar and a pastor, long kindly remembered in the parish, joined with his wife in many of the festive riots that were in those days looked upon as celebrations of good fellowship, and from which he could not easily have withdrawn himself without being regarded as a churl. The wine-drinking among the polite, good society, with its three-bottle-men, was represented among village tradesmen chiefly by the drinking of strong beer and spirits. Here, for example, is the plan of a merry-meeting at Whyly: "We played at bragg the first part of the even. After ten we went to supper, on four boiled chickens, four boiled ducks, minced veal, sausages, cold roast goose, chicken pastry, and ham. Our company, Mr. and Mrs. Porter, Mr. and Mrs. Coates, Mrs. Atkins, Mrs. Hicks, Mr. Piper and wife, Joseph Fuller and wife, Tho. Fuller and wife, Dame Durrant, myself and wife, and Mr. French's family. After supper our behaviour was far from that of serious, harmless mirth; it was downright obstreperious, mixed with a great deal of folly and stupidity. Our diversion was dancing or jumping about, without a violin or any musick, singing of foolish healths, and drinking all the time as fast as it could be well poured down; and the parson of the parish was one among the mixed multitude." Mr. Turner slipped away unobserved at three o'clock in the morning, leaving his wife to make his excuse. Though very far from sober, he came home safely without tumbling, and at ten minutes past five his wife was brought home by Mr. French's servant. She was hardly got into bed when some returning revellers, with the parson and his wife at their head, beat at the outer door. The parson's wife, Mrs. Porter, "pretended she

wanted some cream of tartar; but as soon as my wife got out of bed, she vowed she should come down. She found Mr. Porter, Mr. Fuller and his wife, with a lighted candle and part of a bottle of wine and a glass. The next thing," says T. T., "was to have me down stairs." As he would not come down, they went up to him, dragged him out of bed, made him put on his wife's petticoats, and dance without shoes and stockings, until they had emptied the bottle of wine, and also a bottle of their victim's beer. Doubtless they were punishing him for having left their company. It was not till about three o'clock in the afternoon that these people found their way to their respective homes. On the Sunday following, the diary says, "We had as good a sermon as ever I heard Mr. Porter preach, it being against swearing."

Of the prevalence of the habit of swearing the back parlour diary gives frequent illustration. The debates at the vestry meetings seems to have consisted chiefly in successive rounds of oaths. "In the even I went down to the vestry; there was no business of any moment to transact, but oaths and imprecations seemed to resound from all sides of the room; the sounds seemed to be harsh and grating, so that I came home soon after seven. I believe, if the penalty were paid assigned by the Legislature, by every person that swears that constitute our vestry, there would be no need to levy any tax to maintain our poor." The poor might literally have been fed upon curses. Again, on another day, he wrote: "After dinner I went down to Jones to the vestry. We had several warm arguments at our vestry to-day, and several volleys of execrable oaths oftentime redouned, from almost all parts of the room. A most rude and shocking thing at public meetings."

Mrs. Turner had continual ill health; the diarist becomes melancholy and affectionate as her life draws to a close. His recreations have to be enjoyed without her. She can no longer go to see the mountebank at the next village, or the æsmorama, or the person at Jones's with an electrical machine. "My niece and I went to see it; and thoe I have seen it several years agoe, I think there is something in it agreeable and instructing, but at the same time very surprising. As to my own part, I am quite at a loss to form any idea of the phœinomina." The wife dies at last, and the diarist observes: "I may justly say with the incomparable Mr. Young, 'Let them whoever lost an angel, pity me.'"

Two or three years after the death of his "dear Peggy," Mr. Turner, who pined in his journal "for want of the company of the more softer sex," lost his friend Mr. French, "after a long and lingering illness, which it is to be doubted was first brought on by the to frequent use of spirituous liquors, and particularly gin. If it was possible to make any estimate of the quantity he drank for several years, I should think he could not drink less, on a moderate computation, than twenty gallons a year." This was looked upon as a degeneracy by the diarist. "Custom," he says, "has brought tea and spirituous liquors so much in fashion, that I dare be bold to say, they often, to often, prove our ruin. I think, since I have lived at Hothly, I never knew trade so dull, or money so scarce, the whole neighbourhood being almost reduced to poverty."

We part from Mr. Turner with the approach of the event that brought his diary to an abrupt end. About four years after the death of his Peggy, he married Molly Hicks, a girl with expectations of property, and the daughter of a yeoman, though herself a servant to Luke Spence, Esq., of South Malling. The courtship was tremendously fatiguing. On one day, says the worthy little shopkeeper, who owns that neither he nor his Molly are good-looking, "in the afternoon, rode over to Chiddingly to pay my charmer, or intended wife, or sweetheart, or whatever other name may be more proper, a visit at her father's, where I drank tea, in company with their family and Miss Ann Thatcher. I supped there on some rasures of bacon. It being an excessive wet and windy night, I had the opportunity, sure I should say the pleasure, or perhaps some might say the unspeakable happiness, to sit up with Molly Hicks, or my charmer, all night. I came home at forty minutes past five in the morning—I must not say fatigued; no, no, that could not be; it could be only a little sleepy for want of rest." These night-watches of courtship, filled, he says, with serious discourse, were rather frequent, and at last the book in the back parlour contained the honest confession: "Very dull and sleepy; this courting does not agree with my constitution, and perhaps it may be only taking pains to create more pains."

Such a sketch of the life of a village shopkeeper a hundred years ago, reminds us of a change of manners as conspicuous among the people as among the clergy of the rural parishes. With all the defects peculiar to provincial life—as there are defects peculiar also to life in great cities—at the present day, we are surely wholesomer and happier than we could possibly have been, and we live longer lives than we could easily have lived, under the social conditions which afflicted Mr. Turner, grocer, draper, chandler, &c., of East Hothly, and which impoverished so many of his neighbours.

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GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XXXII.

ONE day when I was busy with my books and Mr. Pocket, I received a note by the post, the mere outside of which threw me into a great flutter; for, though I had never seen the handwriting in which it was addressed, I divined whose hand it was. It had no set beginning, as Dear Mr. Pip, or Dear Pip, or Dear Sir, or Dear Anything, but ran thus:

"I am to come to London the day after to-morrow by the mid-day coach. I believe it was settled you should meet me? at all events Miss Havisham has that impression, and I write in obedience to it. She sends you her regard. Yours, ESTELLA."

If there had been time, I should probably have ordered several suits of clothes for this occasion; but as there was not, I was fain to be content with those I had. My appetite vanished instantly, and I knew no peace or rest until the day arrived. Not that its arrival brought me either; for, then I was worse than ever, and began haunting the coach-office in Wood-street, Cheapside, before the coach had left the Blue Boar in our town. For all that I knew this perfectly well, I still felt as if it were not safe to let the coach-office be out of my sight longer than five minutes at a time; and in this condition of unreason I had performed the first half-hour of a watch of four or five hours, when Mr. Wemmick ran against me.

"Halloa, Mr. Pip," said he; "how do you do? I should hardly have thought this was *your* beat."

I explained that I was waiting to meet somebody who was coming up by coach, and I inquired after the Castle and the Aged.

"Both flourishing, thankye," said Wemmick, "and particularly the Aged. He's in wonderful feather. He'll be eighty-two next birthday. I have a notion of firing eighty-two times, if the neighbourhood shouldn't complain, and that cannon of mine should prove equal to the pressure. However, this is not London talk. Where do you think I am going to?"

"To the office?" said I, for he was tending in that direction.

"Next thing to it," returned Wemmick, "I am going to Newgate. We are in a bankers-parcel case just at present, and I have been down the road taking a squint at the scene of action, and thereupon must have a word or two with our client."

"Did your client commit the robbery?" I asked.

"Bless your soul and body, no," answered Wemmick, very dryly. "But he is accused of it. So might you or I be. Either of us might be accused of it, you know."

"Only neither of us is," I remarked.

"Yah!" said Wemmick, touching me on the breast with his forefinger; "you're a deep one, Mr. Pip! Would you like to have a look at Newgate? Have you time to spare?"

I had so much time to spare, that the proposal came as a relief, notwithstanding its irreconcilability with my latent desire to keep my eye on the coach-office. Muttering that I would make the inquiry whether I had time to walk with him, I went into the office, and ascertained from the clerk with the nicest precision and much to the trying of his temper, the earliest moment at which the coach could be expected—which I knew beforehand, quite as well as he. I then rejoined Mr. Wemmick, and affecting to consult my watch and to be surprised by the information I had received, accepted his offer.

We were at Newgate in a few minutes, and we passed through the lodge where some fetters were hanging up on the bare walls among the prison rules, into the interior of the jail. At that time, jails were much neglected, and the period of exaggerated reaction consequent on all public wrong-doing—and which is always its heaviest and longest punishment—was still far off. So, felons were not lodged and fed better than soldiers (to say nothing of paupers), and seldom set fire to their prisons with the excusable object of improving the flavour of their soup. It was visiting time when Wemmick took me in; and a potman was going his rounds with beer; and the prisoners behind bars in yards, were buying beer, and talking to friends; and a frouzy, ugly, disorderly, depressing scene it was.

It struck me that Wemmick walked among the prisoners, much as a gardener might walk among his plants. This was first put into my head by his seeing a shoot that had come up in

the night, and saying, "What, Captain Tom? Are *you* there? Ah, indeed!" and also, "Is that Black Bill behind the cistern? Why, I didn't look for you these two months; how do you find yourself?" Equally in his stopping at the bars and attending to anxious whisperers—always singly—Wemmick with his post-office in an immovable state, looked at them while in conference, as if he were taking particular notice of the advance they had made, since last observed, towards coming out in full blow at their trial.

He was highly popular, and I found that he took the familiar department of Mr. Jaggers's business: though something of the state of Mr. Jaggers hung about him too, forbidding approach beyond certain limits. His personal recognition of each successive client was comprised in a nod, and in his settling his hat a little easier on his head with both hands, and then tightening the post-office, and putting his hands in his pockets. In one or two instances, there was a difficulty respecting the raising of fees, and then Mr. Wemmick, backing as far as possible from the insufficient money produced, said, "It's no use, my boy. I'm only a subordinate. I can't take it. Don't go on in that way with a subordinate. If you are unable to make up your quantum, my boy, you had better address yourself to a principal; there are plenty of principals in the profession, you know, and what is not worth the while of one, may be worth the while of another; that's my recommendation to you, speaking as a subordinate. Don't try on useless measures. Why should you! Now, who's next?"

Thus, we walked through Wemmick's greenhouse, until he turned to me and said, "Notice the man I shall shake hands with." I should have done so, without the preparation, as he had shaken hands with no one yet.

Almost as soon as he had spoken, a portly upright man (whom I can see now, as I write) in a well-worn olive-coloured frock-coat, with a peculiar pallor overspreading the red in his complexion, and eyes that went wandering about when he tried to fix them, came up to a corner of the bars, and put his hand to his hat—which had a greasy and fatty surface like cold broth—with a half-serious and half-jocose military salute.

"Colonel, to you!" said Wemmick; "how are you, Colonel?"

"All right, Mr. Wemmick."

"Everything was done that could be done, but the evidence was too strong for us, Colonel."

"Yes, it was too strong, sir—but *I* don't care."

"No, no," said Wemmick, coolly, "*you* don't care." Then, turning to me, "Served His Majesty this man. Was a soldier in the line and bought his discharge."

I said, "Indeed?" and the man's eyes looked at me, and then looked over my head, and then looked all round me, and then he drew his hand across his lips and laughed.

"I think I shall be out of this on Monday, sir," he said to Wemmick.

"Perhaps," returned my friend, "but there's no knowing."

"I am glad to have the chance of bidding you good-by, Mr. Wemmick," said the man, stretching out his hand between two bars.

"Thankye," said Wemmick, shaking hands with him. "Same to you, Colonel."

"If what I had upon me when taken, had been real, Mr. Wemmick," said the man, unwilling to let his hand go, "I should have asked the favour of your wearing another ring—in acknowledgment of your attentions."

"I'll accept the will for the deed," said Wemmick. "By-the-by; you were quite a pigeon-fancier." The man looked up at the sky. "I am told you had a remarkable breed of tumblers. *Could* you commission any friend of yours to bring me a pair, if you've no further use for 'em?"

"It shall be done, sir."

"All right," said Wemmick, "they shall be taken care of. Good afternoon, Colonel. Good-by!" They shook hands again, and as we walked away Wemmick said to me, "A Coiner, a very good workman. The Recorder's report is made to-day, and he is sure to be executed on Monday. Still you see, as far as it goes, a pair of pigeons are portable property, all the same." With that, he looked back, and nodded at this dead plant, and then cast his eyes about him in walking out of the yard, as if he were considering what other pot would go best in its place.

As we came out of the prison through the lodge, I found that the great importance of my guardian was appreciated by the turnkeys, no less than by those whom they held in charge. "Well, Mr. Wemmick," said the turnkey, who kept us between the two studded and spiked lodge gates, and carefully locked one before he unlocked the other, "what's Mr. Jaggers going to do with that waterside murder? Is he going to make it manslaughter, or what's he going to make of it?"

"Why don't you ask him?" returned Wemmick.

"Oh yes, I dare say!" said the turnkey.

"Now, that's the way with them here, Mr. Pip," remarked Wemmick, turning to me with the post-office elongated. "They don't mind what they ask of me, the subordinate; but you'll never catch 'em asking any questions of my principal."

"Is this young gentleman one of the 'prentices or articled ones of your office?" asked the turnkey, with a grin at Mr. Wemmick's humour.

"There he goes again, you see!" cried Wemmick, "I told you so! Asks another question of the subordinate before his first is dry! Well, supposing Mr. Pip is one of them?"

"Why then," said the turnkey, grinning again, "he knows what Mr. Jaggers is."

"Yah!" cried Wemmick, suddenly hitting out at the turnkey in a facetious way, "you're as dumb as one of your own keys when you have to do with my principal, you know you are.

Let us out, you old fox, or I'll get him to bring an action of false imprisonment against you."

The turnkey laughed, and gave us good day, and stood laughing at us over the spikes of the wicket when we descended the steps into the street.

"Mind you, Mr. Pip," said Wemmick, gravely in my ear, as he took my arm to be more confidential; "I don't know that Mr. Jaggers does a better thing than the way in which he keeps himself so high. He's always so high. His constant height is of a piece with his immense abilities. That Colonel durst no more take leave of *him*, than that turnkey durst ask him his intentions respecting a case. Then, between his height and them, he slips in his subordinate—don't you see?—and so he has 'em, soul and body."

I was very much impressed, and not for the first time, by my guardian's subtlety. To confess the truth, I very heartily wished, and not for the first time, that I had had some other guardian of minor abilities.

Mr. Wemmick and I parted at the office in Little Britain, where suppliants for Mr. Jaggers's notice were lingering about as usual, and I returned to my watch in the street of the coach-office, with some three hours on hand. I consumed the whole time in thinking how strange it was that I should be encompassed by all this taint of prison and crime; that in my childhood out on our lonely marshes on a winter evening I should have first encountered it; that it should have reappeared on two occasions, starting out like a stain that was faded but not gone; that it should in this new way pervade my fortune and advancement. While my mind was thus engaged, I thought of the beautiful young Estella, proud and refined, coming towards me, and I thought with absolute abhorrence of the contrast between the jail and her. I wished that Wemmick had not met me, or that I had not yielded to him and gone with him, so that, of all days in the year on this day, I might not have had Newgate in my breath and on my clothes. I beat the prison dust off my feet as I sauntered to and fro, and I shook it out of my dress, and I exhaled its air from my lungs. So contaminated did I feel, remembering who was coming, that the coach came quickly after all, and I was not yet free from the soiling consciousness of Mr. Wemmick's conservatory, when I saw her face at the coach window and her hand waving to me.

What *was* the nameless shadow which again in that one instant had passed?

CHAPTER XXXIII.

In her furred travelling-dress, Estella seemed more delicately beautiful than she had ever seemed yet, even in my eyes. Her manner was more winning than she had cared to let it be to me before, and I thought I saw Miss Havisham's influence in the change.

We stood in the Inn Yard while she pointed out her luggage to me, and when it was all collected I remembered—having forgotten everything but herself in the mean while—that I knew nothing of her destination.

"I am going to Richmond," she told me. "Our lesson is, that there are two Richmonds, one in Surrey and one in Yorkshire, and that mine is the Surrey Richmond. The distance is ten miles. I am to have a carriage, and you are to take me. This is my purse, and you are to pay my charges out of it. Oh, you must take the purse! We have no choice, you and I, but to obey our instructions. We are not free to follow our own devices, you and I."

As she looked at me in giving me the purse, I hoped there was an inner meaning in her words. She said them slightingly, but not with displeasure.

"A carriage will have to be sent for, Estella. Will you rest here a little?"

"Yes, I am to rest here a little, and I am to drink some tea, and you are to take care of me the while."

She drew her arm through mine, as if it must be done, and I requested a waiter who had been staring at the coach like a man who had never seen such a thing in his life, to show us a private sitting-room. Upon that, he pulled out a napkin, as if it were a magic clue without which he couldn't find the way up-stairs, and led us to the black hole of the establishment: fitted up with a diminishing mirror (quite a superfluous article considering the hole's proportions), an anchovy sauce-cruet, and somebody's pattens. On my objecting to this retreat, he took us into another room with a dinner-table for thirty, and in the grate a scorched leaf of a copy-book under a bushel of coal-dust. Having looked at this extinct conflagration and shaken his head, he took my order: which, proving to be merely "Some tea for the lady," sent him out of the room in a very low state of mind.

I was, and I am, sensible that the air of this chamber, in its strong combination of stable with soup-stock, might have led one to infer that the coaching department was not doing well, and that the enterprising proprietor was boiling down the horses for the refreshment department. Yet the room was all in all to me, Estella being in it. I thought that with her I could have been happy there for life. (I was not at all happy there at the time, observe, and I knew it well.)

"Where are you going to, at Richmond?" I asked Estella.

"I am going to live," said she, "at a great expense, with a lady there, who has the power—or says she has—of taking me about and introducing me, and showing people to me and showing me to people."

"I suppose you will be glad of variety and admiration?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

She answered so carelessly, that I said, "You speak of yourself as if you were some one else."

"Where did you learn how I speak of others? Come, come," said Estella, smiling delightfully, "you must not expect me to go to school to *you*;

I must talk in my own way. How do you thrive with Mr. Pocket?"

"I live quite pleasantly there; at least——" It appeared to me that I was losing a chance.

"At least?" repeated Estella.

"As pleasantly as I could anywhere, away from you."

"You silly boy," said Estella, quite composedly, "how can you talk such nonsense? Your friend Mr. Matthew, I believe, is superior to the rest of his family?"

"Very superior indeed. He is nobody's enemy——"

"Don't add but his own," interposed Estella, "for I hate that class of man. But he really is disinterested, and above small jealousy and spite, I have heard?"

"I am sure I have every reason to say so."

"You have not every reason to say so of the rest of his people," said Estella, nodding at me with an expression of face that was at once grave and rallying, "for they beset Miss Havisham with reports and insinuations to your disadvantage. They watch you, misrepresent you, write letters about you (anonymous sometimes), and you are the torment and the occupation of their lives. You can scarcely realise to yourself the hatred those people feel for you."

"They do me no harm, I hope?" said I.

Instead of answering, Estella burst out laughing. This was very singular to me, and I looked at her in considerable perplexity. When she left off—and she had not laughed languidly but with real enjoyment—I said, in my diffident way with her, "I hope I may suppose that you would not be amused if they did me any harm."

"No, no, you may be sure of that," said Estella. "You may be certain that I laugh because they fail. Oh, those people with Miss Havisham, and the tortures they undergo!" She laughed again, and even now when she had told me why, her laughter was very singular to me, for I could not doubt its being genuine, and yet it seemed too much for the occasion. I thought there must really be something more here than I knew; she saw the thought in my mind, and answered it.

"It is not easy for even you," said Estella, "to know what satisfaction it gives me to see those people thwarted, or what an enjoyable sense of the ridiculous I have when they are made ridiculous. For you were not brought up in that strange house from a mere baby.—I was. You had not your little wits sharpened by their intriguing against you, suppressed and defenceless, under the mask of sympathy and pity and what not that is soft and soothing.—I had. You did not gradually open your round childish eyes wider and wider to the discovery of that impostor of a woman who calculates her stores of peace of mind for when she wakes up in the night.—I did."

It was no laughing matter with Estella now, nor was she summoning these remembrances from any shallow place. I would not have been the cause of that look of hers, for all my expectations in a heap.

"Two things I can tell you," said Estella. "First, notwithstanding the proverb that constant dropping will wear away a stone, you may set your mind at rest that these people never will—never would, in a hundred years—impair your ground with Miss Havisham, in any particular, great or small. Second, I am beholden to you as the cause of their being so busy and so mean in vain, and there is my hand upon it."

As she gave it me playfully—for her darker mood had been but momentary—I held it and put it to my lips. "You ridiculous boy," said Estella, "will you never take warning? Or do you kiss my hand in the spirit in which I once let you kiss my cheek?"

"What was it?" said I.

"I must think a moment. A spirit of contempt for the fawners and plotters."

"If I say yes, may I kiss the cheek again?"

"You should have asked before you touched the hand. But, yes, if you like."

I leaned down, and her calm face was like a statue's. "Now," said Estella, gliding away the instant I touched her cheek, "you are to take care that I have some tea, and you are to take me to Richmond."

Her reverting to this tone as if our association were forced upon us and we were mere puppets, gave me pain; but everything in our intercourse did give me pain. Whatever her tone with me happened to be, I could put no trust in it, and build no hope on it; and yet I went on against trust and against hope. Why repeat it a thousand times? So it always was.

I rang for the tea, and the waiter, reappearing with his magic clue, brought in by degrees some fifty adjuncts to that refreshment, but of tea not a glimpse. A teaboard, cups and saucers, plates, knives and forks (including carvers), spoons (various), salt-cellars, a meek little muffin confined with the utmost precaution under a strong iron cover, Moses in the bullrushes typified by a soft bit of butter in a quantity of parsley, a pale loaf with a powdered head, two proof impressions of the bars of the kitchen fireplace on triangular bits of bread, and ultimately a fat family urn: which the waiter staggered in with, expressing in his countenance burden and suffering. After a prolonged absence at this stage of the entertainment, he at length came back with a casket of precious appearance containing twigs. These I steeped in hot water, and so from the whole of these appliances extracted one cup of I don't know what, for Estella.

The bill paid, and the waiter remembered, and the ostler not forgotten, and the chambermaid taken into consideration—in a word, the whole house bribed into a state of contempt and animosity, and Estella's purse much lightened—we got into our post-coach and drove away. Turning into Cheapside and rattling up Newgate-street, we were soon under the walls of which I was so ashamed.

"What place is that?" Estella asked me.

I made a foolish pretence of not at first recog-

nising it, and then told her. As she looked at it, and drew in her head again, murmuring "Wretches!" I would not have confessed to my visit for any consideration.

"Mr. Jaggers," said I, by way of putting it neatly on somebody else, "has the reputation of being more in the secrets of that dismal place than any man in London."

"He is more in the secrets of every place, I think," said Estella, in a low voice.

"You have been accustomed to see him often, I suppose?"

"I have been accustomed to see him at uncertain intervals, ever since I can remember. But I know him no better now, than I did before I could speak plainly. What is your own experience of him? Do you advance with him?"

"Once habituated to his distrustful manner," said I, "I have done very well."

"Are you intimate?"

"I have dined with him at his private house."

"I fancy," said Estella, shrinking, "that must be a curious place."

"It is a curious place."

I should have been chary of discussing my guardian too freely even with her; but I should have gone on with the subject so far as to describe the dinner in Gerard-street, if we had not then come into a sudden glare of gas. It seemed, while it lasted, to be all alight and alive with that inexplicable feeling I had had before; and when we were out of it, I was as much dazed for a few moments as if I had been in Lightning.

So, we fell into other talk, and it was principally about the way by which we were travelling, and about what parts of London lay on this side of it, and what on that. The great city was almost new to her, she told me, for she had never left Miss Havisham's neighbourhood until she had gone to France, and she had merely passed through London then in going and returning. I asked her if my guardian had any charge of her while she remained here? To that she emphatically said "God forbid!" and no more.

It was impossible for me to avoid seeing that she cared to attract me; that she made herself winning; and would have won me even if the task had needed pains. Yet this made me none the happier, for, even if she had not taken that tone of our being disposed of by others, I should have felt that she held my heart in her hand because she wilfully chose to do it, and not because it would have wrung any tenderness in her, to crush it and throw it away.

When we passed through Hammersmith, I showed her where Mr. Matthew Pocket lived, and said it was no great way from Richmond, and that I hoped I should see her sometimes.

"Oh yes, you are to see me; you are to come when you think proper; you are to be mentioned to the family; indeed you are already mentioned."

I inquired was it a large household she was going to be a member of?

"No; there are only two; mother and daughter. The mother is a lady of some station, I believe, though not averse to increasing her income."

"I wonder Miss Havisham could part with you again so soon."

"It is a part of Miss Havisham's plans for me, Pip," said Estella, with a sigh, as if she were tired; "I am to write to her constantly and see her regularly, and report how I go on—I and the jewels—for they are nearly all mine now."

It was the first time she had ever called me by my name. Of course she did so, purposely, and knew that I should treasure it up.

We came to Richmond all too soon, and our destination there, was a house by the Green; a staid old house, where hoops and powder and patches, embroidered coats rolled stockings ruffles and swords, had had their court days many a time. Some ancient trees before the house were still cut into fashions as formal and unnatural as the hoops and wigs and stiff skirts; but their own allotted places in the great procession of the dead were not far off, and they would soon drop into them and go the silent way of the rest.

A bell with an old voice—which I dare say in its time had often said to the house, Here is the green farthingale, Here is the diamond-hilted sword, Here are the shoes with red heels and the blue solitaire,—sounded gravely in the moonlight, and two cherry-coloured maids came fluttering out to receive Estella. The doorway soon absorbed her boxes, and she gave me her hand and a smile, and said good night, and was absorbed likewise. And still I stood looking at the house, thinking how happy I should be if I lived there with her, and knowing that I never was happy with her, but always miserable.

I got into the carriage to be taken back to Hammersmith, and I got in with a bad heart-ache, and I got out with a worse heart-ache. At our own door, I found little Jane Pocket coming home from a little party escorted by her little lover; and I envied her little lover, in spite of his being subject to Flopson.

Mr. Pocket was out lecturing; for, he was a most delightful lecturer on domestic economy, and his treatises on the management of children and servants were considered the very best text-books on those themes. But Mrs. Pocket was at home, and was in a little difficulty, on account of the baby's having been accommodated with a needle-case to keep him quiet during the unaccountable absence (with a relative in the Foot Guards) of Millers. And more needles were missing than it could be regarded as quite wholesome for a patient of such tender years either to apply externally or to take as a tonic.

Mr. Pocket being justly celebrated for giving most excellent practical advice, and for having a clear and sound perception of things and a highly judicicious mind, I had some notion in my heart-ache of begging him to accept my confidence. But happening to look up at Mrs.

Pocket as she sat reading her book of dignities after prescribing Bed as a sovereign remedy for baby, I thought—Well—No, I wouldn't.

ARCTIC AND ANTARCTIC LANDS.

In the year of our Lord eight hundred and sixty, or just one thousand years ago, it is recorded that Iceland was visited and colonised by the old Norwegian Vikings, and although we are led to understand that these enterprising and systematic explorers had been preceded by the Irish in the discovery of the island, we may still consider that to them and to that time are due the honour of first settling within the arctic lands of the earth.

The northern main land of Norway and the islands adjacent within the arctic circle were soon after discovered, and were then, as they are now, inhabited by Laplanders, a people differing but little from the Esquimaux (or Eskimos as they are now sometimes written). The discovery and occupation of Greenland rapidly succeeded that of Iceland, and then followed the first recorded visit of civilised men to the main land of America. These early voyagers reached the new continent at a point far to the south of that ideal line marked in the maps as the arctic circle, and at a time long enough before the birth of Columbus, to admit of the whole affair being lost sight of in Europe, if, indeed, it ever entered into general knowledge in countries south of Scandinavia.

As is the case with all very difficult and dangerous undertakings, there have never been wanting, from the earliest times till now, a constant succession of volunteers whose great aim was to penetrate as far as possible beyond the limits within which navigation was comparatively easy. As navigation improved, these limits, of course, extended, and from time to time important additions were made to our knowledge of the geography of the ice-bound lands and dangerous waters of the arctic seas. At length, it became a mania amongst navigators to determine whether or no there existed a north-west passage to India. In other words, whether there was anywhere a continuous land communication between the old and new worlds.

It cannot be said that this question was fairly set at rest till the ships of Sir John Franklin, starting from Europe by Davis' Straits and Baffin's Bay, actually sailed through the islands of the arctic archipelago, that intervene between the northern lands of America and the north pole, into waters previously reached from the Pacific side. Unfortunately, not one living soul has come back to inform us of this result, which has only been discovered by the successive efforts of other explorers, of whom Sir L. McClintoch is the latest. He, in fact, succeeded in doing the same thing, discovering the remains of Sir John Franklin's party, and returning in safety to tell us of the result. Previous to McClintoch's return, but after Sir John Franklin's ships had completed their passage from Atlantic to Pacific waters, Captain, afterwards Sir Robert McClure, passed through a strait connecting the two oceans, and was thus the successful claimant of the Parliamentary reward that had been offered for the discovery of a north-western passage.

Within the arctic circle there is a considerable extent of land and numerous channels of water which may be traversed during a part of almost every year, subject, indeed, to the varieties of season and the time at which the winter ice breaks up. Whole chapters of physical geography and natural history, and many important and interesting facts concerning the human family, are connected with and arise out of the discoveries there made, while the ant-arctic circle—the corresponding region round the south pole of the earth—is singularly barren of facts and interest.

The map of the south polar regions, indeed, contains scarcely more than a few dotted and detached lines showing where hardy and venturous navigators have been stopped in their progress by hopeless barriers of ice, and it bears but few marks of a continued and successful search. Any important discovery in that part of the world seems almost impossible, for even though it may be determined that land exists, its boundaries can hardly be traced, owing to vast and irregular barriers of ice that projects beyond it and renders it inacessible. There is, however, one exception to the usual outer barrier in "South Victoria" land, where a deep inlet was entered by Captain Sir John Ross in 1841, and he was enabled to advance up it nearly eight hundred miles, or almost to the eightieth parallel of south latitude, thus arriving within a couple of hundred miles of the nearest distance hitherto reached by explorers towards the opposite or northern pole. Elsewhere, however, the ice is almost everywhere not only compact, but forms so complete a barrier as to shut out all access at latitudes corresponding to those which, in Europe, possess inhabited towns and people in a high state of civilisation. Thus, in South Georgia, an island whose position in latitude about corresponds with that of the Isle of Man and the adjacent north coast of Ireland, Captain Cook describes the head of the bay he visited as well as two places on each side to have been "terminated by perpendicular ice cliffs of considerable height, pieces of which were continually breaking off and floating out to sea. A great fall happened while we were in the bay which made a noise like a cannon. The wild rocks raised their lofty summits till they were lost in the clouds, and the valleys lay covered with everlasting snow; not a tree was to be seen, nor a shrub even big enough to make a toothpick."

The Southern Ocean has generally been found navigable with only occasional interruptions from ice to about sixty-five degrees south latitude (very near the antarctic circle), but though not yet traced throughout, continuous and impassable ice seems to extend in an almost unbroken line at this latitude, in a position

which in the northern hemisphere would include Spitzbergen, Nova Zembla, Iceland, Greenland, and Lapland, besides a wide tract in northern Asia and America, and the whole of the recently-discovered arctic archipelago between Davis's and Behring's Straits.

Victoria Land, marked by the presence of lofty volcanic mountains, one of which, Mount Erebus, upwards of twelve thousand feet high, was in an active state at the time of the visit of Captain Ross, is entirely enclosed in thick ice so as to be almost unapproachable. All the land is thus covered except where the volcanic flames and lava have slightly melted the snow, which commences a few hundred feet below the crater and is then continued far out to sea. No other animals than birds, and no vegetation, seems to exist in these inhospitable regions. A similar condition has been recorded of other smaller islands in much warmer latitudes and where elevation above the sea is inconsiderable, so that practically it would be useless to visit these islands for any purpose connected with human interests, unless, indeed, they may yield guano; having long been in the undisturbed possession of hosts of marine birds. The seas around them, however, yield large stores of whales and other valuable marine animals.

Whatever may be hereafter made out with regard to antarctic land, which we may state is very probably of wide extent, and certainly lofty, it is certain that so long as the climate and circumstances remain as they are now in the southern hemisphere, this land must be unapproachable, and totally barren and desolate.

No doubt the strange and gloomy contest between Neptune in his sternest mood and Pluto that always rages there, the eruptions of Mounts Erebus and Terror, as well as the lava floods from lower volcanoes which are quenched in the eternal snows, and cannot be even appreciably affected by floods of molten rock poured forth under ice instead of water: no doubt all this must totally unfit such a part of the earth for the larger animals. Accordingly, it happens that no quadrupeds at all, and none but aquatic and aerial animals, exist in the southern hemisphere, in latitudes far nearer the equator than those in which the highest development of the human race, accompanied by abundant and varied animal and vegetable life, occurs in Europe and its adjacent islands.

It is curious and very interesting to contrast the conditions of the earth near its two polar extremities, and to notice how totally and entirely they differ in many important respects, while, on the other hand, they are bound together by some common links even where one would least expect to find them. Within a circle whose radius is about five hundred miles at the north, and eight hundred miles at the south, and where centre in each case is the ideal pole of the earth, there is a tract of land or water that no human eye has seen, and which perhaps no mortal foot will ever touch. Whether the icy barrier is such as to ensure this permanently, or whether there be, as has been suggested, a space of open and comparatively warm water immediately round the north pole, the extreme difficulty of passing the icy barrier must tend to prevent future explorers from endeavouring to penetrate much further than they have done already. Practically, therefore, there is no probability of important advance within this charmed circle in the north, and much less chance of any considerably nearer approach towards the south pole than has yet been attained.

But we have already a large accumulation of facts ascertained with regard to both regions, by men who seem to have pushed human endurance and hardihood to their utmost limit, and fortunately in each case the facts are not only in themselves valuable, because positive, but many of them are almost as valuable for the inferences deduced from them as for themselves. A few illustrations on each department will show how completely this is the case, and how little really remains to be made out even in these blank areas covered with eternal snow and ice.

The two poles of the earth at the present time well exemplify the conditions of certain large districts of our globe, at distinct geological epochs, between which epochs the distribution of land and water in the vicinity had completely changed in important respects. The reason of this will be easily seen if we compare the actual quantity of land in the northern and southern hemispheres generally, the relative proportion of land in the north and south temperate zones, the different elevation of the land in each case, whether of the whole mass or the chief mountain chains, and the marine currents that carry water from the equator northwards or southwards.

In the northern hemisphere, as the reader will easily see by consulting a globe, almost all the principal land of the earth, except South America, Africa, and Australia, is not only north of the equator, but actually within the north temperate zone. So little either of Asia or America is indeed excluded, while the whole of Europe, without exception, is included within this area, that the north temperate zone is essentially, and of all others, the terrestrial portion of our globe. Almost all the land, however, terminates at or near the seventieth parallel, and the chief land within the arctic circle (except Greenland, which is doubtful), consists of detached islands unconnected with Europe, Asia, or America.

On the other hand, in the southern hemisphere, there is almost no land in the temperate zone, what there is hardly reaching the latitude of England, while the antarctic circle, which is almost unapproachable, appears to be so owing to the presence of a vast tract of continuous land, which attains, near the pole, an elevation amounting to between ten to fifteen thousand feet above the sea level.

In the northern waters again are currents conveying a very high temperature along the surface of the ocean, quite as far as the arctic circle, and even beyond it. In the south, the oceanic surface currents are chiefly cold, and proceed from the polar seas, any return current being out of sight and hardly influential.

It is a prevalent idea amongst those inhabiting the shores of the north polar sea, and of others who have studied the accounts of navigators at various periods, that there is a gradual elevation going on in the vicinity of the north pole, tending to increase the quantity of ice, diminish the moisture and temperature of the winds, and thus gradually lower and deteriorate the climate of the north temperate zone. Large quantities of drift wood, at levels which the sea now never reaches, and sea channels marked in old maps, where now no channel exists, are amongst the grounds for this opinion, but the tidal and other currents are so irregular, and often so considerable in these waters, that it is not safe to assume this cause without further evidence.

The barrier of ice that prevents research, and even in some cases by locking up ships endeavouring to enter the northern channels, and carrying them south with the current, induces a retrograde motion of hundreds of miles, is a far more variable and serious impediment in arctic than antarctic water. In both, however, the ice exists in all its various forms, sometimes as huge bergs or mountains broken off from glaciers, sometimes as floes and pack-ice and belts of ice originally joining on to the land, but broken off from time to time and drifting with the currents into the Atlantic, and sometimes as recently-formed ice in open water. The natural drifts to the south is greatly but singularly assisted by the northerly winds which prevail in Baffin's Bay and Davis's Straits in the summer months of the year. Those hard westerly gales, accompanied by abundant cold rain and even hail, occasionally blowing in the waters round our own islands and across England, indicated by a great depression of the mercury both in the barometer and thermometer, are derived from the unfavourable state of the season within the arctic circle, and offer poor promise of fine weather in our climate when prevailing in the early part of the year near the vernal equinox.

The extreme cold of the polar regions of the earth is a subject which has long attracted general attention, and is certainly very remarkable during the long cloudless night of winter, when the radiation into space continues without interruption. But there is scarcely any part of the land within the arctic circle where the heat of the summer sun is not sufficient to admit not only of a melting of the snow down to the earth's surface, but also to promote a vegetation more or less abundant. Everywhere in arctic America and Siberia the trees freeze to their centres in winter, and are not thawed till the end of March or beginning of April, but a few weeks suffices to develop the various plants for flowering as well as to cause the leaves to show themselves on the thawed trees. The winter frost, however, penetrates far deeper than the summer thaw, for we are told of places in Siberia where the frozen soil is penetrated nearly four hundred feet before water is obtained in a fluid state, while the ice is obtained under the summer coating of vegetation at a depth of three or four feet at the most. Within the antarctic circle the conditions are so much more severe than in the arctic, that no vegetation whatever seems able to exist, not even lichens growing on the cliffs, even when the snow cannot lie on them owing to their steepness. Birds, however, there are, and therefore no doubt there are also plenty of fish, while the most minute forms of life such as abound in the deep water of the Atlantic have been found living in the ice itself in latitude 78° S, although the temperature there never rises much above the freezing point of water, and constantly descends very far indeed below the zero of Fahrenheit's thermometer, remaining there a long time without change.

The arctic quadrupeds form a noble group, strangely contrasting in number, magnitude, and variety, with the total absence of quadrupeds in the lands far south. The useful rein-deer, the gigantic musk-ox, the great white bear, and the argali of the Rocky Mountains, are all really important quadrupeds and belong to the arctic circle, frequenting the most northerly lands that man has yet reached. The rein-deer retires during the extreme cold of winter to the nearest woods, which again they leave in May for the sea. They belong to the whole range of extreme northern land, and are much more widely spread than the musk oxen. Like the rein-deer, these latter animals must be regarded as having lived through a long geological period, and they serve to connect the period when the elephant and rhinoceros inhabited the northernmost European and Asiatic lands with the present time, although these latter tribes have now receded almost to the tropics. Seals, walruses, and whales are common in most of the shores of arctic land, and, like the white bear, wander far out on the ice. In case of need they are independent, and can all remain and find food for a long time without approaching land. Incredible multitudes of birds are found in almost every rocky island throughout the polar regions, both north and south, and most of them migrate to lands somewhat warmer for breeding purposes. There are, indeed, in the north, some land birds, such as the ptarmigan, the raven, and the snowy owl, but they are not so abundant, and are not at all represented at the opposite pole. Fish are incredibly plentiful; herrings, the white fish, and a kind of salmon haunting the sea, and trout of various kinds the fresh waters. The sturgeon also is well known.

No part of the natural history of the polar regions is more curious or interesting than that which relates to their geological structure, and the kind of fossils or organic remains found in the rocks. It requires, indeed, no slight effort to shake off the impression that polar land must at all times and under all conditions have partaken of that barren and unfriendly character which we fancy it now exhibiting; it is so difficult to realise the possibility of conditions under which a reasonably high temperature and a tolerably equable climate should have characterised these districts, that when geology points to such conditions as having obtained in former times, we are naturally cautious in admitting

the inference. We revert to the theory of central heat—of a change in the position of the earth's axis, or with an amusing theorist we are willing to believe that the earth turns its external coat or skin inside out—admitting anything, in fact, rather than suppose what is probably the case, that a change produced gradually in the relative position and distribution of the land in a manner quite consistent with experience, affords sufficient explanation of all the phenomena.

The circumpolar regions have beyond a doubt a distinct geological relation with the continents to which they are adjacent. Granite, granitic, and other crystalline rocks, apparently of a very ancient date, prevail in many parts near the arctic circle, as they do in Scandinavia and in the northernmost parts of North America, and rocks of very old date, referred to the Silurian period of geologists, and consisting of limestones abounding with fossils, occupy a considerable tract on the land bordering on the American boundary of the Arctic Ocean and the archipelago that extends northwards from it. These limestone beds are not, however, of the same age, nor are the fossils identical. They indicate succession, and some difference in the condition of the sea.

Carboniferous limestone and even beds of true coal of some thickness and extent, are developed rather largely in and near Melville Island, one of the larger and most northerly groups of the great arctic archipelago, in latitude nearly approaching to 80°. This deposit probably corresponds with some of those worked in the continent of America far to the south, and seems to have been formed of similar vegetation. Such vegetation does not now approach these northerly lands.

Coming to rocks of more modern date, we find the secondary series represented by the borders of a basin measuring nearly three hundred miles from east to west in latitude 77°, and ranging on the whole south of the line of carboniferous rocks. Not only are shells here found in limestone and sandstone belonging to the lower part of the oolitic period, but the bones of one of those gigantic fish-lizards, for which the lias beds of Lyme Regis and Whitby are so famous, were brought away from the east side of Baffin's Bay by Sir Edward Belcher, and are preserved for comparison.

A poor kind of sulphurous coal of a much more modern date (tertiary), is worked at Disco in Greenland, and is found in some of the islands off the Mackenzie River. Near the latter place there is a considerable bed of similar material of better quality, while trunks of trees covered with flint layers of pipeclay, alternating with leaves and small blocks of altered vegetable matter that takes fire almost spontaneously, mark the continuance of action in these desolate regions, from the earliest times to the present day. Very large deposits similar to those of most recent date, are still being formed at the mouths of some of the rivers, and in other convenient positions. "The wood hills of New Siberia," says Hedenström, "can be seen at a distance of seventy miles. They consist of horizontal beds of sandstone, alternating with bituminous beams or trunks of trees to the height of a hundred and eighty feet." They seem to be actually of human origin, and large as they are, have probably been placed where we find them by the Eskimos, but there are no traditions of their origin beyond the superstition that they are subterranean trees of Adam's time, and the wood is so far altered as to indicate the lapse of a long period since they were placed.

The facts with regard to the existence of whole carcases of elephants, rhinoceroses, and other large animals buried in the frozen cliffs of Siberia, and the trade in elephants' tusks that supplied Europe with ivory during some centuries from these deposits, have been too often narrated to justify more than a reference to them here. It is, however, as difficult to overrate the importance of these phenomena as it is to exaggerate the number and variety of the instances where such things have been seen, and although, no doubt, the original owners of these débris were migratory, and therefore adapted to a very different climate from that of the country in which they were finally overtaken by some unusual cause of destruction, still great changes must have occurred to admit of the growth of the vegetable food that would be required even for their temporary subsistence. There is, as we have already said, some reason to believe that the climate is even now changing, and the vegetation actually receding still further away from the pole. Many of the islands have certainly been covered, at no distant date, by much larger timber than now grows upon them.

There is of necessity very little known of the geology of the antarctic land. The whole of that deep inlet visited by Sir James Ross, as well as other land described, is girdled completely with solid ice of great thickness, so that even volcanic rocks were only seen where the snow had been melted from the hot ashes of the burning cone. In all places, however, within the limits of the antartic circle where land has been reached, it appears to be little more than a repetition of old volcanic deposits.

The human inhabitants of the arctic region of the earth—in the antarctic there are absolutely none—are limited to a few well marked tribes, of which the Eskimos (Esquimaux), the Samoyeds, and the Lapps are the chief. The Eskimos are very widely spread, and are a well indicated race of pure blood and fair growth. Their egg-shaped faces and Mongol expression has generally been observed by travellers; the eye is small and placed obliquely, the nose broad and depressed, the lips thick, and the hair black and coarse. They tattoo; each tribe having a particular pattern, and some of the western tribes cut holes in the lower lip to insert ornaments of bone, metal, or stone. They live in log-houses closed with snow, in an atmosphere which to a European is quite unendurable, and feed almost without exception on animal food, rejecting scarcely any part, and hardly cooking at all. They migrate to a certain extent, travelling for a distance of several hundred miles to meet and traffic with other tribes. They also receive and

exchange amongst themselves many articles of Russian manufacture, for which they pay much more than the value in fossil ivory, furs and seal-skins. They are orderly and quiet people in their intercourse with each other, and with strangers, although lively and talkative enough in society; but they are inveterate thieves and liars, like almost all savage and half-civilised peoples. As they do not marry young, and the women suckle their children till about four years of age, the families are generally small. Their language is peculiar, and appears to be little varied amongst the numerous tribes along the extended line of coast inhabited by their race.

The Samoyeds are intermediate in character between the Eskimos and the Lapps, and they occupy the north-eastern promontory of Asia, approaching nearer the north pole than the Eskimos, except those of the north-western extremity of Greenland and the opposite shore of Smith's Sound. They are an inferior people to the Eskimos, though in many important respects resembling them, and appear to be driven into the corner of land they now inhabit by the pressure of adjoining tribes of greater energy. The Lapps, however, are even ruder and coarser than the Samoyeds, and rank among the lowest of the white races. Living nearer to civilised man in Europe, they have embraced Christianity in a very imperfect manner, and are better known than their companion tribes of the arctic circle, but they are a particularly dwarfish race, with large heads, broad faces, flat noses, small eyes, large mouth, long thick beards, thin legs, and long arms. They are confined to the northern extremity of Scandinavia, and may be said to depend on the rein-deer for their very existence.

The relation of external geographical and climatal conditions on the progress of the human race, is a fact which it requires little illustration to prove, though a very long and interesting disquisition might be written concerning it. But if we take into consideration the changes that take place in climate, and their dependence on other changes always and inevitably proceeding, and tending to alter and rearrange the whole of the solid matter or land of our globe, we shall soon see how important it becomes to consider fairly such a case as that afforded by the land and water, the climate and habitable portion of the arctic and antarctic lands. In the one we have much land within a moderate distance of the arctic circle, the land having moderate elevation, and most part of it breaking up into islands in the higher latitudes. In the other we have scarcely any adjacent land outside the antarctic circle, but much, and some of it at least very lofty land, almost immediately within. In the north the land seems to die away entirely in the highest latitudes known, and in the south in the one only accessible inlet we find lofty mountains at the furthest point. In the north the climate in those lands between the fortieth parallel and the arctic circle, may be said to be of all known lands the most convenient for the full exercise of the human intellects, faculties, and instincts. In the south, with the exception of Tasmania and part of New Zealand, there are no lands in which men live in a civilised state, between latitude forty degrees south and the south pole, and the climate in most parts of that vast area is totally unadapted for human requirements. Such are the simple facts of the case brought within a few sentences.

Now let the reader consider the inevitable result should certain changes take place in the position of land and water. In the first place, let us suppose the case exactly inverted, and it must be at once seen that the south would become the seat of civilisation and the north of barbarism, for there can be nothing but the relative position of the land and water to cause the overwhelming difference in climate. If the former were interchanged, the latter would be also.

But let us consider what would happen if certain minor and preparatory changes should occur. Let us suppose a gradual sinking of land over the whole north temperate zone, and a corresponding rise near the equator and within the arctic circle. The more land and the higher the land thus produced, the more continuous and thicker would become the coating of snow and ice upon it. The winter's frost, which even now penetrates in all the circumpolar lands to a great depth through the sand and gravel, would soon cease to be affected at all by the summer sun. The warm current from the Gulf of Mexico would be diverted and dissipated, the hot summers of Europe, Asia, and America would cease to exist, and the depressed land would acquire the low mean temperature of the ocean—ice would soon come down as it once did on all the mountain valleys of Europe, and icebergs loaded with blocks and boulders would be stranded on the plains. The vegetation would be destroyed, and numerous races of quadrupeds and birds would disappear, while others stronger and more easily adapted to change would become predominant. Europe and America would then come back to what geologists call the glacial period.

But if, at the same time, numerous islands and tracts of land were rising in the south temperate zone, while the south polar lands were sinking, the warm moist average temperature of New Zealand, with its lofty trees and rich luxuriant fern vegetation, would first extend over a wider area, and perhaps a connexion might be formed in time by means of Australia with India on the one side, and by a chain of islands or continuous mainland with South America on the other. By degrees the glaciers of Patagonia, now abundant and near the sea in the latitude of the Mediterranean shores, would retire up into the higher recesses of the Andes, and present phenomena like those afforded now abundantly in the Alps. A way would be opened for new tribes of animals to multiply and people the earth in this quarter, and the tropical races of Africa and America would perhaps advance southward, gradually adapting themselves to the altered circumstances, so soon as the reduction of the high southern land and the formation of an open ocean instead of a huge barrier of ice

should have paved the way. The elephant and tapir, the rhinoceros and hippopotamus, and the numerous other allied animals whose remains are found in most parts of Europe, mixed up with gravel and buried in caverns, and even others less known and less like existing races, such as those whose existence was first made out by Cuvier from the bones in the Paris basin, might be conceived without much difficulty to occupy a place in land thus formed, which we may suppose would consist of a large archipelago, the islands admitting a certain amount of intercommunication, in consequence of the set of marine currents from the equator towards the pole.

In this way the general reader may understand the argument of geology in reference to these supposed changes of land and climate. The change of climate follows inevitably on the alteration and relative position of the land, and this is a phenomenon which we have the best reason for believing is constantly going on in all parts of the earth.

But we may be asked what is the extent of this alteration, and is it not so small that within human experience it can hardly, if at all, be measured. This introduces another consideration, that of the time required to effect a certain amount of change, and the geologist, no doubt, makes large claims on us for this element in the problem. As, however, we have no intention here to discuss the whole subject, the suggestion is merely thrown out with the remark that time is required to explain many things in human history as well as in natural history, in all its departments. The object here is rather to show that these curious and complete modifications of climate, which must be assumed to have taken place if we wish to account rationally for natural phenomena of the kind we have been considering, are to be explained by very simple and sufficient reasons, and connect themselves naturally enough with other matters that we learn from observation. The subject of arctic and antarctic land possesses abundant interest in this as well as in other ways, not only to the general reader, but to the naturalist and geologist.

MOHAMMED.

Mohammed, the divine (ere yet his name
Blazed on the front of everlasting fame),
Withdrew into the desert, and abode
Hard by Mount Hara, long alone with God.
But from the solitude his soul swept forth,
And view'd the world; east, west, and south, and north;
And saw the weakness of it, and the sin;
And how the people murmur'd as in Zin,
Yet lackt the heavenly food: how, on each side,
The Roman and the Persian in their pride
Were perishing from power; and how the Jew
Defamed Jehovah; while the Christian crew,
Wrangling around a desecrated Christ,
Blacken'd the Light of God with smoke and mist
Of idol-incense: how, in midst of this
Confusion crumbling down to the abyss,
A void was, day by day, and hour by hour,
Forming fit verge and scope for some new Power:
And he perceived that every Power is good
First, (since it comes from God, be it understood,)
But, after resting many years on earth,
Power dwindles from the primal strength of birth,
Grows weak, then gets confused, and last goes mad;
And therefore every Power grown weak is bad.
And whilst he thought on this, and thought, beside,
How nothing now was wanting to provide
That novel Power which should regenerate
Mankind, renew God's will, and re-create
Creation, but just one bold man's strong will,
Mohammed's secret thoughts were troubled, till
They made a darkness on his countenance.

Then Omar timidly rais'd up his glance
Upon the Prophet's face. . . . Omar, his friend;
Who, in the wilderness to watch and tend
Upon him, stole from Mecca when the light
Was going out, and, footing the deep night,
At daybreak found him in the wilderness;
And all day long, beneath an intense stress
Of silence, breathing low, was fain to lie
Just tolerated by the kingly eye
Of his great friend, in striving to become
Like a mere piece of the rock's self, so dumb
And grey, and motionless. . . . Omar at last
Lookt up, and saw Mohammed's face o'ercast,
And murmured, "O Mohammed, art thou sad?"
But still that other seem'd as though he had
Nor seen, nor heard, him. Omar then arose
And crept a little nearer, and sat close
Against the skirting of his robe, and said
"Mohammed, peace be with thee!" But his head
Mohammed lifted not, nor answered aught.
Then Omar said again, "What is thy thought
Mohammed?" And Mohammed answered: "Friend,
A sad thought, which I think you will not mend.
For first, I thought upon the mighty world
Which lies beyond this wilderness, unfurl'd
Like a great chart to read in. And I saw
How in all places the old power and law
Is falling off. Again, I thought upon
My Arabs in the ages coming on,
And all they might be, should be, but are not.
And if, I thought, I tell this people what
God, who speaks to me in the solitude,
Hath bid me tell them, the lewd multitude
Will mock me, crying, 'Who made thee to be
A teacher of us?' If I answer 'He
Whose name is Very God, and God Alone,
He, and none other,' surely they will stone
Or tear me. For though I, to prove the Lord
Hath sent me to them, should proclaim His word,
They will not heed it. Men were never wise
(And never will be yet) to recognise
God, when He speaks by law and order; since
In these there's nothing startling to convince
The jaded sense of those who day by day
See law and order working every way
Aronnd them,—yet in vain! And still God speaks
Only by law and order: never breaks
The old law even to release the new
But men are ever eager, when they view
Some seeming strange disorder, to exclaim
'A god! a god!' They think they hear God's name
In thunder and in earthquake, but are deaf
To the low lispings of the fallen leaf
And the soft hours. As tho' it were God's way,
To make man's mere bewilderment obey
Some one of His immutably-fixt laws
By breaking of another,—for no cause
Better than set a-gaping apes and fools,
Ruling His world by flawing His own rules!
A worthy way. Sure am I, if anon
Some mighty-mouthèd prodigy . . . . yon stone

Say, dumb as Pharaoh in his pyramid,
Should suddenly find tongue; and, speaking, bid
The hearers worship me, . . . or where, below
There, like a mangled serpent trailing slow,
The camel path twists in and out the rocks,
Yon sandy fissure (which the sly bitch-fox
Would choose well for her yellow nursery)
Gave forth a voice; to every passer-by
Proclaiming me the Appointed One, . . . they all
Would straightway grovel at my feet, and call
Heaven to attest how they believed; each thief
And liar sweating forth his hot belief!
But 'twill not be."

After a little pause,
"Why not?" askt Omar.

"Why not, friend? Because,"
Mohammed answered, "Allah will not bring
His heaven and earth together, just to wring
Credence from things so incapacious, slight,
And void as these. Nor, tho' his own hand write
The wondrous warrant to this life of mine,
Dare I so much as publish the divine
Commission. Still the cautious earth and skies
Keep close the secret. Let who will, be wise!
God shuts me in the hollow of His hand;
Tho' in my heart I read His clear command,
'Go forth, and preach!'" With petulant foot, he spurn'd
The placid pebbles from him.

Omar turn'd
His forehead, bright with sudden bravery, up;
And all his face flow'd over (as a cup
From which the wine spills) with a rosy thought.
"And God does well!" he murmured, "though by nought
Mohammed proved a mightier miracle
(And sure, God's gracious gift!) than is the spell
Thou hast to sway to thine my inmost heart,
Do I, undoubtingly, believe thou art
The Man Appointed; yet, indeed, for such
As these of whom thou speakest, needing much
More gross and vulgar warrant for belief,
Incompetent to see in thee the chief
Of Prophets, by the palely-dominant brow,
And eyes from which the ministrant seraphs bow
Their brows abasht, O wherefore need God send
A miracle more mighty than a Friend
Who loves . . ."

"A friend?"

—"I say, what miracle
Diviner than the heart that can love well?"
"So well?" Mohammed faltered. "Even so,"
Said Omar, drooping faint his head, as though
The effort to uplift that heavy weight
Of his devoted passion proved too great,
And dragg'd him down to earth.

Mohammed sat
Gasping against the silence: staring at
The man before him, with a smouldering eye:
Whilst his hand shut and opened silently,
As though the fiend's black forelock, slipping thro'
His clammy clutch, just foil'd him: and the hue
Waxed into whiteness on his swarthy cheek.
Then Omar, when Mohammed would not speak,
Rais'd up his eyes, and lookt as tho' in doubt
Of what strange thing the silence was about.

And Omar said, "Mohammed, let thy slave
Find favour in thy sight! albeit I have
No wit in council. Get thee privily
Again to Mecca. Leave this night to me.
To-morrow stand up in the market-place
And plead against the people, face to face,
And call them hither; prophesying they,
By signs and miracles along the way,
Shall know The Man Appointed. I, meanwhile,
Will creep into yon crevice—Ha! dost smile
Mohammed? dost approve the thing I mean?—
Will creep into the crevice; and, unseen,
Await the multitude, which must come by,
Thou guiding. Unto whom a voice shall cry,
'This is Mohammed! I, the Lord of Heaven,
Make known to all this people I have given
To him to preach My law, that he should be
My prophet to all nations under Me.'
Smile! smile again, Mohammed! only smile
Less terribly upon me! of the vile
The vilest, yet thy servant, awful one!
Less terribly, Mohammed!—Then, anon
When all the place is silent, the crowd far,
Far out of sight, and nothing save yon star
To witness, I will steal out of the cave"—

"Ha?"

"O Mohammed, am I not thy slave?
Look not so fiercely on me!—And far off
Follow the silly people. Who will scoff,
Who will misdoubt thee, then? . . . Mohammed, speak!"

Mohammed spoke not. All the Prophet's cheek
Was wan with supernatural ravage; down
In curdling wrinkles crept a heavy frown,
That heap'd the throbbing bases of his brow
With horror; his hard eyes seemed settling slow
On what *they* only saw, . . . or Gabriel
With warning hand, or Iblis hot from hell,
With glowing finger: then, a shudder past
Over his face, and left it calm at last
As battle-fields where battles have been won,
Or lost, and Death lies smiling.

"Be it, my son,
As thou hast spoken. This is God's command,"
Mohammed said, and laid a heavy hand
On Omar's shoulder. "I to Mecca go
This night: at dawn, as thou hast said, so do."

And all night long, over the silent sand,
Under the silent stars, across the land
Mohammed fled; as though he heard the feet
Of Iblis following, and a voice repeat,
Close at his ear, monotonous and slow,
"Thou wouldst have had this man trust thee; but now,
Mohammed, thou thyself must trust to him!"
And the voice ceased not, nor the feet; till, dim
At first, then flaring in a stormy sky.
God's Dawn came out upon him angrily.

That day he stood up in the market-place,
And pleaded with the people face to face;
Pouring from urns of solitary thought
A piercing eloquence upon them; brought,
Word after word, by wondrous spirits from far,
Shrill with the music of the morning star,
Weighty with thunder. Some averr'd they saw
The light that lighted Moses (when the Law
On Sinai from God's finger he received)
Enhalo all his brow. The noon achieved
The dawn's desire. They follow'd him by flocks
On to the desert, in and out the rocks.
And ever as they journey'd, in their van
A thunder-cloud, which since the dawn began
Had labour'd to demolish half the sky,
Travell'd to reach Mount Hara, and there die.
And still the people follow'd; and, beside
The mountain halting, heard a voice which cried
(Out of a rocky fissure, the ground story
Of some wild coney's dusty dormitory),

"This is Mohammed, I, the Lord of Heaven,
Proclaim to all this people I have given
To him to preach my law, that he should be
My prophet to all nations under Me!"
And, as the voice ceased, suddenly a streak
Of forkt fire flicker'd from a riven creek
In the spent cloud, which, splitting overhead,
Bellow'd. And all the people cried, and said:
"The Voice of God!" And then did each man fall
Flat at the Prophet's feet, and, grovelling, call
On Heaven's Appointed . . . "Speak, Mohammed, speak!"

Mohammed spoke not. All the Prophet's cheek
Was wan with supernatural ravage: down
In curdling wrinkles cold, a creepy frown
Drawn to the ruffled eyebrow, bath'd his brow
With clammy change; his eyeballs harden'd slow,
Fixt to some freezing fancy . . . Gabriel
Watching, dismay'd, or Iblis (who shall tell?)
Mocking approval: then a shudder past
Over his face, and left it calm at last
As battle-fields where battles have been won,
Or lost, and Death lies smiling.
Blocks of stone,
Tumbled by ages in the rifted sand,
Burn'd white about the lion-colour'd land,
And, beaten by a blinding sunlight, made
Blots, in a glaring blank, of sprinkled shade.
Mohammed stretcht his hand (not Moses' rod
Won easier reverence!) . . . "Ay, the Voice of God
Hath spoken, not to be misunderstood,
This day unto us. Therefore it seems good
To build, O friends, an altar to the Lord,
Here on the spot from whence the wondrous word
Hath issued. And see! Nature, warn'd before
Of this forecast event, hath furnisht store
Of stone to build with. Never, from this day,
Be it averr'd that any beast of prey
Or reptile base hath been allow'd to dwell
Where God first housed His holy oracle!
Cram every crevice of this mountain flaw.
Leave not a loophole for the libbard's paw,
A cranny that a mouse could wriggle through!
If anything unclean hath crept into
This mouth of earth, where Heaven's high Voice abode
Ere while,—rat, viper, adder, worm, or toad,
There let it perish 'neath a costlier tomb
Than ever reptile own'd. Seal up the womb
Of this dread prodigy. Hark! from yon cloud
Above us, Spirits of the thunder, bow'd
To watch, grow wild, impatient to be gone.
Begin the work. Pile strong with ponderous stone
The altar. Bear ye each his burthen. Nay,
None but myself the first firm stone shall lay
Unto this sacred fabric!" . . .
Then, himself,
Fiercely dislodging from its sandy shelf
A mighty mountain fragment, roll'd with might
And main the rock-surrender'd offering right
Against the cave; and turn'd himself about,
And hid his face . . . (in prayer, as who shall doubt?)
And when the people heard this, they were glad
Exceedingly: not only to have had
No heavier task enjoin'd them; but because,
If any man profane had dared to pause
And doubt till then, he certes had no choice
But to believe henceforth: for, if the voice
Were nothing more than human, the command
Was something less. Could mere Ambition stand
Thus, calmly contemplating stone by stone,
The immurement of some creature of its own?
And so they hearten'd to the work, until
The rocky altar rose against the hill,
And then Mohammed blest it.
And that day,
Upon that altar, Providence, they say,
Founded a new Religion; which, thus reared
In the lone desert, spread, and soon ensphered
The quadripartite world. But, from that day,
Mohammed went no more to pray
On Hara, as his wont had been before.
For him the sweet of solitude was o'er.

[It is but just to the memory of the Prophet to mention that this poem is grounded on an uncharitable Christian legend, which is supported by no shadow of authority in any Mohammedan record. It is mentioned in one of the dialogues of Vanini (de admirandis Naturæ, reginæ deæque mortalium Arcanis), and Vanini, no doubt, made use of it without scruple, to serve a general purpose.]

IN PERIL UNDERGROUND.

My comrades and I were underground and hard at work two full hours before sunrise. Our work lay in a part of the coal mine, far away from where the general work was carried on, and was on this account comparatively lonely and remote. We were employed in driving a pair of drifts through a barrier of coal which divided the workings of two coal-pits situate in the north of England. But before I proceed further, it will be necessary to describe the workings of the two pits, and their relation to each other.

The pit by which we descended was sunk near the dip of the mining property, so as to allow the water to flow in all directions towards the pump, by which it was raised to the surface. The air for ventilating the mine descended this down-cast pit. After traversing the underground workings and galleries, it was conveyed, by means of a short shaft or staple, into a coal seam, lying sixty-five feet above, and then found its way by an air-course to the ventilating furnaces at the bottom of the up-cast pit. The up-cast was distant from the down-cast about one mile, and its lowest seam of coal was worked for a considerable distance down the incline or to dip ward, the strata dipping regularly to the east, at an angle of about eight degrees. All these workings which were open and extensive, had been for a number of years filled with water, through the insufficiency of the pumping engine to maintain a constant and complete drainage of the mine. And it had been thought better by the managers to suspend the working of this pit, and erect a more powerful engine at the down-cast, which was accordingly accomplished.

In order to draw off the water from the inundated works, drifts were started to be driven through the barrier which divided the workings of the two pits. They were to be driven to within twenty or thirty feet of the water, and the remaining portion of coal to be pierced by large bore-holes supplied with stopcocks, so that the water could be drained off at pleasure. Eighteen of us were employed in these drifts,

and, as we were divided into three parties of six each—each party contributing eight hours of alternating labour in the twenty-four—we kept the drifts in a constant state of progression. You will readily understand that the barrier was a long strip of coal, bounded on its upper edge by the dip of the old inundated workings of the up-cast pit, on its lower by the rise, or upper part of the workings of the down-cast; and in order to reach it we had to traverse an old headway or narrow bord, which had been reopened and made into a waggon-way to convey the coal mined in the drifts to the pit's bottom. This headway cut or intersected various bords or galleries, driven parallel to the main level of the shaft; but they were closed up at their points of intersection by firmly-built brick stoppings. From the shaft, or pit bottom, to the headway, the distance was, south, four hundred yards; and from the main level, west, up the incline of the seam, to the barrier, eight hundred yards; and the drifts had pierced the barrier, in the same direction, one hundred and eighty yards, at the time my sad tale commences. We had worked with great caution, keeping bore-holes a sufficient distance in advance, both diagonally and straightforward, to ensure our leaving a quantity of coal adequate to resist the pressure of water on our near approach to the upper edge of the barrier; and, as is necessary in coal-mining operations, we were driving a pair of drifts, connecting them by lateral galleries for the sake of ventilation.

There were enough of us together to take off that sense of extreme loneliness which one feels when working in remote places, either singly or with one companion only; and we were generally a very merry set, full of fun and cheerfulness.

Fifteen minutes in the middle of our work was the time we allowed ourselves for rest and refreshment; but we always spent these well, and made up for their shortness by the intensity of our pleasure. But one day—the last day we ever passed together—an unusual amount of gloom seemed to have settled on the whole of our little party. I was the first to attempt a conversation: I remarked that Thomson, the wildest of us all, looked very serious, and I asked him the reason. Now let me tell you that Thomson was the only gambler amongst us: he cared nothing about religion, and was seldom seriously disposed; and his wit being quick and keen, he would always try to raise a laugh against you at every opportunity that presented itself. But to day he was neither inclined to laugh himself, nor to cause others to do so. He could not have done it if he had tried, for we were all as gloomy as himself; and he explained that he had been troubled with a remarkable dream last night, which he could neither remember nor understand; nor could he account for the uneasiness which it had caused him during the day. The conversation then took a generally superstitious turn, and it was strange to find that most of us were troubled and perplexed with forebodings for which we could find no reason. Harry Walters, who had been married but three weeks, said, "Our Bessy," as he called his wife, "told me to take care of myself, and wished I was safe home again, for she felt as if something wrong would happen." James Wilson said he wished the shift was up, for he felt so anxious to get home to his wife and children he was almost tempted to leave us all. This was said more in jest than in earnest, but he added, seriously: "Little Susy this morning asked me to tell her all about heaven, for she said I had taken her there in the night, and I was to be sure to make haste home and finish the tale." John Whitehead, a pious and good man, remarked that we were in the hands of God, and we must abide by His will, let that be what it would, for we knew not the minute we might live only in the spirit." This was nothing extraordinary for Whitehead to say, as he often spoke to us in this manner; but it had the effect of stopping the conversation. I then cried out, "Let us go to work; the succeeding shift will be in upon us before we have anything done." So, we all rose simultaneously, and went to our respective working-places.

We all seemed to begin with the intention of making up for lost time, for I could hear the ringing of my comrades' picks, while the dull thumps of the bore-rods showed that they were applied more diligently than they had been before meal-time; for this morning's work had been the worst our shift had ever done during the driving of the drifts. For myself, I was doing double the duty I had done in the morning, and was beginning to feel quite cheerful, as we always do when our work yields, when suddenly there came a tremendous crash, accompanied by a violent rush of wind, which swept out all our lights and left us in darkness.

We did not stay to reflect, for we knew that something serious had happened, and to run towards the shaft was apparently the only chance left to us. And run we did. I being the youngest and most nimble, got the lead and kept it to the end of that fearful race; for it was a race in the dark down a narrow drift, and the prize was precious life itself. Being in advance, I was free from the hindrance of tumbling over my comrades, and so escaped many bruises. An extraordinarily strong current of air was steadily opposing me with great force; but on I flew, scarcely noticing it, nor did I much heed what had been at first a low rumbling noise, but which was now rapidly nearing and increasing into the roar of furious elements. I took no time to reflect on the cause of this increasing thundering noise; my only object was to gain the bottom of the pit, and for this I strained every nerve. On I flew; nearer and nearer came the horrible roar, which seemed to be close on my right-hand side; for I had now gone a considerable distance down the old headway, where the workings were on each side separated from me only by the brick stoppings at the end of each lateral gallery, as I explained. I still ran on; but now a noise burst into the headway, which convinced me that the roar proceeded from water and that the mines were inundated!

It had been too deafening and general for me to distinguish the cause before, and it was most fortunate that I understood it when I did, for another second would have plunged me into the madly rushing torrents.

The water burst through the stoppings with such force that, when it struck the angles of the opposite pillars of coal, it caused the floor and roof of the mine to shake as if convulsed by an earthquake. It seems to me as if I was then invested with the power of seeing the events taking place in all parts of the mine. The bodies of men were caught up by the currents and dashed fearfully against the jambs of the coal pillars, tearing them, as I thought, limb from limb, and drifting the parts in different directions. The most painful scene which my imagination, or perhaps something superior, forced upon my vision, was that of a little driver, eleven years of age, whom I recognised in the main waggon-way, with his horse yoked to a train of rolleys and corves. He had been in the act of driving outwards with his load, but his horse was backing and plunging. Tears were flowing fast down the poor little driver's smutty face, when a rush of water down an adjoining headway engulphed all at once—the horse, the driver, and the load. This ended a succession of visions too horrible to detail. It seemed as if I had been a considerable time witnessing such scenes, but it could not have been more than a minute.

It required all my energy to enable me to start backwards; but the splash of a body of water close to me showed the immediate necessity of this only alternative. Back I ran as fast as my now trembling limbs would carry me. I had not gone far, when I came in collision with some one running in the opposite direction. I was knocked down, and had not the faintest power to prevent my opponent from running headlong into the water. I regained my legs, and commenced a speedy retreat. I soon met my remaining companions, and prevailed on them to turn back, which I had to do by means of cuffs and signs, for we could not hear each other's voices. We all made directly to the face of the drift, where the noise was not so loud, and where we could talk to each other quite easily. Thomson was missing, and we knew too well his awful fate.

We were so confused and terror-stricken at our horrible situation that we could scarcely command our senses, and raved more like insane men than rational beings. There were lamentations, prayers, hopes, wishes, all uttered simultaneously—their poor wives and dear children—who would protect them, was their plaintive cry! Our situation was really desperate. There we were, driven into the face of a narrow drift, six feet wide by four feet high, and we could hear the water rapidly advancing, while none of us knew whether we should be spared many minutes in this life or not. About an hour afterwards we were comparatively calm, like men in a state of fretful resignation. The distant roar had gradually ceased, and I was the first to venture to the water's edge, which may have been about forty yards from the face of the drift. I found great resistance in moving, and, knowing some little trifle of pneumatics, came to the conclusion that this resistance was caused by the compression of the air; therefore, that the column of water would be kept back by the elasticity of the air, and that we were no longer in danger of being drowned. I communicated my opinions to my comrades, and then went into the other drift to reflect. My spirits rose high, and I felt extraordinary mental power; owing, I suppose, to the increased pressure of the atmosphere and the proportionate amount of oxygen. By the height of the water, and length of the drifts within the barriers, from which no air could escape, I found the pressure had increased two additional atmospheres; and by the degree of inclination, I calculated that the water would be stationary about thirty yards above the face of the drifts. The upper edge of the barriers of coal was expected to be about twenty yards further than the face, thus leaving ten or twenty yards of water above the upper edge of the barrier. It also struck me that some one would be down the up-cast pit examining the old works to endeavour to give relief to those who had been working in the upper part of the new or down-cast workings. I knew, however, that this would be probably given up as soon as the settled level of the water had been discovered; yet, with the hope of being heard, I commenced knocking on the face of the drift, and continued to do so in measured time, so that any one might recognise the knocks as proceeding from us. Most fortunately the very first blows I struck were heard: they were faintly answered by similar knocks, which appeared to us a hopeless distance off.

This, I afterwards learned, was the case; for a party of explorers were there, and were on the point of turning back in despair, when the sound of my first blows reached them. They could not tell what to make of it, nor how to account for the sounds proceeding from below the level of the water; and a sort of superstitious dread came over them as they answered the knocks by making similar ones on the nearest coal; which, however, was cut off from the barrier by a gallery, which accounted for their faintness. I immediately returned to my companions, and communicated to them my hopes of escape. They were still in a state of quiet despair, yet they agreed to keep up a system of knocking on the face of the drift, though with small hopes of good result. Knocks responding to our own, and with the same measured time, a little raised their spirits, for we knew that, if it was possible, we should get assistance. The knocks seemed to be about forty yards distant, struck on the edge of the seam, which confirmed my supposition that the upper edge of the barriers was under water. The question was, could the water be lowered by the new pumping engine, so that a drift could be driven towards us from the upper edge of the barrier? and could this be accomplished before we died of starvation?

That a drift would be driven to us we felt confident, but it might arrive too late to save life. Yet hope gleamed brightly through all the blackness, and we, one and all, looked forward to an ultimate release.

We had to suffer much. It was horrible to think that the water we were obliged to drink contained the dead bodies of all our friends and comrades; among them, my two brothers and my father, who had been working in another part of the mine, where I knew they must have been drowned. And then I thought of my mother and sisters, how they would be mourning for us all; and I prayed to be spared for their sakes. Time passed, and brought on hunger; and soon our thoughts were concentrated on our own sufferings. We had a few pounds of candles which we divided amongst us, and which we were obliged to eat very sparingly. Two of our number sickened and died very shortly after the candles were consumed; leaving but three of us to meet our fate. The poor fellows died quietly, without a murmur, and it seemed to us as if they had simply fallen asleep, when they lay dead beside us. We did not throw them into the water, for a sense of deathly sickness was settling on us, as the change from hunger to weakness was taking place. At the beginning of that trial I suffered terribly from hunger, and my mental sufferings were also great; but, as I grew weaker, my pains and sufferings diminished in proportion to my strength. Hope left us at last, and we ceased knocking on the face of the rock; but once more I collected the little remaining strength I had and struck a few blows. There was no response. Then hope flew, and I did not care to encourage it back. The last clear recollection I have, was calling Harry Walter's and Whitehead's names, and that they did not answer. I then laid down; for I felt drowsy.

What passed now seemed to be a feeble dream. I had alternating periods of light and darkness; in the light period I seemed to live, but in the dark I thought I was dead. I also faintly recollect that I considered why I did not go to the world eternal. It then appeared faintly illuminated, and I imagined I was surrounded by beings like what I had pictured the angels to be, but they looked very sad; I thought I was still prostrate and human, and very miserable. The scene gradually darkened, and I thought I heard familiar noises, but my head seemed to fly from my body and dart against something hard. I suppose that I was trying to sit up then, but from weakness fell back.

At last I saw light once again, this time more vividly than before, though but for a moment. I thought I was in a tomb of fire, while a being, human in form but of brilliant flame in substance, came towards me and took hold of me. In an instant all was dark, and I remember no more.

It was weeks before I got better, or could call to mind the feelings and incidents I have just related. I can only account for the light and dark periods by supposing that I was delirious when I thought it was light, but sane and semi-unconscious when I thought it was dark. The noises I heard were real, for a drift was being driven towards where I lay, and they must have proceeded from the workmen. The familiar sounds no doubt aroused me, and I tried to sit up, but I was too weak for this, and must have fallen back on the slaty floor. When the opening was made and the candles of the searchers appeared, I must have opened my eyes and believed the place to be a tomb of fire, and the man who was as a flame in human form must have been the man who rushed to ascertain whether I was alive or dead. I can make no other explanation.

Whitehead and I were the sole survivors: the rest were dead when the rescue came.

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S ISLAND.

For more than a hundred years, an unquestioned connexion has been maintained in popular opinion between Robinson Crusoe and the island of Juan Fernandez; so that in school geographies and books of voyages, wherever it becomes necessary to mention the island, an allusion to the hero of De Foe's romance is sure to follow. Yet, the slightest examination of an unabridged copy of Robinson Crusoe will show that it contains no reference whatever to Juan Fernandez, but that, on the contrary, a very well defined locality in another part of the western hemisphere is assigned to the imaginary island. The delusion originated in the charge against De Foe, that he had derived the idea, and many of the details, of his fiction from the well-known story of Alexander Selkirk's residence on Juan Fernandez.

The story of Selkirk is briefly this: He was the sailing-master of an English privateer, commanded by Captain Stradling, which was cruising in the South Seas, and which stopped at Juan Fernandez in 1704 for supplies and repairs, that island being then as well known and almost as frequently visited by English, French, and Spanish vessels as it is now. In consequence of a violent quarrel with his commander, Selkirk resolved to leave the vessel, and, accordingly, in September, 1704, he was set ashore at his own request, being supplied with a sea-chest, clothes, bedding, a firelock, a pound of gunpowder, bullets, a flint and steel, a few pounds of tobacco, a hatchet, a knife, a kettle, a Bible and other books of devotion, together with a case of mathematical instruments, and several works on navigation. He remained upon the island four years and four months, until he was taken off in February, 1709, by Captain Woodes Rogers, commander of the Duke, a British privateer, in which vessel Selkirk shipped himself as mate; and, after a long cruise, returned to England in October, 1711, eight years before the publication of Robinson Crusoe.

Selkirk, it will be observed, voluntarily went ashore, well supplied with arms, tools, clothes, and books, upon an island that for two centuries had been the resort of ships of various nations.

Robinson Crusoe, on the contrary, was shipwrecked, and escaped by swimming to a desolate island not laid down upon the maps. Juan Fernandez is in the Pacific Ocean, about thirty-four degrees, or more than two thousand miles, south of the Equator, and four hundred miles from the south-west coast of South America. Let us now see where Robinson Crusoe's island is situated.

Robinson Crusoe relates that he had been living for some years as a planter in Brazil, and, being "straitened" for want of slaves, was induced to go on an expedition to the opposite coast of Africa for the purpose of procuring negroes. From San Salvador or Bahia, on the east coast of Brazil, "we set sail," he says, "standing away to the northward upon our own coast, with design to stretch over to the African coast." After encountering a severe hurricane, "being in the latitude of twelve degrees eighteen minutes, a second storm came, which carried the ship far away to the westward, and drove us so out of the very way of all human commerce, that, had all our lives been saved as to the sea, we were rather in danger of being devoured by savages, than ever returning to our own country. In this distress, the wind still blowing very hard, one of our men, early in the morning, cried out, Land! and we had no sooner ran out of the cabin to look out, in hopes of seeing whereabouts in the world we were, but the ship struck upon a sand, and in a moment, her motion being so stopped, the sea broke over her in such a manner that we expected we should all have perished immediately."

The crew took to the boat, which soon swamped, and all perished except Robinson Crusoe, who swam to shore, and found himself on an island, from the highest part of which the mainland was distinctly visible on a fair day. In his first conversation with his "man Friday," Crusoe states that they talked of a current which swept by the island, and which, he says, "I understood to be no more than the sets of the tide, as going out or coming in; but I afterwards understood it was occasioned by the great draft and reflux of the mighty river Oroonoque, in the mouth or gulf of which river, as I found afterwards, our island lay; and this land which I perceived to the west and north-west, was the great island Trinidad, on the north point of the mouth of the river." If any more evidence be needed to prove that Juan Fernandez has no more claim to be considered Robinson Crusoe's island than the island of Lampedusa has to be considered that of Prospero, the question is settled by the title of the original edition of Robinson Crusoe, always abridged by modern publishers. It reads: "The Life and Strange Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, of York, Mariner; who lived eight-and-twenty years, all alone, in an uninhabited Island on the Coast of America, near the mouth of the Great River Oroonoque; having been cast on shore by shipwreck, wherein all the men perished but himself. With an account how he was at last strangely delivered by Pirates. Written by himself. London: printed for Mr. Taylor, at the Ship, in Paternoster Row."

The adventures of Alexander Selkirk were published by Captain Woodes Rogers and Edward Cooke, in 1712, seven years before Robinson Crusoe was printed, in a book well described in its title-page: "The World Displayed, or a Curious Collection of Voyages and Travels selected from the Writers of all Nations in which the Conjectures and Interpolations of several vain Editors and Translations are expunged; every Relation is made concise and plain, and the Divisions of Counties and Kingdoms are clearly and distinctly noted. Illustrated and embellished with a variety of Maps and Prints by the best Hands. London, 1771." The sixth volume of this book contains the voyage during which Selkirk was landed on the island of Juan Fernandez. De Foe may very possibly have imitated Alexander Selkirk's story in some particulars: Selkirk kept tame goats and cats; Robinson Crusoe had his parrot, dog, and goat; but De Foe unquestionably made his own great narrative. There is reason to suppose that he may have seen and conversed with Selkirk. It has indeed been conjectured that the book was suggested to De Foe by Sir Richard Steele, who certainly knew Selkirk, for he says in the Englishman, No. 26, for December, 1714, "The person I speak of is Alexander Selkirk, whose name is familiar to men of curiosity, from the fame of having lived four years and four months alone in the island of Juan Fernandez. I had the pleasure frequently to converse with the man soon after his arrival in England, in the year 1711. It was matter of great curiosity to hear him, as he is a man of good sense, give an account of the different revolutions in his own mind in that long solitude."

Steele's description of Selkirk in conversation must have been very vivid and impassioned, for there is no man in England on whom Selkirk's adventures could have made a greater impression, Steele being extremely fond of society, and not able to sit alone even for a short time. Alluding to Selkirk's solitude, Steele says: "When we consider how painful absence from company, for the space of but one evening, is to the generality of mankind, we may have a sense how painful this necessary and constant solitude was to a man bred a sailor, and ever accustomed to enjoy, and suffer, eat, drink, and sleep, and perform all offices of life, in fellowship and company."

But we would direct more particular attention to the conjecture that, in planning his work, De Foe was thinking less of Selkirk than of Peter Serrano, a Spanish sailor, whose story is told in a book with which De Foe could hardly fail to have been acquainted. "The Royal Commentaries of Peru, written originally in Spanish by the Juca Garcillasso de la Vega, and rendered into English by Sir Paul Rycant, Kt." This is a large folio volume, published in London in 1688, when De Foe was twenty-seven

years old. The translator, Sir Paul Rycant, was a notable personage in his time, and his book attracted general attention. The story of Peter Serrano stands at the very beginning of the volume, and affords a close parallel to the Adventures of Robinson Crusoe. The island on which Serrano was cast, is one of a small cluster, now called the Serrano Keys, lying in the Caribbean Sea, in latitude fourteen degrees north, and longitude eighty degrees west, about midway between Cuba and the Isthmus of Panama. The locality given by De Foe to Robinson Crusoe's island is only two degrees further south, but eighteen degrees further east.

The following, with the omission of a few unimportant sentences, is Rycant's translation:

"Peter Serrano escaped from shipwreck by swimming to that desert island, which from him received its name, being, as he reported, about two leagues in compass. . . . . It was his misfortune to be lost upon these places, and to save his life on this disconsolate island, where was neither water, nor wood, nor grass, nor anything for support of human life. With the sad thoughts hereof he passed the first night, lamenting his affliction with as many melancholy reflections as we may imagine capable to enter into the mind of a wretch in like extremities. So soon as it grew day, he began to traverse his island, and found on the shore some cockles, shrimps, and other creatures of like nature, which the sea had thrown up, and which he was forced to eat raw, because he wanted fire wherewith to roast them: and with this small entertainment he passed his time, till observing some turtles not far from the shore, he watched a convenience until they came within his reach, and then throwing them on their backs (which is the manner of taking that sort of fish), he cut the throat, drinking the blood instead of water; and slicing out the flesh with a knife which was fastened to his girdle, he laid the pieces to be dried and roasted by the sun: the shell he made use of to rake up rain water, which lay in little puddles, for that is a country often subject to great and sudden rains. In this manner he passed the first of his days by killing all the turtles he was able, some of which were so large that their shells were as big as targets or bucklers; others were so great that he was not able to stop them on their way to the sea, so that in a short time experience taught him which sort he was able to deal with and which were too unwieldly for his force. With his lesser shells he poured water into the greater, some of which contained twelve gallons: so that having made sufficient provision of meat and drink, he began to contrive some way to strike fire, that so he might not only dress his meat with it, but also make a smoke to give a sign to any ship which was passing in those seas. Considering of this invention (for seamen are much more ingenious in all times of extremity than men bred on land), he searched everywhere to find out a couple of hard pebbles instead of flint, his knife serving in place of a steel; but the island being all covered with a dead sand, and no stone appearing, he swam into the sea, and diving often to the bottom, he at length found a couple of stones fit for his purpose, which he rubbed together until he got them to an edge, with which being able to strike fire, he drew some thread out of his shirt which he worked so small that it was like cotton and served for tinder; so that having contrived a means to kindle fire, he then gathered a great quantity of sea-weeds thrown up by the waves, which, with the shells of fish and the planks of ships which had been wrecked on these shoals, afforded nourishment for his fuel; and lest sudden showers should extinguish his fire, he made a little covering like a small hut with the shells of the largest turtles or tortoises that he had killed, taking great care that his fire should not go out. In the space of two months and sooner, he was as improvided of all things as he was at first, for with the great rains, heat, and moisture of that climate, his provisions were corrupted; and the great heat of the sun was so violent on him, having neither clothes to cover him nor shadow for shelter, that when he was, as it were, broiled in the sun, he had no remedy but to run into the sea. In this misery and care he passed three years, during which time he saw several ships at sea and often made his smoke; but none turned out of their way to see what it meant, for fear of those shelves and sands which wary pilots avoid with all imaginable circumspection; so that the poor wretch, despairing of all manner of relief, esteemed it a mercy for him to die, and arrive at that period which could only put an end to his miseries; and being exposed in this manner to all weathers, the hair of his body grew in that manner that he was covered all over with bristles, the hair of his head and beard reaching to his waist, that he appeared like some wild and savage creature.

"At the end of three years, Serrano was strangely surprised with the appearance of a man in his island, whose ship had the night before been cast away upon those sands, and had saved himself on a plank of the vessel. So soon as it was day he espied the smoke, and, imagining whence it was, made towards it. So soon as they saw each other, it is hard to say which was the most amazed. Serrano imagined that it was the devil who came in the shape of a man to tempt him to despair: the new comer believed Serrano to be the devil in his own proper shape and figure, being covered over with hair and beard; in fine, they were both afraid, flying one from the other. Peter Serrano cried out as he ran, 'Jesus, Jesus, deliver me from the devil!' The other, hearing this, took courage, and returning again to him, called out, 'Brother, brother, don't fly from me, for I am a Christian as thou art!' and because he saw that Serrano still ran from him, he repeated the *Credo*, or Apostles' Creed, in words aloud, which when Serrano heard, he knew it was no devil would recite those words, and thereupon gave a stop to his flight, and returning to him with great kindness they embraced each other with

sighs and tears, lamenting their sad estate without any hopes of deliverance. Serrano supposing that his guest wanted refreshment, entertained him with such provisions as his miserable life afforded; and having a little comforted each other they began to recount the manner and occasion of their sad disasters. Then for the better government in their way of living, they designed their hours of day and night to certain services. Such a time was appointed to kill fish for eating, such hours for gathering sea-weeds, fish bones, and other matters which the sea threw up, to maintain their constant fire; and especial care they had to observe their watches, and relieve each other at certain hours, so that they might be sure their fire went not out. In this manner they lived amicably together for certain days, for many did not pass before a quarrel arose between them so high that they were ready to fight. The occasion proceeded from some words that one gave the other, that he took not that care and labour as the extremity of their condition required; and this difference so increased (for to such misery do our passions often betray us), that at length they separated and lived apart one from the other. However, in a short time, having experienced the want of that comfort which mutual society procures, their choler was appeased, and so they returned to enjoy commerce and the assistance which friendship and society afforded; in which condition they passed four years; during all which time they saw many ships sail near them, yet none would be so charitable or curious as to be invited by their smoke and flame; so that now being almost desperate, they expected no other remedy besides death to put an end to their miseries.

"However, at length a ship, adventuring to pass nearer than ordinary, espied the smoke, and rightly judging that it must be made by some shipwrecked persons escaped to those sands, hoisted out their boat to take them in. Serrano and his companion readily ran to the place where they saw the boat coming; but so soon as the mariners were approached so near as to distinguish the strange figures and looks of these two men, they were so affrighted that they began to row back: but the poor men cried out, and that they might believe them not to be devils or evil spirits, they rehearsed the creed, and called aloud upon the name of Jesus: with which words the mariners returned, took them into the boat, and carried them to the ship, to the great wonder of all there present, who, with admiration, beheld their hairy shapes, not like men but beasts, and with singular pleasure heard them relate the story of their past misfortunes. The companion died on his voyage to Spain, but Serrano lived to come thither, from whence he travelled into Germany, where the Emperor then resided; all which time he nourished his hair and beard, to serve as an evidence and proof of his past life. Wheresoever he came, the people pressed as a sight to see him for money; persons of quality, having also the same curiosity, gave him sufficient to defray his charges; and his Imperial Majesty, having seen and heard his discourses, bestowed a rent upon him of four thousand pieces of eight a year, which make four thousand eight hundred ducats in Peru; and going to the possession of this income, he died at Panama, without further enjoyment. All this story was related to me by a gentleman called Garci Sanchez de Figueron, one who was acquainted with Serrano, and heard it from his own mouth; and that after he had seen the Emperor he then cut his hair and beard to some convenient length, because that it was so long before, that when he turned himself on his bed, he often lay upon it, which incommoded him so much as to disturb his sleep."

D'Israeli conjectures, probably enough, in his Curiosities of Literature, that all the reflections of Robinson Crusoe—which appear to arise so naturally in the mind of an enforced solitary—were derived from Steele's or Selkirk's own verbal descriptions. That De Foe borrowed the main incidents of the most popular book of adventure ever written from Serrano's narrative is even more probable.

ELECTION-TIME IN AMERICA.

When I make these present notes, it wants a week to the election of President, and the Lincoln men and the Douglas men are in a seething state of excitement.

All the political clubs are sitting day and night. The "Rough-Skins" are clamorous, the "Phiz Uglies" are vociferous, the "Double Pumps" of Baltimore are marching in procession, the "Revolver Hitters" and "Dead Rabbits" of New York are unfurling their banners, the "Wideawakes" are trimming their lanterns by day and carrying them about all night. The Wideawakes are as potent in the America of the present day, as the "Know-nothings"—those foes of the Irish and German emigrants—were a few years ago.

The small-printed American papers are full of reports of political meetings, and rumours of intended disruption in the South, and of the people of Carolina drilling "Palmetto regiments," and buying powder and rifles. Everywhere advertisements meet your eye of this inflammatory kind:

Roll on—roll up!

Sixteen varieties of Campaign Medals, solid rim, with milled edge and gilt shell rim—medals containing beautiful melainotype likenesses of

Lincoln and Hamlin,
Bell and Everett,
Douglas and Johnson,
Breckinridge and Lane.

Mark Barnewitz and Jonathan Pumpner, 38 and 40, West Fourth-street, New York.

Now, when I go to the store of Barnewitz, and buy these election badges, which are about the size of a five-dollar gold piece, I find they bear on one side the likeness of the nominee for President, on the other the Vice-President, and are to be worn at the button-hole. I have seen thousands wearing them; and since I have

been in America, and indeed a week ago on the Alabama river, I met a well-known duellist with a little silver bell on his watch-chain: signifying thereby his changeless attachment to Mr. Bell, one of the candidates for the presidentship. These election medals follow me everywhere—barefooted boys bring cigar-boxes full of them for sale, into the luxurious marble-paved smoking-rooms of the great hotels; lean dried-up men hawk them through the long avenues of the railway-cars, and awake me to recommend their medals and their "plum candy;" the shops have trays of them in their windows; you can almost tell in different cities how the voting is likely to go, by the majority of medals you meet, being either "Lincoln" or "Douglas." The book-stall keepers in the halls of the hotels, and at the railway stations, teaze me with portraits of "the rail-splitter," or "the Union candidate," printed in broad blue on crimson ribbons; and when these do not confront me the man next me, in the train or coach, is sure to be laughing grimly over "The Republican" or "The Democratic Campaign Songster," price ten cents, with all the new election ballads in it. Election banners flaunt in the air of every street in New York; vermilion-lettered placards on the walls entreat you to buy pure procession fireworks—if you are a Wideawake—at "Ezekiel Whitman's, Twenty-fourth-street, Third Avenue." If I take up the paper I bought at a street-stall, just by the St. Nicholas Hotel, I find the leaders all about "The Grand Mass. Ratification Meeting," in the Eighteenth Ward, 14th Assembly District, to be held to-night at the corner of First Avenue, and Twenty-first-street, when Jeremiah Hutchings, the regular Democratic Union Nominee for the Assembly, will address his countrymen; or a letter from the "Young Men's Democratic Union Club," declaring that the Hon. John Cochrane is "the only man nominated who can successfully carry the West District against the Black Republicans," and entreating all citizens who do not wish to see the Stars of the Union dimmed, or the Sun of the New World shorn of its expanding beam, to rally round Hon. Cochrane and Washington Duff, his coadjutor.

All the way up Broadway the windows of the palatial shops are full of election caricatures. Yankee Notions shows us a rowdy in silk hat, and boots over trousers, taking boxing lessons ready for polling-day. Nick Nax presents us with Abe Lincoln spouting from a platform of rails, under which grins a half-concealed nigger. Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper relates a sad story of a poor woman at Baltimore being shot by accident during a fight between two political clubs, "The Rough Skins" and "Double Pumps" before mentioned. The Olive Branch gets more warlike than ever, and proposes hanging Lincoln to "skeer" the Black Republicans. At the print-shops we see lithographs of Douglas being flogged by his mother for associating with the naughty "Nebraska Bill," and on the other side of the door-post, a gaunt Abraham Lincoln trying to ford the Potomac and get into a very small "White House." As for the New York Herald, always scurrilous, it seems to have gone mad. It gives a page, this very morning, to discussing the city candidates, and commenting on their personal history. It gives a sad picture of city politics; it treats of "the war of factions, bar-room and side-walk cliques;" of the "political saturnalia and General Blue Monday;" of the headaching quantity of "committees, associations, and organisations;" "processional parades becoming chronic;" "turmoil and excitement bordering on madness." Decentralisation, the Herald complains, has led to a series of small cliques in blind alleys and back slums that nominate people unknown to even the oldest residents of their own districts. Out comes the names of these candidates for the Legislature, in grog-shops innumerable, and on posters of all sizes pasted on every wall. Then, says the Herald, come the sham meetings, with advertised resolutions signed by sham chairmen and bribed secretaries. The candidates are introduced, and make their bow, like new clowns in a circus. The first scene ends as all the other scenes of the political farce do, with a grog-shop, where endless glasses of "Lager beer," "brandy cocktail," and "Jersey lightning" are drunk. Then come neglect of business—nay, the very neglect made into a business—loud talking, dollar-collecting, card-publishing, processions, and so on, to the election day. Tammany Hall, near the City Park, is the centre of all this corruption and abuse; and there is one thing we can praise the Herald for, and that is its unceasing efforts to purify and reform the degraded town-council of New York.

The descriptions of the candidates are worth quoting, as they certainly serve to show the justice of the Herald's invectives against Tammany Hall.

We select six "political portraits" as an example and a warning:

CANDIDATE No. 1.

After considerable search amongst the liquor stores and head-quarters of the runners and men of all work, we succeeded in finding a person that had seen James Hayes, the Tammany candidate; yet no one was able to inform us as to the whereabouts of his habitation. He was born in Ireland, and bears all the marks of his race; is about thirty years of age, medium height, cropped hair, red whiskers and red face, with an independent air about him so characteristic of the loafing class of Irishmen. The only business that we could learn that he was engaged in was a runner and an appendage at the primary elections.

An election runner does not seem a man of the right class of mind for town-councilman for a great city.

CANDIDATE No. 2.

It appears from the posters to be found stuck up in different portions of the district, that Michael W. Burns, the Breckinridge candidate, is raising the gridiron cry upon Woodruff with great zeal. Every prominent place in the district is placarded with an enormous gridiron standing on legs, and with long

arms extended as if for booty. These are the political standards of Mr. Burns. Each poster has the announcement that Michael W. Burns is the anti-railroad candidate, and appeals to all the honest voters to vote against C. B. Woodruff. Mr. Burns, besides the name of Gridiron Smasher that he has given himself, runs with the machine, and is connected with Hose Company No. 21; is about twenty-five, thin face, dark complexion, and, we believe, a member of that numerous class of this city who have no particular business. He was formerly engaged in driving cattle and sheep between the Erie Railroad depôt and Bull's Head, but has retired from that business, and now spends his time about the drinking-saloons.

Candidate No. 3.

Joseph A. Gardiner, the republican nominee in this district, resides in State-street, and has for a long time been connected with the police force of the city. He is a cooper by trade, and at one time carried on that business; was a police detective for two or three years. He bears the reputation of being one of the most attentive policemen of the district, is about thirty-two years of age, native of New York, with strong American *proclivities*, is about five feet eight inches in height, dark hair, smooth face, with a large, full and penetrating eye, prominent Roman nose; would be taken for a man of more than common intelligence, with a countenance bearing unmistakable evidence of an active mind and restless spirit within.

Candidate No. 4.

Mr. Kinney is a man about twenty-seven years of age, a native of this district, five feet ten inches in height, with dark brown hair, side whiskers and moustache, has somewhat of a foppish air about him, and walks in regular cavalier style. He was at one time a clerk in a drug store, from which he has obtained the appellation of M.D. He is now one of the employés in the Post-office. He ran once for coroner and was defeated, and we believe he was once defeated as a candidate for Assembly in the Sixteenth ward.

Candidate No. 5.

Joseph Woodworth, the Tammany nominee, is a sort of fancy gentleman, got up artificially in an artistic style, is about thirty-five, large build, full round face, brown complexion, wears goatee and moustache, and is a person that stirs up quite a breeze in a small way. He formerly kept *a one-horse hotel* at the junction of Spring and Macdougal-streets, and is now a dealer in fast and fancy horses, making his head-quarters in Laurens-street.

Candidate No. 6.

The Breckinridgere have nominated Thomas Montgomery, a young man about twenty-five, and a machinist and engineer. He is a native of Ireland, and came to this country when about a year old, received a thorough education by a private teacher, and is an industrious and energetic man. He has been the main support of a disabled mother for the last ten years. He is of medium height, dark brown hair, light grey eyes, and has withal a countenance revealing an active and restless mind. He is a member of Engine Company No. 21, and is an exempt fireman. He has made several propositions to the other candidates to unite upon one ticket against the republicans.

But I must tear myself from Tammany Hall to go and see the great political event of the day,

The grand Douglas Ox-Roast in Jones's Wood.

I have heard for the last two hours the gentlemen rocking in the chairs outside the door of the St. Nicholas Hotel, in Broadway, discussing the roast as they roll and bite their cigars. They cherish an angry hatred of Lincoln, for most of them are Cuban sugar-planters, or gentlemen of property from Louisiana, and wear sumptuous watch-chains at their fobs three inches broad. Last night, just as I got to bed, there was a political procession to herald this Ox-Roast. An enormous Kentucky ox was borne on a scaffold past my window, surrounded by torches; his great shadow loomed like that of the Bull of Phalaris on my bedroom wall, luminous just then with a fiery storm of political fireworks. Somebody addressed the crowd all night long from the hotel balcony in the next room (how I love and adore the memory of that man!), then five brass bands struck up "Yankee Doodle," and four cannon saluted heaven from the Fifth Avenue every ten minutes, for an hour. And all this was to advertise the Ox-Roast at two o'clock to-day in Jones's Wood. I order as my preparation for the Roast, at the St. Nicholas bar, a mint-julep—seraphic compound—paradisaical beverage—surely the result of a long life devoted (not in vain) to alchemy and the search for the elixir vitæ. Domingo the barman pours out into a tin cup, a wine-glass and a half of spirits crystal pure; in another tumbler, under the cold pressure of some split diamonds of Wenham ice, he places a bunch of the freshest and most aromatic dewy green mint, clipping off all but the last emeraldine tops of the latest growth. These he bruises a little, till they breathe, under that gentle persecution and soft torture, a calm, perfumed essence, at once medicinal and delicious. He then dashes in a spoonful of citron bitters, and holds the two tin tumblers one in either hand, with the air of a juggler, then tossing them over his head, he mingles them violently, then clapping a larger tin tumbler as a sort of extinguisher over the one now full of ice, mint, gin, and citron bitters, he shakes it stormily for the space of two minutes, then jerking off the cover, he dashes the julep, now perfect and complete, into a large glass tumbler and slides it to me, taking as he does so a fresh order from another thirsty soul for a "Catawba cobbler." I drink the julep, and for a moment forget my kindred and my native land—my cares, my hopes—my editors and my critics—I bathe in bliss, and then hum the verses of Coleridge with great unction, though they are not exactly apposite:

> "This is a drink of wondrous powers,
> My mother made it of wild flowers."

I cap that, with the rolling lines in Comus:

> "And first behold this *cordial julep* here
> That flames and dances in its crystal bounds,
> With spirits of balm and fragrant syrups mixed;
> Not that nepenthe which the wife of Thane
> In Egypt gave to joy-born Helena,
> Is of such power to stir up joy as this,
> To life so friendly or so cool to thirst."

And blessing the inventor of mint julep, who must have been as wise a king as Solomon, and as great in chemistry as Glauber, I set out for Jones's Wood, to see the political Ox-Roasting.

The New York air is very exhilarating. There is always a breeze from the Hudson or the Bay. The sky is of a lively blue that never stagnates into one great veinless block of lapis lazuli, like an Italian sky. The streets are fresh and bright; the houses are of a pure colour; and even marble statues scarcely tarnish in the changeful atmosphere. The people in the streets are chiefly business people, but they move more languidly than we English do, and are leaner, and have less colour in their cheeks. Then the negroes mottle life's chess-board here, and the emigrants make us think of home, and nobody looks poor or hopeless, and every one is at least decently dressed and looks bold and even independent; and there are hardly any beggars, and the street boys are less noisy than with us, and less audaciously and coarsely rude.

Now I reach the beginning of Bowery, where the old clothes shops are and the low theatres. An enormous calico flag, sixty feet long, flaps across the road, with

"Douglas & Johnson"

on it. Now comes on the street railroad, an enormous omnibus car of a yellow dahlia colour. Above the conductor's head, on the outside balcony, flutters a red flag, inscribed

"Ox Roasting in Jones's Wood."

Away we glide, some fifty of us, though drawn only by two horses, up Third Avenue, all bound to "the Monster Democratic Rally and Grand Political Carnival." The car is full, not only on both seats, but with strange wild-looking men, of, I should say, no great landed property (unless you call dirt landed property), who stand up in the centre of the carriage, holding on to the roof straps; both balconies outside, and even the very steps, are crowded. My democratic friends are not discussing politics, but beef. One says:

"Sure I have gone without meat for two days, just to get an appetite for this affair. I mean to fill in enough now to last till Sunday."

Another says he doesn't care what "the little giant" says, so he can get some of the Douglas beef. A third uses his toothpick freely, "to get all under weigh," as he playfully observes.

We reach the great stables and coach-house station at Sixty-sixth-street, quite out of the city (as far as Haarlem), and dismount. There is a straggling black line of people down the road for half a mile. It looks like a wavering train of gunpowder, just laid, and laid zig-zag, in a fright. I follow the line. The itinerant dealers, more familiar and less anxious for purchases than our own costermongers, and wearing no peculiar dress, are thick as mosquitoes in a Carolina swamp. There are large red apples, from New Jersey orchards—maple sugar cakes—cheap cigars. There is Lager beer, as the fresh, light, frothy pleasant beer the Germans introduced into America is called. There is a man with the hair coming through his straw hat, selling "Douglas walking-sticks," and another man with a felt hat, with a loose crown, has

"Douglas"

painted in large green letters over his stall, and is shouting to the passers-by:

"That no gentleman need pay at this establishment who doesn't choose, as Mr. Douglas has promised to make the matter all right with me the night before the election."

Further on, a ragged quick-eyed boy is pitching copper cents with all his might into a willow-pattern plate, crying, as he does so:

"Twenty-five cents, gentlemen, for every cent which stops in the plate; one cent for the throw, and twenty-five cents to the successful aimer."

Next him a rival boy, flinging a ring at a large kitchen knife stuck upright in a board covered with tenpenny nails.

The cry of this speculator is:

"If you never don't risk, you never won't win. Ten cents to any one who rings a nail, twenty-five cents to any one who rings the knife. Five cents a throw. You can't miss if you try, gentlemen."

Here come two rival ballad-singers; one, with a wry mouth, bellows, to the cheery tune of "Camptown Races":

"In Illinois there can be found—dudah, dudah,
Two nags upon the campaign ground—dudah, dudah, do.
First, 'Little Dug,' I do declare—dudah, dudah,
And 'Spotted Abe,' with krinky hair—dudah, dudah, do."

And to this Notus responds Auster:

"We've pitched our tent on campaign ground,
A few days, a few days,
To give the woollies another round.
Douglas's going home,
The White House is the place he'll stop
In a few days, in a few days;
He must go there, as sure as pop,
For he's going home!"

But I grow careless of these singers as I approach the man with "the revolving arrow," who tells me that if I risk two cents for a turn, I am to be the proud possessor of as many "macaroons" as the number the arrow stops at shall indicate.

Now, I enter the green rail gate of Jones's Wood, and find myself in a sort of faded tea-garden, where walks wind about among groves of stripling trees, rustic temples, rifle galleries, and dancing-rooms. It is a sloping park, on the banks of the river, with a pleasant view of Blackwell's Island opposite, and the penitentiary and madhouse thereupon. As soon as I enter I see a banner with the names of the Tammany Hall candidates, and in an open glade in the centre I find a brass band, pounding out "Hail, Columbia," at the foot of the speakers' platform, and surrounded by people. On the left-hand side of the pathway, some four thousand persons—two-thirds rowdy boys—with small flags, surround a large enclosure shut in with a pine fence. In the centre of this, are light temporary tables,

piled with loaves of bread and heaps of "crackers" and biscuits, making the rowdy mouth water with carnivorous anticipation. The police, in large flat caps and blue frock-coats, with brass stars on the breast, look on at the pit, fifteen feet long, six feet wide, and four feet deep, where the ox, the sheep, and the hog, are roasting fragrantly. There is a roar of election cannon, a defiling of banners, and a clash of music as the speakers enter in procession and march towards the platform. The mob rolls, and billows, and sways till it rocks itself calm. Hon. Herschel Johnson has just begun to say that he has come from the South, "the sunny, constitutional South," in answer to a call "at once pressing and pleasurable." The vast multitude of freemen he sees, assure him that the great and beating popular heart of the country is moved and agitated by the impending popular——

"—Crisis," he would have said, but at that ill-timed moment bang—bang—bang—bang goes the injudicious cannon, and a voice roars,

"Our friends from the Eleventh Ward are here!"

"Yes, and all New Jersey, and Connecticut too!" cries another.

And on comes the noisy procession with tumultuous banners and untirable band.

Mr. Johnson, silenced for a time, goes on to say that the Breckinridge platform has been split up, and he talks much that I don't care to follow, until there is a shout of "Dry up!"—"Douglas! Douglas!" And at last Douglas rises to speak amid cadenced earthquakes of applause, volleys of cannon, and bursts of brass bands.

This is the sturdy, unscrupulous man, once a cabinet-maker, who is opposing Lincoln, once a boatman and woodcutter, both aiming at power in a great country where there is no impediment to prevent the poorest man of virtue and genius from attaining the supreme power. Douglas is a thick-set stern-looking man, of an O'Connell build. He begins:

"Fellow-Citizens of New York,—I appear before you to-day for the purpose of making an earnest appeal in behalf of this glorious Union. (Cries of "Good for you!" and "Three cheers more for Douglas!") There can be no disunionist, there can be no enemy in this Union, in the Empire City of America. (A Voice, "That's so!" "No, no!" and applause.) New York is not Northern, nor is she Southern, nor is she Western, nor is she Eastern; but she is continental and metropolitan. (Cries of "That's good!" and cheers.) New York is the great commercial centre, the great monetary heart of the American continent, and as such every New Yorker ought to sympathise with every State and every Territory, and every people in the whole Union. (Applause.) Then I ask your attention to the mode in which this glorious Union is to be maintained and perpetuated for ever to our posterity. There is but one mode in which this can be done."

A Voice—"We'll elect you, and you'll do it." (Music by a band on the ground.)

But need I pursue the vigorous speaker into his thirdlies and fourthlies, or relate how he swore to hang Lincoln with his own hands higher than ever old Virginia hung John Brown, if he proved a traitor to the constitution.

Need I dwell on the roars of

"Good, boy!"

"Bravo, Dug!"

"That's so!"

"Three cheers and a tiger for little Dug! Hei! hei!! hei!!!"

"Hang up every black Republican in the country!"

"Sail on!"

"Let her rip!"

At four o'clock the cutting-up commences. There is a solemn hush. The table with loaves and crackers is placed on the east side of the enclosure. The oily oozing pig is on the west; four other tables with bread, mutton, and beef, form the south; and two tables, one for loaves, the other for beef, are in the centre. The reporters and cooks are inside the fence, busy round the smouldering pit. The speakers, satiated with talking, are dragging their relaxed uvulus and deafened ears back to the city. The police are driving interlopers outside the fence. Thousands of rowdy eyes squint and roll—hands clutch, and expectation stands on tiptoe, eager for the fray. The hydra mob is greedy and disposed to be violent. At first all was reasonably decorous. Boys bore round trays full of huge slices of bread, which every one snatched at hungrily, according to the programme: although now and then a tray was knocked down and angrily scrambled for. Then the meat was cut into savoury "chunks," and also handed round, but routine was now despised; the strongest and most brutal trod and trampled to the front and rushed at whatever was offered.

Impatient of the delay, and fearful of losing their shares, the mob now rushes to the fence, tears it down, and storms into the enclosure. The police, swamped, rally round a table covered with pork, and round that of the chief carver. The mob overthrow the rickety table and crowd round the carver, who is urged to apoplexy by savage cries for "Beef, mister!" At last, faint and disgusted, he retires, and the crowd rush at the relics of the ox. Foremost among the rioters, like the dreadful "Man with the Beard" in the crimson tableaux of the French Revolution, is a Rough, in a puce shirt, who with an axe lopped in bits the remaining quarter of the bullock (or rather *calf*, for the bullock of the night procession was far too valuable to roast). Half savage, half mischievous and laughing, the mob tear at the pieces as he chops them off, and threaten to leave him with nothing but the bone; but at last he gives the axe to another, and makes off with a small hot luncheon of some twenty pounds of reeking meat.

Now, the mob, excited and wanton, but no longer hungry, take their revenge for having been kept waiting, by brutal mischief; a sack of salt is tossed in the air to the detriment of many eyes and many coats, and when it gets too empty for

flight it is trodden under foot. Then the remaining loaves are pelted about and destroyed, and the beef bones and lumps of meat are used as missiles. At this crisis, a great mind in the mob discovers the value of the crackers (biscuits), and, in a moment, two hundred of them are skimming the air—flying strong and swift, breaking painfully on noses and cheek-bones, hats and eyes. Lastly, a ruder nature suggests that the biscuit barrels are not altogether useless, and away they go into the air, falling with a crash like shells, and eliciting fights wherever they fall; one poor wretch is bonneted by a barrel, and when he draws it off, the nails, in the inside staves, have cut his face terribly; in a moment out go his fists, striking whoever is near him. Then the police, dreading the appearance of knives, break in and disperse the turbulent mob, and slowly the great assembly breaks and falls away.

That night we had another procession: not merely the seedy thirty thousand who that morning assembled to eat the Douglas calf in the woods of Jones, but all the seething millions of New York and its suburb cities, Brooklyn, New Jersey, and Hoboken: all to shout for Lincoln.

When I left my hotel a little before midnight, and looked down the street, there were moving forests of torches advancing towards me from every point of the compass. Gradually they grew, these undulating lines of twin stars, from mere pins' heads of light to radiating suns, with rays and halos of their own. They advanced under starry arcs of discharged fireworks, under blue irradiations of Roman candles, projectiles that burst in the air like luminous rifle-bullets. Champ! went the New Jersey band, defiling down one strand. Champ! champ! went the Brooklyn band, debouching into Broadway. Clash! Champ! champ! went the Hoboken band, meeting them full butt, and greeting them with "tiger" shouts, hei-hei-ing, and brazen welcome, and booms of tightened parchment. Now came on marching serried batallions of "Wideawakes," the flower of the New York youth. They marched two abreast, the officers wearing badges, and ribbons, and crimson scarfs, and each regiment with its fiery crimson colours. Each Wideawake wore a cape of oilskin, painted a vermilion colour, in addition to a shako, covered also with red oilskin. Each bore in his right hand a pole about five feet long, having a swinging tin oil lamp fastened in a frame at one end. There were whole companies with blue lamps, and others with red, so that, as they marched in perfect military array, wheeling and changing front with the mechanism of the soldier, they had the appearance of a Chinese Feast of Lanterns.

These Wideawakes are the terror of the South, and of the democrats generally, throughout America. It is supposed they are really Abolitionist volunteers in disguise, and the violent opposition papers say that their rods and lanterns point to future murders and incendiarism. They have recently had, even in New York, very bloody conflicts with democratic mobs.

Now, the cannon round the statue of Washington, up towards the Fifth Avenue, bellowed to the welkin, and made the very stars wink, as if they were sneezing at the sulphurous smell. Now, all the clubs drew up in square under the balcony of the St. Nicholas Hotel. Roman candles were fired and broke into blue stars, while the rockets blossomed high up in the sky, and cast down showers of fiery primroses. Bang—champ! went the bands, and "Hei!—hei!!—HEI!!!" shouted the men in the red capes. The great Lincoln banner, that waved heavily across Broadway, grew transparent and golden with the torchlight.

"Three cheers for Lincoln!"

"Three groans for Douglas!"

"Three cheers and a tiger for Seward, and three hisses for Tammany Hall and the Soft Shells!"

Now a hush, partly broken by the approach of a band newly landed from Albany—a hush as a little knot of men appeared on the balcony, and waved their hands to deprecate shouts.

"Mr. Elias Pidgeonbarley, from Missouri!"

Shouts enough to awaken Washington in his rude tomb on the banks of the Potomac. Fresh thunders of cannon, fresh rains of blue stars from the Roman candles, fresh tigers, fresh marching, fresh shouts of "Let her rip!" and "That's good!" and "Sail on!" as some five thousand voices roared out an election song, of which I subjoin the first verse:

"I hearkened in the east, and I hearkened in the west,
And I heard a fifing and a drumming;
And my heart bobbed up, in the middle of my breast,
For I knew that the people were a-coming.
Then pull off your coat, and roll up your sleeve,
Abe and the people are a-coming,
Oh, pull off your coat, and roll up your sleeve,
For LINCOLN AND THE PEOPLE ARE A-COMING, I BELIEVE!"

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GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

As I had grown accustomed to my expectations, I had insensibly begun to notice their effect upon myself and those around me. Their influence on my own character, I disguised from my recognition as much as possible, but I knew very well that it was not all good. I lived in a state of chronic uneasiness respecting my behaviour to Joe. My conscience was not by any means comfortable about Biddy. When I woke up in the night—like Camilla—I used to think, with a weariness on my spirits, that I should have been happier and better if I had never seen Miss Havisham's face, and had risen to manhood content to be partners with Joe in the honest old forge. Many a time of an evening, when I sat alone, looking at the fire, I thought, after all there was no fire like the forge fire and the kitchen fire at home.

Yet Estella was so inseparable from all my restlessness and disquiet of mind, that I really fell into confusion as to the limits of my own part in its production. That is to say, supposing I had had no expectations, and yet had had Estella to think of, I could not make out to my satisfaction that I should have done much better. Now, concerning the influence of my position on others, I was in no such difficulty, and so I perceived—though dimly enough, perhaps—that it was not beneficial to anybody, and, above all, that it was not beneficial to Herbert. My lavish habits led his easy nature into expenses that he could not afford, corrupted the simplicity of his life, and disturbed his peace with anxieties and regrets. I was not at all remorseful for having unwittingly set those other branches of the Pocket family to the poor arts they practised: because such littlenesses were their natural bent, and would have been evoked by anybody else, if I had left them slumbering. But Herbert's was a very different case, and it often caused me a twinge to think that I had done him evil service in crowding his sparely-furnished chambers with incongruous upholstery work, and placing the canary-breasted Avenger at his disposal.

So now, as an infallible way of making little ease great ease, I began to contract a quantity of debt. I could hardly begin but Herbert must begin too, so he soon followed. At Startop's suggestion, we put ourselves down for election into a club called The Finches of the Grove: the object of which institution I have never divined, if it were not that the members should dine expensively once a fortnight, to quarrel among themselves as much as possible after dinner, and to cause six waiters to get drunk on the stairs. I know that these gratifying social ends were so invariably accomplished, that Herbert and I understood nothing else to be referred to in the first standing toast of the society: which ran "Gentlemen, may the present promotion of good feeling ever reign predominant among the Finches of the Grove."

The Finches spent their money foolishly (the Hotel we dined at was in Covent-garden), and the first Finch I saw, when I had the honour of joining the Grove, was Bentley Drummle: at that time floundering about town in a cab of his own, and doing a great deal of damage to the posts at the street corners. Occasionally, he shot himself out of his equipage head-foremost over the apron; and I saw him on one occasion deliver himself at the door of the Grove in this unintentional way—like coals. But here I anticipate a little, for I was not a Finch, and could not be, according to the sacred laws of the society, until I came of age.

In my confidence in my own resources, I would willingly have taken Herbert's expenses on myself; but Herbert was proud, and I could make no such proposal to him. So, he got into difficulties in every direction, and continued to look about him. When we gradually fell into keeping late hours and late company, I noticed that he looked about him with a despondent eye at breakfast-time; that he began to look about him more hopefully about mid-day; that he drooped when he came in to dinner; that he seemed to descry Capital in the distance rather clearly, after dinner; that he all but realised Capital towards midnight; and that at about two o'clock in the morning, he became so deeply despondent again as to talk of buying a rifle and going to America, with a general purpose of compelling buffaloes to make his fortune.

I was usually at Hammersmith about half the week, and when I was at Hammersmith I haunted Richmond: whereof separately by-and-by. Herbert would often come to Hammersmith

when I was there, and I think at those seasons his father would occasionally have some passing perception that the opening he was looking for, had not appeared yet. But in the general tumbling up of the family, his tumbling out in life somewhere, was a thing to transact itself somehow. In the mean time Mr. Pocket grew greyer, and tried oftener to lift himself out of his perplexities by the hair. While Mrs. Pocket tripped up the family with her footstool, read her book of dignities, lost her pocket-handkerchief, told us about her grandpapa, and taught the young idea how to shoot, by shooting it into bed whenever it attracted her notice.

As I am now generalising a period of my life with the object of clearing the way before me, I can scarcely do so better than by at once completing the description of our usual manners and customs at Barnard's Inn.

We spent as much money as we could, and got as little for it as people could make up their minds to give us. We were always more or less miserable, and most of our acquaintance were in the same condition. There was a gay fiction among us that we were constantly enjoying ourselves, and a skeleton truth that we never did. To the best of my belief, our case was in the last aspect a rather common one.

Every morning, with an air ever new, Herbert went into the City to look about him. I often paid him a visit in the dark back-room in which he consorted with an ink-jar, a hat-peg, a coal-box, a string-box, an almanack, a desk and stool, and a ruler; and I do not remember that I ever saw him do anything else but look about him. If we all did what we undertake to do, as faithfully as Herbert did, we might live in a Republic of the Virtues. He had nothing else to do, poor fellow, except at a certain hour of every afternoon to "go to Lloyd's"—in observance of a ceremony of seeing his principal, I think. He never did anything else in connexion with Lloyd's that I could find out, except come back again. When he felt his case unusually serious, and that he positively must find an opening, he would go on 'Change at the busy time, and walk in and out, in a kind of gloomy country dance figure, among the assembled magnates. "For," says Herbert to me, coming home to dinner on one of these special occasions, "I find the truth to be, Handel, that an opening won't come to one, but one must go to it——so I have been."

If we had been less attached to one another, I think we must have hated one another regularly every morning. I detested the chambers beyond expression at that period of repentance, and could not endure the sight of the Avenger's livery: which had a more expensive and a less remunerative appearance then, than at any other time in the four-and-twenty hours. As we got more and more into debt, breakfast became a hollower and hollower form, and, being on one occasion at breakfast-time threatened (by letter) with legal proceedings, "not unwholly unconnected," as my local paper might put it, "with jewellery," I went so far as to seize the Avenger by his blue collar and shake him off his feet—so that he was actually in the air, like a booted Cupid—for presuming to suppose that we wanted a roll.

At certain times—meaning at uncertain times, for they depended on our humour—I would say to Herbert, as if it were a remarkable discovery:

"My dear Herbert, we are getting on badly."

"My dear Handel," Herbert would say to me, in all sincerity, "if you will believe me, those very words were on my lips, by a strange coincidence."

"Then, Herbert," I would respond, "let us look into our affairs."

We always derived profound satisfaction from making an appointment for this purpose. I always thought this was business, this was the way to confront the thing, this was the way to take the foe by the throat. And I know Herbert thought so too.

We ordered something rather special for dinner, with a bottle of something similarly out of the common way, in order that our minds might be fortified for the occasion, and we might come well up to the mark. Dinner over, we produced a bundle of pens, a copious supply of ink, and a goodly show of writing and blotting paper. For, there was something very comfortable in having plenty of stationery.

I would then take a sheet of paper, and write across the top of it, in a neat hand, the heading, "Memorandum of Pip's debts;" with Barnard's Inn and the date very carefully added. Herbert would also take a sheet of paper, and write across it with similar formalities, "Memorandum of Herbert's debts."

Each of us would then refer to a confused heap of papers at his side, which had been thrown into drawers, worn into holes in pockets, half-burnt in lighting candles, stuck for weeks into the looking-glass, and otherwise damaged. The sound of our pens going, refreshed us exceedingly, insomuch that I sometimes found it difficult to distinguish between this edifying business proceeding and actually paying the money. In point of meritorious character, the two things seemed about equal.

When we had written a little while, I would ask Herbert how he got on? Herbert probably would have been scratching his head in a most rueful manner at the sight of his accumulating figures.

"They are mounting up, Handel," Herbert would say; "upon my life, they are mounting up."

"Be firm, Herbert," I would retort, plying my own pen with great assiduity. "Look the thing in the face. Look into your affairs. Stare them out of countenance."

"So I would, Handel, only they are staring *me* out of countenance."

However, my determined manner would have its effect, and Herbert would fall to work again. After a time, he would give up once more, on the plea that he had not got Cobbs's bill, or Lobbs's, or Nobbs's, as the case might be.

"Then, Herbert, estimate it; estimate it in round numbers, and put it down."

"What a fellow of resource you are!" my friend would reply, with admiration. "Really your business powers are very remarkable."

I thought so too. I established with myself on these occasions, the reputation of a first-rate man of business—prompt, decisive, energetic, clear, cool-headed. When I had got all my responsibilities down upon my list, I compared each with the bill, and ticked it off. My self-approval when I ticked an entry was quite a luxurious sensation. When I had no more ticks to make, I folded all my bills up uniformly, docketed each on the back, and tied the whole into a symmetrical bundle. Then, I did the same for Herbert (who modestly said he had not my administrative genius), and felt that I had brought his affairs into a focus for him.

My business habits had one other bright feature, which I called, "leaving a Margin." For example; supposing Herbert's debts to be one hundred and sixty-four pounds four-and-twopence, I would say, "leave a margin, and put them down at two hundred." Or supposing my own to be four times as much, I would leave a margin, and put them down at seven hundred. I had the highest opinion of the wisdom of this same Margin, but I am bound to acknowledge that on looking back, I deem it to have been an expensive device. For, we always ran into new debt immediately, to the full extent of the margin, and sometimes, in the sense of freedom and solvency it imparted, got pretty far on into another margin.

But there was a calm, a rest, a virtuous hush, consequent on these examinations of our affairs that gave me, for the time, an admirable opinion of myself. Soothed by my exertions, my method, and Herbert's compliments, I would sit with his symmetrical bundle and my own on the table before me among the stationery, and feel like a Bank of some sort, rather than a private individual.

We shut our outer door on these solemn occasions, in order that we might not be interrupted. I had fallen into my serene state one evening, when we heard a letter dropped through the slit in the said door, and fall on the ground. "It's for you, Handel," said Herbert, going out and coming back with it, "and I hope there is nothing the matter." This was in allusion to its heavy black seal and border.

The letter was signed Trabb & Co., and its contents were simply, that I was an honoured sir, and that they begged to inform me that Mrs. J. Gargery had departed this life on Monday last, at twenty minutes past six in the evening, and that my attendance was requested at the interment on Monday next at three o'clock in the afternoon.

CHAPTER XXXV.

It was the first time that a grave had opened in my road of life, and the gap it made in the smooth ground was wonderful. The figure of my sister in her chair by the kitchen fire, haunted me night and day. That the place could possibly be, without her, was something my mind seemed unable to compass; and whereas she had seldom or never been in my thoughts of late, I had now the strangest ideas that she was coming towards me in the street, or that she would presently knock at the door. In my rooms too, with which she had never been at all associated, there was at once the blankness of death and a perpetual suggestion of the sound of her voice or the turn of her face or figure, as if she were still alive and had been often there.

Whatever my fortunes might have been, I could scarcely have recalled my sister with much tenderness. But I suppose there is a shock of regret which may exist without much tenderness. Under its influence (and perhaps to make up for the want of the softer feeling) I was seized with a violent indignation against the assailant from whom she had suffered so much; and I felt that on sufficient proof I could have revengefully pursued Orlick, or any one else, to the last extremity.

Having written to Joe, to offer consolation, and to assure him that I should come to the funeral, I passed the intermediate days in the curious state of mind I have glanced at. I went down early in the morning, and alighted at the Blue Boar in good time to walk over to the forge.

It was fine summer weather again, and, as I walked along, the time when I was a little helpless creature, and my sister did not spare me, vividly returned. But they returned with a gentle tone upon them that softened even the edge of Tickler. For now, the very breath of the beans and clover whispered to my heart that the day must come when it would be well for my memory that others walking in the sunshine should be softened as they thought of me.

At last I came within sight of the house, and saw that Trabb and Co. had put in a funereal execution and taken possession. Two dismally absurd persons, each ostentatiously exhibiting a crutch done up in a black bandage—as if that instrument could possibly communicate any comfort to anybody—were posted at the front door; and in one of them I recognised a postboy discharged from the Boar for turning a young couple into a sawpit on their bridal morning, in consequence of intoxication rendering it necessary for him to ride his horse clasped round the neck with both arms. All the children of the village, and most of the women, were admiring these sable warders and the closed windows of the house and forge; and as I came up, one of the two warders (the postboy) knocked at the door—implying that I was far too much exhausted by grief, to have strength remaining to knock for myself.

Another sable warder (a carpenter, who had once eaten two geese for a wager) opened the door, and showed me into the best parlour. Here, Mr. Trabb had taken unto himself the best table, and had got all the leaves up, and was

holding a kind of black Bazaar, with the aid of a quantity of black pins. At the moment of my arrival, he had just finished putting somebody's hat into black long-clothes, like an African baby; so he held out his hand for mine. But I, misled by the action, and confused by the occasion, shook hands with him with every testimony of warm affection.

Poor dear Joe, entangled in a little black cloak tied in a large bow under his chin, was seated apart at the upper end of the room; where, as chief mourner, he had evidently been stationed by Trabb. When I bent down and said to him, "Dear Joe, how are you?" he said, "Pip, old chap, you knowed her when she were a fine figure of a——" and clasped my hand and said no more.

Biddy, looking very neat and modest in her black dress, went quietly here and there, and was very helpful. When I had spoken to Biddy, as I thought it not a time for talking I went and sat down near Joe, and there began to wonder in what part of the house it—she—my sister—was. The air of the parlour being faint with the smell of sweet cake, I looked about for the table of refreshments; it was scarcely visible until one had got accustomed to the gloom, but there was a cut-up plum cake upon it, and there were cut-up oranges, and sandwiches, and biscuits, and two decanters that I knew very well as ornaments, but had never seen used in all my life; one full of port, and one of sherry. Standing at this table, I became conscious of the servile Pumblechook in a black cloak and several yards of hatband, who was alternately stuffing himself, and making obsequious movements to catch my attention. The moment he succeeded, he came over to me (breathing sherry and crumbs), and said in a subdued voice, "May I, dear sir?" and did. I then descried Mr. and Mrs. Hubble; the last-named in a decent speechless paroxysm in a corner. We were all going to "follow," and were all in course of being tied up separately (by Trabb) into ridiculous bundles.

"Which I meantersay, Pip," Joe whispered me, as we were being what Mr. Trabb called "formed" in the parlour, two and two—and it was dreadfully like a preparation for some grim kind of dance; "which I meantersay, sir, as I would in preference have carried her to the church myself, along with three or four friendly ones wot come to it with willing harts and arms, but it were considered wot the neighbours would look down on such and would be of opinions as it were wanting in respect."

"Pocket-handkerchiefs out, all!" cried Mr. Trabb at this point, in a depressed business-like voice. "Pocket-handkerchiefs out! We are ready!"

So, we all put our pocket-handkerchiefs to our faces, as if our noses were bleeding, and filed out two and two; Joe and I; Biddy and Pumblechook; Mr. and Mrs. Hubble. The remains of my poor sister had been brought round by the kitchen door; and, it being a point of Undertaking ceremony that the six bearers must be stifled and blinded under a horrible black velvet housing with a white border, the whole looked like a blind monster with twelve human legs, shuffling and blundering along, under the guidance of two keepers—the postboy and his comrade.

The neighbourhood, however, highly approved of these arrangements, and we were much admired as we went through the village; the more youthful and vigorous part of the community making dashes now and then to cut us off, and lying in wait to intercept us at points of vantage. At such times the more exuberant among them called out in an excited manner on our emergence round some corner of expectancy, "*Here* they come!" "*Here* they are!" and we were all but cheered. In this progress I was much annoyed by the abject Pumblechook, who, being behind me, persisted all the way as a delicate attention in arranging my streaming hatband and smoothing my cloak. My thoughts were further distracted by the excessive pride of Mr. and Mrs. Hubble, who were surpassingly conceited and vainglorious in being members of so distinguished a procession.

And now, the range of marshes lay clear before us, with the sails of the ships on the river growing out of it; and we went into the churchyard, close to the graves of my unknown parents, Philip Pirrip, late of this parish, and Also Georgiana, Wife of the Above. And there, my sister was laid quietly in the earth while the larks sang high above it, and the light wind strewed it with beautiful shadows of clouds and trees.

Of the conduct of the worldly-minded Pumblechook while this was doing, I desire to say no more than it was all addressed to me; and that even when those noble passages were read which remind humanity how it brought nothing into the world and can take nothing out, and how it fleeth like a shadow and never continueth long in one stay, I heard him cough a reservation of the case of a young gentleman who came unexpectedly into large property. When we got back, he had the hardihood to tell me that he wished my sister could have known I had done her so much honour, and to hint that she would have considered it reasonably purchased, at the price of her death. After that, he drank all the rest of the sherry, and Mr. Hubble drank the port, and the two talked (which I have since observed to be customary in such cases), as if they were of quite another race from the deceased, and were notoriously immortal. Finally, he went away with Mr. and Mrs. Hubble—to make an evening of it, I felt sure, and to tell the Jolly Bargemen that he was the founder of my fortunes and my earliest benefactor.

When they were all gone, and when Trabb and his men—but not his boy: I looked for him—had crammed their mummery into bags, and were gone too, the house felt wholesomer. Soon afterwards, Biddy, Joe, and I, had a cold dinner together; but we dined in the best par-

lour, not in the old kitchen, and Joe was so exceedingly particular what he did with his knife and fork and the salt-cellar and what not, that there was great restraint upon us. But after dinner, when I made him take his pipe, and when I had loitered with him about the forge, and when we sat down together on the great block of stone outside it, we got on better. I noticed that after the funeral Joe changed his clothes so far, as to make a compromise between his Sunday dress and working dress: in which the dear fellow looked natural and like the Man he was.

He was very much pleased by my asking if I might sleep in my own little room, and I was pleased too; for I felt that I had done rather a great thing in making the request. When the shadows of evening were closing in, I took an opportunity of getting into the garden with Biddy for a little talk.

"Biddy," said I, "I think you might have written to me about these sad matters."

"Do you, Mr. Pip?" said Biddy. "I should have written if I had thought that."

"Don't suppose that I mean to be unkind, Biddy, when I say I consider that you ought to have thought that."

"Do you, Mr. Pip?"

She was so quiet, and had such an orderly, good, and pretty way with her, that I did not like the thought of making her cry again. After looking a little at her downcast eyes, as she walked beside me, I gave up that point.

"I suppose it will be difficult for you to remain here now, Biddy dear?"

"Oh! I can't do so, Mr. Pip," said Biddy, in a tone of regret, but still of quiet conviction. "I have been speaking to Mrs. Hubble, and I am going to her to-morrow. I hope we shall be able to take some care of Mr. Gargery, together, until he settles down."

"How are you going to live, Biddy? If you want any mo——"

"How am I going to live?" repeated Biddy, striking in, with a momentary flush upon her face. "I'll tell you, Mr. Pip. I am going to try to get the place of mistress in the new school nearly finished here. I can be well recommended by all the neighbours, and I hope I can be industrious and patient, and teach myself while I teach others. You know, Mr. Pip," pursued Biddy, with a smile, as she raised her eyes to my face, "the new schools are not like the old, but I learnt a good deal from you after that time, and have had time since then to improve."

"I think you would always improve, Biddy, under any circumstances."

"Ah! Except in my bad side of human nature," murmured Biddy.

It was not so much a reproach, as an irresistible thinking aloud. Well! I thought I would give up that point too. So, I walked a little further with Biddy, looking silently at her downcast eyes.

"I have not heard the particulars of my sister's death, Biddy."

"They are very slight, poor thing. She had been in one of her bad states—though they had got better of late, rather than worse—for four days, when she came out of it in the evening, just at tea-time, and said quite plainly, 'Joe.' As she had never said any word for a long while, I ran and fetched in Mr. Gargery from the forge. She made signs to me that she wanted him to sit down close to her, and wanted me to put her arms round his neck. So I put them round his neck, and she laid her hand down on his shoulder quite content and satisfied. And so she presently said 'Joe' again, and once 'Pardon,' and once 'Pip.' And so she never lifted her head up any more, and it was just an hour later when we laid it down on her own bed, because we found she was gone."

Biddy cried; the darkening garden, and the lane, and the stars that were coming out, were blurred in my own sight.

"Nothing was ever discovered, Biddy?"

"Nothing."

"Do you know what is become of Orlick?"

"I should think from the colour of his clothes that he is working in the quarries."

"Of course you have seen him then?—Why are you looking at that dark tree in the lane?"

"I saw him there, on the night she died."

"That was not the last time either, Biddy?"

"No; I have seen him there, since we have been walking here.—It is of no use," said Biddy, laying her hand upon my arm as I was for running out, "you know I would not deceive you; he was not there a minute, and he is gone."

It revived my utmost indignation to find that she was still pursued by this fellow, and I felt inveterate against him. I told her so, and told her that I would spend any money or take any pains to drive him out of that country. By degrees she led me into more temperate talk, and she told me how Joe loved me, and how Joe never complained of anything—she didn't say, of me; she had no need; I knew what she meant—but ever did his duty in his way of life, with a strong hand, a quiet tongue, and a gentle heart.

"Indeed, it would be hard to say too much for him," said I; "and Biddy, we must often speak of these things, for of course I shall be often down here now. I am not going to leave poor Joe alone."

Biddy said never a single word.

"Biddy, don't you hear me?"

"Yes, Mr. Pip."

"Not to mention your calling me Mr. Pip—which appears to me to be in bad taste, Biddy—what do you mean?"

"What do I mean?" asked Biddy, timidly.

"Biddy," said I, in a virtuously self-asserting manner, "I must request to know what you mean by this?"

"By this?" said Biddy.

"Now, don't echo," I retorted. "You used not to echo, Biddy."

"Used not!" said Biddy. "O Mr. Pip! Used!"

Well! I rather thought I would give up that point too. After another silent turn in the garden, I fell back on the main position.

"Biddy," said I, "I made a remark respecting my coming down here often, to see Joe, which you received with a marked silence. Have the goodness, Biddy, to tell me why."

"Are you quite sure, then, that you WILL come to see him often?" asked Biddy, stopping in the narrow garden walk, and looking at me under the stars with a clear and honest eye.

"Oh dear me!" said I, as if I found myself compelled to give up Biddy in despair. "This really is a very bad side of human nature! Don't say any more, if you please, Biddy. This shocks me very much."

For which cogent reason I kept Biddy at a distance during supper, and, when I went up to my own old little room, took as stately a leave of her as I could, in my murmuring soul, deem reconcilable with the churchyard and the event of the day. As often as I was restless in the night, and that was every quarter of an hour, I reflected what an unkindness, what an injury, what an injustice, Biddy had done me.

Early in the morning, I was to go. Early in the morning, I was out, and, looking in, unseen, at one of the wooden windows of the forge, There I stood, for minutes, looking at Joe, already at work with a glow of health and strength upon his face that made it show as if the bright sun of the life in store for him were shining on it.

"Good-by, dear Joe!—No, don't wipe it off—for God's sake, give me your blackened hand!—I shall be down soon, and often."

"Never too soon, sir," said Joe, "and never too often, Pip!"

Biddy was waiting for me at the kitchen door, with a mug of new milk and a crust of bread. "Biddy," said I, when I gave her my hand at parting, "I am not angry, but I am hurt."

"No, don't be hurt," she pleaded quite pathetically; "let only me be hurt, if I have been ungenerous."

Once more, the mists were rising as I walked away. If they disclosed to me, as I suspect they did, that I should not come back, and that Biddy was quite right, all I can say is—they were quite right too.

AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION IN VIRGINIA.

FEW things can be much more dissimilar than an English ploughing match and an American agricultural meeting—the two are as different, in a word, as the lean Southern planter with his lank hair and nankeen-coloured bloodless face, from the fleshy, portly, rosy country English gentleman who distributes prizes at the other.

My impression of the first is pleasant—my impression of the second is pleasant; but how different the one kind of pleasure from the other! When I think of the English scene, I see before me the dark chocolate-coloured furrows, lighted by the sunshine of early spring; I remember the teams of broad-chested horses, gay in blue and geranium-coloured ribbons, trampling down the stubbles before the keen cleaving ploughs; I hear the pleasant gossip and hearty laughter of the holiday folk; I see the clean white smock-frocks gathering round the happy winner of the prize; I see the country squires on their sturdy glossy hunters; I see the tent where the collation is; I hear the merry pop of the champagne corks, and the chime and cadence of the band. But what I saw of the ordinary agricultural meeting in America, took place on very different earth, and was lighted by a sun of a far fiercer strength. They were not all freemen whom I saw there, merry-making—they were men of different aims and of another world. The land had had far different antecedents from our own, had been, almost within the memory of living men, trod by Indian mocassins, and soaked with warmer blood than that of the buffalo or beaver.

It was September month, when the ripe cotton-pod prefigures winter, and whitens the plantations of Louisiana with sheets of snow. In all the forests of the New World, the maple waved its thousands of little crimson flags; the snake began to prepare for its five months' sleep, and rest from working evil; the mailed alligator, for its hybernation in the coagulated mud; all the myriad iron roads leading from the Northern and the Southern States swarmed with yellow planters, their wives and daughters, and their slave nurses and ladies' maids who were returning home from the Northern watering-places. Newport, with its pleasant sea-bathing and chowder suppers, was lorn and lone; Saratoga with its demi-monde, its gulls and hawks, was deserted; the Sulphur Springs were being reluctantly forsaken; the glass at those hotels was being put up for the winter; the blinds were lowering; the waiters were going away; the whites were looking black, the blacks blacker than usual; in fact, the South having first gone to visit the North during the hot and unhealthy summer, was on its way home again, for the cool and grateful winter. Let the tyrannical overseer on Nash's cotton plantation beware, for "massa," the absentee, would soon be home. Let the unjust steward on Jackson's sugar estate, keep his weather eye open, for "massa" would soon be back to redress wrongs, and to look over the accounts.

It was at the climax of this backward migration that I came to stop awhile in Richmond, the capital of Virginia. The Southern birds were winging home to roost "i' the rocky wood;" the hotels were brimming over; the waiters were all black in the face, partly from natural tendency, partly from incessantly carrying heavy luggage up-stairs that had no ending, but seemed to lead to one of the further planets—the Moon, the Larger Bear, or the Dog Star. Richmond was in a state of great excitement.

The long rows of brown spear-headed leaves lying on the flat terrace roofs of the tobacco warehouses seemed whispering together about the agricultural meeting which every human person, bond or free, was now talking about, or going to, or coming from, in the hot world below. It was talked of down on the quays, among the tobacco ships, and on the hills among the tobacco pickers. The city, whose very road-dust is Scotch snuff, was deeply stirred by the excitement of the fair, the shows, the prize vegetables, the trotting matches, the wonderful singing mouse, and the bear-baiting. The trains momentarily brought in from the country, crowds of sweltering, over-dressed, hearty, nasal country people. The blacks were showing their great white beans of teeth everywhere, in wonder and delight at the general finery and excitement. It was hot enough on the hilly suburban roads to have roasted a sole by laying him on a milestone; but that made no difference; every one was off to the agricultural show in the suburban meadows, ten minutes' distance from the city by railroad, twenty or so by street omnibus. I had had rather a dreadful night of it, because my bedroom happened to be just over the hotel ball-room, and the Virginian reels, as well as the ordinary European dances, were kept up, as country papers say, "with unabated vigour, till pallid morning dawned."

I was pulling off my boots, preparatory to vaulting into bed, when the first dance commenced. It was hours afterwards before the last reeler reeled off, and spun himself away to dream of reels till noon.

From my mere mouthful of sleep I awoke to dress myself and go down to the table-d'hôte and breakfast—a meal prevailing at American hotels from seven in the morning, or earlier—for the Americans are really a much earlier people than we are—till eleven or twelve. I go down, and at the same moment the special servant of my peculiar table, Sam, with what seems one and the same move of the hand, slides me forward a chair, pours me out a large caraffe of iced water, pushes me the gorgeous bill of fare, and whispers in my ear,

"What um want—breakfast, massa?"

I select from the long list, boiled eggs, a cutlet, white fish, boiled hominy, coffee, and stewed oysters—a fine superstructure to build a day upon. I end with fresh draughts of iced water, avoiding the flabby hot-cakes lined with molasses, on which dangerous dainty the dyspeptic American loves to indulge. Then I push back my chair, and launch out into the street, striking up the hill on which the Capitol stands; and so take car for the Exhibition. The streets are full of country faces, of a healthier and purer nankeen colour than those of the town race. The people I see, were yesterday on the Potomac or James rivers, were at Baltimore or Philadelphia, were watching the Kanawha Falls, or burning themselves to brick on the New River cliffs.

Richmond, with its thirty-three thousand inhabitants, is buzzing like a hive; the visitors are at the Capitol, looking on Houdon's beautifully simple statue of Washington. Some of them are being shown the monumental church that now stands where the ill-fated theatre once stood, where, in 1811, the Governor of Virginia and sixty unhappy people perished in an accidental fire; the tobacco planters are below, having a few minutes' chat at the stores on the quays before going to the Exhibition.

When I reach the high hilly road where the cars start, I find an arrangement, peculiarly American, and peculiarly reckless. Now, much as I like the Americans for many qualities, every step I take in America sets me wondering what produces the recklessness of danger, of which a fresh instance is now before me. And what is this prodigy? Why, a real live train, with the steam in the boiler of the engine, hissing as if it were fed with rattlesnakes. Mercy! A real train of huge carriages drawn by a disturbed and roaring engine of I do not know how many horse power, coming along the centre of the open road, close to all the carriages, and horses, and pedestrians, and children, that are posting on to the great agricultural fair. Nothing more than that phantom of modern civilisation spitting burning coals, and breathing very hard, as if in a "most tarnation" rage and ready to chaw up all creation. There are no earth embankments like great redoubts, no strong palisading, no gates ever guarded by men waving flags, but only across the bare high road, about ten yards from the omnibus that holds me and my alarms, a huge gibbet frame of a white board, coolly inscribed

"LOOK OUT FOR THE ENGINE WHEN THE BELL RINGS."

Yes, sirre, and time to, considering that the bell wags on the engine itself, and the warning and the buffers would reach you at about the same moment! But this time my alarm was soon ended, for on slided the ponderous train, the smoke vomiting from the huge-mouthed funnel, the bell swinging out its tardy and almost mocking warning, and with a spirt of fire and a puff of white steam, it drew up with a sullen slowness about twenty yards from my apparently doomed omnibus.

No nervous man (nervousness is not fear) should go to America; for a life is thought nothing of in the country that all Europe helps to people. Thousands go to see Blondin break his neck at Niagara, and I myself had been to see a Frenchman expose himself to certain death in a paper balloon. When two engines are racing to a fire, the two companies will pull out revolvers and fight for precedency. Duelling is common. Racing steamers will refuse to stop and pick up a black hand that has fallen overboard. As for these railway crossings, a car driver has been known to put his horses at full speed, and bet five dollars he would get over before "the darned engine," at the risk of an immortal and irretrievable smash. I have crossed immense swamps on long railway bridges supported by rickety trestles that vibrated with the

passage. I have been in a train when the driver has put on triple speed, and has with the utmost glee reported himself chased by another train that could be seen growing larger from a mere black animalcula in the distance. But I must leave this problem, or I shall be too late for the bear fight at the Agricultural Exhibition. I reach, after jolting through new by-roads, almost impassable, the suburban fields hired for the show. They are close to the railway; indeed, the entrance is a little shed opening from the platform, which is thronged with negro salesmen of hickory nuts and Lager beer, noisy, good natured, and vociferous of prices.

I pay my twenty-five cents (about a shilling), and enter. No bows or thanks, or bland obsequious voice from the money-taker. This is a republican country, and I am not thought more of, because I am richer than another man by a few hundred pounds or so. The holiday people jostle in with me. The old Dominion has sent her sons here by hundreds, and fine lathy bold men her sons are. "Yes, siure—yes, siure!" Really, they might be country people in England, as far as their manner goes. The fathers tow along the little boys; the mothers lay down laws to the brood of daughters; the lovers blush and whisper; the old people coze and gossip—just as English human nature does, for all I can see.

But how different the complexions! No rosy reds and carnations here, deepening into purple; no flushes of carmine in the young men's cheeks, no living rose bloom in the maidens' faces; no, mere dry nankeen colour in the one, and the mere faint cold pink of a winter rose in the other. No earth-shaking top-booted farmers to pulverise the clods and slap the fat oxen; no port-wine-coloured blood mantling in the broad acres of their cheek. The dry sapless faces, dried by the Indian heat, are new to me, and they show no rude country health, they tell of no healthy fox-chases, no windy struggling rides to market; no, yellow blood—though it fills many a brave honest heart in this Virginian show—brings to me no recollections of home.

Nor does the dress either; it is all of the new world, and confuses all my old-fashioned notions of the distinctions of class. There are no white smocks, silver-clean as snow-drifts, the property of venerable countrymen; there are no buckskins, no top-boots; no, a dead level of dull second-hand evening costume. Every man wears an ill-made black tail-coat, black trousers, and a rumply, agitated, black satin waistcoat. The women, also lean, and rather of a nankeen colour, but gentle, well-mannered, and looking very pleased and happy, are over-dressed. Their bonnets, arching up over the forehead, are heavy with ribbons of all shades of scarlet and azure; and they wear bell-shaped hoops, that tilt about and jerk in the most ludicrous and foolish way. I observe that felt hats are the chief wear with the men; and when any one carries a stick, it is generally a solemn, old-fashioned-looking black cane, with a huge ivory knob.

But now the sight of a distant arena, or paled-in enclosure, with seats round it in tiers, like a circus, draws me as a magnet cliff does an iron-built ship, for I know it must be the place for the bear-baiting. So I push carelessly through the building, where the fat cattle groan over their food, and heave and perspire, and wheeze and heave, wonderful as I have no doubt are the great Kentucky ox, the big Kentucky mules, the Illinois pigs, and the horses from Indiana. And now a terrible growling and yelping makes me hurry faster, and I scramble to my seat, and pay my fee, wondering what the English papers would say if any one attempted to bait a bear at an English Agricultural Meeting?

And there is the bear, just as he was when Master Slender took Saccarson by the chain, and frightened all the Anne Pages of Windsor, by such an exhibition of his courage! There he is, looking furious in his carriage-rug dress at the dogs that beleaguer him, now getting a dreadful tug at his bleeding ears, that are fast getting bitten, one into a pattern, the other into a crimson and black fringe. How red and mischievous his eyes look, how white his enormous teeth, how broad are his terrible forearms!

A bench breaks, and down tumble twenty or thirty people into the pit, but no one has time to sympathise. It is so many dollars on the bear, "on the bear," and then so many on the dogs, "on the dogs."

"I'll back my bull-dog from Washington, for twenty dollars," cries a rowdy in his dirty shirt-sleeves. "He'd face an alligator. Yes, siure, he would that. Oh, he's a bully-dog, he is!"

"Done!" cries another bhoy, from the opposite side. The dog goes at the bear; the bear waits for the dog, and strikes him a side blow with his paw, that drives him up in a whimpering heap close to his chapfallen master's feet.

"I guess you'd better take your bully-dog home," cries a man near, totally regardless of the owner's feelings. "That dog would not face a snapping turtle. Take him home!"

"Let him go to ——, or Jamaica!" says the owner, mentioning two proverbial hot places, and giving the poor dog a kick that lifts him up half over the wall of the pit; "but you should have seen him the other day in Jackson's store—hei! how he did tackle the badger in Jackson's store!"

In ten minutes more the bear has "whipped" the dogs, and the arena is empty. The lost dollars are paid, the bear is led off to wait for another day of misery, and the dogs are bound, and bandaged, and carried home.

Besides the bear-pit there was a large temporary building devoted to the exhibition of Virginian produce, to rail-splitting machines and snake fences, and to machines that split shingles (or wooden tiles for roofing houses). Then there were huge glass jars of enormous brandy peaches and apple jelly, and there were vast apples—larger or quicker grown, and more

mellow-looking than ours—preposterous orange gourds, great bell-shaped purple *Samboas*, cucumbers as large as ships' telescopes, and all variations of the extensive and well-known "cucumber family." And there were egg plants, that the Americans cut in slices and roast, and Lima beans, and about three times as many sorts of vegetables as we ordinarily bring to table. And, as I was admiring some fragrant bales of tobacco, an American gentleman entered into conversation with me, and explained that the best Virginia tobacco does not go to England, as the flat and rough leaves are the best on the plant, whereas the London merchants choose the smoothest and cleanest looking: which are never so strong or good. As for tobacco arriving from Havannah, that proves nothing, for there was much sent to Germany from Virginia, and from Germany sent to Virginia—thence to be re-exported with the Havannah marks and brands on the bales or chests.

A part of the show that particularly pleased me was the display of enormous heads of Indian corn, looking like the dried rattles of rattlesnakes. Then I come to the shows scattered about here and there; but quieter and less demonstrative than in England. It is too hot here to shout yourself black in the face; nor were the shows so crowded as to come into direct competition. Every now and then on the burnt turf, near a Black Jack tree, or bordering on a retired gravel walk, I find a show, with the usual disproportion between the outside manifest and the inner wonder. There was a *Fat Family*, weighing several thousand stones between them, and the smallest three brothers in the habitable world; but no storming bands blurted out the fact, no speaking-trumpets thundered forth the news to Young America. There were acrobats who were always going to do something wonderful, and then changed their intentions and did something very common-place—like certain other men of promise I have known. But above all, to the simple-hearted delight of the country people, who are uncritical and easily amused, there was

"THE CELEBRATED SINGING MOUSE,"

purchased for one hundred thousand dollars, in the rocky interior of Cochin China; for this wonderful, intelligent, and gifted creature, the proprietor had refused three hundred roubles, and even larger offers made by the Emperor of Russia—who was, I guess, infatuated with the marvellous animal that had attracted the gaze of thousands, and ministered to intellectual delight at the Courts of the Dey of Algiers, the Cham of Tartary, the Emperor Napoleon, the Ban of Croatia, and Queen Victoria. Now was the time to see this singular creature, as the owner was just going to the old country on a starring engagement. But even this, and a calf with five legs, I abstained from seeing. I preferred the open air, and the crowds of country visitors.

Last of all, I went to the trotting course, to see one of those races peculiar to America. The ordinary flat race or steeple-chase the American does not care for, but everywhere he practises the trotting-match in tall overgrown gigs of extreme lightness and strength, specially manufactured for the purpose. To me, this sort of race seemed dull, but the people around me sat absorbed, their faces clouding and brightening according to the chances of the match. We sat in the glare of the sun, in a huge frame of slanting seats, looking down on the broad dusty circle of the course and the judge's stand. And here I called to mind that not only in the "sulky" and the "spider waggon," but also in the "trotting waggon," ordinary drag, and every other vehicle, everything American is lighter than it would be in England. Their spokes are half the thickness; their harness half the weight, and half the quantity. American fire-engines are half the size of ours. In furniture, there is the same marked difference: attributable, I think, partly to climate and partly to hickory wood being as strong as oak and much lighter. Our solid beefy massive character is not visible in American manufactures. A light slimness in their pails, and in their vessels, in their shops, and in their chairs. The very dress of their policemen shows it. Everything manifests how different is the trade ideal of the two countries. The American trotting-waggon, with its little box of a seat, its enormous and slender wheels, and its horse with scarcely any harness on, would make an English jockey stare: yet with no great reason, for it is, for its purpose, admirable and complete, though rather frail and dangerous. The driver, who passionately enjoys the excitement, sits, like an ancient charioteer, grim and with clenched teeth, both feet wide apart and planted firmly against the wood-work of his flying car, the reins in either hand and on the strain.

Their famous trotting-horses are known by the number of seconds they take to do a mile in: the figures always accompanying the name, like a title of honour. Enormous sums are won and lost on these horses. Certainly as a trial of skill, endurance, and energy, a trotting-match is not to be despised. I suppose the more personal exertion of our jockeys would scarcely be endurable by an American; at all events, not by men whose ancestors have been enervated by the climate, and who do not make themselves less languid and excitable by unceasing chewing of tobacco, and habitual indulgence in bilious hot cakes sodden with butter.

And as I walk home to the hotel, I think how different a climate this is from that of my own country. How fiercely blue the sky all day has been, with no light-laden white clouds to cast one kindly and grateful shadow! Here the setting sun falls like a red-hot shell upon the luminous roofs of the town. Twilight, too, is more sudden; there is no gradual, rosy dimness, with dove-coloured greys; no creamy tinges, with here and there a line or vein of melting amber. No; all-sheltering darkness comes suddenly, and falls like a black curtain too hastily released upon the burnt-up earth.

The angel of the moon, in her little bark of crescent pearl, looks down smiling on the old Dominion as it sleeps.

GUESTS AT THE GREAT INN.

Beat the gong, and ring the bell!
Gently open half the gate,—
Comes a Lady, young, alone,
Torn by stock, and bruised by stone,
Hunted here by jealous hate.
"Give me shelter, silence, rest,—
If, by coarse pursuer pressed,
You are questioned, nothing tell."
Ah! poor heart, in anguish lost!—
Welcome from protecting host,—
Hath the host not grieved as well?

Ring the bell, and beat the gong!
Comes an Earl with gold to waste,
"Old wine in thy cellar is,
And the oldest I will kiss,
As my mistress I would taste."
Riot in my chamber best,
Some one to his bosom pressed
Who departs and wails no wrong;
Ducats on my staircase shed—
(I have followed there, the dead),
'Tis a jolly even-song!

Beat the gong, and ring the bell!
Here is Poet, come to see
What our city hath to show,—
Minster windows, all a-glow
With the rainbow's pageantry.
Eldern saints the whom to carve,
Sculpter of his faith, would starve
Strong in worship of the spell.
Cheer his heart with yellow wine.
Boy! thy dream long since was mine,
How it vanished, who can tell?

Ring the bell, and beat the gong!
Let him in—a Merchant next,
Hard in voice and bold in face,
Only by a damaged place
In his market to be vexed.
Hear him talk, as part of trade,
Of the bargains he has made
Here and there, his walk along:
"Anne was sprightly, Mary, neared
Timidly, my night-black beard!"—
Cheap hath grown the price of wrong.

Beat the gong, and ring the bell!
What? for Priest with nought to spend—
Creeping in, who maketh gloom
Even in my lighted room,
By his feigning to be friend
Of dumb things, that understand
And evade his satin hand—
Of my child, who shrinks as well,—
Of the Pedlar, who is here,—
Dusty, for his flask of beer,—
Let him out—and no farewell!

Ring the bell, and beat the gong!
Loud!—The Prince!—on humble knees
Light him upward to his bed,
Proud that on God's earth do tread
Still such royal prodigies!
What has mighty Prince to do,
With a vassal small as you,
Save to pay for feast and song?
"Ah! your Highness, pardon, pray,
If my wife deceased to-day;
She was loving, fair, and young!"

Some must keep an open door—
Corpses heed no revel-din;
Who inquires if in the cup
Funeral wine be offered up?
Death goes out, and Life comes in!
Call for joyaunce, revel, toast,—
Who respects convenient Host.
When his nimbleness is o'er?
Who hath dreamed, that to his part,
He, too, brought a human heart?—
Close the Inn for evermore!

THE QUEEN OF THE BLUE STOCKINGS.

When Mrs. Montague and Mrs. Thrale, and sundry other ladies, well-to-do, good-looking, and learned, gathered polite society in their drawing-rooms, and talked for applause, the name of Blue Stocking arose out of a chance observation on the stockings of a visitor to one of Mrs. Montague's assemblies. Mrs. Montague and Mrs. Thrale, and all their race, came then to be known by that name, and the title descends to the children's children of the sisterhood by whom Latin and Greek are quoted and display is made of learning before company.

Tastes differ, we know, and the tastes of generations differ as much as the tastes of single men. In Doctor Johnson's day there was a run on clever women; they were talked about, rhymed, and reasoned about in the daily newspaper, had all their private affairs cut into by the scissors of the sub-editor, and were, in fact, the public property. Then, instead of writing to the Times about unequal rating, or railway mismanagement, Paterfamilias took up his pen to address the Morning Herald, and wrote:

Herald! haste, with me proclaim
Those of literary fame.
Hannah More's pathetic pen,
Painting high th' impassioned scene;
Carter's piety and learning,
Little Burney's quick discerning;
Cowley's neatly pointed wit,
Healing those her satires hit;
Smiling Streatfield's wry neck,
Nose, and notions—à la Grecque!
Let Chapone retain a place,
And the mother of her Grace,
Each art of conversation knowing,
High-bred, elegant Boscawen;
Thrale, in whose expressive eyes
Sits a soul above disguise,
Skill'd with wit, and sense t' impart
Feelings of a generous heart.
Lucan, Leveson, Greville, Crewe,
Fertile-minded Montague.

Now nobody sends to the press these delicate invitations. We should as soon expect to see a lady in Rotten-row riding a Megalosaurus, as a lot of ladies trotted down a column of newspaper by such a Pegasus:

Daily News awake and sing
On the nose of Laura Pring;
Nose and notions brightly shine,
She herself's a flame of mine.

Have you met Matilda Brown
Since she brought her aunt to town?
If you have, and saw her bonnet,
Give us your ideas upon it.

But it would have been better if those old-fashioned newspapers had contented themselves with scratching their pens over the ladies' noses, and with getting trimming for their columns from the ladies' bonnets. Nothing was too sacred for the most public gossip. Mrs. Thrale's first husband was hardly buried before the papers began to consider with the public how long she could remain a widow, and to appoint for her a round dozen of second husbands. All this was very bad for the papers, but it was worse, every way, for the women who were topics of the papers. They were flattered and talked out of their domesticity, fooled into vain display, made centres of a pretentious frivolity. Mrs. Montague was, by personal right, chief of the Blue Stockings; she was never crowned, says Mrs. Thrale, but justly conscious of supremacy. But Mrs. Thrale was the elect of Doctor Johnson, through whom, rather than through the weak books she herself wrote, she has acquired a lasting name in literature, and is for us, at any rate, the rightful queen. Mr. A. Hayward, a pleasant anecdotical writer, has published two volumes of autobiography, Letters and Remains of Mrs. Thrale, who, when she became Mrs. Piozzi, was denounced by the whole press for disgracing herself, by giving up in second marriage with a man who made nothing but music the illustrious name of a first husband who had made strong beer. Thrale neither loved her, nor obtained her love; Piozzi did both. Thrale was not faithful to her; Piozzi gave up country and religion for her, and was hers till death. But Thrale left a brewery behind him, which was sold for one hundred and twenty thousand pounds. The widow had three thousand pounds a year, and the Italian singer had only, with a small patrimony, what might be laid by from a few years' enjoyment of a professional income of twelve hundred pounds a year. The newspapers compared moneys, and joined the widow's friends in such attack on her that for a time she struggled against her own sense of what was fit and right. But we are beginning in the middle, when, with the help of Mr. Hayward's memorials, we intend to begin at the beginning, and tell the whole story of the bewildered, half-miscarried life of this most famous Queen of the Blue Stockings.

We will begin with her as little Hester Lynch Salusbury, and pass over her highly respectable Welsh pedigree. "Will it amuse you," writes Mrs. Piozzi in her Autobiographical Memoirs, to be told that Katherine de Berayne, after Sir Richard Clough's death, married Maurice Wynne, of Gwydir, whose family and fortune merged in that of the Berlies." Certainly it will not. And we don't care a penny for Sir Robert Salusbury Cotton or for his wife Lady Betty Tollemache. No doubt we should have cared for them if we had known them. It is part of the present story, however, that Hester's mother had ten thousand pounds of her own, an excellent fortune in those days, when she married for love her rakish cousin, Hester's father, John Salusbury of Bachycraig. He ran through her money for her, and when Hester was born, father and mother were rather poor folks in a cottage in Carnarvonshire, waiting for the death of one of *their* parents to enable them to "reinstate themselves," as Mrs. Piozzi has it, "in a less unbecoming situation." Hester was the first of their children that did not perish in infancy. She was played with, crammed with French, glorified by an uncle Thomas on her father's side, who was much given to glorifying also the dukes and lords who were his friends, and half adopted by an uncle Sir Robert on the mother's side, who meant to bequeath poor Fiddle, as he called Hester, ten thousand pounds. But he died of apoplexy before he had altered the will, leaving all to his brother. "Some traces yet remain upon my mind," says Mrs. Piozzi in her old age, "of poor mamma's anguish, and of my father's violent expressions," not at the loss of their relative, but of his money.

Then while John Salusbury was in Wales trying to find a lead mine in Bachycraig to fill his pocket with, mamma and little Hester were in town, patronised by papa's brother's great friend the Duke of Leeds. There Mr. Quin taught Hester to recite, she being six years old, Satan's address to the Sun, out of Milton, for which she curtseyed to him, as a friend, from the stage-box, when she was taken to see him act in Cato. She met Garrick too, who took her on his knee and gave her cakes for displaying her French scholarship. After that, the rollicking John Salusbury was sent out by his patron Lord Halifax to see to the colonisation of Nova Scotia, and the mother was left, with her own slender means, to maintain and teach the precocious little girl. Admiral Sir Peter Dennis finding that, at eight years old, Hester knew all about "the use of the globes," taught her the rudiments of navigation. Then she went, after her measles and small-pox, to stay with a rich grandmother Cotton at East Hyde, where she made friends with the horses and the old coachman, her next tutor, who taught her to drive. There were "four great ramping war-horses" for the family coach. Two of them learnt to lick the little girl's hand for bread and sugar, and she amazed her grandmother one day by tooling them round the court-yard in the break.

Here, in Hertfordshire, one neighbour was Sir Henry Penrice, with an only daughter, Anna Maria, great heiress, who fell in love with John Salusbury's brother, Doctor Thomas, left in charge of Hester and her mother. Doctor Thomas let his sister-in-law's affairs go to wreck while he courted the heiress, whose money would make amends for all. Those lovers married, Sir Henry Penrice died, Doctor Thomas succeeded to the estates, title, and much wealth. Lady Anna Maria, who was all kindness to Hester and mamma, and was immensely learned herself, caused Hester to be taught Latin, Italian, and Spanish. But the dear aunt Anna Maria could

not endure Hester's father with the red-hot temper, getting into scrapes and duels and all sorts of difficulties. Anna Maria died, aged forty-one, of dropsy. Uncle Thomas — Sir Thomas—loved horses and little Hester, then thirteen years old. Her verses and translations he showed to the young men by whom the place was haunted, and her skill on horseback all could see. Doctor Collier, Hester's chief instructor, had been and was a constant guest. Between the ages of thirteen and sixteen, when her uncle Thomas's age was sixty-four, court was made to the child by young men whom she dealt with as so many suitors. Uncle Sir Thomas loved Hester and her mother, but the peace of his home was broken by his brother John, and he was thus driven to seek consolation in the smiles of a willing widow. "We should have made home more agreeable," says the autobiographer.

Lord Halifax being made Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, John Salusbury joined the danglers in his lordship's train through Wales. Hester and mamma were alone at Offley, uncle Thomas's seat, doing the honours. Doctor Collier was in London on business. Uncle Thomas was gone off to London for a night or two, hoping to see his widow, when—momentous the day—Sir Thomas returned, Mrs. Piozzi writes in her old age, "to tell us what an excellent, what an incomparable young man he had seen, who was, in short, a model of perfection, and a *real sportsman*. Seeing me disposed to laugh, he looked very grave; said he expected us to like him, and that seriously. The next day, Mr. Thrale followed his eulogist, and applied himself so diligently to gain my mother's attention—aye, and her heart, too,—that there was little doubt of her approving the pretensions of so very showy a suitor—if suitor he was to *me*, who certainly had not a common share in the compliments he paid to my mother's wit, beauty, and elegance. His father, he said, was born in our village at Offley, of mean parents, but had made a prodigious fortune by his merits; and the people all looked with admiration at his giving five shillings to a poor boy who lay on the bank, because he was sure his father had been such a boy. In a week's time the country catched the notion up, that Miss Salusbury's husband had been suddenly found by meeting Sir Thomas at the house of Mr. Levinz, a well-known *bon vivant* of those days, who kept a gay house and a gay lady at Brompton, where he entertained the gay fashionists of 1760." This young brewer was, indeed, the husband picked out by Sir Thomas, who made Hester's marriage with him the condition of his favour. But Hester's father, prompted by the chaplain at Offley, who was not without an ambition of his own, swore that his child should not be exchanged for a barrel of porter. The brothers quarrelled and met no more. John carried his wife and child away to London, where Mr. Thrale still visited, and seemed to court only mamma; where mamma was miserable and papa was violent, and whither a note soon came from Doctor Collier to Hester, written in Latin, to say that Sir Thomas, lord of all their expectations, certainly would marry his friend, the widow, on the Sunday following.

Hester was not to break the dreadful news herself. The doctor himself would come, after the event, and manage that. But Hester's face told a sad tale. Papa, accusing her of clandestine dealings with Mr. Thrale, worried her for hours until she fainted, took the letter from her bosom, and then the calamity was known to all; after which they were all sitting up, miserable together, until four o'clock in the morning. They rose at nine, all of them ill. John Salusbury went to ask counsel of a brother-in-law, Hester, meanwhile, wrote a note to invite their doctor to dine with them. Before the doctor came, or the dinner was dished, John Salusbury of Bachycraig was brought back into the house a corpse.

His will left his Bachycraig house to his wife, charged with a portion of five thousand pounds to his daughter. Uncle Thomas, whose education John in old days had paid for, and who had lost John's family a farm with a hundred a year by neglect while he was courting Anna Maria, made the five thousand ten. With that fortune, and expectations of course, Mrs. Piozzi wrote, "Mr. Thrale deigned to accept my undesired hand, and in ten months from my poor father's death were both the marriages he feared accomplished. My uncle went himself with me to church, dined with us at Streatham Park, returned to Hertfordshire, wedded the widow, and then scarce ever saw or wrote to either of us; leaving me to conciliate as I could, a husband who was indeed much kinder than I counted on, to a plain girl, who had not the attraction in his eyes, and on whom he never had thrown five minutes of his time away, in any interview unwitnessed by company, even until after our wedding-day was done." At the age of three-and-twenty, Hester Salusbury, short, plump, and brisk, with features too decided to be pretty, very learned for a girl, and a clever talker by virtue both of ready wit and a good memory for quotations, married, for his wealth, the eminent predecessor of Messrs. Barclay, Perkins, and Co., the tall, reserved, and handsome Mr. Thrale. Dr. Fitzpatrick, a sickly old Roman Catholic physician, friend of the elder Thrale, lived with the newly married couple, and from him Hester learnt why her husband had made up his mind to marry her. "He had," the doctor said, "asked several women," naming them, "but all except *me* refused to live in the Borough, to which and to his business he observed that Mr. Thrale was as unaccountably attached *now*, as he had been in his father's time averse from both." Of course nothing was more natural than that a brewer should have a doctor for his household friend and confidant. There are not a few hints scattered about the memoirs showing that Mr. Thrale was not entirely satisfied with malt and hops as the sole sources of beer. Before his death, in fact, he was muddling away his money with experiments, that on one

occasion spoilt a whole brew and left him without means of properly supplying customers. When his fortunes were in peril he took his wife into his confidence, but in the earlier years of marriage he was so reserved, that his enjoyment of a contract yielding for three years an annual fortune, only became known to her by chance after his death. And let us know a little more about the early story of the Barclay-Perkins brewery. Mr. Thrale, the elder, had it of a Mr. Halsey, Edmund Halsey, son to a miller at St. Albans, who quarrelled with his father, ran away to London and engaged himself as broomstick clerk, or yard-sweeper, &c., to old Mr. Child, of the Anchor Brewhouse, Southwark. Halsey behaved well, and became house-clerk, was admitted to his master's table, married his master's only daughter, and succeeded to the business. Being thus a rich man, and having married his own only child, a daughter, to Lord Cobham, Halsey bethought him of a sister Sukey who had married a hard-working man named Thrale, at Offley, in Hertfordshire, and had a larger family than she could well support. He sent, therefore, for one of the boys, and got Ralph, the one who was father to Hester's husband, promising to make a man of him. Ralph Thrale became the manager of Halsey's business, and managed to get, as manager only, a great deal of money for himself as well as for his principal. Master and manager were alike handsome men, they both courted the same woman, who preferred the younger, and this mortified the elder, so that Halsey died leaving not a guinea to his nephew. Nevertheless, Ralph Thrale had acquired already so much, that he bought the brewery of Halsey's son-in-law and daughter, Lord and Lady Cobham, making, of course, a canny bargain.

In this gentleman's brewery Mr. Perkins was head clerk. After Thrale's death, when Dr. Johnson, running about with an ink-bottle at his button like an exciseman, and revelling in the glory of signing large cheques, was one of the five executors and brewery managers, the Doctor was asked what he supposed the brewery was worth. "We are not here," he replied, "to sell a parcel of boilers and vats, but the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice." Of the sale the lady herself tells. She had, when her husband was in difficulty, personally canvassed the landlord of the Blue Posts for one other trial of the beer; she had attended at critical times in the counting-house; the only son given to her among many daughters was born dead after she had been calming a riot among the brewery clerks. And now, she says, "on Mr. Thrale's death I kept the counting-house from nine o'clock every morning till five o'clock every evening, till June, when God Almighty sent us a knot of rich Quakers, who bought the whole, and saved me and my coadjutors from brewing ourselves into another bankruptcy, which hardly could, I think, have been avoided, being, as we were, five in number, all with equal power, yet all incapable of using it without help from Mr. Perkins, who wished to force himself into partnership, though hating the whole lot of us, save only *me*. Upon my promise, however, that if he would find a purchaser I would present his wife with my dwelling-house at the Borough and all its furniture, he soon brought forward these Quaker Barclays, from Pennsylvania I believe they came—her own relations, I have heard—and they obtained the brewhouse a prodigious bargain; but Miss Thrale was of my mind to part with it for one hundred and fifty thousand pounds; and I am sure I never did repent." Everybody, she adds presently, was glad to be rid of the burden, "except dear Dr. Johnson, who found some odd delight in signing drafts for hundreds and for thousands, to him a new and, as it appeared, delightful occupation."

Such then was the worldly position, such were the antecedents and the followings, of the man who transformed Hester Salusbury into Mrs. Thrale. He required his wife to keep out of her kitchen, to sit in her drawing-room and grace his table when they were at Streatham Park. The dinner-table at Streatham was not more agreeable to Dr. Johnson than it was to its master. Mr. Thrale had his weak gaieties away from home; at home he loved his dinner better than his wife, and eating more than drinking. Gluttony hastened his death, and his last words to an old friend were of the lamprey season. He cared for nothing in his wife but her social cleverness, and when in later years he openly preferred Sophy Streatfield, a learned and lovely coquette, also a pupil of Doctor Collier's — who was catching and dragging even bishops in her train—upon his wife's quoting Pope's Homer, he said, "Sophy could have quoted that in the Greek."

"Driven," says the poor woman, "on literature as my sole resource, no wonder if I loved my books and children." Of many children, only four girls lived. That they were watched over with secret tenderness we see from many indications, but the mother owns and thinks it a proud thing to say, that in her children, as with her husband, she never interfered with the natural formation of opinions. The girls seem to have inherited their father's reserve, and to have been influenced unfavourably by the artificial life that prevailed in their father's house. Baretti, clever, perverse, and passionate, was for some years an inmate, teaching languages to the eldest girl, another Hester, grossly depraising her abilities, while she was yet but a child, as greater than her mother's, and openly habitually disparaging her mother to her through months and years, the mother sitting by and bearing all with a sweet social smile. The lively Mrs. Thrale was not a happy woman. In her "expressive eyes," which the newspapers celebrated, "sat a soul" capable of higher things than the world gave her to do. A clever woman, capable of shining in society, will like society; but to be soaked and drenched in it as she was; to be drawn daily from her children to the dinner-table, and in her strained repartee

and apt quotation to find all the domesticity her husband asked from her, was hard. At home in the glare of company, compliment that was in those days more fulsome than politeness now allows; true as steel to the interests and the pleasures of a man who did not love her, with whom, after years of marriage, she could not speak with familiar unrestraint; and out of doors open to all the prying of the newspapers; —surely it was a very hard life for the warm-hearted little woman, who could afterwards shut herself up in Wales with Piozzi, give up all pleasures to nurse his gout, when, with the quiet, fond musician paying her the best of compliments in a true love, and humming his tunes in one room, and with her litter of learned books, out of which she was composing a great treatise, in another room, she was blue stocking and woman too. Johnson, who was a good man, honoured her: he said she was "good in the last recesses of her mind." A great deal that was in those last recesses never was brought out of them, and part of what had come out was thrust back again. Thrale dead, and Piozzi dead, she kept her eightieth birthday with a ball, and herself led the dance. Both her husbands had believed firmly that she would die some sudden death, and after a manner the presentiment was true, since her death, at the age of eighty-one, was of the consequences of a fall.

Enough of who she was, and what she was, now let us finish with a string of anecdotes by or about her.

Mrs. Thrale's relation to Dr. Johnson appears to have originated in a desire to draw Johnson out of painful depths of an hypochondriac melancholy. He was first tempted to be more than a passing guest at Streatham. A bedroom was made his, for use whenever he chose to escape from his close lodgings in the Fleet-street court, and there was always ready for him a place of honour at Thrale's table. Once, on her birthday morning, Mrs. Thrale, recovered from serious illness, went into the Doctor's room, and said, "Nobody sends me any verses now, because I am five-and-thirty years old." Johnson instantly burst out in verse:

> "Oft in danger, yet *a*live,
> We are come to thirty-*five*;
> Long may *b*etter years arrive,
> Better years than thirty-five.
> Could philosophers contrive
> Life to stop at thirty-five,
> Time his hours should never *d*rive
> O'er the bounds of thirty-five," &c. &c.

"And now," he said, when he had got to w for wive, "you may see what it is to come for poetry to a dictionary maker; you may observe that the rhymes run in alphabetical order exactly."

There has been questions as to the year of Mrs. Thrale's birth, a question only between two neighbouring years. Mrs. Thrale was not like the Lady Aldborough, who resolved never to own to more than twenty-five, and until the day of her death, at the age of eighty-five, had her passport always made out for her as a young lady of five-and-twenty. She used to boast that whenever a foreign official objected, she never failed to silence him by the remark that he was the first gentleman of his country who ever told a lady she was older than she said she was.

Doctor Johnson gave sound advice as a friend in the affairs of the brewery, when they were embarrassed, ending one excellent note with these sentences: "Surely there is something to be saved; there is to be saved whatever is the difference between vigilance and neglect, between parsimony and profusion. The price of malt has risen again. It is now two pounds eight shillings the quarter. Ale is sold in the public-houses at sixpence a quart, a price which I never heard of before." This helps us to understand why Mr. Perkins hung up in the brewery counting-house a fine proof of the mezzotint of Doctor Johnson by Doughty. "Why do you put him up in the counting-house?" asked Mrs. Thrale, somewhat flippantly. Mr. Perkins answered, "Because, madam, I wish to have one wise man there." "Sir," said Johnson, "I thank you. It is a very handsome compliment, and I believe you speak sincerely."

Though slovenly in his own dress and short-sighted, the Doctor could detect the minutest fault in the dress or behaviour of the ladies whom he met. Says Mrs. Thrale, "I commended a young lady for her beauty and pretty behaviour one day, to whom I thought no objections could have been made." "I saw her," said Doctor Johnson, "take a pair of scissors in her left hand though; and for all her father is now become a nobleman, and you say excessively rich, I should, were I a youth of quality ten years hence, hesitate between a girl so neglected and a *negro*." Another lady, whose accomplishments he never denied, came to our house one day covered with diamonds, feathers, &c., and he did not seem inclined to chat with her as usual. I asked him why when the company was gone. "Why, her head looked so like that of a woman who shows puppets," said he, "and her voice so confirmed the fancy, that I could not bear her to-day; when she wears a large cap, I can talk to her."

When Mrs. Thrale was a widow, the wits in the newspapers of course suggested Doctor Johnson, among others, for a second husband. She suspected Soame Jenyn to be the author of the following Johnsonian question:

> Cervisial coctor's viduate dame,
> Opinst thou this gigantick frame
> Procumbing at thy shrine,
> Shall, catinated by thy charms,
> A captive in thy ambient arms
> Perennially be thine?

Whitbread the brewer offered marriage to Thrale's widow, and was refused.

In a note by Mrs. Piozzi to Wraxall's Memoirs of My Own Time, we read of the unlucky courtesy of Queen Caroline towards a Derbyshire baronet, Sir Woolston Dixie. The queen, seeking to make friends before a reception, gathered facts relating to persons who would be

presented, on which she might found an agreeable allusion. She heard that Sir Woolston lived near Bosworth Field, but had not heard that the worthy baronet, a brutal and ignorant man, knew less of the fate of Richard the Third than of the ridicule he got in his own parish for having assaulted a tinker one day in crossing Bosworth Field, and made himself a local jest as hero of the Battle of Bosworth. Of all that the queen knew nothing, when she said with her blandest smile as he came up, "Oh, sir! it has been related to me your connexion with Bosworth Field and the memorable battle fought there." The gentleman's face reddened as he broke out with an indecorous vehemence of protestation that all her majesty had heard about that battle was a lie, and he would find a way to make those repent it who had filled the ears of their sovereign with such gross nonsense. "God forgive my great sin!" cried the astonished princess; and Sir Woolston Dixie left the drawing-room in great agony of wrath.

BOYLE'S POINT OF VIEW.

It is the fashion—and a very good fashion—to dwell on the benefits society has derived from various departments of science, and to show how many of the modern improvements in civilised society are due to scientific discovery. No doubt it would be difficult to exaggerate and tedious to recapitulate what we owe to science; but it may be more desirable, and is certainly more novel, to consider what we have a right to expect from it. Such an attempt would not be without precedent, for it happens that there exist materials from which we may clearly deduce—at least at one important epoch in modern history—what were the anticipations of reasonable men as to future discovery. We thus, as it were, place ourselves on an eminence far in the rear of our present position in science, and remembering the narrow limits within which knowledge was confined at the period alluded to, we may observe and trace what to men living at that time was the dim outline of the future, marking the direction which it then seemed likely that improvement would take, and the departments that seemed then to promise important discovery. What was the future two centuries ago, has long been the past in all matters of scientific interest, and we may thus compare the anticipation with the reality in a way not a little interesting, and well calculated to yield useful suggestions, if we would now look forward from the stand-point of existing science and honestly describe our impressions as to the future of the present generation.

We are indebted for the means of thus comparing a distant prospect and a mere anticipation with a clear knowledge of facts, to a man of no small eminence in his own day, who lived in England during the middle and latter part of the seventeenth century, and devoted himself to science as it then existed. This man was Robert Boyle, equally remarkable for his assiduity, his intelligence, and his honesty of purpose, and admirably adapted, in all respects, to know and judge in such a matter as that we are now considering.

Robert Boyle was born in 1626, the same year as that in which Lord Bacon died. He was the youngest son and fourteenth child of a celebrated statesman, commonly spoken of in his own day as the great Earl of Cork. All his elder brothers (six in number) became distinguished in public life, and he alone, of so large a family, not only declined to enter into the arena of politics, but refused a peerage, preferring to live quietly as a studious man. Boyle was not a man of genius. He was eminently a man of science, and he has left a reputation more abiding than any of his brethren, and is remembered among the worthies of England long after they and his father would have been forgotten but for his fame. He was one of the early followers of the Baconian philosophy, and therefore one of the noble band of pioneers in experimental science. He studied phenomena, proving and testing as far as he could by experiment the truth of theoretical views. He assisted others to come to satisfactory conclusions by his own accurate observations. He suggested and adopted original modes of ascertaining truth. He lived in troublesome and dangerous times, and appears to have had strong convictions on most subjects, but he was ever very moderate in the expression of his opinions, and in the highest sense of the word was an honest and straightforward man. His constitution was weakly, and though often writing on serious subjects, he had little taste for politics or polemics, but he seems never to have sacrificed his convictions for his personal comfort or convenience.

Boyle is described by his celebrated contemporary Boerhaave, as among the chief writers who, at that time, treated chemistry with a view to natural philosophy. "Such," writes this learned Dutchman, "is the extent of this admirable writer's fame, and such the honour he has done his age and nation in foreign countries, that his reputation will extend itself in the same proportion with true science, and his glory last as long as there shall subsist a true spirit of learning." It is also recorded of him that he not only relates his discoveries, but has stated in what he failed as well as in what he succeeded. "What he tried to no purpose prevents our making such trials again, what he tried with effect serves us as well as him, verifies his discoveries, and puts us in the road of making new ones."

There is something singularly pleasing in the modesty, combined with ingenuity, of these pioneers of science. They, for the most part, had to grope about at the door of scientific investigation, having little experience to guide them. If they erred, they might go egregiously wrong without being informed of it by any fellow-workman in the same department, for all were equally ignorant and equally blind. None dared to say that what was contrary to experience was contrary to nature, for experience was infinitely small, and nature was recognised as infinitely great and powerful.

Like the other hard working men of science of his day, Boyle was one of the earliest associates of the clubs, or societies of men pursuing researches among natural phenomena, and he was fully alive to the importance of association. He was an original promoter of the Royal Society, being one of the twelve who met after a lecture by Mr. (afterwards Sir) Christopher Wren, and at their meeting matured a plan for the constitution of the body which has since played so important a part in advancing natural knowledge.

The speciality of Boyle was chemistry—the chemistry of his day—with a liberal sprinkling of alchemy, mixed a good deal with mechanics, and not without a share of theological and metaphysical controversy. He would hardly have understood the chemistry of the present day, or the modern and comprehensive "Physics" towards which chemistry, astronomy, geology, and biology, all now converge; but still he did what he could. He helped both himself and others by pursuing, as far as possible, the narrow path of positive experiment—or if he wandered, as he occasionally did, into the realms of fancy, he did so knowingly, not carried away in spite of himself. He was by no means successful in speculation, but he accumulated and recorded a singular variety of facts.

The construction of the air-pump in its modern form, the discovery of the propagation of sound by the air, of the absorbing power of the atmosphere, of the elastic force and combustive power of steam, an approximation to the weight of the air, and the fact of the reciprocal attraction of electrified and non-electrified bodies, are among the discoveries due to Boyle. Truly, they are matters concerning any one of which it may be said that its discovery by experimental investigation is sufficient of itself to render a man of science famous.

But, besides these claims to respect, there are some curious essays and notices in the writings of Boyle, less known, but not less worthy of notice, and it is to these that we now wish to direct attention. One is entitled "Essays on men's great ignorance of the uses of natural things; or, that there is scarce any one thing in nature whereof the uses to human life are yet thoroughly understood." It may seem that this essay would be more applicable at the date of its publication than it is now, but it will be found still wonderfully true, although, as even the author remarks, it is a paradox that will not be very willingly admitted by most people. Very few of the works of nature have up to this time been sufficiently considered, or are thoroughly known even in their positive—to say nothing of their relative—properties.

In alluding to this singular essay, our first object will be to point out how many subjects brought forward by Boyle as remarkable in his day for being in a state of partial illustration, still remain in the same state. In many points of minute anatomy, for example, as in the relation of the brain to the various organs of sense, in the use of the *Pancreas* among the viscera, and in the gradual development of the chick from the egg, there is still much to be learnt by the most profound thinker and the best observer.

Again, in natural philosophy, we have yet to determine the cause of the six-sided crystallisation of water in snow, the meaning of the dark spots that partially obscure the sun, the modifications of animal and vegetable life produced by differences of climate, and the reason why certain animals, reptiles, and insects, venomous in some countries, are less so, or not at all so, in others. These are all questions which attracted Boyle's attention, and about which we still have nearly everything to learn.

Our author mentions next the variations of the compass-needle as an unexplained fact, and although the multitude of observations and mass of facts recorded of late years on the subject of earth-magnetism, have tended to clear up much of the obscurity in reference to this subject, it is only those who have done most who know what and how numerous and important are still the desiderata.

On the subject of the sun's spots, the results of recent observation have actually tended to render the investigation of the subject more difficult, and laid bare a larger extent of ignorance as seeming to connect them with phenomena not previously suspected. Thirty years' daily observation of these spots by a patient German astronomer have shown that about every eleven years the groups of them have passed through a complete cycle. They have become larger and more numerous till they obtained a maximum, and then smaller and fewer till a minimum was reached, and then the same thing goes on over again. The variation of the magnetic needle has been found by series of observations carried on by persons who thought nothing of the sun's spots, to have also its period of increase and decrease. On comparing the two sets of observations, the cycle of the variation of the needle has been found to correspond with the maxima and minima of the spot cycle, while even magnetic storms producing auroras and disturbances of the magnetic needle are found to be periodic phenomena also corresponding, are conterminous with both these. Who shall now say where the mutual relations of terrestrial and celestial phenomena may end?

Another matter concerning which the ignorance that existed in the time of Boyle has not yet been dispersed, is expressed in the following paragraph: "There are quarries of solid and useful stone which is employed about some stately buildings I have seen and which yet is of such a nature, wherein divers other sorts of stone are said to resemble it, that though being digged at a certain season of the year it proves good and durable, yet employed at a wrong time it makes but ruinous buildings, as even the chief of those persons whose profession makes him more conversant with it has himself acknowledged to me to have been found by sad experience." We may be inclined to ask whether poor Sir Charles Barry could not have added to this experience, and have stated whether or not practical suggestions in regard to the selection of building stone

might not have been made, or if made, whether they have been adopted.

Next we find the composition of rays or beams proceeding from the sun and reflected from the earth, or terrestrial objects, and the decomposition of such rays, alluded to as an obscure subject. There is abundant room for experiment and discovery here also, for the pursuer of natural science, for the exact composition of bundles of the sun's rays is still an obscure subject.

The effects of extreme cold on different liquids, congealing certain parts and separating out portions having peculiar properties, is referred to as an unexplained phenomenon, and the peculiar thin oil thus obtained from freezing common oils, is particularly mentioned. There is much to be learnt still about the physical properties of extreme cold in producing a kind of partial decomposition, or, at least, a separation of compound substances hardly otherwise attainable; but the derivation of thin and unchanging oils from the common kinds is still a subject under experiment.

Our philosopher adds, "It would be not only tedious but almost endless to prosecute those instances that might be afforded by other more general and operative states and faculties of bodies. For not only motion and rest, fluidity and firmness, gravity and the like, have a more universal influence of natural things than even philosophers are wont to take notice of, but those less catholic affections of matter that are reckoned among but particular qualities, such as gravity and heat, may have so diffused an influence, and be applicable to so many differing purposes, that I doubt whether all the uses of that particular degree or pitch of heat that reigns in fire, will have all its uses discovered before the last great fire shall dissolve the frame of nature."

Boyle next considers that "external objects having certain mutual relations specially adapting them to each other and to human requirements," there may hereafter be found many more such relations than are now suspected. He illustrates this by the case of a lock and key, remarking that if either were existing by itself it could have no value, but if at any time the corresponding part were found, the use would be manifest. As special examples, he mentions the peculiar use of steel in the composition of a permanent magnetic needle, the peculiar uses of what is called sugar of lead, prepared by the action of common vinegar on metallic lead, the preparation of ammonia from animal offal, the uses of metallic oxides and salts for colouring glass and porcelain, the effect of particular colours on the temper and nervous irritability of certain animals, and many others. In all these cases the lock, represented by the natural compound substance or the result, has to be opened by the human contrivance, a key or explanation —itself an artificial construction—before we can obtain a satisfactory result.

This view of men's ignorance of the uses of natural things is illustrated further in modern times by the numberless discoveries and applications that have been made since the days of Boyle, and that are constantly being made in almost every department of science, but perhaps more especially in chemistry and physics. Who, for example, could have expected that one important use of part of the rays that form a beam of light would be to produce a permanent image of any object presented to a surface prepared in a particular way. Certainly the marvels of photography exceed all that had been discovered when these essays were written, but their causes are not yet understood—hardly even suspected. Or who could have imagined that by the insulation of a copper wire with gutta percha, such wire could be safely passed through, and left at the bottom of deep water, and there conduct the electric fluid from one shore to another, remaining under the absolute control of the electrician at either end, who can pass a current through the wire or stop it at pleasure?

But it is needless to point out to the reader the numerous instances in which this peculiar fitness of certain things, existing in nature or prepared by man, comes in as the key to open the lock, and enable man to make use of the mysterious powers of nature and adapt nature to his own purposes.

Other examples of men's previous ignorance in the uses of natural things are seen when altogether new and unexpected properties are found by combining together, for the obtaining of a useful result, various substances long employed for other purposes, and having properties altogether distinct. Here, again, so much has already been done that we may well suppose much yet remains to be discovered. Thus, by mixing tin, which is not at all sonorous, with copper, which is not much more so, we obtain an alloy which, when cast into bells, is harder, and wonderfully more sonorous than either. Or as a very simple but complete illustration, who could have anticipated the production of a salt by mixing an acid with an alkali, or of glass by melting sand with soda?

A fourth illustration of the subject is obtained by considering how often we discover altogether distinct uses of substances when they are prepared in some way different from that generally adopted. Thus, iron, by the help of fire and water, may be adapted for various purposes, some requiring hardness with brittleness, some toughness, some temper, and other qualities. The various uses of paper for picture-frames, embossed work, and furniture, are instances given by Boyle under this head, and he describes a method of preparation for these results. The use of the shreds of leather for making glue, the manufacture of ivory black from ivory and of the fine membrane prepared from the intestines of the ox—"all these," says Boyle, "are such as either nature herself, or nature assisted by tradesmen, has presented us." And, therefore, questionless, the power that a skilful management may have to produce great changes in bodies and thereby fit them for new uses, will be much advanced when they shall be ordered

by such as are good chemists, or dexterous at mechanical and mathematico-mechanical contrivances, especially when these concur.

And, lastly, there are many much more complicated combinations that may be effected by those who are well acquainted with the laws of nature, by introducing substances apparently inert, and having nothing to do with the operation required. The composition of gunpowder, wherein the mutual action of saltpetre, sulphur, and charcoal, have to be brought about, is mentioned as one example, and a method of gilding iron by previously coating it with copper in order to bring into use the ordinary amalgam, is another.

Many more and some very apt illustrations are given to prove that where so much has been done and learnt, much more must remain still unlearnt in economising the resources of nature.

And, certainly, this consideration of men's ignorance in the uses of natural things is well shown by reminding us how useful certain natural things are, and yet how few natural or possible combinations we do after all avail ourselves of, compared with those altogether neglected.

It is an excellent lesson, to be reminded now and then of what we owe to experimental philosophy, to be told how much of the material advance of society is really due to the man of science who labours with the intellect and not with the hand, how much the hands require the head, and how mutually dependent are all parts and members of society. We are thus taught that none is in a position to despise any other who may be working in his own sphere, whatever that sphere may be. There is not only room for all, but all are useful and all are wanted. There is already, no doubt, a wide and increasing and an intelligent use of natural things, and all of us profit by that use, but there also still remains a great ignorance concerning the infinite resources of nature, and whoever he may be who endeavours to clear up any of that ignorance and suggest a new use for a known material, or a use for a material hitherto unemployed, deserves well of his country and of society. In this respect, we trust our readers will agree, that a due consideration of the desiderata of science, as suggested by Robert Boyle, is a subject well worthy of being followed up in our own times.

To come back to our original illustration, that of a person regarding modern science from the distance of two centuries, comparing the then prospect with the actual realisation, it will perhaps appear that we really have not in modern times so very much to boast of. That we have done much, and cleared away many doubts and difficulties, is no doubt true, but mists still hang over all, or nearly all, the subjects then obscure, and though we see now many new promises of important discovery, we are not perhaps clearing the way as we advance quite so completely as might be wished. The fact is, that the class of human intellect required to bring into distinct relation a multitude of observations and determined facts is of the rarest kind, and has not been vouchsafed in more than a few instances since man first inhabited the earth. Bacons and Newtons and Aristotles do not arise every century, and the Newton of many modern departments of knowledge has not yet appeared. Such master-minds alone originate new landmarks in science, and without them the most we can expect is a clouded outline of nature's meaning.

MEMOIRS OF AN ADOPTED SON.

I.

CIRCUMSTANCES WHICH PRECEDED HIS BIRTH.

Towards the beginning of the eighteenth century, there stood on a rock in the sea, near a fishing village on the coast of Brittany, a ruined Tower with a very bad reputation. No mortal was known to have inhabited it within the memory of living man. The one tenant whom Tradition associated with the occupation of the place, at a remote period, had moved into it from the infernal regions, nobody knew why—had lived in it, nobody knew how long—and had quitted possession, nobody knew when. Under such circumstances, nothing was more natural than that this unearthly Individual should give a name to his residence. For which reason, the building was thereafter known to all the neighbourhood round as Satanstower.

Early in the year seventeen hundred, the inhabitants of the village were startled, one night, by seeing the red gleam of a fire in the Tower, and by smelling, in the same direction, a preternaturally strong odour of fried fish. The next morning, the fishermen who passed by the building in their boats, were amazed to find that a stranger had taken up his abode in it. Judging of him at a distance, he seemed to be a fine tall stout fellow: he was dressed in fisherman's costume, and he had a new boat of his own, moored comfortably in a cleft of the rock. If he had inhabited a place of decent reputation, his neighbours would have immediately made his acquaintance—but, under existing circumstances, all they could venture to do was to watch him in silence.

The first day passed, and, though it was fine weather, he made no use of his boat. The second day followed, with a continuance of the fine weather, and still he was as idle as before. On the third day, a violent storm kept all the boats of the village on the beach—and, in the midst of the tempest, away went the man of the Tower to make his first fishing experiment in strange waters! He and his boat came back safe and sound, in a lull of the storm; and the villagers watching on the cliff above, saw him carrying the fish up, by great basketfuls, to his Tower. No such haul had ever fallen to the lot of any one of them—and the stranger had taken it in a whole gale of wind!

Upon this, the inhabitants of the village called a council. The lead in the debate was assumed by a smart young fellow, a fisherman named Poulailler, who declared that the stranger at the Tower was of infernal origin, and boldly

denounced him before the whole meeting as a Fiend-Fisherman.

The opinion thus expressed, proved to be the opinion of the entire audience—with the one exception of the village priest. The priest said, "Gently, my sons. Don't make sure about the man of the Tower, before Sunday. Wait and see if he comes to church."

"And if he doesn't come to church?" asked all the fishermen, in a breath.

"In that case," replied the priest, "I will excommunicate him—and then, my children, you may call him what you like."

Sunday came; and no sign of the stranger darkened the church-doors. He was excommunicated, accordingly. The whole village forthwith adopted Poulailler's idea; and called the man of the Tower by the name which Poulailler had given him—"The Fiend-Fisherman."

These strong proceedings produced not the slightest apparent effect on the diabolical personage who had occasioned them. He persisted in remaining idle when the weather was fine; in going out to fish when no other boat in the place dare put to sea; and in coming back again to his solitary dwelling-place, with his nets full, his boat uninjured, and himself alive and hearty. He made no attempts to buy and sell with anybody; he kept steadily away from the village; he lived on fish of his own preternaturally strong frying; and he never spoke to a living soul—with the solitary exception of Poulailler himself. One fine evening, when the young man was rowing home past the Tower, the Fiend-Fisherman darted out on to the rock—said, "Thank you, Poulailler, for giving me a name"—bowed politely—and darted in again. The young fisherman felt the words run cold down the marrow of his back; and whenever he was at sea again, he gave the Tower a wide berth from that day forth.

Time went on—and an important event occurred in Poulailler's life. He was engaged to be married. On the day when his betrothal was publicly made known, his friends clustered noisily about him on the fishing-jetty of the village to offer their congratulations. While they were all in full cry, a strange voice suddenly made itself heard through the confusion, which silenced everybody in an instant. The crowd fell back, and disclosed the Fiend-Fisherman sauntering up the jetty. It was the first time he had ever set foot—cloven foot—within the precincts of the village.

"Gentlemen," said the Fiend-Fisherman, "where is my friend, Poulailler?" He put the question with perfect politeness; he looked remarkably well in his fisherman's costume; he exhaled, in the most appetising manner, a relishing odour of fried fish; he had a cordial nod for the men, and a sweet smile for the women—but, with all these personal advantages, everybody fell back from him, and nobody answered his question. The coldness of the popular reception, however, did not in any way abash him. He looked about for Poulailler with searching eyes, discovered the place in which he was standing, and addressed him in the friendliest manner.

"So you are going to be married?" remarked the Fiend-Fisherman.

"What's that to you?" said Poulailler. He was inwardly terrified, but outwardly gruff—not an uncommon combination of circumstances with men of his class, in his mental situation.

"My friend," pursued the Fiend-Fisherman, "I have not forgotten your polite attention in giving me a name; and I come here to requite it. You will have a family, Poulailler; and your first child will be a boy. I propose to make that boy my Adopted Son."

The marrow of Poulailler's back became awfully cold—but he grew gruffer than ever, in spite of his back.

"You won't do anything of the sort," he replied. "If I have the largest family in France, no child of mine shall ever go near you."

"I shall adopt your first-born for all that," persisted the Fiend-Fisherman. "Poulailler! I wish you good morning. Ladies and gentlemen! the same to all of you."

With those words, he withdrew from the jetty; and the marrow of Poulailler's back recovered its temperature.

The next morning was stormy; and all the village expected to see the boat from the Tower put out, as usual, to sea. Not a sign of it appeared. Later in the day, the rock on which the building stood was examined from a distance. Neither boat nor nets were in their customary places. At night the red gleam of the fire was missed for the first time. The Fiend-Fisherman had gone! He had announced his intentions on the jetty, and had disappeared. What did this mean? Nobody knew.

On Poulailler's wedding-day, a portentous circumstance recalled the memory of the diabolical stranger, and, as a matter of course, seriously discomposed the bridegroom's back. At the moment when the marriage ceremony was complete, a relishing odour of fried fish stole into the nostrils of the company, and a voice from invisible lips said: "Keep up your spirits, Poulailler; I have not forgotten my promise!"

A year later, Madame Poulailler was confined, and a repetition of the portentous circumstance took place. Poulailler was waiting in the kitchen to hear how matters ended up-stairs. The nurse came in with a baby. "Which is it?" asked the happy father; "girl or boy?" Before the nurse could answer, an odour of supernaturally fried fish filled the kitchen; and a voice from invisible lips replied: "A boy, Poulailler—and I've got him!"

Such were the circumstances under which the subject of this Memoir was introduced to the joys and sorrows of mortal existence.

II.

HIS BOYHOOD AND EARLY LIFE.

When a boy is born under auspices which lead his parents to suppose that, while the bodily part of him is safe at home, the spiritual part is

subjected to a course of infernal tuition elsewhere—what are his father and mother to do with him? They must do the best they can—which was exactly what Poulailler and his wife did with the hero of these pages.

In the first place, they had him christened instantly. It was observed with horror that his infant face was distorted with grimaces, and that his infant voice roared with a preternatural lustiness of tone the moment the priest touched him. The first thing he asked for, when he learnt to speak, was "fried fish;" and the first place he wanted to go to, when he learnt to walk, was the diabolical Tower on the rock. "He won't learn anything," said the master, when he was old enough to go to school. "Thrash him," said Poulailler—and the master thrashed him. "He won't come to his first communion," said the priest. "Thrash him," said Poulailler—and the priest thrashed him. The farmers' orchards were robbed; the neighbouring rabbit-warrens were depopulated; linen was stolen from the gardens, and nets were torn on the beach. "The deuce take Poulailler's boy," was the general cry. "The deuce has got him," was Poulailler's answer. "And yet he is a nice-looking boy," said Madame Poulailler. And he was—as tall, as strong, as handsome a young fellow, as could be seen in all France. "Let us pray for him," said Madame Poulailler. "Let us thrash him," said her husband. "Our son has been thrashed till all the sticks in the neighbourhood are broken," pleaded his mother. "We will try him with the rope's-end next," retorted his father; "he shall go to sea and live in an atmosphere of thrashing. Our son shall be a cabin-boy." It was all one to Poulailler Junior—he knew as well as his father who had adopted him—he had been instinctively conscious from infancy of the Fiend-Fisherman's interest in his welfare—he cared for no earthly discipline—and a cabin-boy he became at ten years old.

After two years of the rope's-end (applied quite ineffectually), the subject of this Memoir robbed his captain, and ran away in an English port. London became the next scene of his adventures. At twelve years old, he persuaded society in the Metropolis that he was the forsaken natural son of a French duke. British benevolence, after blindly providing for him for four years, opened its eyes and found him out at the age of sixteen; upon which he returned to France, and entered the army in the capacity of drummer. At eighteen, he deserted, and had a turn with the gipsies. He told fortunes, he conjured, he danced on the tight-rope, he acted, he sold quack medicines, he altered his mind again, and returned to the army. Here he fell in love with the vivandière of his new regiment. The sergeant-major of the company, touched by the same amiable weakness, naturally resented his attentions to the lady. Poulailler (perhaps unjustifiably) asserted himself by boxing his officer's ears. Out flashed the swords on both sides, and in went Poulailler's blade through and through the tender heart of the sergeant-major. The frontier was close at hand. Poulailler wiped his sword, and crossed it.

Sentence of death was recorded against him in his absence. When society has condemned us to die, if we are men of any spirit how are we to return the compliment? By condemning society to keep us alive—or, in other words, by robbing right and left for a living. Poulailler's destiny was now accomplished. He was picked out to be the Greatest Thief of his age; and when Fate summoned him to his place in the world, he stepped forward and took it. His life hitherto had been merely the life of a young scamp—he was now to do justice to the diabolical father who had adopted him, and to expand to the proportions of a full-grown Robber.

His first exploits were performed in Germany. They showed such novelty of combination, such daring, such dexterity, and, even in his most homicidal moments, such irresistible gaiety and good humour, that a band of congenial spirits gathered about him in no time. As commander-in-chief of the Thieves' army, his popularity never wavered. His weaknesses—and what illustrious man is without them?—were three in number. First weakness—he was extravagantly susceptible to the charms of the fair sex. Second weakness—he was perilously fond of practical jokes. Third weakness (inherited from his adopted parent)—his appetite was insatiable in the matter of fried fish. As for the merits to set against these defects, some have been noticed already, and others will appear immediately. Let it merely be premised, in this place, that he was one of the handsomest men of his time, that he dressed superbly, and that he was capable of the most exalted acts of generosity wherever a handsome woman was concerned—let this be understood, to begin with; and let us now enter on the narrative of his last exploit in Germany before he returned to France. This adventure is something more than a mere specimen of his method of workmanship—it proved, in the future, to be the fatal event of his life.

On a Monday in the week, he had stopped on the highway, and robbed of all his valuables and all his papers, an Italian nobleman—the Marquis Petrucci of Sienna. On Tuesday, he was ready for another stroke of business. Posted on the top of a steep hill, he watched the road which wound up to the summit on one side, while his followers were ensconced on the road which led down from it on the other. The prize expected, in this case, was the travelling carriage (with a large sum of money inside) of the Baron de Kirbergen.

Before long, Poulailler discerned the carriage afar off, at the bottom of the hill, and in advance of it, ascending the eminence, two ladies on foot. They were the Baron's daughters—Wilhelmina, a fair beauty; Frederica, a brunette—both lovely, both accomplished, both susceptible, both young. Poulailler sauntered down the hill to meet the fascinating travellers. He looked—bowed—introduced himself—and fell in love with Wilhelmina on the spot. Both the charming girls acknowledged in the most artless

manner that confinement to the carriage had given them the fidgets, and that they were walking up the hill to try the remedy of gentle exercise. Poulailler's heart was touched, and Poulailler's generosity to the sex was roused in the nick of time. With a polite apology to the young ladies, he ran back, by a short cut, to the ambush on the other side of the hill in which his men were posted. "Gentlemen!" cried the generous Thief, "in the charming name of Wilhelmina de Kirbergen, I charge you all, let the Baron's carriage pass free." The band was not susceptible—the band demurred. Poulailler knew them. He had appealed to their hearts in vain—he now appealed to their pockets. "Gentlemen!" he resumed, "excuse my momentary misconception of your sentiments. Here is my one half share of the Marquis Petrucci's property. If I divide it among you, will you let the carriage pass free?" The band knew the value of money—and accepted the terms. Poulailler rushed back up the hill, and arrived at the top just in time to hand the young ladies into the carriage. "Charming man!" said the white Wilhelmina to the brown Frederica, as they drove off. Innocent soul! what would she have said if she had known that her personal attractions had saved her father's property? Was she ever to see the charming man again? Yes: she was to see him the next day—and, more than that, Fate was hereafter to link her fast to the robber's life and the robber's doom.

Confiding the direction of the band to his first lieutenant, Poulailler followed the carriage on horseback; and ascertained the place of the Baron's residence that night.

The next morning a superbly-dressed stranger knocked at the door. "What name, sir?" said the servant. "The Marquis Petrucci of Sienna," replied Poulailler. "How are the young ladies after their journey?" The Marquis was shown in, and introduced to the Baron. The Baron was naturally delighted to receive a brother nobleman—Miss Wilhelmina was modestly happy to see the charming man again—Miss Frederica was affectionately pleased on her sister's account. Not being of a disposition to lose time where his affections were concerned, Poulailler expressed his sentiments to the beloved object that evening. The next morning he had an interview with the Baron, at which he produced the papers which proved him to be the Marquis. Nothing could be more satisfactory to the mind of the most anxious parent—the two noblemen embraced. They were still in each other's arms, when a second stranger knocked at the door. "What name, sir?" said the servant. "The Marquis Petrucci of Sienna," replied the stranger. "Impossible!" said the servant; "his lordship is now in the house." "Show me in, scoundrel," cried the visitor. The servant submitted, and the two Marquises stood face to face. Poulailler's composure was not shaken in the least; he had come first to the house, and he had got the papers. "You are the villain who robbed me!" cried the true Petrucci. "You are drunk, mad, or an impostor," retorted the false Petrucci. "Send to Florence, where I am known," exclaimed one of the Marquises, apostrophising the Baron. "Send to Florence by all means," echoed the other, addressing himself to the Baron also. "Gentlemen," replied the noble Kirbergen, "I will do myself the honour of taking your advice"—and he sent to Florence accordingly.

Before the messenger had advanced ten miles on his journey, Poulailler had said two words in private to the susceptible Wilhelmina—and the pair eloped from the baronial residence that night. Once more the subject of this Memoir crossed the frontier and re-entered France. Indifferent to the attractions of rural life, he forthwith established himself with the beloved object in Paris. In that superb city he met with his strangest adventures, performed his boldest achievements, committed his most prodigious robberies, and, in a word, did himself and his infernal patron the fullest justice, in the character of the Fiend-Fisherman's Adopted Son.

III.

HIS CAREER IN PARIS.

Once established in the French metropolis, Poulailler planned and executed that vast system of perpetual robbery and occasional homicide which made him the terror and astonishment of all Paris. In-doors, as well as out, his good fortune befriended him. No domestic anxieties harassed his mind and diverted him from the pursuit of his distinguished public career. The attachment of the charming creature with whom he had eloped from Germany survived the discovery that the Marquis Petrucci was Poulailler the robber. True to the man of her choice, the devoted Wilhelmina shared his fortunes, and kept his house. And why not, if she loved him?—in the name of Cupid, why not?

Joined by picked men from his German followers, and by new recruits gathered together in Paris, Poulailler now set society and its safeguards at flat defiance. Cartouche himself was his inferior in audacity and cunning. In course of time the whole city was panic-stricken by the new robber and his band—the very Boulevards were deserted after nightfall. Monsieur Hérault, lieutenant of police of the period, in despair of laying hands on Poulailler by any other means, at last offered a reward of a hundred pistoles and a place in his office worth two thousand livres a year to any one who would apprehend the robber alive. The bills were posted all over Paris—and, the next morning, they produced the very last result in the world which the lieutenant of police could possibly have anticipated.

Whilst Monsieur Hérault was at breakfast in his study, the Count de Villeneuve was announced as wishing to speak to him. Knowing the Count by name only, as belonging to an ancient family in Provence, or in Languedoc, Monsieur Hérault ordered him to be shown in. A perfect gentleman appeared, dressed with an

admirable mixture of magnificence and good taste. "I have something for your private ear, sir," said the Count. "Will you give orders that no one must be allowed to disturb us?" Monsieur Hérault gave the orders. "May I inquire, Count, what your business is?" he asked, when the door was closed. "To earn the reward you offer for taking Poulailler," answered the Count. "I am Poulailler." Before Monsieur Hérault could open his lips, the robber produced a pretty little dagger and some rose-coloured silk cord. "The point of this dagger is poisoned," he observed; "and one scratch with it, my dear sir, would be the death of you." With these words, Poulailler gagged the lieutenant of police, bound him to his chair with the rose-coloured cord, and lightened his writing-desk of one thousand pistoles. "I'll take money down, instead of taking the place in the office which you kindly offer," said Poulailler. "Don't trouble yourself to see me to the door. Good morning!"

A few weeks later, while Monsieur Hérault was still the popular subject of ridicule throughout Paris, business took Poulailler on the road to Lille and Cambrai. The only inside passenger in the coach besides himself was the venerable Dean Potter, of Brussels. They fell into talk on the one interesting subject of the time—not the weather, but Poulailler. "It's a disgrace, sir, to the police," said the Dean, "that such a miscreant is still at large. I shall be returning to Paris, by this road, in ten days' time, and I shall call on Monsieur Hérault, to suggest a plan of my own for catching the scoundrel." "May I ask what it is," said Poulailler. "Excuse me," replied the Dean; "you are a stranger, sir,—and, moreover, I wish to keep the merit of suggesting the plan to myself." "Do you think the lieutenant of police will see you," asked Poulailler; "he is not accessible to strangers, since the miscreant you speak of played him that trick at his own breakfast-table." "He will see Dean Potter, of Brussels," was the reply, delivered with the slightest possible tinge of offended dignity. "Oh, unquestionably!" said Poulailler,—"pray pardon me." "Willingly, sir," said the Dean—and the conversation flowed into other channels.

Nine days later the wounded pride of Monsieur Hérault was soothed by a very remarkable letter. It was signed by one of Poulailler's band, who offered himself as King's evidence, in the hope of obtaining a pardon. The letter stated, that the venerable Dean Potter had been waylaid and murdered by Poulailler, and that the robber, with his customary audacity, was about to re-enter Paris by the Lisle coach, the next day, disguised in the Dean's own clothes, and furnished with the Dean's own papers. Monsieur Hérault took his precautions without losing a moment. Picked men were stationed, with their orders, at the barrier through which the coach must pass to enter Paris; while the lieutenant of police waited at his office, in the company of two French gentlemen who could speak to the Dean's identity, in the event of Poulailler's impudently persisting in the assumption of his victim's name. At the appointed hour, the coach appeared, and out of it got a man in the Dean's costume. He was arrested in spite of his protestations; the papers of the murdered Potter were found on him, and he was dragged off to the police office in triumph. The door opened, and the posse comitatus entered with the prisoner. Instantly the two witnesses burst out with a cry of recognition, and turned indignantly on the lieutenant of police. "Gracious Heaven, sir, what have you done!" they exclaimed in horror; "this is not Poulailler—here is our venerable friend; here is the Dean himself! At the same moment, a servant entered with a letter. "Dean Potter. To the care of Monsieur Hérault, Lieutenant of Police." The letter was expressed in these words: "Venerable sir,—Profit by the lesson I have given you. Be a Christian for the future, and never again try to injure a man unless he tries to injure you. Entirely yours, Poulailler."

These feats of cool audacity were matched by others, in which his generosity to the sex asserted itself as magnanimously as ever.

Hearing, one day, that large sums of money were kept in the house of a great lady, one Madame de Brienne, whose door was guarded, in anticipation of a visit from the famous thief, by a porter of approved trustworthiness and courage, Poulailler undertook to rob her, in spite of her precautions, and succeeded. With a stout pair of leather straps and buckles in his pocket, and with two of his band, disguised as a coachman and footman, he followed Madame de Brienne one night to the theatre. Just before the close of the performance, the lady's coachman and footman were tempted away for five minutes by Poulailler's disguised subordinates to have a glass of wine. No attempt was made to detain them, or to drug their liquor. But, in their absence, Poulailler had slipped under the carriage, had hung his leather straps round the pole—one to hold by, and one to support his feet—and, with these simple preparations, was now ready to wait for events. Madame de Brienne entered the carriage—the footman got up behind—Poulailler hung himself horizontally under the pole, and was driven home with them, under those singular circumstances. He was strong enough to keep his position, after the carriage had been taken into the coach-house; and he only left it when the doors were locked for the night. Provided with food beforehand, he waited patiently, hidden in the coach-house, for two days and nights, watching his opportunity of getting into Madame de Brienne's boudoir.

On the third night, the lady went to a grand ball—the servants relaxed in their vigilance while her back was turned—and Poulailler slipped into the room. He found two thousand louis d'ors, which was nothing like the sum he expected; and a pocket-book, which he took away with him to open at home. It contained some stock-warrants for a comparatively trifling amount. Poulailler was far too well off to care about taking them; and far too polite, where a

lady was concerned, not to send them back again, under those circumstances. Accordingly, Madame de Brienne received her warrants with a note of apology from the polite thief. "Pray excuse my visit to your charming boudoir," wrote Poulailler, "in consideration of the false reports of your wealth, which alone induced me to enter it. If I had known what your pecuniary circumstances really were, on the honour of a gentleman, Madam, I should have been incapable of robbing you. I cannot return your two thousand louis d'ors by post, as I return your warrants. But if you are at all pressed for money in future, I shall be proud to assist so distinguished a lady by lending her, from my own ample resources, double the sum of which I regret to have deprived her on the present occasion." This letter was shown to royalty at Versailles. It excited the highest admiration of the Court—especially of the ladies. Whenever the robber's name was mentioned, they indulgently referred to him as the Chevalier de Poulailler. Ah! that was the age of politeness, when good-breeding was recognised, even in a thief. Under similar circumstances, who would recognise it now? O tempora! O mores!

On another occasion, Poulailler was out, one night, taking the air and watching his opportunities on the roofs of the houses; a member of the band being posted in the street below to assist him in case of necessity. While in this position, sobs and groans proceeding from an open back-garret window caught his ear. A parapet rose before the window, which enabled him to climb down and look in. Starving children surrounding a helpless mother, and clamouring for food, was the picture that met his eye. The mother was young and beautiful; and Poulailler's hand impulsively clutched his purse, as a necessary consequence. Before the charitable thief could enter by the window, a man rushed in by the door, with a face of horror; and cast a handful of gold into the lovely mother's lap. "My honour is gone," he cried; "but our children are saved! Listen to the circumstances. I met a man in the street below; he was tall and thin; he had a green patch over one eye; he was looking up suspiciously at this house, apparently waiting for somebody. I thought of you—I thought of the children—I seized the suspicious stranger by the collar. Terror overwhelmed him on the spot. 'Take my watch, my money, and my two valuable gold snuff-boxes,' he said—'but spare my life.' I took them." "Noble-hearted man!" cried Poulailler, appearing at the window. The husband started; the wife screamed; the children hid themselves. "Let me entreat you to be composed," continued Poulailler. "Sir! I enter on the scene, for the purpose of soothing your uneasy conscience. From your vivid description, I recognise the man whose property in now in your wife's lap. Resume your mental tranquillity. You have robbed a robber—in other words, you have vindicated society. Accept my congratulations on your restored innocence. The miserable coward whose collar you seized is one of Poulailler's band. He has lost his stolen property, as the fit punishment for his disgraceful want of spirit." "Who are you?" exclaimed the husband. "I am Poulailler," replied the illustrious man, with the simplicity of an ancient hero. "Take this purse; and set up in business with the contents. There is a prejudice, sir, in favour of honesty. Give that prejudice a chance. There was a time when I felt it myself; I regret to feel it no longer. Under all varieties of misfortune, an honest man has his consolation still left. Where is it left? Here!" He struck his heart—and the family fell on their knees before him. "Benefactor of your species!" cried the husband—"how can I show my gratitude?" "You can permit me to kiss the hand of madame," answered Poulailler. Madame started to her feet, and embraced the generous stranger. "What else can I do?" exclaimed this lovely woman eagerly—"Oh, Heavens! what else?" "You can beg your husband to light me down stairs," replied Poulailler. He spoke, pressed their hands, dropped a generous tear, and departed. At that touching moment, his own adopted father would not have known him.

This last anecdote closes the record of Poulailler's career in Paris. The lighter and more agreeable aspects of that career have hitherto been designedly presented, in discreet remembrance of the contrast which the tragic side of the picture must now present. Comedy and Sentiment, twin sisters of French extraction, farewell! Horror enters next on the stage—and enters welcome, in the name of the Fiend-Fisherman's Adopted Son.

IV.

HIS EXIT FROM THE SCENE.

The nature of Poulailler's more serious achievements in the art of robbery may be realised by reference to one terrible fact. In the police records of the period, more than one hundred and fifty men and women are reckoned up as having met their deaths at the hands of Poulailler and his band. It was not the practice of this formidable robber to take life as well as property, unless life happened to stand directly in his way—in which case, he immediately swept off the obstacle without hesitation and without remorse. His deadly determination to rob, which was thus felt by the population in general, was matched by his deadly determination to be obeyed, which was felt by his followers in particular. One of their number, for example, having withdrawn from his allegiance, and having afterwards attempted to betray his leader, was tracked to his hiding-place in a cellar, and was there walled up alive in Poulailler's presence; the robber composing the unfortunate wretch's epitaph, and scratching it on the wet plaster with his own hand. Years afterwards, the inscription was noticed, when the house fell into the possession of a new tenant, and was supposed to be nothing more than one of the many jests which the famous

robber had practised in his time. When the plaster was removed, the skeleton fell out, and testified that Poulailler was in earnest.

To attempt the arrest of such a man as this by tampering with his followers, was practically impossible. No sum of money that could be offered would induce any one of the members of his band to risk the fatal chance of his vengeance. Other means of getting possession of him had been tried, and tried in vain. Five times over, the police had succeeded in tracking him to different hiding-places; and on all five occasions, the women—who adored him for his gallantry, his generosity, and his good looks—had helped him to escape. If he had not unconsciously paved the way to his own capture, first by eloping with Mademoiselle Wilhelmina de Kirbergen, and secondly by maltreating her, it is more than doubtful whether the long arm of the law would ever have reached far enough to fasten its grasp on him. As it was, the extremes of love and hatred met at last in the bosom of the devoted Wilhelmina; and the vengeance of a neglected woman accomplished what the whole police force of Paris had been powerless to achieve.

Poulailler, never famous for the constancy of his attachments, had wearied at an early period of the companion of his flight from Germany—but Wilhelmina was one of those women whose affections, once aroused, will not take No for an answer. She persisted in attaching herself to a man who had ceased to love her. Poulailler's patience became exhausted; he tried twice to rid himself of his unhappy mistress—once by the knife and once by poison—and failed on both occasions. For the third and last time, by way of attempting an experiment of another kind, he established a rival to drive the German woman out of the house. From that moment his fate was sealed. Maddened by jealous rage, Wilhelmina cast the last fragments of her fondness to the winds. She secretly communicated with the police—and Poulailler met his doom.

A night was appointed with the authorities; and the robber was invited by his discarded mistress to a farewell interview. His contemptuous confidence in her fidelity rendered him careless of his customary precautions. He accepted the appointment; and the two supped together, on the understanding that they were henceforth to be friends, and nothing more. Towards the close of the meal, Poulailler was startled by a ghastly change in the face of his companion.

"What is wrong with you?" he asked.

"A mere trifle," she answered, looking at her glass of wine. "I can't help loving you still, badly as you have treated me. You are a dead man, Poulailler—and I shall not survive you."

The robber started to his feet, and seized a knife on the table.

"You have poisoned me!" he exclaimed.

"No," she replied. "Poison is my vengeance on myself; not my vengeance on *you*. You will rise from this table as you sat down to it. But your evening will be finished in prison; and your life will be ended on the Wheel."

As she spoke the words, the door was burst open by the police, and Poulailler was secured. The same night the poison did its fatal work; and his mistress made atonement with her life for the first, last, act of treachery which had revenged her on the man she loved.

Once safely lodged in the hands of justice, the robber tried to gain time to escape in, by promising to make important disclosures. The manœuvre availed him nothing. In those days, the Laws of the Land had not yet made acquaintance with the Laws of Humanity. Poulailler was put to the torture—was suffered to recover—was publicly broken on the Wheel—and was taken off it alive, to be cast into a blazing fire. By those murderous means, Society rid itself of a murderous man—and the idlers on the Boulevards took their evening stroll again in recovered security.

* * * * *

Paris had seen the execution of Poulailler—but, if legends are to be trusted, our old friends, the people of the fishing village in Brittany, saw the end of him afterwards. On the day and hour when he perished, the heavens darkened, and a terrible storm arose. Once more, and for a moment only, the gleam of the unearthly fire reddened the windows of the old Tower. Thunder pealed and struck the building into fragments. Lightning flashed incessantly over the ruins; and, in the scorching glare of it, the boat which, in former years, had put off to sea whenever the storm rose highest, was seen to shoot out into the raging ocean from the cleft in the rock—and was discovered, on this final occasion, to be doubly manned. The Fiend Fisherman sat at the helm; his Adopted Son tugged at the oars; and a clamour of diabolical voices, roaring awfully through the roaring storm, wished the pair of them a prosperous voyage.

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GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

HERBERT and I went on from bad to worse, in the way of increasing our debts, looking into our affairs, leaving Margins, and the like exemplary transactions; and Time went on, whether or no, as he has a way of doing; and I came of age—in fulfilment of Herbert's prediction, that I should do so, before I knew where I was.

Herbert himself had come of age, eight months before me. As he had nothing else than his majority to come into, the event did not make a profound sensation in Barnard's Inn. But we had looked forward to my one-and-twentieth birthday, with a crowd of speculations and anticipations, for we had both considered that my guardian could hardly help saying something definite on that occasion.

I had taken care to have it well understood in Little Britain, when my birthday was. On the day before it, I received an official note from Wemmick, informing me that Mr. Jaggers would be glad if I would call upon him at five in the afternoon of the auspicious day. This convinced us that something great was to happen, and threw me into an unusual flutter when I repaired to my guardian's office, a model of punctuality.

In the outer office Wemmick offered me his congratulations, and incidentally rubbed the side of his nose with a folded piece of tissue-paper that I liked the look of. But he said nothing respecting it, and motioned me with a nod into my guardian's room. It was November, and my guardian was standing before his fire leaning his back against the chimney-piece, with his hands under his coat-tails.

"Well, Pip," said he, "I must call you Mr. Pip to-day. Congratulations, Mr. Pip."

We shook hands—he was always a remarkably short shaker—and I thanked him.

"Take a chair, Mr. Pip," said my guardian.

As I sat down, and he preserved his attitude and bent his brows at his boots, I felt at a disadvantage, which reminded me of that old time when I had been put upon a tombstone. The two ghastly casts on the shelf were not far from him, and their expression was as if they were making a stupid apoplectic attempt to attend to the conversation.

"Now my young friend," my guardian began, as if I were a witness in the box, "I am going to have a word or two with you."

"If you please, sir."

"What do you suppose," said Mr. Jaggers, bending forward to look at the ground, and then throwing his head back to look at the ceiling, "what do you suppose you are living at the rate of?"

"At the rate of, sir?"

"At," repeated Mr. Jaggers, still looking at the ceiling, "the—rate—of?" And then looked all round the room, and paused with his pocket-handkerchief in his hand, half way to his nose.

I had looked into my affairs so often, that I had thoroughly destroyed any slight notion I might ever have had of their bearings. Reluctantly, I confessed myself quite unable to answer the question. This reply seemed agreeable to Mr. Jaggers, who said, "I thought so!" and blew his nose with an air of satisfaction.

"Now, I have asked *you* a question, my friend," said Mr. Jaggers. "Have you anything to ask *me*?"

"Of course it would be a great relief to me to ask you several questions, sir; but I remember your prohibition."

"Ask one," said Mr. Jaggers.

"Is my benefactor to be made known to me to-day?"

"No. Ask another."

"Is that confidence to be imparted to me soon?"

"Waive that, a moment," said Mr. Jaggers, "and ask another."

I looked about me, but there appeared to be now no possible escape from the inquiry, "Have—I—anything to receive, sir?" On that, Mr. Jaggers said, triumphantly, "I thought we should come to it!" and called to Wemmick to give him that piece of paper. Wemmick appeared, handed it in, and disappeared.

"Now, Mr. Pip," said Mr. Jaggers, "attend, if you please. You have been drawing pretty freely here; your name occurs pretty often in Wemmick's cash-book; but you are in debt, of course?"

"I am afraid I must say yes, sir."

"You know you must say yes; don't you?" said Mr. Jaggers.

"Yes, sir."

"I don't ask you what you owe, because you don't know; and if you did know, you wouldn't tell me; you would say less. Yes, yes, my friend," cried Mr. Jaggers, waving his forefinger to stop me, as I made a show of protesting: "it's likely enough that you think you wouldn't, but you would. You'll excuse me, but I know better than you. Now, take this piece of paper in your hand. You have got it? Very good. Now, unfold it and tell me what it is."

"This is a bank-note," said I, "for five hundred pounds."

"That is a bank-note," repeated Mr. Jaggers, "for five hundred pounds. And a very handsome sum of money too, I think. You consider it so?"

"How could I do otherwise!"

"Ah! But answer the question," said Mr. Jaggers.

"Undoubtedly."

"You consider it, undoubtedly, a handsome sum of money. Now, that handsome sum of money, Pip, is your own. It is a present to you on this day, in earnest of your expectations. And at the rate of that handsome sum of money per annum, and at no higher rate, you are to live until the donor of the whole appears. That is to say, you will now take your money affairs entirely into your own hands, and you will draw from Wemmick one hundred and twenty-five pounds per quarter, until you are in communication with the fountain-head, and no longer with the mere agent. As I have told you before, I am the mere agent. I execute my instructions, and I am paid for doing so. I think them injudicious, but I am not paid for giving any opinion on their merits."

I was beginning to express my gratitude to my benefactor for the great liberality with which I was treated, when Mr. Jaggers stopped me. "I am not paid, Pip," said he, coolly, "to carry your words to any one;" and then gathered up his coat-tails, as he had gathered up the subject, and stood frowning at his boots as if he suspected them of designs against him.

After a pause, I hinted:

"There was a question just now, Mr. Jaggers, which you desired me to waive for a moment. I hope I am doing nothing wrong in asking it again?"

"What is it?" said he.

I might have known that he would never help me out; but it took me aback to have to shape the question afresh, as if it were quite new. "Is it likely," I said, after hesitating, "that my patron, the fountain-head you have spoken of, Mr. Jaggers, will soon——" there I delicately stopped.

"Will soon what?" said Mr. Jaggers. "That's no question as it stands, you know."

"Will soon come to London," said I, after casting about for a precise form of words, "or summon me anywhere else?"

"Now here," replied Mr. Jaggers, fixing me for the first time with his dark deep-set eyes, "we must revert to the evening when we first encountered one another in your village. What did I tell you then, Pip?"

"You told me, Mr. Jaggers, that it might be years hence when that person appeared."

"Just so," said Mr. Jaggers, "that's my answer."

As we looked full at one another, I felt my breath come quicker in my strong desire to get something out of him. And as I felt that it came quicker, and as I felt that he saw that it came quicker, I felt that I had less chance than ever of getting anything out of him.

"Do you suppose it will still be years hence, Mr. Jaggers?"

Mr. Jaggers shook his head—not in negativing the question, but in altogether negativing the notion that he could anyhow be got to answer it—and the two horrible casts of the twitched faces looked, when my eyes strayed up to them, as if they had come to a crisis in their suspended attention, and were going to sneeze.

"Come!" said Mr. Jaggers, warming the backs of his legs with the backs of his warmed hands, "I'll be plain with you, my friend Pip. That's a question I must not be asked. You'll understand that, better, when I tell you it's a question that might compromise *me*. Come! I'll go a little further with you; I'll say something more."

He bent down so low to frown at his boots, that he was able to rub the calves of his legs in the pause he made.

"When that person discloses," said Mr. Jaggers, straightening himself, "you and that person will settle your own affairs. When that person discloses, my part in this business will cease and determine. When that person discloses, it will not be necessary for me to know anything about it. And that's all I have got to say."

We looked at one another until I withdrew my eyes, and looked thoughtfully at the floor. From this last speech I derived the notion that Miss Havisham, for some reason or no reason, had not taken him into her confidence as to her designing me for Estella; that he resented this, and felt a jealousy about it; or that he really did object to that scheme, and would have nothing to do with it. When I raised my eyes again, I found that he had been shrewdly looking at me all the time, and was doing so still.

"If that is all you have to say, sir," I remarked, "there can be nothing left for me to say."

He nodded assent, and pulled out his thief-dreaded watch, and asked me where I was going to dine? I replied at my own chambers, with Herbert. As a necessary sequence, I asked him if he would favour us with his company, and he promptly accepted the invitation. But he insisted on walking home with me, in order that I might make no extra preparation for him, and first he had a letter or two to write, and (of course) had his hands to wash. So, I said I

would go into the outer office and talk to Wemmick.

The fact was, that when the five hundred pounds had come into my pocket, a thought had come into my head which had been often there before; and it appeared to me that Wemmick was a good person to advise with, concerning such thought.

He had already locked up his safe, and made preparations for going home. He had left his desk, brought out his two greasy office candlesticks and stood them in line with the snuffers on a slab near the door, ready to be extinguished; he had raked his fire low, put his hat and great-coat ready, and was beating himself all over the chest with his safe-key, as an athletic exercise after business.

"Mr. Wemmick," said I, "I want to ask your opinion. I am very desirous to serve a friend."

Wemmick tightened his post-office and shook his head, as if his opinion were dead against any fatal weakness of that sort.

"This friend," I pursued, "is trying to get on in commercial life, but has no money and finds it difficult and disheartening to make a beginning. Now, I want somehow to help him to a beginning."

"With money down?" said Wemmick, in a tone drier than any sawdust.

"With *some* money down," I replied, for an uneasy remembrance shot across me of that symmetrical bundle of papers at home; "with *some* money down, and perhaps some anticipation of my expectations."

"Mr. Pip," said Wemmick, "I should like just to run over with you on my fingers, if you please, the names of the various bridges up as high as Chelsea Reach. Let's see: there's London, one; Southwark, two; Blackfriars, three; Waterloo, four; Westminster, five; Vauxhall, six." He had checked off each bridge in its turn, with the handle of his safe-key on the palm of his hand. "There's as many as six, you see, to choose from."

"I don't understand you," said I.

"Choose your bridge, Mr. Pip," returned Wemmick, "and take a walk upon your bridge, and pitch your money into the Thames over the centre arch of your bridge, and you know the end of it. Serve a friend with it, and you may know the end of it too—but it's a less pleasant and profitable end."

I could have posted a newspaper in his mouth, he made it so wide after saying this.

"This is very discouraging," said I.

"Meant to be," said Wemmick.

"Then is it your opinion," I inquired, with some little indignation, "that a man should never——"

"—Invest portable property in a friend?" said Wemmick. "Certainly he should not. Unless he wants to get rid of the friend—and then it becomes a question how much portable property it may be worth to get rid of him."

"And that," said I, "is your deliberate opinion, Mr. Wemmick?"

"That," he returned "is my deliberate opinion in this office."

"Ah!" said I, pressing him, for I thought I saw him near a loophole here; "but would that be your opinion at Walworth?"

"Mr. Pip," he replied, with gravity, "Walworth is one place, and this office is another. Much as the Aged is one person, and Mr. Jaggers is another. They must not be confounded together. My Walworth sentiments must be taken at Walworth; none but my official sentiments can be taken in this office."

"Very well," said I, much relieved, "then I shall look you up at Walworth, you may depend upon it."

"Mr. Pip," he returned, "you will be welcome there, in a private and personal capacity."

We had held this conversation in a low voice, well knowing my guardian's ears to be the sharpest of the sharp. As he now appeared in his doorway, towelling his hands, Wemmick got on his great-coat and stood by to snuff out the candles. We all three went into the street together, and from the door-step Wemmick turned his way, and Mr. Jaggers and I turned ours.

I could not help wishing more than once that evening, that Mr. Jaggers had had an Aged in Gerrard-street, or a Stinger, or a Something, or a Somebody, to unbend his brows a little. It was an uncomfortable consideration on a twenty-first birthday, that coming of age at all seemed hardly worth while in such a guarded and suspicious world as he made of it. He was a thousand times better informed and cleverer than Wemmick, and yet I would a thousand times rather have had Wemmick to dinner. And Mr. Jaggers made not me alone intensely melancholy, because, after he was gone, Herbert said of himself, with his eyes fixed on the fire, that he thought he must have committed a felony and forgotten it, he felt so dejected and guilty.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Deeming Sunday the best day for taking Mr. Wemmick's Walworth sentiments, I devoted the next ensuing Sunday afternoon to a pilgrimage to the Castle. On arriving before the battlements, I found the Union Jack flying and the drawbridge up; but undeterred by this show of defiance and resistance, I rang at the gate, and was admitted in a most pacific manner by the Aged.

"My son, sir," said the old man, after securing the drawbridge, "rather had it in his mind that you might happen to drop in, and he left word that he would soon be home from his afternoon's walk. He is very regular in his walks, is my son. Very regular in everything, is my son."

I nodded at the old gentleman as Wemmick himself might have nodded, and we went in and sat down by the fireside.

"You made acquaintance with my son, sir,"

said the old man, in his chirping way, while he warmed his hands at the blaze, "at his office, I expect?" I nodded. "Hah! I have heerd that my son is a wonderful hand at his business, sir?" I nodded hard. "Yes; so they tell me. His business is the Law?" I nodded harder. "Which makes it more surprising in my son," said the old man, "for he was not brought up to the Law, but to the Wine-Coopering."

Curious to know how the old gentleman stood informed concerning the reputation of Mr. Jaggers, I roared that name at him. He threw me into the greatest confusion by laughing heartily and replying in a very sprightly manner, "No, to be sure; you're right." And to this hour I have not the faintest notion what he meant, or what joke he thought I had made.

As I could not sit there nodding at him perpetually, without making some other attempt to interest him, I shouted an inquiry whether his own calling in life had been "the Wine-Coopering." By dint of straining that term out of myself several times and tapping the old gentleman on the chest to associate it with him, I at last succeeded in making my meaning understood.

"No," said the old gentleman; "the warehousing, the warehousing. First, over yonder;" he appeared to mean up the chimney, but I believe he intended to refer me to Liverpool; "and then in the City of London here. However, having an infirmity—for I am hard of hearing, sir——"

I expressed in pantomime the greatest astonishment.

"—Yes, hard of hearing; having that infirmity coming upon me, my son he went into the Law, and he took charge of me, and he by little and little made out this elegant and beautiful property. But returning to what you said, you know," pursued the old man, again laughing heartily, "what I say is, No to be sure; you're right."

I was modestly wondering whether my utmost ingenuity would have enabled me to say anything that would have amused him half as much as this imaginary pleasantry, when I was startled by a sudden click in the wall on one side of the chimney, and the ghostly tumbling open of a little wooden flap with "JOHN" upon it. The old man, following my eyes, cried with great triumph "My son's come home!" and we both went out to the drawbridge.

It was worth any money to see Wemmick waving a remote salute to me from the other side of the moat, when we might have shaken hands across it with the greatest ease. The Aged was so delighted to work the drawbridge, that I made no offer to assist him, but stood quiet until Wemmick had come across, and had presented me to Miss Skiffins: a lady by whom he was accompanied.

Miss Skiffins was of a wooden appearance, and was, like her escort, in the post-office branch of the service. She might have been some two or three years younger than Wemmick, and I judged her to stand possessed of portable property. The cut of her dress from the waist upward, both before and behind, made her figure very like a boy's kite; and I might have pronounced her gown a little too decidedly orange, and her gloves a little too intensely green. But she seemed to be a good sort of fellow, and showed a high regard for the Aged. I was not long in discovering that she was a frequent visitor at the Castle; for, on our going in, and my complimenting Wemmick on his ingenious contrivance for announcing himself to the Aged, he begged me to give my attention for a moment to the other side of the chimney, and disappeared. Presently another click came, and another little door tumbled open with "Miss Skiffins" on it; then Miss Skiffins shut up, and John tumbled open; then Miss Skiffins and John both tumbled open together, and finally shut up together. On Wemmick's return from working these mechanical appliances, I expressed the great admiration with which I regarded them, and he said, "Well you know, they're both pleasant and useful to the Aged. And by George, sir, it's a thing worth mentioning, that of all the people who come to this gate, the secret of those pulls is only known to the Aged, Miss Skiffins, and me!"

"And Mr. Wemmick made them," added Miss Skiffins, "with his own hands out of his own head."

While Miss Skiffins was taking off her bonnet (she retained her green gloves during the evening as an outward and visible sign that there was company), Wemmick invited me to take a walk with him round the property, and see how the island looked in winter-time. Thinking that he did this to give me an opportunity of taking his Walworth sentiments, I seized the opportunity as soon as we were out of the Castle.

Having thought of the matter with care, I approached my subject as if I had never hinted at it before. I informed Wemmick that I was anxious in behalf of Herbert Pocket, and I told him how we had first met, and how we had fought. I glanced at Herbert's home, and at his character, and at his having no means but such as he was dependent on his father for: those, uncertain and unpunctual. I alluded to the advantages I had derived in my first rawness and ignorance from his society, and I confessed that I feared I had but ill repaid them, and that he might have done better without me and my expectations. Keeping Miss Havisham in the background at a great distance, I still hinted at the possibility of my having competed with him in his prospects, and at the certainty of his possessing a generous soul, and being far above any mean distrusts, retaliations, or designs. For all these reasons (I told Wemmick), and because he was my young companion and friend, and I had a great affection for him, I wished my own good fortune to reflect some rays upon him, and therefore I sought advice from Wemmick's experience and knowledge of men and affairs, how I could best try with my resources to help Her-

bert to some present income—say of a hundred a year, to keep him in good hope and heart—and gradually to buy him on to some small partnership. I begged Wemmick, in conclusion, to understand that my help must always be rendered without Herbert's knowledge or suspicion, and that there was no one else in the world with whom I could advise. I wound up by laying my hand upon his shoulder, and saying, "I can't help confiding in you, though I know it must be troublesome to you; but that is your fault, in having ever brought me here."

Wemmick was silent for a little while, and then said, with a kind of start, "Well you know, Mr. Pip, I must tell you one thing. This is devilish good of you."

"Say you'll help me to be good then," said I.

"Ecod," replied Wemmick, shaking his head, "that's not my trade."

"Nor is this your trading-place," said I.

"You are right," he returned. "You hit the nail on the head. Mr. Pip, I'll put on my considering-cap, and I think all you want to do, may be done by degrees. Skiffins (that's her brother) is an accountant and agent. I'll look him up and go to work for you."

"I thank you ten thousand times."

"On the contrary," said he, "I thank you, for though we are strictly in our private and personal capacity, still it may be mentioned that there *are* Newgate cobwebs about, and it brushes them away."

After a little further conversation to the same effect we returned into the Castle, where we found Miss Skiffins preparing tea. The responsible duty of making the toast was delegated to the Aged, and that excellent old gentleman was so intent upon it that he seemed to me in some danger of melting his eyes. It was no nominal meal that we were going to make, but a vigorous reality. The Aged prepared such a haystack of buttered toast, that I could scarcely see him over it as it simmered on an iron stand hooked on to the top-bar; while Miss Skiffins brewed such a jorum of tea that the pig in the back premises became strongly excited, and repeatedly expressed his desire to participate in the entertainment.

The flag had been struck and the gun had been fired, at the right moment of time, and I felt as snugly cut off from the rest of Walworth as if the moat were thirty feet wide by as many deep. Nothing disturbed the tranquillity of the Castle, but the occasional tumbling open of John and Miss Skiffins: which little doors were a prey to some spasmodic infirmity that made me sympathetically uncomfortable until I got used to it. I inferred from the methodical nature of Miss Skiffins's arrangements that she made tea there every Sunday night; and I rather suspected that a classic brooch she wore, representing the profile of an undesirable female with a very straight nose and a very new moon, was a piece of portable property that had been given her by Wemmick.

We ate the whole of the toast and drank tea in proportion, and it was delightful to see how warm and greasy we all got after it. The Aged especially, might have passed for some clean old chief of a savage tribe, just oiled. After a short pause of repose, Miss Skiffins—in the absence of the little servant who, it seemed, retired to the bosom of her family on Sunday afternoons—washed up the tea-things in a trifling lady-like amateur manner that compromised none of us. Then she put on her gloves again, and we drew round the fire, and Wemmick said, "Now Aged Parent, tip us the paper."

Wemmick explained to me while the Aged got his spectacles out, that this was according to custom, and that it gave the old gentleman infinite satisfaction to read the news aloud. "I won't offer an apology," said Wemmick, "for he isn't capable of many pleasures—are you, Aged P.?"

"All right, John, all right," returned the old man, seeing himself spoken to.

"Only tip him a nod every now and then when he looks off his paper," said Wemmick, "and he'll be as happy as a king. We are all attention, Aged One."

"All right, John, all right!" returned the cheerful old man: so busy and so pleased, that it really was quite charming.

The Aged's reading reminded me of the classes at Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt's, with the pleasanter peculiarity that it seemed to come through a keyhole. As he wanted the candles close to him, and as he was always on the verge of putting either his head or the newspaper into them, he required as much watching as a powder-mill. But Wemmick was equally untiring and gentle in his vigilance, and the Aged read on, quite unconscious of his many rescues. Whenever he looked at us, we all expressed the greatest interest and amazement, and nodded until he resumed again.

As Wemmick and Miss Skiffins sat side by side, and as I sat in a shadowy corner, I observed a slow and gradual elongation of Mr. Wemmick's mouth, powerfully suggestive of his slowly and gradually stealing his arm round Miss Skiffins's waist. In course of time I saw his hand appear on the other side of Miss Skiffins; but at that moment Miss Skiffins neatly stopped him with the green glove, unwound his arm again as if it were an article of dress, and with the greatest deliberation laid it on the table before her. Miss Skiffins's composure while she did this was one of the most remarkable sights I have ever seen, and if I could have thought the act consistent with abstraction of mind, I should have deemed that Miss Skiffins performed it mechanically.

By-and-by, I noticed Wemmick's arm beginning to disappear again, and gradually fading out of view. Shortly afterwards, his mouth began to widen again. After an interval of suspense on my part that was quite enthralling and almost painful, I saw his hand appear on the other side of Miss Skiffins. Instantly, Miss Skiffins stopped it with the neatness of a placid

boxer, took off that girdle or cestus as before, and laid it on the table. Taking the table to represent the path of virtue, I am justified in stating that during the whole time of the Aged's reading, Wemmick's arm was straying from the path of virtue and being recalled to it by Miss Skiffins.

At last, the Aged read himself into a light slumber. This was the time for Wemmick to produce a little kettle, a tray of glasses, and a black bottle with a porcelain-topped cork, representing some clerical dignitary of a rubicund and social aspect. With the aid of these appliances we all had something warm to drink: including the Aged, who was soon awake again. Miss Skiffins mixed, and I observed that she and Wemmick drank out of one glass. Of course I knew better than to offer to see Miss Skiffins home, and under the circumstances I thought I had best go first: which I did, taking a cordial leave of the Aged, and having passed a pleasant evening.

Before a week was out, I received a note from Wemmick, dated Walworth, stating that he hoped he had made some advance in that matter appertaining to our private and personal capacities, and that he would be glad if I could come and see him again upon it. So, I went out to Walworth again, and yet again, and yet again, and I saw him by appointment in the City several times, but never held any communication with him on the subject in or near Little Britain. The upshot was that we found a worthy young merchant or shipping-broker, not long established in business, who wanted intelligent help, and who wanted capital, and who in due course of time and receipt would want a partner. Between him and me, secret articles were signed of which Herbert was the subject, and I paid him half of my five hundred pounds down, and engaged for sundry other payments: some, to fall due at certain dates out of my income: some, contingent on my coming into my property. Miss Skiffins's brother conducted the negotiation; Wemmick pervaded it throughout, but never appeared in it.

The whole business was so cleverly managed that Herbert had not the least suspicion of my hand being in it. I never shall forget the radiant face with which he came home one afternoon, and told me, as a mighty piece of news, of his having fallen in with one Clarriker (the young merchant's name), and of Clarriker's having shown an extraordinary inclination towards him, and of his belief that the opening had come at last. Day by day as his hopes grew stronger and his face brighter, he must have thought me a more and more affectionate friend, for I had the greatest difficulty in restraining my tears of triumph when I saw him so happy. At length, the thing being done, and he having that day entered Clarriker's House, and he having talked to me for a whole evening in a flush of pleasure and success, I did really cry in good earnest when I went to bed, to think that my expectations had done some good to somebody.

A great event in my life, the turning-point of my life, now opens on my view. But before I proceed to narrate it, and before I pass on to all the changes it involved, I must give one chapter to Estella. It is not much to give to the theme that so long filled my heart.

UNDER THE GOLDEN FEET.

Forty years ago, a young English merchant undertook what was then the hazardous venture of opening a trade with the Burmese. Jealous of strangers, save when they chanced to become the personal friends of the monarch, strict protectionists, exclusive and conservative, they were not very inviting people to deal with; but the chance of danger lends an unspeakable charm to this vulgar common-place life of ours, and the more certain a man is of getting his throat cut, the more eager he is to try his fortune in the very spot where the razor is being sharpened. Mr. Gouger was more attracted than repelled by the probable dangers of his career; and after narrowly escaping shipwreck on the terrible Preparis shoal, anchored off Rangoon, where his first Burmese experiences were to begin. After a visit from the collector of customs and his followers—during which visit the one ate cheese, and the others, in imitation, yellow soap—the customary bribes were given, and the ship's rudder allowed to remain where it hung; without the bribe it would have been unshipped, so as to leave the vessel at the mercy of the authorities. The cargo was then sent on shore, the king's tenths were levied, and Mr. Gouger was now free to ascend with unshod feet the houses of the magnates of the land, and there, in their presence, twist himself into a constrained contortion of body, half sitting, half kneeling, while the great men before him were enjoying their ease on some cushions of honour. The tables were turned, and from the haughty superiority of the British resident in Hindustan, the Anglo-Saxon blood had to humble itself to the insolence of the Burmese, and taste the pleasures to be found in servility and submission. After a few weeks spent at Rangoon in learning the manners and customs of his new hosts, Mr. Gouger set sail up the Irrawuddi for Amerapoorah, the then residence of the king and court, where he hoped to do a first-rate business, and make his fortune with the fabulous certainty of the "earliest trader." He found that city in a state of mourning and decay, the king having lately resolved to remove to the ancient royal residence of Ava; and as the removal of the palace means, in Burmah, the creation or destruction of the city, Amerapoorah was in sackcloth and ashes—the one-half ruined, and the other preparing for ruin. The young foreign merchant was received graciously. No royal tenths were extracted, no custom-house hindrances offered, no petty thefts, no official insolence, but only a wild mad curiosity to see what strange treasures had been brought from the far West. But Mr. Gouger was better taught than to expose even the extreme hem of a Manchester pocket-handkerchief before having

laid himself and his property at the mercy of the Golden Feet; so he sent his interpreter to inquire of one of the great lords if the Golden Feet would graciously receive him, and on the return of a favourable answer, mounted one of the beautiful little ponies of the country, and trotted off to the palace. Here he found majesty domiciled in a temporary hut of bamboo and thatch. The stars had shown certain conjunctions which necessitated the vacation of the royal palace, and made it absolutely necessary that the royal head would rest beneath a meaner roof. The place was very slight and unfinished; humble indeed, and wholly unornamented; with a large bunch of straw and the royal emblem of the gilt umbrella covering the whole. This *tee* or gilt umbrella is to the Burmese what our Queen's standard is to us, and marks the sacred presence in an appropriate and unmistakable manner. No glittering gold-encased majesty, such as is used to show itself like a half-revealed divinity to awestruck envoys, received the white merchant, but a pleasant, good-humoured, jolly-looking young man of about thirty, whom he found in the easiest and least terrifying attitude possible. Seated cross-legged on a gilt arm-chair of European make, dressed exactly like any other Burman of condition, save that his silken girdle was of scarlet check—a colour appropriated solely to the royal family—he was chatting familiarly with his court, assembled round him in the half-kneeling, half-sitting attitude betokening respect. A long array of presents, heaped up on gilded trays—among which an immense cut-glass dish and twelve stands of muskets and bayonets attracted the most attention — preceded the white foreigner. They were his offerings to the Golden Feet, and pleasantly introduced him to the golden notice. The donor followed close behind, bending as he walked, and, when he sat, crouching in the prescribed attitude in the best manner of imitation possible to him. After a few words of interpreted talk, the king turned to one of his suite, and spoke to him; when a voice said, in a good, clear, English accent, "Are you, sir, an Englishman?" to the utmost astonishment of the new comer, who had no idea of meeting with a countryman among the courtly officials of the King of Burmah. The speaker was an elderly man of the name of Rodgers—called Yadza by his adopted brethren — who had escaped to Burmah under the belief of having committed murder, and who once held the place of collector of customs there: a post then filled by another adopted foreigner, M. Lanciego, a Spaniard. The new man pleased. He "took" with the sovereign unequivocally, and the court of course followed suit. He was suffered to sit cross-legged like the king and an English tailor; he might look the king in the face, while the highest Burman noble must keep his eyes turned reverently to the ground; he accepted a pawn or betel-nut from the chief queen's own box, and instead of putting it in his mouth, as he was bound by politeness and respect to do, was allowed to deposit it in his waistcoat-pocket, with only a peal of laughter for his mistake—such a mistake would have cost a native his life; he was clothed in scarlet check like the royal family, and the royal ladies were made to pay him honestly for his goods, without an over amount of royal cheating; majesty condescendingly clapped his head as a mark of recognition, and let him eat fried sand crickets from the royal dish; in a word, he was a prime favourite, suddenly exalted to the highest pinnacle of Burmese favour, and in a position which the greatest noble of them all might have envied. The younger brother of the king, the daring, reckless, extravagant Prince of Tharawudi, befriended him as openly as the court; so the sails of his good fortune were filled with every prosperous wind blowing, and there seemed to be no breakers in the halcyon sea ahead.

Things went on smoothly for some time, and the white merchant could do no wrong. He might even surreptitiously cut the throats of sundry sheep and oxen in his yard, contrary to the express law of the empire, which forbids the slaughter of any animal, and assigns for public food only such beasts as have died by natural causes; and he was in equal favour with the king and the two rival factions of the chief queen and the Prince of Tharawudi; he made about one hundred and sixty per cent by his venture, and seemed to himself to be set in the highway of all kinds of success. But when he wished to turn his eight thousand pounds of gold and silver into marketable commodities, and so go on increasing his gains, the law stepped in, and his fortunes turned pale at the contact. He could not send the bullion out of the country: it was illegal; rice, metals, raw silk, jewels, marble, horses—it was equally illegal to export any one of these things; there was only teak timber which might be shipped off, and of this the expense of carriage would more than swallow up the gains. Here, then, was the first adverse breath, the first check in this hitherto easy sailing of the foreign ship. But a little judicious bribery changed all this, and after a residence of two months at the court, Mr. Gouger was allowed to embark his effects and treasures, and proceed to Calcutta for more goods. In due season he returned to Rangoon, escaped the alligators and the custom-house officials, and once more found himself beneath the shadow of the Golden Feet, which now trod the meaner earth in the ancient city of Ava.

Much congratulation followed the return. The usual presents were offered and accepted, and Burmese life and Burmese court-favour were as bright as heretofore; the Prince of Tharawudi was still the rollicking boon companion of former days; the ladies still as fascinated with their Manchester cottons and Birmingham gewgaws; the noble greyhound, presented to the king to eclipse the glory of the mastiff of the prince, was held dearer than gold; and who could foretel that the little cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, would so soon become the tempest that should slay all within its sphere? That little cloud was the growing

hostility of the Burmese towards the British government. Slowly and sullenly it gathered in the horizon; blacker and blacker, and spreading farther and wider, as the warlike feeling gained strength, and the "braves" of the empire grew impatient to meet their enemies in war. With the confidence of the ignorant they believed that to meet was to conquer; and could not be brought to understand that ever a nation living was superior to themselves. They had heard of the fabulous wealth of Calcutta, and every fighting man was inflamed with the desire to make one in the sack which was so sure to follow, if they could but be brought face to face with their enemies in the field. And not even when hostilities actually broke out, and the British were the victors, would they be convinced of the possibility of being conquered. As time went on they were made to pay dearly for their confidence.

While this war feeling was seething through the land, Mr. Gouger's position at court became slightly less pleasant. The chief queen, who had never been one of his cordial friends, showed herself now disposed to become one of his active enemies, and contrived the insult of a false charge and imprisonment, until he should gain his release by a bribe. This was an indication of the change approaching, as were the lowering looks and ill-concealed murmurs of the people whenever he stirred abroad; so he began to shut himself up in his house, sending out his servant, the Red Rat, to sound the dispositions of the public, and hear what was said about him and the other white men in the city.

The Red Rat heard what was so little satisfactory, that Mr. Gouger had nothing for it but to face the storm, and guide himself in the best manner possible through the thorny paths he had to tread. And then Rangoon was bombarded, and the spirit of the nation boiled over. For want of a better pretext, Mr. Gouger was accused of being a spy, and all sorts of evidence was tortured most ingeniously to flavour the accusation with sufficient legal proof. While waiting and expecting every moment to be arrested or murdered, he one night heard a terrific uproar. A vast multitude came down the street, hooting and yelling, and uttering fierce imprecations, while beating against the outside of the house, as if they would stave the framework in. Soon, this kind of attack extended along the whole street, much to the terror of the foreigner, who thought that, of a surety, his foes had lost patience with the law, and were coming to work their own will unmolested. But he found out that this was only their way of exorcising the cholera, which to them was an evil spirit who might be frightened and driven out if they but showed a brave front and were not afraid. We do not hear that their yelling, and drumming, and beating with sticks, and fiery oaths, had the desired effect, or that the cholera, any more than the British soldiers, was to be exorcised by noise and repelled by big words. This night of terror passed; but on the twenty-eighth of May, eighteen hundred and twenty-three, the crisis came. A body of men entered his house, seized him as their prisoner, and marched him off to the court of justice, there to be examined concerning his treachery and disloyalty. He knew now that there was no escape; the rest was only a question of time and temper. After a little cat-and-mouse play—always under the colour of strict legality—and after the prisoner had put himself and his guard in the wrong by bribing them to let him have a midnight visit to his own home—which midnight visit was of course discovered, according to the laws of evil fate, the magistrate choosing that very night whereon to examine him—the mask was flung away. A gang of boisterous ruffians rushed into the prison where he sat with his feet in the stocks, and began fighting with the soldiers for everything that belonged to him. When he tried to protect himself, and to save his few personals, they told him, with a sneer, that he need not give himself the trouble; he was going to the Death Prison, and would not long need any of them. They even tried to strip him of his clothes; but he managed to retain his shirt and trousers; and thus, half naked, his arms tied behind his back with a piece of cord, barefooted and bareheaded, he was led to the criminal hall of justice to hear his sentence. He was not suffered to ascend the steps of the court-house, but was made to squat down in front, while his name and crime were entered in the prison list; and then the sad procession moved forward to the gate of the Let-ma-yoon, or Death Prison, nearly opposite. Well might his flesh creep and his heart quail for fear at his entrance into this Let-ma-yoon, "Hand! shrink not," as it was only too justly called. The very name, in its terrible suggestiveness, caused the most frantic terror in all who were condemned to its bloodstained walls; and not the most cowardly Burmah of them all but would have preferred death to imprisonment in the Let-ma-yoon. And the name was even less appalling than the thing. Of this jail the guards were themselves the worst malefactors, whose lives had been spared on consideration of their undertaking the office of common torturers and executioners. They were not allowed to enter into any house, and each bore the name of his crime, that qualification of his office, tattooed across his breast, so that escape for any of them was out of the question: the ringed cheek and scarred breast would have secured their recapture anywhere throughout the empire. Degraded as they were, their only chance of sanity and self-forgetfulness lay in brutalising themselves to the utmost extent possible, and they learnt their fatal lesson to the last letter. The chief of the gang was a lean, wiry, hard-featured man, across whose breast was written, in unusually large characters, "loo-that," murderer. This hoary villain the prisoners and subordinates invariably addressed as "Father." Even the Europeans taught themselves to do the same, though with many a struggle and many a bitter protest of flesh and blood against the desecration.

Another of the Ring-cheeked was branded

with the name of thief, written full across his breast; another, bearing an appropriate motto, had murdered his brother, and hidden his body piecemeal under his house; a third was a horse-stealer; while a fourth was simply a youth convicted of some petty offence, whom the Father, in want of an assistant, had seized and marked with the fatal ring in spite of his agony and shame. But his virtue was soon corrupted into harmony with the atmosphere of the place, and he became as fiendish as the rest before the tears on his cheeks were well dried. When the English prisoner was marched in, the Father received him with his customary imprecations, and led him to a huge block of granite in the centre of the yard. Here, three pairs of fetters were struck on to his ankles, coupling his feet so closely that he could scarcely advance a foot's space at a step. He was then told to walk to his den, which after much trouble and shuffling he managed to do.

A room about forty feet by thirty, and five or six feet high, formed of planks of teak-wood, with a few chinks left here and there as the only ventilation considered necessary, no window, no aperture of any kind, save a chance hole in the roof of about a foot square, and a closely-woven bamboo wicket used as a door, and always kept closed—a room which had never been cleaned out since first built, which swarmed with vermin and reeked with foul miasma—a room where forty or fifty hapless wretches lay nearly naked on the floor, almost all in chains, and some with their feet in the stocks besides, all with the work of famine on their gaunt frames and haggard faces, all silent, squalid, broken. This was henceforth Mr. Gouger's home. A gigantic row of stocks, capable of holding a dozen pairs of feet at once, looking like a huge alligator as it opened and shut its jaws with a loud snap upon its prey; several smaller pairs, each holding its couple of wretched victims; a long bamboo suspended from the roof by a rope at each end, and worked by blocks or pulleys, and a large earthen cup filled with earth-oil for the night watches, completed the furniture of the room.

Beside these machines, there was nothing but the thirty or forty prisoners, the countless vermin, the ring-cheeked guards, the hot and stifling air, the thick layers of dirt and garbage, and the terrible fear which fell upon them all like a presence and a power. Soon all the Europeans in Burmah were collected in that prison. Three Englishmen, including our old friend Rodgers, whose long years of court experience had not been able to save him, the American missionaries, Dr. Judson and Dr. Price, and afterwards Lanciego, the Spaniard, for all that he had been made collector of customs, and that his wife was sister of the second queen. He was Christian and European, and that was quite enough for the government. Mr. Gouger's friends, servants, and agents, the Red Rat and the Red Gold, were not long after included among the number, and then the party was complete. They were not allowed to speak to each other save in the Burmese language, and the Father placed them under the especial care of a young savage with a club, who had orders to brain them if they opened their lips save in such accents as he could understand. When night came on the worst trials began. The Father entered to count up his children, and arrange them safely for the night. The meaning of the long bamboo, with its ropes and pulleys, was now evident. "It was passed between the legs of each individual, and when it had threaded our number, seven in all, a man at each end hoisted it up by the blocks to a height which allowed our shoulders to rest on the ground, while our feet depended from the iron rings of the fetters."

The adjustment of the height was left to the Father, who calculated to a nicety the line between pain and danger, and left off just when the latter began. Having determined, to an inch, the exact point to which he might safely go, he counted his captives by giving each a smart rap on the head, then delivered up his staff and his charge to the young savage, with a significant hint of what he might expect if one was missing when the wicket was opened next morning. He then, with ghastly facetiousness, wished them a good night's rest; the young savage lighted his pipe, and did the same by all who wished it; trimmed the lamp, and sat down beside it; and soon the whole prison was plunged in death-like stillness, save when it was broken by cries and groans of pain. The next morning the Father, finding his tally correct, let down the bamboo, and at eight o'clock drove his wretched flock, in gangs of ten or twelve, for five minutes' breathing-time in the open air; then, such of the prisoners as had friends who would not let them starve, received their breakfasts from the hands of the Ring-cheeked, and such as had none waited for the chance charity of the rest, who gave them what they could spare.

Sundry interrogations, more or less calculated to terrify and bewilder, sundry witnessings of torture, and threats held out of the like to be done to himself if still contumacious and unyielding, the destruction of all his property, and the confiscation of his gains, formed the next stages in Mr. Gouger's calendar of suffering. But, as there was nothing to tell, there was nothing to be elicited, and the poor young Englishman was sent almost mad by this incessant terror and suspense. Every day at three o'clock a silence, as of death, fell over the prisoners. This was the hour when those of them who had been condemned to death were taken out to be executed. No one knew whose turn it might be, whether his own or another's; and the shudder which ran through that living mass when the gong struck the fatal hour, and one of the Ring-cheeked entered by the wicket, striding silently to his prey, now for the first time conscious of his fate, was perhaps the most horrible torture of all. The authorities had not studied human nature in vain. They understood all the soft places, and what wounds would eat deepest

into the soul. To have the limbs dislocated, to be "thrawed" with ropes, and beaten till the whole body was one mass of broken bones and bleeding flesh, to be struck down at night and assassinated within the very hearing of the rest, to be chained foot to foot with a leper, and thrust into the closest companionship with wretches suffering from small-pox, were among Mr. Gouger's experiences of Burmese justice as shown to himself or to others; but beyond the necessary agonies of their position—the chains, the bamboo-threading, the sickening dirt and want of fresh air, the contamination of body and soul from the hideous companionship into which they were thrust—neither the British merchant nor his compatriots and co-religionists were specially tortured or reserved for any of the more brutal punishments. In fact, they were somewhat protected by the old governor, whose heart had been touched by the loving zeal of Mrs. Judson, happily not imprisoned, and who had so much of our common human nature in him as to allow himself to be moved by the unflagging energy and tender devotion of the desolate Christian wife. Owing to this secret protection they were sometimes allowed to be removed to a separate and better prison, but only to be brought back again, after a few days' grace, and again consigned to the old den of filth and iniquity; and sometimes they were put into small, clean, separate cells, which were elysium compared to the horrors of the inner room. Here, in these cells, too, Mr. Gouger was attended by the pretty daughter of one of the Ring-cheeked, and the woman's wit and tenderness contrived many little ameliorations during the time this better manner of confinement lasted. She brought him water to cleanse himself with, and sold the rats which he hunted successfully enough; and she did all her woman's best to cheer him, for she took a liking for him, and was his Picciola in that terrible place. It was while enjoying the quiet and cleanliness of these cells that Gouger witnessed through the chinks one of the foul assassinations common to the place, when he saw a youth, whose feet were in the stocks while his head was lying on the floor, literally stamped and pounded to death by one of the guards.

Mr. Gouger now ran a great chance of death by starvation. His servants all forsook him, save his Mohammedan bahur, who still continued to supply him according to his best power. But for him, the poor fellow would have starved. As it was, his sufferings brought him into a serious illness, from which he recovered as by a miracle, though it left him with a brain a little shaken and confused, and with scarcely a man's command over his nerves.

All this while the war between the two countries was steadily progressing—the English arms victorious—which did not tend to make the authorities more lenient towards those of the foeman's blood whom they held in irons in the Let-ma-yoon. Their severities were increased. From three their irons were raised to five pairs each; they were taken from their separate cells and thrust back into all the horrors of the inner prison; and every night they heard a voice cry hoarsely, "Are the white men safe? Keep them tight." And tighter and tighter they were in fact kept, as the British cannon boomed more fiercely across the water of the Irrawuddi, and the British bayonet gleamed nearer to the palace. The angry pride of the Burmese could ill bear their disasters, and it was perhaps the most wonderful thing of all that they did not kill the white prisoners outright, in revenge for their disasters brought on them by men of their blood and faith.

One morning, on the second of May, nearly a year since they were first imprisoned, the white men, now eight in number, once more found themselves grouped about the well-known granite block. The spotted men stood round them; and one by one their fetters were knocked off. They were then tied in couples by the waist, one at each end of the rope, and a Pah-quet or Ringed-cheek with a spear, holding the rein, drove them off through the town. They were quite uncertain of their fate, and made sure that they were being driven to death; and, indeed, to terrify them, their drivers goaded them a few hundred yards towards the place of execution, then suddenly turned off upon the road leading to Amerapoorah. The agonies of that journey were almost unspeakable. The fiery tropical sun flashed down on their undefended heads, and their naked feet were soon one mass of bleeding wounds, for it was like walking over red-hot iron to walk over that arid plain of burning sand and gravel, made worse to feet so long benumbed by irons and want of exercise. One of the party, a Greek—the leper to whom Gouger had been coupled in the Let-ma-yoon—soon fell down powerless: and though the Pah-quets beat and goaded him with their spears, they could not make him move. "It was of no use to beat and goad a dying man;" and the last that Mr. Gouger saw of him was his dying hands held up in vain beseeching—the Ringed-cheeks standing over him, striking him with their spears, while they dragged him over the sands. Dr. Judson was the next to suffer; but he was saved from the fate of the poor leper by a fortunate accident. One of Gouger's old servants, hearing of the transit, came running to see his master once more, and seeing the missionary's anguish, tore his turban into bandages and bound up his feet. But for this timely aid, there would have been a second murder on that terrible day of agony. When they got to Amerapoorah, the Ringed-men left them, giving them into the care of other jailers, who, though hard enough, were not so wholly brutalised and demoniacal as the last. The rest of the journey was made in a cart, and at three o'clock the next day they reached their new prison—a strange dilapidated old place, at a country village called Oung-ben-lai.

At first they thought they were to be burnt alive, because of the stacks of fagots heaped up within the wooden walls; but this was a false alarm, and soon they found their lives

more bearable here than in the hell they had left behind at Ava. They had many petty annoyances to undergo, much cruel and causeless terror to master in the best way they could, much brutality to suffer, many venomous snakes to kill, and the pangs of hunger and the failing of hope to bear; but they had escaped the spotted men, the Father with his oaths and the savage with his club, and they could bear what evils they had with greater equanimity because of this relief.

Before long a strange visitant was brought to them. In the dead of night a heavy cart was heard rumbling and creaking towards their solitary prison. It stopped before the doors; they heard the loud roaring of a wild beast, and then several men brought in a huge cage, where a magnificent lioness was confined, and set it down in the midst of them. The old jailer was as much surprised as any of them, and he had had no warning of this new prisoner, and knew no more than themselves what it meant. They all thought, of course, that it was intended to fling them one by one to the beast; and so they passed the night in a state of misery and fear not to be described. But day followed day, and no such orders came from head-quarters. The poor lioness moaned and roared with the pains of hunger, but no food had been assigned to her, and the old jailer did not dare to go beyond his orders: and day by day her moaning and her roaring grew weaker and weaker, until at last she sank and died—starved to death in the sight of them all. They never felt certain that this ending had been intended, but rather looked on it as a failure of the plan which their great enemy, Pacahm-woon had devised. They then heard that they were to be sacrificed as omens of good luck, to be buried alive in the sight of the army which the generalissimo had raised, and which was to put an end to the war by exterminating the British; but this plan, too, never came to an issue, and in the mean time the Pacahm-woon died. And then they felt comparatively safe.

The British army always advancing and always successful, helped to clear the air for our poor captives. The Burmans were made to feel themselves defeated; indemnification to the amount of one million sterling was demanded, the release of the white prisoners was also demanded, and, after various delays and negotiations, on the sixteenth of February, eighteen hundred and twenty-six, Gouger and two others were liberated, and set out on their way to join the British forces. A few dangers, a few delays, and the sickness of hope deferred sometimes fluttering round the heart, and then, maimed, bruised, weakened, unmanned, our poor countryman sank down on the deck of the Diana, once more free, but a ruined man for years to come. His sufferings had been too much for him, and it was long before his mind recovered its tone, or his body its health. Kindness and civilisation healed him at last, and now, as an old man, he tells us this strange history of Eastern barbarity thirty-five years ago, in language so fresh and forcible that the thirty-five years seem but yesterday. And now we all wait for the time when the power of the West shall put an end to these barbarities of the East; when freedom and civilisation shall shine over Asia as well as over Europe, over India as well as over England, and all the nations under our influence be brought into harmony with our milder laws, and into acceptance of our better faith.

MY HOLIDAY.

The town is blackening on the sky,
Its muffled thunder rolls away,
To weary heart and languid eye
There beams a holier light of day.
O sorrow-lined and throbbing brow,
Long pressed against the bars of toil,
What ecstasy awaits thee now
On yonder sunny stainless soil!

The opening landscape stretches wide,
An endless swell of hill and plain,
With, through the golden haze descried,
A distant glimmer of the main.
The woodland minstrels carol clear
From out each green sequestred nook,
And 'neath their leafy haunts I hear
The laughing answer of the brook.

And losing here all sense of wrong,
I feel no more the clutch of care,
And dream a world of light and song
Where all are happy, all is fair.
But o'er me steals the envious eve,
And spreads a veil of sober grey,
When, as I take reluctant leave,
A glory dies along the way.

The fading landscape fills with change,
The flowers grow sadly pale and droop,
And writhing trees with shadows strange,
Across my darkening pathway stoop.
Long branches thrust from bank and crag
Seem, in the dim and dubious light,
Bare withered arms of some lone hag,
Whose incantations thrill the night.

Again the engine thunders on—
My car of triumph hours before—
The vision and the bliss are gone,
Yet Memory hoards her golden store.
And there, perchance, may burst a gleam
In after hours of weary noise,
That may recal this passing dream
Of happy sights and holy joys.

FIRE IN A COAL-MINE.

In a recent number of this journal a workman described the terrors of water when bursting its bounds in a mine.* Fire is a no less appalling enemy, and, in the course of a lengthened career as Inspector of Mines, it once occurred to me to be in a pit when it was ignited. However long I may live, it is not likely that the recollection of its horrors will be dimmed by the lapse of time.

The pit in question—a large one—was very dangerous in consequence of the quantity of gas which the coal contained. I had spent one day

* Peril Underground, No. 103, page 61.

in it, and had seen reason to be extremely dissatisfied with the manner in which it was managed. Not only was the lifting power at the shaft feeble and insufficient, and of a nature to render the occurrence of an accident highly probable, but the mode of ventilation was of a most unscientific character. I was so impressed with the conviction that a dreadful accident would one day occur, if preventive measures were not adopted, that I had decided on making a special report on the subject to the owner of the mine as soon as I had finished my inspection, which I determined, therefore, should be more than usually minute. On the second morning I went down, I insisted on the manager accompanying me, for I had seen instances of neglect in taking ordinary precautions on the preceding day which would, in my opinion, have made him criminally responsible had an accident happened, and these I proposed to point out to him with the view of an immediate remedy being applied. Having called his attention to these, we proceeded to the point where I had ended my inspection on the preceding day, and resumed it.

We must have been in the mine about four hours, and were examining a part of the workings from which a large quantity of coal had been dug, when we heard a loud dull sound, so prolonged by the manner in which it was echoed from point to point, that neither the manager nor either of the overlookers who accompanied us could say in what part of the mine an explosion had taken place, though that an explosion had occurred somewhere they all knew very well. An immediate move was made in the direction of the mouth of the pit, the overlookers going a few yards in advance. All at once we noticed that our lights were getting dim, and we were conscious of a difficulty in breathing; still we pushed along as fast as it was safe to go, hoping that the gas was merely a small quantity which had been driven here through some of the side openings by the force of the explosion, and that we should find the way beyond it free. Our hopes in this respect were disappointed, for just as we reached an angle of the works the overlookers met us, and directed us to go back as fast as we could, for there was no possibility of getting to the shaft that way, they having been nearly suffocated before they could get back to us. We retraced our steps rapidly to the place we had just quitted, and which was still free from after-damp. Here a brief consultation was held, the result of which was that an attempt should be made to reach the shaft by a more circuitous route in another direction.

The difficulties we encountered in our way were frightful. In some places the passage was so low that we had to drag ourselves through almost on our bellies; and probably there was not another man employed in the pit besides the overlooker who led the way, who knew that the shaft could be reached from this point. Every now and then we passed through places where our lamps gave us ample evidence of the presence of inflammable gas. Still we kept on, and seemed to have got so far that I hoped we had almost reached a place of safety. Presently I fancied I could hear a rushing roaring sound not quite unknown to me, and it struck me that the pit was on fire. I suggested as much, but nobody made any reply, and I concluded either that I was mistaken, or that there might be a chance of avoiding the fire. I was not long in doubt, for the air grew warmer and warmer every instant; yet it was not until we could see the flames raging at some distance before us that the man upon whose knowledge we depended told us that escape by that way was cut off. The horror of our situation could not well be surpassed. Of the two ways of leaving the mine, one was impassable from the amount of carbonic acid generated by the explosion, and the other from the presence of a mass of fire. Our destruction appeared inevitable, and for a time none of us could speak.

Those who are accustomed to see coal only when burning furiously in a grate, and who have never thought of the reasons why combustion under this condition should be so rapid, may suppose that the fury of the flame must be infinitely greater in a mine; but this is not so. At a distance the sight was terrific; but when, at my request, we approached more closely, with the view of rendering it quite certain that the fire had reached a point which made escape hopeless, we found it dull and sluggish, in consequence of the small quantity of air present to support the flame. Although this rendered it possible that many hours, or even days, might elapse before the fire reached us, it did not alter the fact that we were enclosed between flame and suffocation. We looked earnestly at each other as if for mutual comfort and support, but every man's face bore an expression of blank despair. After a time, nobody proposing anything, I asked if it would not be better to return to the larger and more open space we had left? This being thought the best thing—indeed the only thing—we could do, we turned round and began the same wearisome journey over again. We had been joined at different points by several men and two boys, who had been forced to retreat from the fire, so that we now numbered eleven or twelve in all. Our advance had been slow; our return was much slower; for we had not now the stimulant of hope. I was almost worn out with fatigue and excitement when we reached the spot where we had heard the explosion; but, as it was advisable that some attempt should be made to ascertain what advance, if any, had been made by the after-damp, I requested the overlookers to satisfy themselves on this point, that we might know whether death was likely to be immediate. They reported that they were able to proceed within a few feet of our first advance. Though there was little hope of our ultimate escape, I thought it best to take every precaution not to allow our situation being made worse by any neglect of our own. I therefore made inquiries of the men if they had any matches in

their pockets, explaining to them that I wished to know, not for the purpose of stating it in a report, which there was little likelihood of my living to make, but to ascertain if we possessed the means of relighting our lamp in the event of its going out. As I expected, every man had got some, though there is a rule that matches shall never be carried into a mine. With the view of economising the oil, I directed all the lamps to be extinguished but one, and this I caused to be placed close to the passage by which the carbonic acid must make its entry into our place of refuge, so that we might not be taken quite unawares. It was also agreed that we should take it in turns to explore the workings as far as we could go, at certain intervals, so that no changes should take place favourable to our escape without our being aware of it.

Nothing else could be done, except to wait the result with all the firmness we could exercise. I made myself as comfortable and secure a seat as I could, with the blocks of coal lying about: heaping them up like a throne, so as to raise myself as far above the ground as possible. As nothing was said about food, I concluded that each of us had a little, and wished to keep what he had for himself. For my part, I had a box of sandwiches, and a flask of weak brandy-and-water, without which I never descended into a mine: not from any fear of accidents, but because I found such refreshments necessary, when my stay lasted several hours. I ate only a very small piece of sandwich, and drank about a spoonful of the brandy-and-water that evening, and then slept for several hours. When I awoke I ceased to have any idea whether it was day or night. Hour after hour passed in what was only in the slightest degree removed from total darkness; and scarcely a word was spoken by anybody, except when the two men, whose turn it was, returned from exploring the workings; when somebody was certain to ask respecting the advance of the poisonous gas. At first we all felt great interest in these reports, and when it came to my turn to make the expedition, both myself and the miner pushed on as far as possible. It was our practice to mark the extreme point reached, and the next two who went to examine, made it a point to reach this mark if possible. Sometimes this was attained two or three times in succession, at other times it was never seen again, but surrounding objects were generally sufficient to tell the distance within which we approached it. After a while most of us began to manifest indifference, arising, I imagine, from the weakness consequent on want of food, and the lethargy consequent on breathing an atmosphere largely vitiated by carbonic acid. I believe that the chief reason of my retaining a greater amount of vitality than the rest, arose from my constantly keeping myself as high above the floor of the pit as it was possible to reach.

I do not know how long we had been in the pit when I heard one of the men say, "Tom, Charley's dead!" Charley was one of the boys, and was the first who perished. The manager was the next who passed away from among us. Then, very soon after, one of the miners, who had been to explore the workings, returned alone, and reported that his companion had walked away into the gas before he was aware of his intention, and had disappeared. He called after him several times, but could get no answer. He must have been suffocated almost immediately. Then there came a time when a man, whose turn it was to make the exploration, would call on his companion, and receiving no answer, would find, on holding the lamp close to his face, that he was dead.

The overlooker who accompanied me on each inspection was in appearance a middle-aged man, though in reality but thirty-three years of age; but this aged appearance is common enough among the workers in coal-mines who have gone into the pit when very young. I had conceived a great liking for him. Within a few hours of our imprisonment he had told me of the young wife and the two little children he had left behind him the last time he left home; and when he found that I sympathised with him, which I should have done if he had expressed his feelings in less affecting terms than he did, he often recurred to the subject. When our turn came to make the inspection, he had been for some time silent. I called him, but he did not answer or move. He was sitting just below me, and I stooped and shook his head, and then I fetched the lamp and held it to his face. The eyes were only half shut: his face had the expression of sound sleep. There was nothing indicative of the slightest spasm having occurred at the instant when the change had taken place.

While I was still looking at his face, the blood was sent rushing back to my heart by an extraordinary cry, very piercing, and wholly unlike anything I had ever heard before. The miners lying about seemed galvanised by it, and came pressing round the light I held in my hand. I had thus an opportunity of seeing their faces, and so emaciated were they, and so strongly did their eyes and features express the extremity of terror, that—the cries continuing without cessation—I could scarcely hold the lamp. To one poor fellow the fright, in his weakened state, was fatal; he fell forward, striking his face against the blocks of coal on which I had been sitting, and never moved afterwards. One of the miners at last suggested that it might be the pony, and I then remembered that I had, as we were returning from the burning coal, noticed some straw and hay littered about, but I was too much excited by the dangers of our situation to pay any attention to it. We all felt relieved by the suggestion for the moment, but the reflection which followed was hardly less alarming, for, if it were well founded, they all agreed that the fire must be very close upon us. Indeed, now that our attention was called to it, we all perceived the presence of smoke, though in very small quantity. We went forward. Passing round a curve at a little distance from our

sanctuary, we arrived at the narrowest of the openings through which we had found so much difficulty in making our way on the first day of our imprisonment. It was about four feet high, rather less than that in width, and from fifteen to twenty feet long. Looking through this tunnel, I could see the poor animal's head and shoulders thrust into the other end of it. There the fire evidently had reached. To delay the progress of the fire as much as possible, it was decided to block up this opening as far as was in our power, and this we succeeded in doing with the rubbish which had fallen from the roof.

We were so much exhausted by the labour, in our weak condition, that we could scarcely crawl back to the place whence we had started. It will be remembered that I was just about to ascertain the point reached by the gas, when we had been alarmed by the cries we had heard, but, though I had not forgotten this, I was unable to move any further just then. As soon, however, as I felt myself capable of performing my task, I took the light, and rousing the miner whose turn it was to accompany me in place of the poor fellow who had finished his work in this world, we moved slowly along the path I had traversed so many times. We had not gone far, before we began to feel as if we were being suffocated, and we were forced to hurry back with all our might. The advance made by the gas had been so rapid since our last visit, that I felt that if something were not done to check it, our death was certain within the next two or three hours. I told the miners of the state of things. They all rose, and we almost instinctively arranged the blocks of coal in the form of a wall in the narrowest part of the workings, and filled up the space between, with dust and rubbish. When we had finished we returned to our den, and, after I had trimmed the lamp and filled it with oil, I knelt down in the place I had been occupying, and sought in prayer for resignation to death. I believe the others did the same. Every now and then, I fell asleep, or, at all events, became unconscious. Then I woke up a little, and tried to prepare myself for the change that was coming. Soon, these intervals of consciousness must have left me altogether, and I must have become totally insensible.

At the first return of sensation, I felt myself going up and up, always upward, seemingly through space. The light which surrounded me was dazzling, as though I was approaching the sun. I have no idea how long this seemed to last; but, when I became sufficiently conscious to note things as they were, I found myself being carried slowly and carefully along on a mattress by four miners. I could not keep my eyes open for more than an instant, on account of the light; but I was able to comprehend that I was once more on the surface of the earth.

By careful nursing I was gradually restored to health. It will not require many words to explain how I came to be rescued from the pit.

At the earliest moment after the explosion, parties of miners descended into the pit. In one place they found it to be on fire, but it was at a point so very distant from the shaft, that they blocked up the passage behind it and left it, to continue their search in other directions. They, of course, knew that I, and the manager, and others, were in the pit somewhere; and as they had not found our bodies, they concluded we must be in a part of the pit which was as yet unapproachable. Workmen were employed night and day, in restoring the apparatus for ventilating the mine; but so great had been the force of the explosion and the amount of damage done, that it was not until the fifth day after the accident that we were found, and then there remained alive, only myself and two others.

MARINE METEOROLOGY.

Meteor is derived from a Greek word, signifying lofty, sublime, overhead; meteorology is, therefore, the study of things aloft. The meteorology of the ocean embraces the conditions which not only are essential to safe navigation, but which render navigation possible at all for sailing vessels. Steamers, indeed, and galleys with oars, might make their way across a breezeless sea; but cutters and schooners would remain motionless hulks on waters over which no winds blew. Again, the most ignorant landsman will comprehend the difference between a wind dead ahead, blowing straight in your teeth—a side wind, from the right or left—and a fair wind, blowing exactly in the direction whither you want to go. Their continuance in, or their shiftiness from, those quarters at various seasons of the year; their force, whether so gentle as scarcely to fill the sails, or so violent as to tear a vessel into shreds and splinters, are of vital importance. All these questions, and many others, are so ably discussed by Captain Maury, as to make his book an indispensable addition to every library in every maritime country throughout the world. Even inland countries, like Switzerland, will find it full of valuable teachings that are applicable to their own special circumstances.

What is the cause of the winds? Aqueous vapour, or steam, assists in at least five (perhaps six) ways to put air in motion and produce winds. First, by evaporation the air is cooled; by cooling, its specific gravity is changed; and, consequently, here is one cause of movement in the air, as is manifest in the tendency of the cooled air to flow off, and of warmer and lighter to take its place. Secondly, excepting hydrogen and ammonia, there is no gas so light as aqueous vapour, its weight being to common air in the proportion of nearly five to eight. Consequently, as soon as it is formed, it commences to rise; and, as each vesicle of vapour may be likened, in the movements which it produces in the air, to a balloon as it rises, it will be readily perceived how these vaporous particles, as they ascend, become entangled with those of the air, and so carrying them along, upward currents are produced. Thus the wind is called on to

rush in below, that the supply for the upward movement may be kept up. Thirdly, the vapour, being lighter than air, presses it out, and takes its place, causing the barometer to fall. Thus again an in-rush, or wind, is called for below. Fourthly, arrived in the cloud region, this vapour, being condensed, liberates the latent heat which is borrowed from the air and water below; which heat, being now set free and made sensible, raises the temperature of the surrounding air, causing it to expand and ascend still higher; and so the winds are again called for. Ever ready, they come; and thus we have a fourth way. Fifthly, innumerable rain-drops now begin to fall; and, in their descent, as in a heavy shower, they press out and displace the air below with great force. To this cause are ascribed the gusts of wind which are often found to blow outward from the centre of sudden and violent thunder-showers. Sixthly, electricity (especially in thunder-storms) may assist in creating movements in the atmosphere, and so make claim to be regarded as a wind-producing agent. But the winds are supposed to depend *mainly* on the power of the second, third, and fourth agencies for their violence.

Great prominence in the brewing of storms is to be given to the latent heat which is set free in the air when vapour is condensed into rain. It follows that, in sailor's phrase, the Gulf Stream is the great weather-breeder of the North Atlantic Ocean. Its waters are warm; they give off vapour rapidly; an observer in the moon would doubtless be able, on a winter's day especially, to trace out by the mist in the air the path of the Gulf Stream through the sea. The most furious gales of wind sweep along with it; and the fogs of Newfoundland, which so much endanger navigation in spring and summer, owe their existence to the presence, in that cold sea, of the immense volumes of hot water brought by the Gulf Stream. Sir Philip Brooke found the temperature of the air on each side of it at the freezing point, while that of its waters was eighty degrees. The excess of heat daily brought into such a region by the waters of the Gulf Stream would, if suddenly stricken from them, be sufficient to make the column of superincumbent atmosphere hotter than melted iron.

With such an element of atmospherical disturbance in its bosom, we might expect storms of the most violent kind to accompany it in its course. Accordingly, the most terrific that rage on the ocean have been known to spend their fury within or near its borders. Of all storms, the hurricanes of the West Indies and the typhoons of the China seas cause the most ships to founder. The stoutest men of war go down before them; seldom is any one of the crew left to tell the tale. Nautical works record a West India hurricane so violent that it forced the Gulf Stream back to its sources, and piled up the water in the Gulf to the height of thirty feet. The Ledbury Snow attempted to ride it out. When it abated, she found herself high up on the dry land, and discovered that she had let go her anchor among the tree-tops of Elliott's Key. The great hurricane of 1780 commenced in Barbadoes. In it, the bark was blown from the trees, and the fruits of the earth destroyed. The very bottom and depths of the sea were uprooted; and the waves rose to such a height, that forts and castles were washed away, and their great guns carried about in the air like chaff. Houses were razed, ships wrecked, and the bodies of men and boats lifted up in the air and dashed to pieces in the storm. At the different islands, not less than twenty thousand persons lost their lives on shore; while further to the north, the Stirling Castle and the Dover Castle, British men-of-war, went down at sea, and fifty sail were driven on shore at the Bermudas.

Sailors dread the storms of the Gulf Stream more than they do those of any other part of the ocean. It is not their fury alone, but the ugly sea they raise, which is the object of especial terror. The current of the stream running in one direction, and the wind blowing in another, create a sea that is often frightful. Several years ago the British Admiralty set on foot inquiries as to the cause of the storms in certain parts of the Atlantic, which so often rage with disastrous effects to navigation. The conclusion was, that they are occasioned by the inequality of the temperatures of the Gulf Stream and the neighbouring regions, both in the air and the water. These commotions are far more frequent and violent in winter, when the contrasts between the warm and cool places are greatest, than they are in summer, when those contrasts are least. But the Gulf Stream carries the temperature of summer, even in the dead of winter, as far north as the Great Banks of Newfoundland, and there maintains it in the midst of the severest frosts. It is the juxtaposition of this warm water with a cold atmosphere which gives rise to the "silver fogs" of Newfoundland—one of the most beautiful phenomena to be seen anywhere among the treasures of the frost-king.

The southern extremities of Africa and South America have won for themselves, among seamen, the name of "the stormy capes;" but the log-books at the Washington Observatory have shown that there is not a storm-find in the wide ocean which can out-top the Atlantic coasts of North America. The China seas and the North Pacific may, perhaps, vie with this part of the Atlantic, but neither Cape Horn nor the Cape of Good Hope can equal them in frequency or in fury. Why should this be the case? Probably for the following reasons: In the regions of the globe lying to the south of the Tropic of Capricorn we lack those contrasts which the mountains, the deserts, the plains, the continents, and the seas of the north afford for the production of atmospherical disturbances. Neither have we in the southern seas such contrasts of hot and cold currents. In the southern hemisphere, the currents are broad and sluggish; in the northern, narrow, sharp, and strong. In the north, too, we have other climatic contrasts for which we may search southern seas in vain. Hence, without further investigation, we may infer southern seas to be less boisterous than northern.

It is probable that the southern hemisphere hides within its bosom still more startling facts than this. The meteorological evidence which Captain Maury has collected shows that the idea of land in the Antartic regions—of much land, and high land—is at least plausible. Southern explorers, as far as they have penetrated, tell us of high lands and mountains of ice; and Ross, who went the furthest of all, saw volcanoes burning in the distance. Now, the unexplored area around the south pole is about twice as large as Europe. This untravelled region is circular in shape, with a circumference of not less than seven thousand miles. Its edges have been touched upon here and there, and land, whenever seen, has been high and rugged. The unexplored area is quite equal to that of our entire frigid zone. Navigators scarcely ever venture, except when passing Cape Horn, to go to the polar side of fifty-five degrees of south latitude. The fear of icebergs deters them. These may be seen there drifting up towards the equator in large numbers and huge masses all the year round. Many of them are miles in extent and hundreds of feet thick. The nursery for the bergs must be an immense one; such a nursery cannot be on the sea, for icebergs require to be fastened firmly to the shore until they attain full size. They therefore, in their mute way, are loud with evidence in favour of Antarctic shore lines of great extent, of deeps bays where they may be formed, and of lofty cliffs whence they may be launched.

Another circumstance favours the hypothesis of much land about the south pole. It seems to be a physical necessity that land should not be antipodal to land. Except a small portion of South America and Asia, land is always opposite to water; only one twenty-seventh part of the land is antipodal to land. Now the belief is, that on the polar side of seventy degrees north we have mostly water, not land. Finally, geographers are agreed that, irrespective of the above-mentioned facts, the probabilities are in favour of an Antarctic continent rather than of an Antarctic ocean. "There is now no doubt," says Dr. Jilek, in his Lehrbuck der Oceanographie, "that around the south pole there is extended a great continent, mainly within the polar circle. Outwardly, these lands exhibit a naked, rocky, partly volcanic desert, with high rocks destitute of vegetation, always covered with ice and snow." But what is the meteorological condition of the interior?

The winds were the first to whisper of an unexpected state of things, and to intimate the existence of a mild climate—mild by comparison, and very unlike the Arctic for severity—within the Antarctic circle. The low barometer, the high degree of aërial rarefaction, and the strong winds from the north prevailing there, tell a tale full of meaning. The polar winds (those blowing towards the pole) are much stronger, and extend over many more degrees of latitude, in the southern than in the northern hemisphere. But why should these polar-bound winds of the two hemispheres differ so much in strength and prevalence, unless there be a much more abundant supply of heat, and, consequently, a higher degree of rarefaction, at one pole than at the other? Captains Wilkes and Ross, during their expeditions to the South Seas, had both occasion to remark the apparent deficiency of atmosphere over the extra-tropical regions of the southern hemisphere; and the low barometer off Cape Horn had attracted the attention of navigators at an early day. Whence this unequal distribution of the atmosphere between the two hemispheres? and why should the mean height of the barometer be so much less in southern circumpolar regions, than in northern? No one will attempt to account for the difference by reason of any displacement of the geometrical centre of the earth with regard to its centre of attraction, in consequence of the great continental masses of the northern hemisphere.

The whole of the phenomena are doubtless due to the excess, in Antarctic regions, of aqueous vapour and its latent heat. The Arctic circle lies chiefly on the land; the Antarctic on the water. As the winds enter the latter, they are loaded with vapour; but on their way to the other, they are desiccated. Northern mountains and hills wring from them water for the great rivers of Siberia and Arctic America. These winds, then, sweep comparatively dry air across the Arctic circle; and when they arrive at the calm disc—the place of ascent there—the vapour which is condensed in the act of ascending does not liberate heat enough to produce a rarefaction sufficient to call forth a decided indraught from a greater distance in the surrounding regions than forty degrees, or two thousand four hundred miles; and the rarefaction being not so great, the barometer is not so low there as in Antarctic regions.

Within the Antarctic circle, on the contrary, the winds bring air which has come over the water for the distance of hundreds of leagues all round; consequently a large portion of atmospheric air is driven away from the southern regions by the force of vapour, which fills the atmosphere there. Now there must be an immense calm central disc where these polar winds cease to go forward, rise up, and commence flowing back as an upper current. If the topographical features of this calm region be such as to produce rapid condensation and heavy precipitation, then we shall have, in the latent heat liberated from all this vapour, an agent sufficient not only to produce a low barometer and a powerful indraught, but quite adequate also to the mitigation of climate there. Black's law should ever be borne in mind by those who are considering the connexion of meteorology with climate: "During the conversion of solids into liquids, or of liquids into vapours, heat is absorbed, which is again given out on their recondensation."

But mere altitude, with its consequent refrigeration, does not seem so favourable as mountain peaks and solid surfaces to the condensation and precipitation of vapour in the air. In the trade wind regions out at sea it seldom

rains; but let an island rise never so little above the water, and the precipitation upon it becomes copious. Islands in the South Sea are everlastingly cloud-capped. The western slopes of the Patagonian Andes squeeze an immense fall of rain out of the vapours that are blown upon them. The latent heat of vapour in the air is a powerful modifier of climate. It is the latent heat that is liberated during these rains which gives to Eastern Patagonia its mild climate. The aqueous vapour which the air carries along with it is, to the winds, precisely what coals are to the steam-ship at sea—the source of motive power. The condensation of vapour is for one what the consummation of fuel is with the other; only, with the winds, the same heat may be used over and over again, and for many purposes. By simply sending moist air to the top of snow-capped mountains, condensing its moisture, and bringing it down to the surface again, it is made *hot*. Though by going up the air be cooled, it is expanded, and receives as sensible heat the latent heat of its vapour; being brought down to the surface again, and compressed by the whole weight of the barometric column, it is hotter than it was before by the amount of heat received from its vapour. We need hardly wonder at the low range of the barometer or the mildness of the temperature in all rainy latitudes.

To give some idea of the softened climate which *might* arise from this source, let us imagine the air when it strikes the Antarctic continent to be charged with vapour at the temperature of forty degrees. In order to arrive at the polar calms, suppose it to cross a mountain-range whose summits reach the region of perpetual snow. As this air, with its moisture, rises, it expands, cools, and liberates the latent heat of its vapour, which the air receives in the sensible form, sufficiently, say, to raise its temperature twenty degrees. This air, coming from the sea at the temperature of forty degrees, loses vapour, but gains heat. Descending into the valleys beyond, it is again compressed by the weight of the barometric column, and its temperature now, instead of being forty degrees, will be sixty degrees. There may therefore exist, within the Antarctic continent, a climate perfectly compatible with abundant animal and vegetable life. The topographical feature of the Antarctic regions lend themselves to such a climate so brought about.

Labrador and the Falkland Islands are in corresponding latitudes north and south. They are both on the windward side of the Atlantic; they occupy relatively the same position with regard to the wind. Labrador is almost uninhabitable, on account of the severity of its climate; but in the Falkland Islands and their neighbouring shores the cattle find pasturage throughout the winter. The thermometrical difference of climate between these two places, north and south, may be taken as a sort of index to the relative difference between the Arctic and Antarctic climates of our planet. Captain Smyley, an American sealer, planted a self-registering thermometer on the South Shetlands, south latitude sixty-three degrees, and left it for several winters, during which time it went no lower than five degrees Fahrenheit. Compare this with the twenty-nine degrees felt last January, at St. Petersburg, in north latitude sixty degrees. At Moscow, the mercury froze in the thermometers.

These facts powerfully plead the cause of Antarctic exploration. Within the periphery of that circle is included an area equal in extent to the one-sixth part of the entire land surface of our planet. Most of this immense area is as unknown to the inhabitants of the earth as is the interior of one of Jupiter's satellites. What if it should contain a warm, verdant, habitable oasis, well stocked with animals, birds, and fish! With steam to aid us and science to guide us, it would be a reproach to the world to allow so large a portion of its surface to remain any longer unexplored. America will do her part, if she can; for navies are not all for war, least of all for civil war. And no navy can boast of brighter chaplets than those which have been gathered in the fields of geographical research.

To jump at one bound from pole to pole: an attentive examination of the laws which govern the movements of the waters in their channels of circulation in the ocean, leads irresistibly to the conclusion that always, in summer and winter, there must be, somewhere within the Arctic circle, a large body of open water, which must impress a curious feature upon the physical aspects of these regions. The whales had taught us to suspect the existence of open water in the Arctic basin, and in their mute way told of a passage there, at least sometimes. It is the custom among whalers to have their harpoons marked with date and the name of the ship; and Dr. Scoresby mentions several instances of whales that have been taken near the Behring's Strait side with harpoons in them bearing the stamp of ships that were known to cruise on the Baffin's Bay side of the American continent. And as, in one or two instances, a very short time had elapsed between the date of capture in the Pacific, and the date when the fish must have been struck on the Atlantic side, it was argued, therefore, that there was a north-west passage by which the whales passed from one side to the other, since the stricken animal could not have had the harpoon in him long enough to admit of a passage—even if that were possible, with his heat-hating constitution—around either Cape Horn, or the Cape of Good Hope. We have therefore incontrovertible circumstantial evidence that there is, at times at least, open water communication through the Arctic Sea from one side of the American continent to the other. But this does not prove the existence of an open sea there; it only establishes the existence—occasional if you please—of a channel through which whales had passed. Captain Maury offers other evidence to induce the reader to believe with him in the existence of an open sea in the Arctic Ocean.

There is an *under*-current setting *in*, from the Atlantic through Davis's Straits, to the Arctic Ocean; and there is a *surface*-current setting *out*. Now this under-current comes from the

south, where it is warm, and the temperature of its waters is perhaps not below thirty degrees; at any rate, they are comparatively warm. There must be a place somewhere in the Arctic seas where this under-current ceases to flow north, and begins to flow south as a surface-current. Where the under-current transfers its waters to the surface, there is, it is supposed, a basin in which the waters, as they rise to the surface, are at thirty degrees, or whatever may be the temperature of the under-current, which we know must be above the freezing-point; for the current is of water in a fluid, not in a solid state. An arrangement in nature, by which a basin of considerable area in the frozen ocean could be supplied by water coming in at the bottom and rising up at the top, with a temperature not below thirty degrees, or even 27·2 degrees—the freezing-point of sea water—would go far to mitigate the climate in the regions round about.

And that there is a warmer climate somewhere in the inhospitable sea, the observations of many of the explorers who have visited it indicate. Its existence may be inferred also from the well-known fact that the birds and animals are found at certain seasons migrating to the north, evidently in search of milder climates. The instincts of these dumb creatures are unerring; and we can imagine no mitigation of the climate in that direction, unless it arise from the proximity, or the presence there, of a large body of open water. It is another furnace, in the beautiful economy of Nature, for tempering climates there.

The hydrographic basin of the Arctic Ocean there is large, and it delivers into that sea annually a very copious drainage. Such an immense volume of fresh water discharged into so small a sea as the Arctic Ocean is, must go far towards diluting its brine; and thus, water that is cool and light—because not so salt—may be made to cover and protect, as with a mantle, a sheet of warmer, but salter and heavier water below.

Lieutenant De Haven, when he went in command of the American expedition in search of Sir John Franklin and his companions, was told in his letter of instructions, to look, when he should get well up into the Wellington Channel, for an open sea to the northward and westward. He looked, and saw in that direction a "water sky." Captain Penny afterwards went there, found open water, and sailed upon it. The open sea in the Arctic Ocean is probably not always in the same place, as the Gulf Stream is not always in one channel, though always running in the same direction, its trough wavering about in the ocean not unlike a pennon in the breeze, and having its prescribed limits for March and September. The open sea is probably always where the waters of the under-currents are brought to the surface. Exploring parties may have been near this open sea without perceiving the warmth of its climate; for, every winter, an example of how very close warm water in the sea and a very severe climate on the land, or the ice, may be to each other, is afforded to us in the case of the Gulf Stream and the Labrador-like climate of New England, Nova Scotia, and Newfoundland. In these countries, in winter, the thermometer frequently sinks far below zero, notwithstanding that the tepid waters of the Gulf Stream may be found with their summer temperature within one day's sail of these very, very cold places.

Dr. Kane reports an open sea north of the parallel of eighty-two degrees. To reach it, his party crossed a barrier of ice eighty or a hundred miles broad. On the borders of this ice-bound sea they found subsistence—another proof of the high temperature and comparative mildness of its climate. But, before gaining the open water, he found the thermometer to show the extreme temperature of sixty degrees. Travelling north, he stood on the shores of an iceless sea, extending in an unbroken sheet of water as far as the eye could reach towards the pole. Its waves were dashing on the beach with the swell of a boundless ocean; the tides ebbed and flowed in it.

These tides, therefore, must have been born in that cold sea, having their cradle about the North Pole. We must infer that most, if not all the unexplored regions about the pole, are covered with deep water; for, were this unexplored area mostly land or shallow water, it could not give birth to regular tides. Whalemen have always been puzzled as to the place of breeding for the right whale. It is a cold-water animal; and the question is prompted: Is not the nursery for the great whale in this polar sea, which has been so set about and hemmed in with a hedge of ice that man may not trespass there? Whence comes the food for the young whales there? Do the teeming waters of the Gulf Stream convey it thither, in channels so far down in the depths of the sea that no enemy may waylay and spoil it? Seals were sporting and water-fowl feeding in this open sea of Dr. Kane's solitude, the cold and boundless expanse and the mysterious heavings of its green waters, lent their charm to the scene. The temperature of its waters was only thirty-six degrees! Such warm water could get there from the south only as a current far down in the depths below. The bottom of the ice of this eighty miles of barrier was no doubt many—perhaps hundreds of—feet below the surface level. Under this ice there was doubtless also water above the freezing-point.

Nor need the presence of warm water within the Arctic circle excite surprise, when we recollect that the cold waters of the frigid zone are transferred to the torrid without changing their temperature perhaps more than seven or eight degrees by the way. The thermal laws of "deep-sea" temperatures for fresh and for salt water are very difficult.

Seamen tell us of "red fogs" which they sometimes encounter, especially in the vicinity of the Cape de Verd Islands. In other parts of the sea also they meet showers of dust. What these showers precipitate in the Mediterranean is called "Sirocco dust;" in other parts "African dust," because the winds which accompany them are supposed to come from the Sirocco desert,

or some other parched land of the continent of Africa. Professor Ehrenberg calls it "sea-dust." It is of a brick-red or cinnamon colour; and it sometimes comes down in such quantities as to obscure the sun, darken the horizon, prevent a ship at mid-day from being seen beyond a quarter of a mile, and cover the sails and rigging with a coating of dust, though the vessel may be hundreds of miles from the land.

Now, were it possible to take a portion of air, as it travels in the general course of atmospherical circulation, and to put a tally on it by which we could follow it and always recognise it, then we might hope actually to prove by evidence the most positive the channels through which the air of the trade winds, after ascending at the equator, returns whence it came. But the air is invisible; and it is not easily perceived how marks may be put upon it, that it may be traced in its path through the clouds. As difficult as this seems to be, it has actually been done. Ehrenberg's microscope has established almost beyond a doubt, that the air, which the south-east trade winds bring to the equator, does rise up there and pass over into the northern hemisphere. The Sirocco or African dust has turned out to be tallies put upon the wind in the other hemisphere, as plainly as though marks had been written upon labels of wood and tied to the wings of the wind.

This dust, when examined with the microscope, is found to consist of infusoria and organisms whose habitat is *not* Africa, but South America, and moreover in the south-east trade wind region of South America. Specimens of sea-dust from the Cape de Verd and the regions thereabouts—from Malta, Genoa, Lyons, and the Tyrol—are found to have a similarity as striking as if all of them had been taken from the very same spot. South American forms prevail in every specimen examined. The dust is probably taken up at two remarkable periods of the year. The vernal equinox is the dry season of the valley of the Lower Orinoco. Everything is parched up with drought; the pools are dry, and the marshes and plains become arid wastes. All vegetation has ceased; the great serpents and reptiles have buried themselves for hibernation; the hum of insect life is hushed, and the stillness of death reigns through the valley. The light breeze, raising dust from the bed of dried-up lakes and lifting motes from the brown savannahs, bears them away, like clouds, in the air. The surface of the earth, strewed with impalpable and feather-light remains of animal and vegetable matter, is swept over by terrific whirlwinds, gales, and tornadoes. At the autumnal equinox, another portion of the Amazonian basin is parched with drought, and liable to winds that fill the air with dust, consisting of the impalpable organisms which each rainy season calls into being, to perish with the succeeding drought. If, at such times, two opposing currents of air, whose conflict produces a rotatory motion, come in contact with the soil, the plain assumes a strange and singular aspect. The sand rises in inverted conical clouds whose points touch the earth, through the rarefied air of the whirling current, resembling waterspouts at sea. The lowering sky sheds a straw-coloured light on the desolate plain; the hot dusty particles which fill the air increase its suffocating heat; the horizon suddenly draws nearer, and the steppe seems to contract, and with it the heart of the wanderer.

We cannot pretend to prescribe the conditions requisite for bringing the dust-cloud down to the earth. The radiation of heat from smoke-dust—as the visible particles of smoke may be called—has the effect of loading each little atom of smoke with dew, causing it to descend in the black fogs of London. Any circumstances, therefore, which may cause the dust that ascends as a straw-coloured cloud from the Orinoco to radiate its caloric and collect moisture in the sky, may cause it to descend as a red fog in the Atlantic or Mediterranean.

As in the ocean, so in the air, there is a regular system of circulation. "The wind goeth towards the south, and turneth about unto the north; it whirleth about continually, and the wind returneth again according to his circuits." We have, extending entirely round the earth, two zones of perpetual winds, i.e. the zone of north-east trades on this side, and of south-east on that. With slight interruptions, these winds blow perpetually, and are as steady and as constant as the currents of the Mississippi river, always moving in the same direction, except when they are turned aside by a desert or a rainy region here and there to blow as monsoons, or as land and sea breezes. As these two main currents of air are constantly flowing from the poles towards the equator, we are safe in assuming that the air which they keep in motion must return by *some* channel to the place towards the poles whence it came in order to supply the trades. This return current *must* be in the upper regions of the atmosphere, at least until it passes over those parallels between which the trade winds are usually blowing on the surface. The agents concerned in producing the trade winds are to be found in the unequal distribution of land and sea, and rains, as between the two hemispheres. They derive their power from heat, it is true; but it is chiefly from the latent heat of vapour which is set free during the processes of precipitation. Halley's famous theory of the trade winds, especially as regards the cause of their easterly direction, is now criticised by Captain Maury as not *entirely* satisfactory.

Monsoons are, for the most part, trade winds deflected. When, at stated seasons of the year, a trade wind is turned out of its regular course, as from one quadrant to another, it is regarded as a monsoon; because it blows one half of the year from one direction, and the other half from an opposite, or nearly opposite, direction. The time of the changing of these winds, and their boundaries at the various seasons of the year, have been discussed in such numbers and mapped down in such characters that the navigator

who wishes to take advantage of them, or to avoid them altogether, is no longer in any doubt as to when and where they may be found.

The inhabitants of the sea-shore in tropical countries wait every morning with impatience the coming of the sea breeze. It usually sets in about ten o'clock. Then the sultry heat of the oppressive morning is dissipated, and there is a delightful freshness in the air which seems to give new life to all for their daily labours. About sunset there is again another calm. The sea breeze is now done, and in a short time the land breeze sets in. This alternation of the land and sea breeze—a wind from the sea by day and from the land by night—is so regular in intertropical countries, that they are looked for by the people with as much confidence as the rising and setting of the sun.

In extra-tropical countries, this phenomenon is presented only in summer and fall. In the summer of the southern hemisphere, the sea breeze is more powerfully developed at Valparaiso than at any other place known to Captain Maury. Here, regularly in the afternoon, at this season, the sea breeze blows furiously; pebbles are torn up from the walks and whirled about the streets; people seek shelter; the Almendral is deserted, business interrupted, and all communication from the shipping to the shore is cut off. Suddenly the winds and the sea, as if they had again heard the voice of rebuke, are hushed, and there is a great calm. The lull that follows is delightful. The sky is without a cloud; the atmosphere is transparency itself; the Andes seem to draw near; the climate, always mild and soft, becomes now doubly sweet by the contrast. The evening invites abroad, and the population sally forth—the ladies in ball costume, for now there is not wind enough to disarrange the lightest curl. In the southern summer, this change takes place day after day with the utmost regularity; and yet the calm always seems to surprise, and to come before one has time to realise that the furious sea wind could so soon be hushed.

The cause of land and sea breezes is obvious. When a fire is kindled on the hearth, we may, if we will observe the moats floating in the room, see that those nearest to the chimney are the first to feel the draught and to obey it—they are drawn into the blaze. The circle of inflowing air is gradually enlarged, until it is scarcely perceived in the remote parts of the room. Now the land is the hearth; the rays of the sun, the fire; and the sea, with its cool and calm air, the room: we have thus at our firesides the sea breeze in miniature. When the sun goes down, the fire ceases; then the dry land commences to give off its surplus heat by radiation, so that by dew-fall it and the air above it are cooled below the sea temperature. The atmosphere on the land thus becomes heavier than on the sea, and consequently there is a wind seaward which we call the land breeze.

One of the causes which make the west coast of Africa so very unhealthy, when compared with places in corresponding latitudes on the opposite side of the Atlantic, as in Brazil, is no doubt owing to the difference of the land and sea breezes on the two sides. On the coast of Africa, the land breeze is universally scorching hot. There, the land breeze is the trade wind. It has traversed the continent, sucking up by the way disease and pestilence from the dank places of the interior. Reeking with miasm, it reaches the coast. Peru is also within the trade wind region, and the winds reach the west coast of South America, as they do the west coast of Africa, by an overland path; but, in the former case, instead of sweeping over dank places, they come cool and fresh from the pure snows of the Andes. Between this range and the coast, instead of marshes and a jungle, there is a desert, a rainless country, upon which the rays of the sun play with sufficient force not only to counteract the trade wind power, but to turn the scale and draw the air back from the sea, and so cause the sea breeze to blow regularly.

Amongst Captain Maury's most brilliant passages are those which explain the importance of the salts of the sea. The brine of the ocean is the ley of the earth. From it the sea derives dynamical power and its currents their main strength. Hence, to understand the dynamics of the ocean, it is necessary to study the effects of their saltness upon the equilibrium of its waters. Why was the sea made salt? It is the salts of the sea that impart to its waters its curious anomalies in the laws of freezing and of thermal dilatation. It is the salts of the sea that assist the rays of heat to penetrate its bosom; the power of salt water to transmit heat is very much greater than that of fresh. Were the sea fresh and not salt, Ireland would never have presented those ever-green shores which have won for her the name of the Emerald Isle, and the climate of England would have vied with Labrador for inhospitality. Had not the sea been salt, the torrid zone would have been hotter and the frigid zone colder, for lack of aqueous circulation; had the sea not been salt, intertropical seas would have been at a constant temperature higher than blood heat, and the polar oceans would have been sealed up in everlasting fetters of ice, while certain parts of the earth would have been deluged with rain. Had the seas been of fresh water, the amount of evaporation, the quantity of rain, the volume and size of our rivers, would all have been different from what they are; thunderstorms would be feeble contrivances, flashing only with such sparks as the vegetable kingdom might lend to the clouds, when the juices of its plants are converted into vapour. It may seem strange that the sheet-lightning of the clouds and the forked flashes of the storm should have their genesis chiefly in the salts of the sea; but true it is that were there no salts in the waters of the ocean, the sound of thunder would scarcely be heard in the sky, there would be no Gulf Stream, and no open sea within the Arctic circle.

Here we reluctantly take leave of a work which must become monumental in American literature.

THE HYDE PARK PREACHINGS.

THERE is generally little to interest one in field-preaching. When I see at a little distance a dark patch of humanity congregated in a public place, with one conspicuous white face in the centre of the group, and when I hear at a distance the strained accents of a human voice, I do not usually go out of my way to ascertain what is going on; but would even rather deviate a little from my course to give the field-preacher a wide berth. I know by this time pretty well what I should see and hear if I joined that group, and what I should see and hear would give me more pain than pleasure.

After this avowal, it may seem strange when I announce that, on a certain Sunday in the month of April, I set off for Hyde Park, with the distinct intention of attending the preachings which are held there once every week, and of profiting by the political spoutings of which that great enclosure is the hebdomadal theatre.

The first thing I discerned on entering the Park was what, at a considerable distance, appeared to be a very little man standing upon a bench and looking about him. Hastening in the direction in which this phenomenon presented itself, I found it to be a lad of about sixteen or seventeen; little of his age, of a weak and unwholesome appearance, with a scar on his cheek that had caught his mouth up on one side, and with an utterance so impaired that what he said was at times scarcely intelligible. This boy—who wore spectacles, and who was engaged in reading aloud from the Bible—was accompanied by another lad of about his own age, who stood beside him with a collection of printed papers for distribution, and whose eye worked restlessly about among the congregation; which now began to assemble.

Of the doctrines put forth on this occasion, of the manner in which they were illustrated and enforced, there is no occasion to speak at length. The usual evangelical opinions were advanced in the usual phrases, which were repeated in endless iteration. This young boy, too, would speak of his experiences among sinners with the authority of a confessor, and would repeat his conversations with aged reprobates as if he had been a minister of religion for a score of years. He also alluded to the other boy who accompanied him as "our friend, who would shortly offer up a prayer."

Whilst I was listening to, and wondering at, this new ministry of boys, another crowd had assembled at a little distance round another preacher. I left my post and set off towards this new point of attraction. Before I could reach it, however, another man appeared on the turf, with papers and books in his hands; and, while I was debating whether or not to join the crowd which was gathering round the bench on which he had presently established himself, another set of boys started up close by under a tree, and began their service by singing a hymn. I counted six or seven different boys, of ages varying from twelve to seventeen years, employed in this way at different times, and I must own that there was an appearance of straining, of almost epileptic excitement about their gestures and bearing, which, coupled with the utterly common-place phrases they were speaking, was painful and distressing in the extreme. There was nothing fresh, nothing new, no germ of ability or promise about any one of them. All were alike, and all, perhaps, had belonged to one school, having been taught the same distressing performance by the same master.

A strange scene. The place was alive with these boy-preachers: the air as you passed along echoed with their voices. So much so, that one could hardly hear the vocal organ, though it was loud enough, too, of the gentleman who drew the greatest crowd of all, and who had chosen political rather than religious themes to discourse upon.

This personage—who, by-the-by, had some reason, judging by the condition of his wearing apparel, to disapprove of the state of things in general—was certainly very difficult to please, but he was, as is sometimes the case with his fraternity, much more skilful in making objections than in finding remedies. Blest with an extremely powerful voice, this gentleman began, as soon as he had mounted his bench, to call attention to the fact that that particular bench was not *his* bench, not the rostrum from which he ordinarily delivered his addresses. "I see," said he, "that my friend the preacher yonder, whoever he is, has been beforehand with me, and has got my place. Well, you see, I don't dispute it with him, I take another bench, and it does as well. That's philosophy, that is. If there was more of that in the world, there wouldn't be quite so much fighting as there is. Now, while my audience is getting together, I shall just read a poem or two, and then I shall go on with my usual course of lectures."

He was a short, thick-set man, in a very seedy brown great-coat of the loose kind, and cut so short that the tails of some garment worn underneath it showed conspicuously enough. Underneath his hat his hair descended in immense quantities, and was twisted into a sort of ringlet behind each ear. His beard was reddish, and somewhat mangy; his eyes, singularly small and dark, were sunk far back into his head, but were full of an excessive vitality and fire of energy. His reading was of the mouthing order, and the poem, which, as far as one could listen to it, seemed to be of the old radical type, was interspersed by remarks from the orator himself, who would say, in the middle of some sublime denunciation of the author against those who

"Starve the mechanic that the cur may dine,

—that is to say, they'll take jolly good care of their lapdogs, and their horses, and their poll-parrots, and let the people—the masses, the vulgar herd, as they call them—want the neces-

saries of life." ("Hear, hear!" from two members of the crowd, concerning the first of whom it was pretty evident that the chief necessary of his life was gin, and that he managed, in spite of the aristocracy, to get it; while, with regard to the second, the chief necessary of *his* life seemed to be soap and water, which he certainly did not get.) "That reminds me," continued the orator, who was singularly discursive, and could not stick to one subject for five minutes together—"that reminds me of the recent famine in India, and as we were talking about lapdogs, and curs, and such-like, I mean to say that of all the pack of hounds—yes, that's the word, *hounds*—the precious set by whom we are governed are the most currish lot, and if the people, if you who are standing here this day, knew your own power, I mean to say that you might make 'em—ah, *make* 'em—take your needs and your wishes into consideration. But with regard to the East and this famine which has lately been raging—and it is with the East that my present lecture has to do"—(A wag in the crowd: "Can't yer do nothink with this here east wind?")—"with regard to this Eastern question, what I say, and what I *do* say, and what I *will* say, is this, that if we had not been governed, or rather I will say misgoverned, in the most atrocious and shameful manner, and if there had not been the most selfish and unfeeling system at work, and a parcel of lazy idle brutes neglecting their duties, this famine need never have occurred at all. But who cares for a lot of poor devils who only represent a *people?* There's my Lord Derby's stud, they must be fed and looked after, and so must the Prince Consort's pigs, but never mind about half the population of a country (every member of which, mind you, is as important as either of those two lazy *aristocrats* just named)—never mind whether they starve or not. The fact is, it's all a close borough, that's what the government of this country is. As for the people being represented, they can't get into it, no more than I can get into Buckingham Palace. And mind you this ain't all. It isn't all confined to the higher ranks; there is"—continued the orator, who had apparently been equally ill-used by all classes of society—"there is the same spirit of exclusiveness everywhere. Why, I happen to know in the cabinet-making trade—" ("What's that got to do with the Heest?" inquired a member of the audience.) "Never mind what it's got to do with the East. I'll show you presently. It's all connected. That's a man, now, of one idea," continued the speaker, pointing in the direction from which the question had just emanated. "That's a man who can't see the connexion of things." ("Hear, hear!" from a small boy, who thought he *could* see the connexion of things.) "What I mean to prove is, that it's all wrong, cabinet-makers and cabinet ministers alike." ("Quite true," said a young man with a fluffy whisker; who, upon several persons near him turning suddenly about and staring at him, turned so red, became the victim of such St. Vitus-like contortions, and presented generally so smiling and despicable an appearance, that he was really an object for commiseration.)

"I know a young man at this moment," the speaker resumed, upon which he of the fluffy whisker became again the subject of popular scrutiny, "who is the victim, as I may say, of the cabinet-makers. They won't have a workman among 'em who hasn't served his apprenticeship." ("Quite right too," from somebody who possibly had served his apprenticeship.) "No it isn't, it's quite wrong. If he hasn't got his indentures to show, he may work as well as he likes, and they won't have anything to say to him." (At this point several able-looking workmen, standing near the young man with the fluffy whisker, began to look at him disparagingly, and one old fellow even went so far as to shake his head gravely at him, giving vent to a contemptuous grunt.)

At this juncture there was an interruption in the speaker's remarks, caused by his finding himself in the distressing position of having to recant. A member of the assembly stepped up to the bench, and a long whispered conference took place between him and the lecturer, interrupted only by occasional cries of "Speak up!" and "Say it aloud!" from the bystanders. Presently the orator began again:

"I find that in this matter about the Cabinet-Makers' Association I have been misinformed. My friend here" (everybody is a friend with a mob-orator or field-preacher)—"my friend here tells me that he is himself in the trade, and that the field is always open to good workmen. I am not here to bear false witness against the cabinet-makers. I have been misinformed, but it's very strange: I had what I said from good authority." ("No, no!" from several cabinet-makers.) "Oh yes, but I had, though; in fact, I had it from the party himself whose work was refused." (At this the young man, who was no doubt innocent of any connexion with the affair, became again a point for invidious observation, and the old mechanic even went beyond disparaging gestures, and was heard to mutter to himself, in an oily bass tone, "Ah! *he*'ll come to no good.")

"Now, with regard to this strike," the lecturer went on, alluding to that event, the commencement of which was then in everybody's mouth, "I must say I have the profoundest sympathy with the men who organised it." ("Hear, hear!" from some very obvious "strikers.") "If these men are kept beyond their nine hours, what is to become of their minds? that's what I ask; what's to become of their education? what's to become of their self-improvement?" (Here a group of boys behind the speaker, wishing probably to express their disapproval of education in the abstract, and self-improvement in particular, became so noisy that the orator was obliged to stop his discourse to call them to order. He managed, however, to turn the interruption to account.) "Can't you hold your row, you boys? I wonder you are not more respectful, more polite, I may say, than to in-

terrupt a gentleman when he's speaking. And yet I don't wonder, neither. What opportunities have these boys had of knowing better? Their fathers kept working ten hours a day instead of nine, of course they've no time to teach them better. Poor boys, I pity them! I pity *them*; but I reprobate and defy those who have brought them to this state, and who like to keep them in it too, for fear their minds should develop, and they should feel their own power. That's what the governing classes are afraid of. But how long, do you think, they'll be able to keep the people back like this? that's what I want to know. I ask that member of parliament" (shouted the speaker, stretching out his arm and addressing an imaginary senator, but unconsciously again directing popular attention to the "young man," who was now given up as a cabinet-maker, and invested with a seat in the House of Commons by the populace)—"I ask that member of parliament, steeped as he is to the neck in precedents, in formalities, in red-tape, and in what we all understand better, in BOSH—I ask him, is he not afraid of the PEOPLE? I ask that bishop" (here the populace gave the young man up in disgust—he *couldn't* be a bishop)—"I ask that bishop, with his lawn sleeves, and his apron, his mitre, and his seat in the House of Lords, among the miscalled nobility—isn't he afraid of the PEOPLE? And what do they tell me?" (continued the orator with that glorious privilege which the solitary speaker, whether clerical or otherwise, possesses of making his opponents answer what he pleases) —what do they tell me?—what are they obliged to tell me?—what do I force from them, whether they like it or not?—that they *are* afraid of the people; afraid of their power, of their slumbering passions, of their unawakened intellect!"

Here the speaker diverged into an analysis of the deficiencies of all the principal politicians of the day, disposing of each, in but a few words, as inadequate to his post, and interspersing the diatribe with numerous questions, which every M.P. was, of course, wholly helpless to reply to. At length, when every name of any celebrity, and some of no celebrity at all, had been disposed of, and had all been set down as in their dotage, or otherwise incapable, a captious gentleman in the crowd took upon him to inquire "What it was the speaker was driving at? You are putting heverything down," said this individual, "and what do you set hup?—nothink." ("Hear!" from several friends.)

"That's just what I'm coming to, if you'd only have patience," retorted the lecturer. "First of all, I've proved to you that all these governing classes are unfit for their functions"—(A Voice: "No you haven't!")—"and now I mean to show you one or two who might supply their places." ("Yourself, I suppose," cried the voice heard just before.) "No, not myself. It isn't for me to blow my own trumpet. I leave others to do that for me; and I'm glad to find that in some of those journals which espouse the right cause, my merits are recognised, and my remarks supported and quoted by the enlightened editors of those journals; but it isn't for me to speak of myself. I could mention to you the names of parties who deserve the public confidence—parties whom all enlightened politicians are looking to as the coming men." ("Name, name!" from several voices.) "There are parties at this moment standing in this very assembly, who would do honour to any cause." ("Name!") "Well, I've no objection to name." (Voice: "Well, why don't you?") "I will name the name of SQUILLARS." (Loud cries of "Who is he?" "Never heard of him!" "Let him show himself!" "Put him up on the bench!") "That's the name I would put forward. Who is wanted to save this country? —Squillars! Who is wanted for naval reform? —Squillars! Who is wanted for reducing the enormous expenditure of the country?—Squillars? Who is wanted to arrange the difficulties of the strike, to prevent the recurrence of an Indian famine, to reduce the price of butcher's meat, to promote the education of the masses, and to harmonise and weld together all the conflicting elements which threaten to explode among us? To all these questions I answer in one word—SQUILLARS!"

A pause succeeded this announcement, and the public, bewildered by this tremendous eulogy, seemed to be thinking to itself whether it really did not know all about Squillars, and had forgotten, when a gentleman among the crowd, whose calmness under the gaze of the multitude, whose evident want of reverence for anything in the world, independently of his hollow cheeks and the peculiar twang which characterised his utterance, proclaimed him a citizen of the *Dis*-United States, was heard to utter these words:

"I beg to say, *sir*, that I have pursued the course of your remarks pretty close, sir, and followed them up sharp, with the hope of profiting by them; but I am compelled to slant aside from you on this question of Squillars, and to inform this company that Squillars is an unknown man." ("Hear, hear!" "I thought so!" from many voices.) "I have here," continued the American gentleman, "in my hand a notebook, in which air putt down the names of all those persons who ought to have a share in guiding and sus-taining the councils of our leading European cabinets, and I beg to inform you, sir, that among those names I do *not* find that of Squillars."

Hereupon there followed a sharp discussion, in which the American put so many difficult questions on the subject of Squillars, that it ended in the production of Mr. Squillars himself, who took his place upon the bench by the side of his friend, but who, so far from benefiting his cause by this step, was found to injure it so materially, that the public was not long in expressing, almost in so many words, that it conceived Mr. Squillars to have mistaken his vocation, and that it recommended him to accept the Chiltern Hundreds with as little delay as possible.

A good deal of confusion ensued about this

time, which was not diminished by the fact that a stout gentleman took this opportunity of mounting upon a neighbouring bench, and developing *his* views on various matters; and though it would be hard to say what the views were, it was yet certain that the stout gentleman's voice—he being fresh, too—was louder than our original lecturer's voice, who now altogether changed his note, and began offering his "new national anthem—God save the People," for sale, which done, and all the floating capital that was to be had being secured, he thanked the audience all round for listening to his remarks, and promising them another opportunity of profiting by his wisdom on the following Sunday, descended from his pulpit and lapsed once more into private life.

Meanwhile there were no signs of flagging or weariness among the other speakers, who were all this time busy in different parts of the Park with their little knots of auditory. The sound of their voices made itself heard on all sides, and, as you passed along, snatches of doctrine reached you from one and another, and words of strange import rang in your ears.

"I know, myself, that I am saved."—"I feel that if I was to die this moment I should go to Heaven." Words of this and the like awful kind were to be heard that day in Hyde Park, while sometimes a preacher—a boy this was—would enforce his inculcation of the worthlessness of works without faith, with what sounded at first as startling as this:

"If I were to hear any man say, 'I shall go out of this Park to day with a distinct intention of reforming what is amiss in my manner of life, of correcting this bad tendency, of abandoning that bad habit, of resisting the incursions of evil, and cultivating my better and higher instincts, aiming at such high attainments as become the nobleness of man,—if I should hear any man express himself thus, I would say, 'I have nothing to do with you; you are trusting to a delusion and a lie, and are altogether in a wrong way.'"

Wonderful were these boys. Sometimes one of them would catch sight of a little child, holding by its father's hand, and instantly improving the occasion, would say, to the child's unspeakable terror, "Come and hold my hand, and walk with me. *I* was once a little boy, *I* was a child once, bless you! Come hand in hand with me."

Sometimes, again, a friend came up to where one of these lads was preaching—a grown-up man—whom the boy would receive with a broad grin, and make him free of his bench. The new arrival, scarcely giving himself time to shake hands first, sprung up on the bench and plunged at once into his subject, to the inexpressible edification of the assembled boys. There appeared, too, to be a strange and mysterious connexion between all these preachers, and you would hear one group talking about what was going on in another.

To attempt to give any idea of the endless repetitions of which the addresses and the hymns used by these youthful ministers ordinarily consist, would be to issue demands upon the confidence of the reader which he could hardly be expected to meet. One hymn seemed to consist almost entirely of the repetition of a sacred name, coupled with an invitation to the hearer, with an unceasing reiteration of these words, "Now's the time—now's the time—now's the time."

This same reiteration was found, too, in all the sermons; and, besides this, a kind of idle questioning, which is singularly unmeaning and wretched. "Now, answer me," says the preacher—as if one *could* answer him—"now answer me, why does the apostle act thus? Is it because he is anxious to secure the approbation of mankind? Is it because he wishes to advance his own interests? Is it that he is indolent, vain, or self-confident?" The personalities inflicted on the bystanders are singularly unpleasant. "Mind it is to you I am speaking," the preacher cries, turning suddenly round, and fixing some harmless person enough with his glance. "It is to you I am speaking. It is not to that man on your left hand—no, nor to that boy on your right hand—it is to you, and you only."

The political preachings in Hyde Park furnish an instance of that freedom which a form of government too secure for fear can venture to permit. Outside the ring where such ignorant ravings were going on might be observed the serene countenance of a stolid policeman, as little disturbed by the attacks of the orator on the government of which he was a servant, as the English constitution by the threatened elevation of Mr. Squillars himself. Of the religious movement it is more difficult to speak. There is something about this notion of a ministry of boys that is not pleasing. They do not preach well—how should they? The mere notion of their thus addressing their elders in language of reproof, and in the accents of the teacher speaking to the pupil, is hardly suggestive of what is fit and becoming.

As, on my way out of the Park, I reached the outskirts of the crowd that hemmed in the last of these young preachers, and prepared to take my departure, I could not help noticing, with a feeling of some amusement, a certain figure standing at the very edge of the assembly. It was the figure of a man listening very eagerly to the incoherencies which one of these boy-preachers was draggling his way through, wearily, at the close of the day. This man had his head bent eagerly forward, and hearing with his eyes as well as his ears, was glancing from the corners of the first-named organs as those do who are listening with especial eagerness. He was dressed entirely in black, a peculiar thin white muslin band, with black showing through it, enveloping his neck. A smile of the most withering contempt played about his thin lips and the corners of his watching eyes.

He was a Jesuit priest.

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GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

IF that staid old house near the Green at Richmond should ever come to be haunted when I am dead, it will be haunted, surely, by my ghost. O the many, many nights and days through which the unquiet spirit within me haunted that house when Estella lived there! Let my body be where it would, my spirit was always wandering, wandering, wandering, about that house.

The lady with whom Estella was placed, Mrs. Brandley by name, was a widow, with one daughter several years older than Estella. The mother looked young, and the daughter looked old; the mother's complexion was pink, and the daughter's was yellow; the mother set up for frivolity, and the daughter for theology. They were in what is called a good position, and visited, and were visited by, numbers of people. Little if any community of feeling subsisted between them and Estella, but the understanding was established that they were necessary to her, and that she was necessary to them. Mrs. Brandley had been a friend of Miss Havisham's before the time of her seclusion.

In Mrs. Brandley's house and out of Mrs. Brandley's house, I suffered every kind and degree of torture that Estella could cause me. The nature of my relations with her, which placed me on terms of familiarity without placing me on terms of favour, conduced to my distraction. She made use of me to tease other admirers, and she turned the very familiarity between herself and me, to the account of putting a constant slight on my devotion to her. If I had been her secretary, steward, half-brother, poor relation—if I had been a younger brother of her appointed husband—I could not have seemed to myself, further from my hopes when I was nearest to her. The privilege of calling her by her name and hearing her call me by mine, became under the circumstances an aggravation of my trials; and while I think it likely that it almost maddened her other lovers, I know too certainly that it almost maddened me.

She had admirers without end. No doubt my jealousy made an admirer of every one who went near her; but there were more than enough of them without that.

I saw her often at Richmond, I heard of her often in town, and I used often to take her and the Brandleys on the water; there were picnics, fête days, plays, operas, concerts, parties, all sorts of pleasures, through which I pursued her—and they were all miseries to me. I never had one hour's happiness in her society, and yet my mind all round the four-and-twenty hours was harping on the happiness of having her with me unto death.

Throughout this part of our intercourse—and it lasted, as will presently be seen, for what I then thought a long time—she habitually reverted to that tone which expressed that our association was forced upon us. There were other times when she would come to a sudden check in this tone and in all her many tones, and would seem to pity me.

"Pip, Pip," she said one evening, coming to such a check, when we sat apart at a darkening window of the house in Richmond; "will you never take warning?"

"Of what?"

"Of me."

"Warning not to be attracted by you, do you mean, Estella?"

"Do I mean! If you don't know what I mean, you are blind."

I should have replied that Love was commonly reputed blind, but for the reason that I always was restrained—and this was not the least of my miseries—by a feeling that it was ungenerous to press myself upon her, when she knew that she could not choose but obey Miss Havisham. My dread always was, that this knowledge on her part laid me under a heavy disadvantage with her pride, and made me the subject of a rebellious struggle in her bosom.

"At any rate," said I, "I have no warning given me just now, for you wrote to me to come to you, this time."

"That's true," said Estella, with a cold careless smile that always chilled me.

After looking at the twilight without, for a little while, she went on to say:

"The time has come round when Miss Havisham wishes to have me for a day at Satis. You are to take me there, and bring me back, if you will. She would rather I did not travel alone, and objects to receiving my maid, for she has a

sensitive horror of being talked of by such people. Can you take me?"

"Can I take you, Estella!"

"You can then? The day after to-morrow, if you please. You are to pay all charges out of my purse. You hear the condition of your going?"

"And must obey," said I.

This was all the preparation I received for that visit, or for others like it; Miss Havisham never wrote to me, nor had I ever so much as seen her handwriting. We went down on the next day but one, and we found her in the room where I had first beheld her, and it is needless to add that there was no change in Satis House.

She was even more dreadfully fond of Estella than she had been when I last saw them together; I repeat the word advisedly, for there was something positively dreadful in the energy of her looks and embraces. She hung upon Estella's beauty, hung upon her words, hung upon her gestures, and sat mumbling her own trembling fingers while she looked at her, as though she were devouring the beautiful creature she had reared.

From Estella she looked at me, with a searching glance that seemed to pry into my heart and probe its wounds. "How does she use you, Pip; how does she use you?" she asked me again, with her witch-like eagerness, even in Estella's hearing. But when we sat by her flickering fire at night, she was most weird; for then, keeping Estella's hand drawn through her arm and clutched in her own hand, she extorted from her, by dint of referring back to what Estella had told her in her regular letters, the names and conditions of the men whom she had fascinated; and as Miss Havisham dwelt upon this roll, with the intensity of a mind mortally hurt and diseased, she sat with her other hand on her crutched stick, and her chin on that, and her wan bright eyes glaring at me, a very spectre.

I saw in this, wretched though it made me, and bitter the sense of dependence and even of degradation that it awakened,—I saw in this, that Estella was set to wreak Miss Havisham's revenge on men, and that she was not to be given to me until she had gratified it for a term. I saw in this, a reason for her being beforehand assigned to me. Sending her out to attract and torment and do mischief, Miss Havisham sent her with the malicious assurance that she was beyond the reach of all admirers, and that all who staked upon that cast were secured to lose. I saw in this, that I, too, was tormented by a perversion of ingenuity, even while the prize was reserved for me. I saw in this, the reason for my being staved off so long, and the reason for my late guardian's declining to commit himself to the formal knowledge of such a scheme. In a word, I saw in this, Miss Havisham as I had her then and there before my eyes, and always had had her before my eyes; and I saw in this the distinct shadow of the darkened and unhealthy house in which her life was hidden from the sun.

The candles that lighted that room of hers were placed in sconces on the wall. They were high from the ground, and they burnt with the steady dulness of artificial light in air that is seldom renewed. As I looked round at them, and at the pale gloom they made, and at the stopped clock, and at the withered articles of bridal dress upon the table and the ground, and at her own awful figure with its ghostly reflection thrown large by the fire upon the ceiling and the wall, I saw in everything the construction that my mind had come to, repeated and thrown back to me. My thoughts passed into the great room across the landing where the table was spread, and I saw it written, as it were, in the falls of the cobwebs from the centre-piece, in the crawlings of the spiders on the cloth, in the tracks of the mice as they betook their little quickened hearts behind the panels, and in the gropings and pausings of the beetles on the floor.

It happened on the occasion of this visit that some sharp words arose between Estella and Miss Havisham. It was the first time I had ever seen them opposed.

We were seated by the fire as just now described, and Miss Havisham still had Estella's arm drawn through her own, and still clutched Estella's hand in hers, when Estella gradually began to detach herself. She had shown a proud impatience more than once before, and had rather endured that fierce affection than accepted or returned it.

"What!" said Miss Havisham, flashing her eyes upon her, "are you tired of me?"

"Only a little tired of myself," replied Estella, disengaging her arm, and moving to the great chimney-piece, where she stood looking down at the fire.

"Speak the truth, you ingrate!" cried Miss Havisham, passionately striking her stick upon the floor; "you are tired of me."

Estella looked at her with perfect composure, and again looked down at the fire. Her graceful figure and her beautiful face expressed a self-possessed indifference to the wild heat of the other, that was almost cruel.

"You stock and stone!" exclaimed Miss Havisham. "You cold, cold heart!"

"What?" said Estella, preserving her attitude of indifference as she leaned against the great chimney-piece and only moving her eyes; "do you reproach me for being cold? You?"

"Are you not?" was the fierce retort.

"You should know," said Estella. "I am what you have made me. Take all the praise, take all the blame; take all the success, take all the failure; in short, take me."

"O, look at her, look at her!" cried Miss Havisham, bitterly. "Look at her, so hard and thankless, on the hearth where she was reared! Where I took her into this wretched breast when it was first bleeding from its stabs, and where I have lavished years of tenderness upon her!"

"At least I was no party to the compact," said Estella, "for if I could walk and speak, when it was made, it was as much as I could do.

But what would you have? You have been very good to me, and I owe everything to you. What would you have?"

"Love," replied the other.

"You have it."

"I have not," said Miss Havisham.

"Mother by adoption," retorted Estella, never departing from the easy grace of her attitude, never raising her voice as the other did, never yielding either to anger or tenderness, "Mother by adoption, I have said that I owe everything to you. All I possess is freely yours. All that you have given me, is at your command to have again. Beyond that, I have nothing. And if you ask me to give you what you never gave me, my gratitude and duty cannot do impossibilities."

"Did I never give her, love!" cried Miss Havisham, turning wildly to me. "Did I never give her a burning love, inseparable from jealousy at all times, and from sharp pain, while she speaks thus to me! Let her call me mad, let her call me mad!"

"Why should I call you mad," returned Estella, "I, of all people? Does any one live, who knows what set purposes you have, half as well as I do? Does any one live, who knows what a steady memory you have, half as well as I do? I, who have sat on this same hearth on the little stool that is even now beside you there, learning your lessons and looking up into your face, when your face was strange and frightened me!"

"Soon forgotten!" moaned Miss Havisham. "Times soon forgotten!"

"No, not forgotten," retorted Estella. "Not forgotten, but treasured up in my memory. When have you found me false to your teaching? When have you found me unmindful of your lessons? When have you found me giving admission here," she touched her bosom with her hand, "to anything that you excluded? Be just to me."

"So proud, so proud!" moaned Miss Havisham, pushing away her grey hair with both her hands.

"Who taught me to be proud?" returned Estella. "Who praised me when I learnt my lesson?"

"So hard, so hard!" moaned Miss Havisham, with her former action.

"Who taught me to be hard?" returned Estella. "Who praised me when I learnt my lesson?"

"But to be proud and hard to *me!*" Miss Havisham quite shrieked, as she stretched out her arms. "Estella, Estella, Estella, to be proud and hard to *me!*"

Estella looked at her for a moment with a kind of calm wonder, but was not otherwise disturbed; when the moment was past she looked down at the fire again.

"I cannot think," said Estella, raising her eyes after a silence, "why you should be so unreasonable when I come to see you after a separation. I have never forgotten your wrongs and their causes. I have never been unfaithful to you or your schooling. I have never shown any weakness that I can charge myself with."

"Would it be weakness to return my love?" exclaimed Miss Havisham. "But yes, yes, she would call it so!"

"I begin to think," said Estella, in a musing way, after another moment of calm wonder, "that I almost understand how this comes about. If you had brought up your adopted daughter wholly in the dark confinement of these rooms, and had never let her know that there was such a thing as the daylight by which she has never once seen your face—if you had done that, and then, for a purpose had wanted her to understand the daylight and know all about it, you would have been disappointed and angry?"

Miss Havisham, with her head in her hands, sat making a low moaning, and swaying herself on her chair, but gave no answer.

"Or," said Estella, "—which is a nearer case—if you had taught her, from the dawn of her intelligence, with your utmost energy and might, that there was such a thing as daylight, but that it was made to be her enemy and destroyer, and she must always turn against it, for it had blighted you and would else blight her; —if you had done this, and then, for a purpose, had wanted her to take naturally to the daylight and she could not do it, you would have been disappointed and angry?"

Miss Havisham sat listening (or it seemed so, for I could not see her face), but still made no answer.

"So," said Estella, "I must be taken as I have been made. The success is not mine, the failure is not mine, but the two together make me."

Miss Havisham had settled down, I hardly knew how, upon the floor, among the faded bridal relics with which it was strewn. I took advantage of the moment—I had sought one from the first—to leave the room, after beseeching Estella's attention to her, with a movement of my hand. When I left, Estella was yet standing by the great chimney-piece, just as she had stood throughout. Miss Havisham's grey hair was all adrift upon the ground, among the other bridal wrecks, and was a miserable sight to see.

It was with a depressed heart that I walked in the starlight for an hour and more, about the court-yard, and about the brewery, and about the ruined garden. When I at last took courage to return to the room, I found Estella sitting at Miss Havisham's knee, taking up some stitches in one of those old articles of dress that were dropping to pieces, and of which I have often been reminded since by the faded tatters of old banners that I have seen hanging up in cathedrals. Afterwards, Estella and I played cards, as of yore—only we were skilful now, and played French games—and so the evening wore away, and I went to bed.

I lay in that separate building across the court-yard. It was the first time I had ever

lain down to rest in Satis House, and sleep refused to come near me. A thousand Miss Havishams haunted me. She was on this side of my pillow, on that, at the head of the bed, at the foot, behind the half-opened door of the dressing-room, in the dressing-room, in the room overhead, in the room beneath—everywhere. At last, when the night was slow to creep on towards two o'clock, I felt that I absolutely could no longer bear the place as a place to lie down in, and that I must get up. I therefore got up and put on my clothes, and went out across the yard into the long stone passage, designing to gain the outer court-yard and walk there for the relief of my mind. But I was no sooner in the passage than I extinguished my candle; for, I saw Miss Havisham going along it in a ghostly manner, making a low cry. I followed her at a distance, and saw her go up the staircase. She carried a bare candle in her hand, which she had probably taken from one of the sconces in her own room, and was a most unearthly object by its light. Standing at the bottom of the staircase, I felt the mildewed air of the feast-chamber, without seeing her open the door, and I heard her walking there, and so across into her own room, and so across again into that, never ceasing the low cry. After a time, I tried in the dark both to get out, and to go back, but I could do neither until some streaks of day strayed in and showed me where to lay my hands. During the whole interval, whenever I went to the bottom of the staircase, I heard her footstep, saw her light pass above, and heard her ceaseless low cry.

Before we left next day, there was no revival of the difference between her and Estella, nor was it ever revived on any similar occasion; and there were four similar occasions, to the best of my remembrance. Nor, did Miss Havisham's manner towards Estella in anywise change, except that I believed it to have something like fear infused among its former characteristics.

It is impossible to turn this leaf of my life, without putting Bentley Drummle's name upon it; or I would, very gladly.

On a certain occasion when the Finches were assembled in force, and when good feeling was being promoted in the usual manner by nobody's agreeing with anybody else, the presiding Finch called the Grove to order, forasmuch as Mr. Drummle had not yet toasted a lady; which, according to the solemn constitution of the society, it was the brute's turn to do that day. I thought I saw him leer in an ugly way at me while the decanters were going round, but as there was no love lost between us, that might easily be. What was my indignant surprise when he called upon the company to pledge him to "Estella!"

"Estella who?" said I.

"Never you mind," retorted Drummle.

"Estella of where?" said I. "You are bound to say of where." Which he was, as a Finch.

"Of Richmond, gentlemen," said Drummle, putting me out of the question, "and a peerless beauty."

Much he knew about peerless beauties, a mean miserable idiot! I whispered Herbert.

"I know that lady," said Herbert, across the table, when the toast had been honoured.

"*Do* you?" said Drummle.

"And so do I," I added, with a scarlet face.

"*Do* you?" said Drummle. "*Oh*, Lord!"

This was the only retort—except glass or crockery—that the heavy creature was capable of making; but I became as highly incensed by it as if it had been barbed with wit, and I immediately rose in my place and said that I could not but regard it as being like the honourable Finch's impudence to come down to that Grove—we always talked about coming down to that Grove, as a neat Parliamentary turn of expression—down to that Grove, proposing a lady of whom he knew nothing. Mr. Drummle upon this, starting up, demanded what I meant by that? Whereupon, I made him the extreme reply that I believed he knew where I was to be found.

Whether it was possible in a Christian country to get on without blood, after this, was a question on which the Finches were divided. The debate upon it grew so lively indeed, that at least six more honourable members told six more, during the discussion, that they believed *they* knew where *they* were to be found. However, it was decided at last (the Grove being a Court of Honour) that if Mr. Drummle would bring never so slight a certificate from the lady, importing that he had the honour of her acquaintance, Mr. Pip must express his regret, as a gentleman and a Finch, for "having been betrayed into a warmth which." Next day was appointed for the production (lest our honour should take cold from delay), and next day Drummle appeared with a polite little avowal in Estella's hand, that she had had the honour of dancing with him several times. This left me no course but to regret that I had been "betrayed into a warmth which," and on the whole to repudiate, as untenable, the idea that I was to be found anywhere. Drummle and I then sat snorting at one another for an hour, while the Grove engaged in indiscriminate contradiction, and finally the promotion of good feeling was declared to have gone ahead at an amazing rate.

I tell this lightly, but it was no light thing to me. For, I cannot adequately express what pain it gave me to think that Estella should show any favour to a contemptible, clumsy, sulky booby, so very far below the average. To the present moment, I believe it to have been referable to some pure fire of generosity and disinterestedness in my love for her, that I could not endure the thought of her stooping to that hound. No doubt I should have been miserable whomsoever she had favoured; but a worthier object would have caused me a different kind and degree of distress.

It was easy for me to find out, and I did soon find out, that Drummle had begun to follow her closely, and that she allowed him to do it. A little

while, and he was always in pursuit of her, and he and I crossed one another every day. He held on, in a dull persistent way, and Estella held him on; now with encouragement, now with discouragement, now almost flattering him, now openly despising him, now knowing him very well, now scarcely remembering who he was.

The Spider, as Mr. Jaggers had called him, was used to lying in wait, however, and had the patience of his tribe. Added to that, he had a blockhead confidence in his money and in his family greatness, which sometimes did him good service—almost taking the place of concentration and determined purpose. So, the Spider, doggedly watching Estella, outwatched many brighter insects, and would often uncoil himself and drop at the right nick of time.

At a certain Assembly Ball at Richmond (there used to be Assembly Balls at most places then), where Estella had outshone all other beauties, this blundering Drummle so hung about her, and with so much toleration on her part, that I resolved to speak to her concerning him. I took the next opportunity: which was when she was waiting for Mrs. Brandley to take her home, and was sitting apart among some flowers, ready to go. I was with her, for I almost always accompanied them to and from such places.

"Are you tired, Estella?"

"Rather, Pip."

"You should be."

"Say rather, I should not be; for I have my letter to Satis House to write, before I go to sleep."

"Recounting to-night's triumph?" said I. "Surely a very poor one, Estella."

"What do you mean? I didn't know there had been any."

"Estella," said I, "do look at that fellow in the corner yonder, who is looking over here at us."

"Why should I look at him?" returned Estella, with her eyes on me instead. "What is there in that fellow in the corner yonder—to use your words—that I need look at?"

"Indeed, that is the very question I want to ask you," said I. "For he has been hovering about you all night."

"Moths, and all sorts of ugly creatures," replied Estella, with a glance towards him, "hover about a lighted candle. Can the candle help it?"

"No," I returned; "but cannot the Estella help it?"

"Well!" said she, laughing, after a moment, "perhaps. Yes. Anything you like."

"But, Estella, do hear me speak. It makes me wretched that you should encourage a man so generally despised as Drummle. You know he is despised."

"Well?" said she.

"You know he is as ungainly within, as without. A deficient, ill-tempered, lowering, stupid fellow."

"Well?" said she.

"You know he has nothing to recommend him but money, and a ridiculous roll of addle-headed predecessors; now, don't you?"

"Well?" said she again; and each time she said it, she opened her lovely eyes the wider.

To overcome the difficulty of getting past that monosyllable, I took it from her, and said, repeating it with emphasis, "Well! Then, that is why it makes me wretched."

Now, if I could have believed that she favoured Drummle with any idea of making me—me—wretched, I should have been in better heart about it; but in that habitual way of hers, she put me so entirely out of the question, that I could believe nothing of the kind.

"Pip," said Estella, casting her glance over the room, "don't be foolish about its effect on you. It may have its effect on others, and may be meant to have. It's not worth discussing."

"Yes it is," said I, "because I cannot bear that people should say, 'she throws away her graces and attractions on a mere boor, the lowest in the crowd.'"

"I can bear it," said Estella.

"Oh! don't be so proud Estella, and so inflexible."

"Calls me proud and inflexible in this breath!" said Estella, opening her hands. "And in his last breath reproached me for stooping to a boor!"

"There is no doubt you do," said I, something hurriedly, "for I have seen you give him looks and smiles this very night, such as you never give to—me."

"Do you want me then," said Estella, turning suddenly with a fixed and serious, if not angry, look, "to deceive and entrap you?"

"Do you deceive and entrap him, Estella?"

"Yes, and many others—all of them but you. Here is Mrs. Brandley. I'll say no more."

And now that I have given the one chapter to the theme that so filled my heart, and so often made it ache and ache again, I pass on, unhindered, to the event that had impended over me longer yet; the event that had begun to be prepared for, before I knew that the world held Estella, and in the days when her baby intelligence was receiving its first distortions from Miss Havisham's wasting hands.

In the Eastern story, the heavy slab that was to fall on the bed of state in the flush of conquest was slowly wrought out of the quarry, the tunnel for the rope to hold it in its place was slowly carried through the leagues of rock, the slab was slowly raised and fitted in the roof, the rope was rove to it and slowly taken through the miles of hollow to the great iron ring. All being made ready with much labour, and the hour come, the sultan was aroused in the dead of the night, and the sharpened axe that was to sever the rope from the great iron ring was put into his hand, and he struck with it, and the rope parted and rushed away, and the ceiling fell. So, in my case; all the work, near and afar, that tended to the end, had been accom-

plished; and in an instant the blow was struck, and the roof of my stronghold dropped upon me.

GRAND GODARD.

The constant reader will remember that, at the closing scene of poor Jean Gigon's career* there unexpectedly came forward an extraordinary figure, the tallest, and at that moment the leanest and the palest—he had just come out of hospital—of the whole regiment of Chasseurs d'Afrique—Jean Gigon's intimate friend and confidant, enveloped in a long white mantle, the skirt of which, thrown over the left shoulder, concealed the funereal black-waxed bottle of claret which the deceased had requested should serve as his pillow when laid in the grave.

The narrator of Jean Gigon's Thirty-two Duels, Monsieur Antoine Gandon, encouraged by the literary and dramatic success of the biography, which is now attracting crowds to the Théâtre de la Gaité, has given us another military portrait, and has fixed in interesting black and white the remarkable phantom who has just been alluded to. We now have, for calm and leisurely perusal, "Le Grand Godard," the history of a strong man; and the author himself is scarcely less remarkable a person than his hero, an old Chasseur d'Afrique, who has seen plenty of active service, who has lived the life of garrisons and camps, he is still not ashamed to confess that he has never neglected to say his prayers. The pen, for which he has exchanged his sword, is bright and brilliant; sharp enough, it wounds nobody: better still, it wearies nobody. There is not a living story-teller who writes more agreeable gossip, or more clear and readable French. In his narratives there is found amalgamated a very considerable proportion of romance—romance both of action and of sentiment—every word of which, I suppose, is true; but if it is not, it is of no great consequence; for it no more shocks your sense of truth than do facts like these: "A naughty boy went out to seek his fortune; but before he was half way there, a wolf came out of the wood, and ate him up. A good boy went out on the same errand, after dutifully bidding his parents good-by; and before he had set half a dozen steps, he was met by a most beautiful fairy who ——" Therefore we do not care to ask M. Gandon his authority for all his episodes: Whether the Grand Godard ever really existed in the flesh, and whether a visitor would have to drive to the "pretty town situated several myriametres' distance from Paris," or to No. 10,000, Fairyland. But even if M. Gandon has given to airy nothing a local habitation and a name, it is to be hoped that Grand Godard, his wife, and family, are nevertheless in the enjoyment of excellent health.

The author, too, has the merit of inventing a novel mode of disarming criticism. Instead of sending by the post, or a commissionaire, copies of a new work to the newspapers and literary journals, he delivers every copy with his own hand, not allowing himself to be repulsed if the person to whom it is addressed is not at home, but returning at his hour, and, moreover, never having to complain of an uncivil reception. This gives him an opportunity of explaining to the reviewer that he really is an old African and writes of things with which he is familiar. Consequently, M. Gandon frankly acknowledges what he believes to be his obligations to his literary brethren; the reader must not think, however, that his own proper merit has been without its weight. Let it be added, that M. Gandon's little books are "livres honnêtes," books of respectability, which may be read without blushing by respectable people—a remark that cannot be made respecting sundry small volumes which are published, and become highly popular, in Paris.

Grand Godard is neither Godard the Grand, nor Godard the Great, but only Godard the Tall. Whether he was tall from his birth upwards, is not recorded. His comrades gave him the name for two reasons. First, everything about him was on a grand scale, both physically and morally; lofty stature, large head, thick neck, long arms, great hands, stout body, long legs, great feet, and above all a great heart. Secondly, there was another Godard in the regiment, with whom we need not trouble ourselves further than to state that he was exactly the opposite of the former one.

Grand Godard was never taught any trade or profession. Sent to a grammar-school at ten years of age, he left it at eighteen, to lose his father and mother, one after the other, within six months. After holding for twenty years a very important commercial position in a provincial town, they were ruined by an uninterrupted series of unexpected misfortunes, amongst which was the failure of several considerable houses with whom they did business. The orphan lad, knowing nothing about commerce, and having no other family than very distant relations, hailed as a relief to his loneliness the day when he would have to draw for the conscription. Chance favoured him, and he drew what is called a good number, *i.e.* one which would exempt him; but instead of taking advantage of it, he enlisted in a cavalry regiment, in order to exchange to Africa afterwards. He thought that during his time of service the affairs of his inheritance might be arranged by the family notary; but it was a long and complicated piece of business. At the end of seven years, the lawyer's fees amounted to eight or ten thousand francs, and young Godard received the balance—one hundred francs, or four pounds, which was all the paternal fortune that ever reached him.

"Decidedly," he said, when he went to verify the voluminous bundle of stamped papers that was presented to him, "it is a pity that my poor father did not article me to a notary; I should then at least have made a profit out of proving

* See All the Year Round, No. 54.

to myself that I had not a sou." This was his first and last complaint about the matter.

But Grand Godard was a philosopher as well as a soldier. Day by day, from his entry into the service, he had the patience to keep a journal, in which he noted every remarkable event that occurred during his military career. At the end of every year, he digested these daily notes into a manuscript volume, so that when he left the regiment he took with him seven volumes filled with very curious observations, all which were placed at M. Gandon's disposal. There are not many cavalry soldiers who would persevere in such a task until the day of their discharge. Among the remarks on men and manners, are Grand Godard's reflections on colonels in general.

A good colonel, in the healthy acceptation of the word, is more than a father to the soldiers of his regiment; for there are many fathers who allow their children every possible facility for doing evil, which is exactly the reverse of a really good colonel. Did you ever hear a soldier say to his colonel, as you may hear some children say to their parents, "I am sick of being scolded; you worry me to death, always preaching about the same stupid thing"? Punishment for disrespect ought to follow in one case, as it is sure to follow in the other. And the soldiers who are punished for insubordination, how have they been brought up? Have they ever been taught to respect their parents? It is a remarkable fact that the best soldiers never mention their father and mother without deep respect and sincere affection.

There was once a colonel in the lancers so severe, so very severe, that the soldiers of his regiment spoke of him to one another as Colonel Pince-sans-rire, or Colonel Nip-and-no-joke. When he left his residence to go to barracks, his countenance, according to the lancers, assumed even in the street so serious a complexion, that no one cared to meet the terrible chief. Once inside the barracks—such is the account of the regimental legend—the colonel's physiognomy was no longer human. His black eyes seemed to dart days of imprisonment by dozens; his thin and compressed lips appeared ready to pronounce orders of arrest; and his very nostrils worked convulsively, like the opening and shutting of dungeon doors.

Colonel Nip-and-no-joke knew by name all the men belonging to his regiment, exactly as the father of a family knows the names of all his children. No one ever entered his corps without being inspected, interrogated, and twisted about in all sorts of ways. As he had a prodigious memory, and was an excellent physiognomist besides, after this inspection he knew every one of his men by heart. I will not affirm that he did not also know the names of all the horses of the regiment. However that may be, one fine morning when he was going to barracks, at Provins, he discovered a lancer in slovenly attire, who, catching sight of him at a distance, tried to slip away up a back lane. But the colonel's deep voice was instantly heard:

"Lancer, come here!" The lancer obeyed. "What is your name?"

"Dufour, colonel," replied the lancer. "I have only joined the regiment a week."

"Very well! You will walk back to quarters in front of me, and you will tell your head quartermaster to report the lancer Sautereau four days' guard-house for his shabby appearance in the town, and for four days under arrest for giving a false name to the colonel. Be off with you."

The poor devil Sautereau could never get over his astonishment. Arrived such a little while ago, and lost in a crowd of eight hundred men, he never could have believed that his colonel was so excellent a father of a family.

In Colonel Nip-and-no-joke's regiment, not a man of which could complain of being unjustly punished, there was a lieutenant-colonel whom the lancers considered a capital fellow; and everybody was longing for the time when the colonel was to take two or three months' leave of absence, to indulge in a little repose after the severity of his discipline. It ought to be mentioned that the regiment was of new formation, having been raised after the revolution of 1830, and that a rose-water drawing-room colonel would have been perfectly unsuited for such a task. Ah! the service was strict in that regiment; and the exercises! And the manœuvres! It was marvellous to see Colonel Nip-and-no-joke's six fine squadrons defile at full gallop, and to hear his grave voice, after a brilliant evolution, pronounce, for the first time, the words,

"Attention. I am satisfied with the regiment: but as the three first squadrons have manœuvred still better than the three last, I remit all punishment incurred by the three first squadrons. Dismount. Stand at ease."

The three last squadrons were not long before they deserved a similar remission of their minor offences. A few days afterwards, Nip-and-no-joke took his leave, and the command fell to the lieutenant-colonel, the capital fellow. And the capital fellow managed so capitally that, for three months, neither the officers, the sous-officiers, the brigadiers, the lancers, nor the trumpeters, knew which way to turn themselves. And when the regiment heard that Colonel Nip-and-no-joke was coming back again, they greeted the news with hearty cheers. The circumstances deserve to be recorded in detail, the more because such a thing had never happened in the garrison of Provins, which had been held by cavalry for nearly a century. It is probable even that few regiments can register in their history a similar occurrence to this.

The colonel had just arrived at the hotel of the Boule d'Or one fine September evening. He was still in plain clothes; and as the retreat had beaten, he prepared to take his rest after the fatigue of a long journey, when suddenly the captain, who was adjutant-major for the week, rushed into his bedroom, exclaiming, "Colonel, the regiment is in open mutiny!"

"My lancers in open mutiny?" replied the colonel, readjusting his travelling dress.

"Yes, colonel. We have just sounded the

call to-bed, and not a man will go into the dormitories. My exhortations and threats have had no effect whatever. I ordered the guard to arrest those whom I suspected to be the ring-leaders, but they refused to obey me. Come with me, colonel, I entreat you; your presence may prevent some serious misfortune."

"Joseph," said the colonel, calling his servant, who was at hand in an instant. "Quick, my uniform, my sabre."

"Ah! colonel," interposed the adjutant-major, "I conjure you, do not waste a moment; time is too precious. If we are not there in five minutes, the lancers will set fire to the barracks."

"Let us be off, then," said the colonel. The adjutant-major strode on before, to hide a broad grin, which his thick moustaches were unable to conceal. Ten paces from the door of the hotel, the lieutenant-colonel, followed by two or three officers, was coming to meet his superior, who, hastening onwards, said, "This is a pretty piece of business, sir. The regiment is in open revolt, and you are not in quarters!"

"Colonel, I assure you——"

"That will do, sir; follow me!"

The distance from the Boule d'Or to the double cavalry barracks is not great; nevertheless, before it was traversed, the colonel found himself surrounded by all the officers of the regiment, so that the staff was complete. As he was doubting whether the officers had not been violently expelled, his eyes were struck by a great glare of light.

"Have the wretches set fire to the barracks?" he exclaimed, hurrying onwards.

"Alas! yes. No doubt they have. We are too late to stop them. Let us see what they are doing."

What Colonel Nip-and-no-joke saw and heard was this. The barracks, four stories high besides the ground floor, the façades of two vast stables encompassing the barrack-yard, and a long range of iron palisading, were completely illuminated from top to bottom. Along the third story of the principal building there runs a cornice about half a yard broad; this cornice was occupied the whole of its length with intrepid lancers holding blazing torches. For an illumination hastily got up, it was splendid. In the barrack-yard, instead of mutinous soldiers, the eight hundred men of the regiment, in admirable order, shouted at the top of their lungs, "Long live Colonel Bougenel!"

On Brigadier Godard's list of friends was an old officer, Lieutenant Poitevin, who marred his own fortunes by an evil habit which gained him the nickname of *Lieutenant Correctif*, because he could never make an observation or express an opinion without correcting, or qualifying, or contradicting it in the very same sentence. But for this inveterate perversion of speech, which drove him to point the end of every thought with the very opposite to its commencement, instead of retiring after thirty-three years' service, covered with scars, on a lieutenant's half-pay, he might perhaps have been a general. Poitevin was a conscientious soldier in garrison, and a brave one in facing the enemy, but his merits were rendered unavailing to obtain promotion by the peculiar phraseology which stuck to him until it was too late.

Thus, when he rose from a bivouac or stepped into a barrack-room, he would say, "It is very hot to-day; but in reality the air is cold." Or, "It is very cold to-day; but in reality the air is warm." His comrades at first paid but little attention to this curious mode of expressing himself, which, after all, was very harmless; but when he became an officer, it afforded too good a handle to the conferring of a sobriquet, to be lost. One day, at a review of the cavalry regiment in which Grand Godard was serving, he addressed the following words to the men of his platoon: "I am highly satisfied to-day with the condition both of the men and the horses; everything is perfect." And he put spurs to his horse, as if about to report to the captain.

"What! no corrective?" whispered the lancers. "The lieutenant is certainly out of sorts to-day."

"Wait a minute," suggested a non-commissioned officer.

Lieutenant Correctif galloped back, and, suddenly bringing his steed to a stand-still, continued: "I would only suggest to the sub-officers and brigadiers that the belts are very badly whitened."

Another time, he gave his opinion: "In Paris, the bread is excellent; it is a pity that the flour should almost always be mouldy."

As a matter of course, the officer's complaint was catching; in every mouth you heard whimsical phrases, such as, "Our regimental band is capital; only not one of the principal instrumentalists is worth two sous." If a lancer had any fault to find with his horse, "It is a good sort of beast," he would say, "just fit for the knackers." If a brigadier had to punish a man for not taking proper care of his arms, he would remark, "Your pistol is particularly clean, remarkably well kept, but there are more than ten rust-spots on the barrel."

When he was on half-pay, Poitevin was on the point of contracting marriage with a charming widow, who, like himself, resided at Batignolles. The unlucky lieutenant's habit made it come to nothing. During the publication of the banns, one evening, when he was playing cards at a café, every one congratulated him. "Faith!" he exclaimed, "I believe I have drawn a prize. My bride is about my own age, an orderly person, rich enough to maintain us both, not inconveniently devout, and likely to make an excellent mother. Decidedly, I cannot help being happy."

"Provided there come no qualification," muttered one of his comrades in an under tone.

"Only," immediately added unfortunate Correctif, "one thing annoyed me when I dined with her lately."

"Bah! And what might that be?" inquired his friends in chorus.

"Oh, a mere nothing; but still it vexed me."

"Well, what was it?"

"You must know, then, that my intended has very pretty teeth, pearls of the finest water. As I was admiring them, I took a small nut, and mechanically offering it to her, said, 'My dear Angèle'—her name is Angèle—'I will bet you anything that you cannot, with those lovely instruments, cut this nut in two without crushing it.' Angèle changed colour and tossed back her head so violently that it quite stupified me."

"But why the deuce did you want your intended to crack nuts with her teeth?"

"That's the very question I asked myself afterwards. But never mind; I shall be a happy man all the same."

Unluckily for his happiness, there happened to be present in the café a baker, who had vainly made love to the widow; and next morning, when he met her servant, he made the most of the joke that her mistress's fine set of teeth were of no use for cracking nuts. The maid insisted on an explanation, and was in a rage at the implied suspicion; she assembled the gossips (who are as plentiful in Batignolles as in other small provincial towns), and rebutted the accusation so vehemently, that everybody was firmly convinced that Madame Angèle wore false teeth. The charming widow, informed of the calumny by her too zealous servant, felt the more aggrieved, because her teeth, in fact, were very good and very real. She closed her door against Poitevin, who thus received punishment the first for his pitiless qualifications.

Punishment the second came some time afterwards. His regiment was inspected by a lieutenant-general, with whom he had formerly been intimate, and who now treated him with great affability, and invited him to dinner. Alas! and again alas! before the dinner, there was the officers' déjeûner, and then the visit to the café, one of the pleasantest moments of the day. At the café, they chatted about the morning's review and the lieutenant-general's recognition of Poitevin, who received thereon the felicitations of all his friends. Instead of tranquilly accepting which, he must launch out into a long panegyric of his early friend. "What a man! What a brave fellow! When he was only colonel, his soldiers regarded him as a father. Every man would have laid down his life for him."

"Be quiet, Poitevin, do be quiet," whispered an old captain, who foresaw the coming qualification.

"Yes, captain, I understand," continued Poitevin; "but you are aware that nobody can utter a syllable against our worthy inspector."

"Yes, yes; everybody knows it. Only——"

At the fatal word "only," suggested by the captain with the best intentions, to intimate "Only you need not speak so loud"—at that word, the lieutenant's terrible habit got the upper hand, and before any one could stop him, he proceeded at the top of his voice, "Only, there is but a single fault in the whole of his brilliant military career; he never nominates any one for promotion except the sons of marchionesses and baronesses."

All the officers present, sorry to hear such an indiscreet sally, affected to burst out laughing, in order to smother its effect; others even, to divert attention, began talking loudly as soon as Poitevin had uttered the word "only;" but several waiters and civilians were present.

In the evening, when the unlucky lieutenant was about to quit the lieutenant-general, who had cordially welcomed him to his table, he received, by way of adieu, this stunning address:

"My dear Poitevin, I had intended to have included you on the promotion list, and I could have obtained your appointment to a captaincy; but as you are neither the son of a baroness nor of a marchioness——"

"Fairly hit, general, and without spite or malice," stoically replied poor Lieutenant Correctif, who knew better how to wield and manage his horse and his sabre, than his tongue.

Grand Godard was an excellent soldier, cool and intrepid, circumspect as well as brave in the field, brave as well as wise in garrison and camp; but having attained no higher rank than brigadier after seven years' service, he declined to renew his engagement with the Chasseurs d'Afrique, although flattering inducements were held out to him. He instinctively felt that fortune might have some better prize in store even than a successful military career. Leaving Africa with the intention of going to Paris, he halted on the way in the south of France, to accept a situation as écuyer, or riding-master, in a riding-school for civilians, kept by an ex-cavalry officer, who is ticketed with the name of Bernard. Maria Bernard was tall and dark, with black hair reflecting bluish tints, like a raven's wing; Berthe Bernard was small, fair, and delicate, and had received a distinguished Parisian education. It is difficult to read these descriptions of young heroines without thinking of the qualities assigned to female complexion and stature by the ungallant doggrel, "Long and lazy, little and loud, fair and foolish, dark and proud." Grand Godard's intercourse with the Bernard family became highly romantic, and was terminated abruptly and romantically, by a long though only temporary estrangement; for the story ended happily, as it should do, with a marriage in due form. Grand Godard himself was dark, with big bright black eyes; with this datum I leave constant reader to guess which of the ladies fell to his happy lot. Which would an artist or a dramatist assign to him?

From Provence, Grand Godard really went to Paris, where, for some time, he had no need to take walks to get an appetite; his attempts at authorship procured him such earnings that he had to angle in the Seine for little fish to keep off starvation. On one occasion, a little above Paris, he caught in its hole, by diving, an eel as thick as his arm, which he sold for six francs, which maintained him liberally for six whole days. In Africa he had amused himself at the blacksmith's forge, and fancied he had discovered a new and better mode of tempering steel.

In his distress, the idea occurred to him of selling his discovery, and he proceeded to a gunsmith of repute with a knife of his own manufacture. The gunsmith put the knife into a vice, and with another knife that happened to be lying there deliberately cut the wonderful blade exactly in two. Grand Godard lost his poor knife, and found a friend in need. The old gunsmith took such a liking to him that he received him into partnership, not as a workman, but to keep the books and take a general interest in the concern.

Business went on so prosperously under his management—Godard and Co.'s was such a favourite and popular shop—that when the storm of 1848 began to gather, the old gunsmith declared to his partner that, at their present rate of profits, it would not be long before he would retire.

"Wait a while," replied Grand Godard, who could not help learning from his numerous acquaintances the way in which things were going on. "Wait a little longer, my worthy partner. Unless I am very much mistaken, the gun trade is about to take a wonderful start; and when I have put into execution a scheme which I have long been meditating, I will allow you to retire, as you so well deserve; but it must be into an honourable and opulent retirement."

Grand Godard's expectations were speedily realised; the revolution of February broke out. The gunsmith's shop would have been laid under contribution, as is customary in great popular convulsions, but the African ex-brigadier was too wide awake not to have taken his precautions. The mob had no occasion to break into the shop; it stood wide open, and the windows were completely empty when the first band of insurgents favoured it with a visit. Grand Godard stood at the door.

"My friends," he said, "you have come too late. Your comrades have been beforehand with you, and all they have left me is this long monkala, which I hope you will allow me to retain, seeing that I took it with my own hands from an Arab chief who gave me no more trouble afterwards."

The troop swept on in search of a better chance. Grand Godard, not caring to have to repeat the same explanation all day long, stuck an enormous bill inside the front window (of which he was too wise to put up the shutters), announcing, ALL OUR ARMS HAVE BEEN GIVEN AND TAKEN AWAY; and then went and joined his partner in their little parlour.

"Things promise admirably for my grand commercial operation," said Grand Godard, as he entered. "Certainly, it is a pity that so many worthy people, soldiers as well as civilians, should periodically slaughter one another in this way, without knowing why; but I have served my time, and I don't mean to meddle in the matter, except to nurse the wounded, if needs be. Listen, how sharply the firing begins. In any case, we must not neglect business. My scheme is this. Everybody just now carries a gun of some sort or other; after fighting for a while, there will be a general disarming. Almost all the guns now in the hands of the people are flint guns; and the government which will spring from the revolution will not care to keep arms the majority of which are out of repair, and whose transformation into percussion guns would cost more than the purchase of new ones. I intend, therefore, my dear partner, to buy as many as possible of the arms in question, to take time by the forelock, and get them cheap. I shall then pack them in convenient lots, and take them myself to the best markets on the west coast of Africa."

Accordingly, towards the close of 1848, Grand Godard sailed from Havre in a fine vessel, a quarter of which he had freighted himself; and on the 1st of March, 1850, he brought back to his old partner, who had remained firm at his post, the sum of four hundred thousand francs (16,000*l.*), the net profit of his adventurous expedition, during which he had been constantly favoured by lucky chances, and which he had pursued regardless of sun-stroke, poisoned arrows, and yellow fevers.

Four hundred thousand francs sound very fine, and to possess them is doubtless a very fine thing; but, O Grand Godard, to whom did you sell your quarter of a shipload of damaged flint-guns? And to what uses did the purchasers put them? Were they bought by European settlers for self-defence, the destruction of destructive animals, and the legitimate capture of lawful game? Or were they bought up by brutal savages, hunters of men, who would turn the worn-out muskets to the employment of driving together hordes of human prey, for the supply of the Cuban and Carolinan markets? If such were really the case, although Vespasian said that money never smelt ill, the four hundred thousand francs might be bought too dear. If Grand Godard abetted the slave trade only indirectly, methinks that, with a lighter pocket, he would have a lighter load upon his conscience. However, he was a gunsmith; his business was to sell guns; it was not his business to inquire what became of them afterwards. And perhaps, after all, Grand Godard is only a plausible myth.

DRIFT.

A TRAGEDY OF OLD LONDON BRIDGE.

THOSE who remember the rickety predecessor of that symmetrical and massive structure which now crosses the Thames between King William-street and the Borough, are not yet among our "oldest inhabitants." But only from the descriptions of chroniclers, and from quaint engravings, can we form a picture of the bridge as it stood in the middle ages—its twenty stone arches, built upon wooden piles, "compact and joined with vaults and cellars," as Stow tells us—its central drawbridge, its houses on either side, its chapel and terminal towers. The rude construction and contracted span of the arches so intensified the force of the

current as to render "shooting the bridge" by small boats a hazardous feat of skill at all times —a certain leap into destruction not unfrequently. The following translated record of an inquest upon one victim to the bad engineering of our ancestors may deepen the reader's gratitude to Rennie and Brunel.

The document is interesting in another way, as showing the pitch of elaboration at which our legal machinery had arrived in the reign of Henry the Fourth. The narrative of the circumstances hereunder detailed was held to be a piece of evidence essential to a proof of age put forward by Lord de Roos. The victim in question stood in no nearer relation to that young nobleman than godfather! It may be mentioned that the Thomas Chaucer who acted as coroner on the occasion was a son of the great poet.

"On Monday the first day of November in the eighth year of the reign of King Henry, after the Conquest the Fourth, Geoffrey Brook, and Nicholas Wotton, Sheriffs of the City of London, and Thomas Chaucer, Chief Butler and Chief Coroner of our Lord the King in the same City, were given to understand that one Sir Thomas Kempston, Knight, lay dead in the parish of All Saints, in the ward of Dowgate, London—that is to say, upon the wharf called Yerdeswharfe. And the same Sheriffs and Coroner, proceeding to the place aforesaid, found there the body of the aforesaid Thomas lying dead, of other than a natural death, as they were previously informed. Upon which view the aforesaid Sheriffs and Coroner caused to come before them twelve good and lawful men of the aforesaid ward and the three other nearest wards, according to the usage and custom of the City aforesaid, that is to say, by the oath, &c.

"And which Jurors say, that Thomas Kempston there lying dead, on Sunday, the last day of October, in the year abovesaid, at Powles Wharff, in the Ward of Castle Baynard, did enter into a certain boat there, with his servants, to be rowed towards the Tower of London, under the bridge of the City aforesaid. And at the time when the same Thomas was so rowed in the boat aforesaid with his servants, the current of the stream set strongly against them—Wherefore the attendants of the said boat, called botemen, told the same Thomas that they dared not row or steer the said boat under the aforesaid bridge, for dread of the said current, and the buffeting of the wind. And the same Thomas commanded them to steer him under the bridge aforesaid, on pain of losing their heads. And as the same attendants rowed the said boat under the said bridge—in spite of their teeth—it chanced that the said boat lurched towards one of the piles of the said bridge. And the said Thomas, thereby perceiving that he was in peril, put out his hand against the said pile—by means of which movement of his hand it befell that the said boat upset, and turned keel uppermost. And so the said Thomas and his servants were there submerged in the water—whereby the same Thomas being there submerged took his death. And the Jurors aforesaid further say that the same Thomas occasioned and was the cause of his aforesaid death."

CROSS ROADS.

They grew together in the old grey hall
Whose antique turrets pierced a heaven of leaves,
They ran together at one father's call,
And raised one prayer on calm religious eves.

Beauty was theirs in common, such as earth
Can rarely reckon in her fading things;
A glory lit their tears, and in their mirth
There seemed the music of translucent springs.

But Time, that holds the helm of circumstance,
And shapes the silent courses of the heart,
Shut up the volume of their young romance,
And cast their lives and actions far apart.

One sought the gilded world, and there became
A being fit to startle and surprise,
Till men caught up the echo of her name,
And fell beneath the magic of her eyes.

For some had perished in her stern neglect,
Fell on the sword of their own hope and died,
While she in triumph scornfully erect
Swept o'er their ashes with the skirts of pride.

And so, pursuing on from year to year
The cultivation of a cruel skill,
She reigned the despot of her hollow sphere,
And conquered hearts to break them at her will.

But now the other with a happier choice
Dwelt 'mong the breezes of her native fields,
Laughed with the brooks, and saw the flowers rejoice,
Brimm'd with all blessings that the summer yields.

Like sleep or peace, in dark afflictions place
She smoothed the furrows on the front of care,
Filled with the glory of a soothing face
The howling dens and caverns of despair.

And pure as morn sent forth her fair white hand,
Bearing a blessing on from door to door,
Till like a new-born light across the land
Her heart's large love went brightening evermore!

And when again their diverse earthly ways
At last, through time and circumstance, were crost,
One looking backward saw sweet tranquil days,
And one, a feverish lifetime sadly lost.

AMERICAN "SENSATIONS."

During my visit to America I lived through several "sensations." I arrived just as the "Japanese" sensation was dying reluctantly and sullenly out. I lived through "the Blondin" and "the Prince of Wales" sensations, and the "Wideawake sensation" was in full bloom before I set my foot on the gangway of my homeward-bound steamer.

But the sensation that immediately preceded my arrival in the new country was not "the Japanese" but "the Heenan." Telegraph wires were busy flashing across the continent, from the shores of the Hudson to the banks of the Rio Grande, exultations about the supposed victory of the American champion. The army of the Israelites could not have rolled and roared more hoarse triumph when David smote the giant of Gath, than did the people of New York at the news of this drawn battle. Every face in Wall-street brightened as

if shares were rising; the papers were full of violent and exaggerated versions of the international duel; Wilkes's paper (the Bell's Life of America) declared that American yachts had beaten English yachts, that American horses had out-trotted English horses, and that now an American prize-fighter had beaten an English pugilist. They went on to say that the English backers of Sayers, finding him defeated, had broken the ring and stopped the fight, and that in another round Sayers would have been (yes, sir) crushed by the uninjured Heenan. The New York Herald outcrowed them all; it took a higher stand on a loftier hill, commanding a wider view of life and humanity. It discussed the fight as a contest between the two nations, as a competitive comparison and struggle between the New and the Old World, between two rival races. At the end, after wonderful swoops of rhetoric, it described the English Lion as well whipped and slinking off with its tail between its legs. In vain I everywhere described Heenan as nearly blind and Sayers by no means exhausted, while at the same time I confessed Heenan's superiority from his youth and height. I might as well have tried to twist a rope out of cobwebs; I was set down as an intolerant Englishman, who would not admit an undoubted victory. And shortly afterwards, an exhibition opened in Broadway, of

"Heenan's Fighting-Boots.—Admission, Twenty-five Cents."

The boots were a "sensation," and drew wonderfully.

The "Japanese sensation," which had spread through New York like fire in a haystack, arose from the visit of the Japanese ambassadors to America. Portraits of those Tartar-eyed ambassadors stared from every shop. There were Sing-Song, and Ching-Chang, and Yang-Fou, and Fou-Yang, and, above all, "Little Tommy" the interpreter—the special ladies' man of the embassy—who was to open up Japan to American commerce. Their strange hats, their enormously wide sabres, their flowered silk robes, their many-soled shoes, were the talk and wonder of weeks. The shopkeepers advertised Japanese ribbons, Japanese sauces, Japanese cloaks, Japanese warming-pans, Japanese mouse-traps, and Japanese candy. The flock of sheep that in every nation constitutes the bulk of society, talked Japanese, ate and dreamed and thought of nothing but Japanese. The ambassadors, however, unfortunately were got hold of by some disreputable New York common-council men, who led them about, chose their friends, directed their amusements, and made their purchases; the result of which was, that their visit to New York ended with a ball that was so crowded with rowdies, prize-fighters, the fancy, and the disreputable, that no respectable person would remain in the rooms. It was, in fact, the talk and scandal of the whole of the codfish aristocracy, the upper crust oligarchy, and the upper ten thousand generally. Not that Sing-Song, Chow-Foo, and Co. in the least discovered their mistake, but believed that, guided by the cream of fashion and the flower of society, they had closed a brilliant diplomatic career by a tableau at once astonishing and dazzling to all New York. So, in unsavoury snuff, burnt out the great "Japanese sensation."

These sensations are epidemic; they run through the whole community, from abolitionist to slave-dealer. Some catch it slightly, others suffer from it cruelly; generally speaking, it is a short quick fever that burns rapidly through the community, is the dominant talk of the hour, and is then forgotten. Now, it is theatrical, and Rosencrantz Buster, the great tragedian, is coming back to the stage, and will appear next week at Niblo's Winter Garden in Broadway; then box-tickets are put up for auction, and people sneak and shuffle and entreat, all to get a seat. Now, it is an international dog-fight, and the papers write as if Abe Lincoln and Lord Palmerston were going to fight blindfold with rapier and dagger in a saw-pit, to decide which country should be subject to the other. We at home have our insanities, but I think the Americans run madder, and suffer oftener.

Sometimes in my travelling I came on the ashes of a "sensation," sometimes only on its mummy. I found in some cities stagnant exhibitions of extinct, obsolete, unsuccessful sensations—sensations that had not only missed winning the cup, but had now gone dead lame, and were fit for nothing but dogs'-meat. Among these I particularly remember at Philadelphia an aërial ship—a sort of flattened balloon, with paddles, flappers, and all sorts of absurd appendages, and which I really believe I saw in a London show-room as long ago as I could walk alone—it was still always threatening to "go up," and was as constantly postponing that intention, on account of the rapid advance of the "unusually early and inclement winter season."

Perhaps, not being much deeper in science than kaleidoscopes, and wonderful experiments with double sight after dinner parties, I am unjust in classing among mere "sensations" the wonderful "cigar-boat" of the rich German amateur ship-builders of Baltimore. This is now the current sensation of American merchants. It is the result, they say, of years of daring experiments, and is to effect a great revolution in the shape of vessels. It is called the "cigar-boat" because it is the exact shape of a long cigar—round, the deck narrow, the two ends pointed, the motive power (I believe) a screw, working, in some way, in the centre of the vessel, through which it revolves its blades. I was assured that the vessel had lately been tried in dirty weather, well out at sea, and that it proved "a regular ripper," totting off thirty miles an hour, with power to add to the number. It was gravely calculated that this cigar-boat could weather any storm, and that it would make the trip to England in about five days, or less. There was no motion on board, it shipped no seas, and my sensational informant calculated that its speed would pretty considerably astonish us Britishers.

An eager desire of improvement is one of the most hopeful and noble qualities of the American mind;-but, like all other virtues, it has its unripe and sour side. Out of the enormous number of patents registered every year in that noble building in Washington, "the Patent Office," a large proportion are for absurd and chimerical purposes. I will not declare that I have not seen patents for shelling peas and picking fowls. The great incitement to invention in America is the necessity of economising labour. Labourers are dear, because labourers are scarce. Hence the washing and mangling machines—the machines for paring apples and brushing clothes—the wheels and pulleys to draw corks, and to toast cheese.

At New York I was the spectator of an amusing instance of short-lived "sensation." One day when I went into William-street to see my friend, Mr. Ezra Doggerbank, a South American merchant, I found that amiable man, with his feet much higher than his head, rocking himself as if he were a sleepless baby, and reading the Daily Stinger.

"Well, I guess," said he, "you'd better go right off and pay your twenty-five cents to see this Frenchman kill himself in the Knickerbocker Gardens."

"Go and see a Frenchman kill himself! What do you mean, Mr. Doggerbank?" said I, innocent of my American friend's meaning.

The merchant then (biting his cigar as if it wanted to escape) proceeded to tell me that the Stinger announced that at two o'clock that day Monsieur Horace Goujat would ascend from the Knickerbocker Gardens in a thin paper balloon, filled with hot air—an experiment never made since the days of Mongolfier, the original inventor of the balloon. The Stinger then got quite learned (what a blessing to Stingers cheap encyclopædias are!), and gave a long jumbled list of horrible balloon accidents, and ended by entreating all its (the Stinger's) readers to go and venture their twenty-five cents, as there could be no doubt the brave Frenchman would perish in the attempt. Here the Stinger became classical, and quoted a line of Latin Delectus about the fate of Phaeton.

I left Mr. Doggerbank apparently trying to stand on his head in his rocking-chair, and at a distance looking as if he were balancing the mantelpiece on his toes, and hurried to the Knickerbocker Gardens—not from any morbid desire to see a hairbrained egotist throw away his life, but rather to observe how the New Yorkers would view the matter.

The street cars were full—there was a crowd setting in for the Gardens. I felt rather guilty in being one of them; but temporised with myself to the effect that my stopping away would not have hindered the performance, that I was a solitary stranger here, and was influencing no one by my example.

I pay my twenty-five cents at the wicket, receive my ticket, and pass on. The crowd is talking of the danger of the attempt.

"*Certain death*, mister," says a greasy-haired rowdy before me: licking his yellow lips, as a vulture would grind his beak.

I follow the crowd down a winding walk to a space towards which all the other shady walks seem to centre. I find under a horizontal rigging arranged for rope-dancing, a circular enclosure surrounded by a rude paling, round which some two or three hundred seedy readers of the Stinger are congregated. Inside the enclosure are two or three New York policemen in large flat shakos and blue frock-coats, the French aëronaut, and several assistants. The balloon itself, folded in flat square sections, depends from the rope line that stretches some forty feet overhead. It was constructed of that thin brown Manilla paper which tradesmen use for their finer parcels—not strong grocery paper. Below, within the circus, are a bottle, and a tub full of straw; and that large wicker washing-basket, says somebody, is the car.

A balloon of frail structure, the reader says to himself, but of course of equable texture, carefully looked over, and with all dangerous flaws patched up or strengthened?

Not a bit of it. Why the Frenchman, that little swarthy apish man in the shirt-sleeves and white trousers, is actually now, ten minutes before he ascends, standing on two boxes looking over the vast area of paper, and stopping flaws with patches of pasted paper! Already, in five minutes, I have seen him caulk a dozen holes, and any one of these would have cost him his life. The myrmidons with the rope, keep lowering it and raising the balloon as he alternately wants fresh folds to examine, or wishes removed what he has already inspected.

Now, this being nearly completed, the brass band march in and take their places with mechanical joyfulness and triumph. If the whole town council of New York were, in Japanese emulation, to perform The Happy Despatch before the very eyes of that brass band, I don't think it would rouse or excite that imperturbable body of performers.

Now, they have paid out yards and yards of those paper folds, and the balloon may be raised ready for inflation. Creek goes the rope, up rustle the bales of paper; now the air-ship is erect, and begins slowly to feel the wind breathing within it—now it slowly widens and dilates—now it shakes forth its loose reefs, and globes out.

There is a sort of unrestrainable murmur of approval given by us, as if the balloon were a voluntary agent, and had done a really clever thing. The Frenchman, who has been hitherto perfectly self-collected, but very bustling (as little people always seem to me chronicly to be), performs some preparatory experiments.

He produces some paper balloons; to one of them he ties a small tin tray full of spirits of wine. This he lights, and, swift as a bubble in a long champagne-glass, up goes the little fire-ship. Away over the tall trees it skims, far, far away to the south, burning tranquilly like a floating beacon in the wind-swept blue. Another buzz; the fire balloon has behaved most creditably, and

deserves applause. Gay precursor of suicide! Notable pioneer of death! But why lingers the Frenchman? Have we not all paid our twenty-five cents to see him die, and does the Gaul dare to hesitate?

No; he is but sending up another pioneer balloon to see which way the wind blows. It is all safe; the wind blows in from the Hudson towards the land. He will not be carried to sea, so the Atlantic will have one victim the less. His course will be inland. Some tree-top will then catch him, or he will beat out his brains against some warehouse roof.

The wind is high, but it blows the right way. It is rather late in the year for balloon experiments, somebody in the crowd says, regretfully; but if the breeze does not quicken, it is still a reasonably good day for an ascent.

Now, the Frenchman runs about in the ring like a newly-caught mouse in a cage-trap, and prepares for the great moment. The balloon sways and bellies in the wind; it strains, and drags, and struggles, like a greyhound pulling at a leash; it is eager to rise into its own element; it disdains the earth, for it was made for the air alone.

Now, under the open neck of it, the Frenchman and his partners drag the barrel of straw, and close at hand the wicker car is placed, with its long cords ready to be attached. Excitement becomes painfully intense. The assistants drag at the foot ropes that hold the swaying balloon still tied fast at the top to the rope-dancer's horizontal cord. The Frenchman, with a light, disappears inside the balloon, the neck of which is placed over the orifice of the tub which contains the lighted straw. The hot air from this straw will inflate the balloon, and render it as buoyant as gas. When full, the orifice will be tied up and the car attached. What is to become of the French Icarus when the heated air escapes? I find no one who can inform me; but the American rowdy has no thought of the future or the past; he lives entirely in the present.

The balloon fills fast, its paper sides grow tense, the ropes are taut; it will be in three minutes, somebody says, fit to cork up. Even the smiling policemen are now busy in a brotherly way, hauling or tugging on detentive ropes. Suddenly, from inside the tent comes the voice of the agitated Frenchman: "Fire! fire! get to me some water! Vite, vite, water! give me!"

Instantly an over-zealous policeman dashes a pail of water over the part of the balloon nearest to him, and it breaks through like blotting-paper.

There is an angry laugh in the crowd, as if the whole thing were a trick. The Frenchman emerges, pale, stern, and frightened, and sets to work with paste and paper to patch up the large area of damaged surface. He explains that the inside of the balloon was not on fire, but that it was so heated that he feared it would ignite, upon which he called out "water," and the policeman, thinking it was on fire, instead of handing in the water, dashed it on the outside paper.

But the people are not satisfied.

"He never meant to go up at all," says one.

"Thunder!" says another, "if I haven't a good mind to go in and squash the darned bladder altogether."

"Let's sail in," says an ugly customer, who seems inclined to join in a row.

In vain the band struck up, for at that moment some rascal cut the rope, and down came fifty feet of paper in a rustling avalanche on the Frenchman and his loquacious assistants. Then a hearty laugh broke from the crowd, and all their anger melted in a moment.

I really pitied the poor French Belphegor, as, heedless of the crowd's anger, he knelt over the hill of torn wet smoky paper, trying to drag it into shape, and still patch it up for departure into space. Never was a man more vexed and hurt at Providence for not being allowed to throw his poor little life away.

But one of his assistants, a lean blackleg-looking man, will not let the moment of good humour pass again into anger.

"Money, money," cry several voices.

The lean man leaps upon a table (an American is always ready to make a public speech, even if he has only got one listener, and that listener stone deaf):

"Fellow-citizens! I guess you are all right-down disappointed at this balloon not going up. I can assure you no one is more disappointed than this brave bully boy, my friend Monsoo Goujat, who has a bet of seven hundred dollars depending on this very ascent; but the wind is too high, I tell you, fellow-citizens, and this accident now will prevent the ascent this afternoon. It will be necessary to cover the lower ten feet of the balloon with canvas or some uninflammable substance. But don't you listen, fellow-citizens, to anything any one says, for this bully boy would go up now if we would let him; but we won't—no, siree—we won't."

(Frenchman stamped and made a gesture of impatience and unsubdued will.)

"The ascent will, therefore, take place on this same spot (weather permitting) next Wednesday, at two o'clock, and Monsoo Goujat, to convince you of the certainty of that ascent, will order your money to be returned to you at the gate, where those who wish it may receive instead, tickets for admission next Wednesday." (Cheers.)

I suppose the weather did not permit, for I looked in Wednesday's Stinger and saw no mention of the paper balloon. I left for England soon after, so do not know whether my resolute French friend, Monsieur Icarus, ever ventured upon his daring flight.

Election or Bunkum speeches are a large class of American sensations. They are spoken in the House of Representatives, or on the Mississippi wharf, while the steam-boat is stopping for passengers. They are full of the most extravagant metaphors and the most startling oddities. I cannot refrain from quoting one of the best I ever read—a speech ac-

tually delivered in serious earnest, and on an important question, too—General Riley's speech, in the Missouri House of Representatives, February 8, 1861. It will show how utterly unlike are the ideas of oratory in England and America:

After a long and heated discussion on the reference of a bill amending the charter of the City of Carondelet to a standing Committee of the House,

Mr. Riley obtained the floor, and addressed the House:

Mr. Speaker,—Everybody is a pitching into this matter like toad frogs into a willow swamp, on a lovely evening in the balmy month of June, when the mellow light of the full moon fills with a delicious flood the thin, ethereal atmospheric air. [Applause.] Sir, I want to put in a word, or perhaps a word and half.

There seems to be a disposition to fight. I say, if there is any fighting to be done, come on with your corn-cobs and lightning-bugs! [Applause.]

Now, there has been a great deal of bombast here to-day. I call it bombast from "Alpha" to "Omega." Sir, the question to refer, is a great and magnificent question. It is the all-absorbing question—like a sponge, Sir—a large unmeasurable sponge, of globe shape, in a small tumbler of water—it sucks up everything. Sir, the debate has assumed a latitudinosity. We have had a little black-jack buncombe, a little two-bit buncombe, bombast buncombe, bung-hole buncombe, and the devil and his grandmother knows what other kind of buncombe. [Laughter.]

Why, Sir, just give some of 'em a little Southern soap and a little Northern water, and quicker than a hound pup can lick a skillet they will make enough buncombe-lather to wash the golden flock that roams abroad the azure meads of heaven. [Cheers and laughter.] I allude to the starry firmament.

The Speaker.—The gentleman is out of order. He must confine himself to the question.

Mr. Riley.—I'll stick to the text as close as a pitch plaster to a pine plank, or a lean pig to a hot jam rock. [Cries of "Go on!" "You'll do!"]

I want to say to these carboniferous gentlemen, these igneous individuals, these detonating demonstrators, these pereginuous volcanoes, come on with your combustibles! If I don't——well, I'll suck the Gulf of Mexico through a goose quill. [Laughter and applause.] Perhaps you think I am diminutive tubers and sparse in the mundane elevation. In the language of the noble bard—

"I was not born in a thicket
To be scared by a cricket." [Applause.]

Sir, we have lost our proper position. Our proper position is to the zenith and nadir—our heads to the one, our heels to the other, at right angle with the horizon, spanded by that azure arc of the lustrous firmament, bright with the corruscations of innumerable constellations, and proud as a speckled stud-horse on a county-court day. [Cheers.]

"But how have the mighty fallen!" in the language of the poet Silversmith. We have lost our proper position. We have assumed a sloshindicular or a diagonological position. And what is the cause? Echo answers, "Buncombe," Sir, "Buncombe." The people have fed on buncombe, while a lot of spavined, ringboned, hamstrung, wind-galled, swine-eyed, split-hoofed, distempered, poll-eviled, pot-bellied politicians have had their noses in the public crib until there ain't fodder enough left to make a gruel for a sick grasshopper. [Cheers and laughter.]

Sir, do they think they can stuff such buncombe down our craw? No, Sir; you might as well try to stuff butter in a wild cat with a hot awl. [Continued laughter.] The thing can't be done.

The public grindstone is a great institution, Sir—yes, Sir, a great institution—one of the greatest, perhaps, that ever rose, reigned, or fell. But, Sir, there is too much private cutlery ground. The thing won't pay. Occasionally a big axe is brought to be fixed up, ostensibly for the purpose of hewing down the gnarled trunks of error and clearing out the brushwood of ignorance and folly that obstruct the public highway of progress. The machine whirls; the axe is applied. The lookers-on are enchanted with the brilliant sparks elicited. The tool is polished, keenly edged; and, while the public stare in gaping expectancy of seeing the road cleared, the implement is slyly taken off to improve the private acres of some "faithful friend of the people." What is the result? The obstructions remain unmoved. The people curse because the car lags—or, if it does move, 'tis at the expense of a broken wheel and jaded and sore-backed team. I tell you the thing won't pay. The time will come when the nasal promontories of these disinterested grinders will be put to the stone, instead of their hardware. [Applause.] I am mighty afraid the machine is a going to stop. The grease is giving out thundering fast. It is beginning to creak on its axis. Gentlemen, it is my private opinion, confidentially expressed, that all the "grit" is pretty near worn off. [Applause.]

Mr. Speaker, you must excuse me for my latitudinosity and circumlocutoriness. My old blunderbuss scatters amazingly, but if anybody gets peppered, it ain't my fault if they are in the way.

Sir, these candadical, supersquirtical, mahogany-faced gentry—what do they know about the blessings of freedom? About as much, Sir, as a toad-frog does of high glory. Do they think they can escape me? I'll follow them through pandemonium and high water! [Cheers and laughter.]

These are the ones that have got our liberty-pole off its perpendicularity. 'Tis they who would rend the stars and stripes—that noble flag, the blood of our revolutionary fathers embalmed in its red. The purity of the cause for which they died—denoted by the white and blue—the freedom they attained, like the azure air that wraps their native hills and lingers on their lovely plains. [Cheers.] The high bird of liberty sits perched on the topmost branch, but there is no secession salt on his glorious tail. I fear he will no more spread his noble pinions to soar beyond the azure regions of the boreal pole. But let not Missouri pull the last feather from his sheltering wing, to plume a shaft to pierce his noble breast; or, what is the same, make a pen to sign a secession ordinance. [Applause.] Also, poor bird, if they drive you from the branches of the hemlock of the North, and the palmetto of the South, come over to the gum-tree of the West, and we will protect your noble birdship, while water grows and grass runs. [Immense applause.] Mr. Speaker, I subside for the present.

Now, this speech, extracted from the New York Tribune of only a month ago, was not meant as a joke; it was a serious impassioned speech, coloured with that peculiar tone of exaggerated humour which has become naturalised in America. But it was addressed to simple people of no very great education, who understood the Rabelaisque jargon. Only the other day, at one of the local Houses of Representatives, an ex-member was brought a glass of egg-nogg, in

which he drank the health of the House. Then somebody got up and proposed "glasses round," and a third speaker rose to know if this was a private or a general treat? Of course, this all seems very shocking to gentlemen of classical education, who merely crow like cocks to silence obnoxious speakers.

When the Prince of Wales was a "sensation," the American papers went into the most absurd particulars of his wardrobe, wrote leaders on what number of gloves he wore, and lamented his too general use of "aërated drinks" (soda-water is not common in America), and which they described as so baleful to the English aristocracy. The papers swarmed with this sort of paragraph:

The rumour, circulated with very bad taste, that the Prince danced at Cincinnati with Miss Susan Denin, and waltzed at Boston with Mrs. Florence, is a rosy fiction, as is the sequel of those ladies having next day received a handsome present from some mysterious hand.

There was a story in one of the comic papers, of a rich New York merchant at the great city ball pulling the Prince from a pretty nameless girl and introducing him to his wife, a vulgar Irish giantess, with these words: "Say, perhaps your lordship would like to dance with Mrs. S——; she's a most agreeable partner, and she's got twenty thousand dollars' worth of jewellery on her."

The Chicago Zouaves were the last "volunteer sensation" in my time. The young men met, talked of nothing but the elastic vigour of the Zouaves, their endurance, their tiger-cat leaps, their gymnastic courage, their steel and leather limbs, and their powers of bearing fatigue.

I do not know how long this "sensation" would have lasted had not the "Blondin" sensation suddenly cancelled and superseded it. The papers had a new topic. They now daily discussed Blondin's dress and diet, the birthplace of his great-grandfather, the causes that led him to mount the rope, and the various vows and resolutions he had made as to future feats.

ON TAILS.

In one form or another, the tail is a member of universal, or almost universal, occurrence throughout the whole range of animated existence. If we leave out the lower families of living forms embraced in the radiated and molluscan types, and in the insects—for the thread-like appendages resembling pine leaves which some of the latter have are not true tails—we find this protean member playing a most active and conspicuous part in almost every animal, be it mammal, bird, fish, or reptile. Nor is the part it plays conspicuous and active only: it is often highly ornamental, often highly useful, often a feature of the first necessity. It has great physiognomical expression, and seems to have been considered an essential feature of the animal frame; for in multitudes of instances we find it preserved in animals, such as the tortoise and pig, to which, as far as we can discern, it is neither ornamental nor useful. Some physiologists even recognise the rudiments of a tail in the coccygeal vertebræ of the human race; just as in the so-called wingless birds, the wing-bones are found to exist in an undeveloped state. Indeed, we are not without accounts of the existence of tailed negroes in Eastern Africa; but the wearers of these appendages have not been produced as yet.

Some form of tail has existed through all the ages with which geological investigation has made us acquainted. The ancient trilobites had often caudal spines and pointed appendages, as has the modern limuli, which are among their nearest analogues. The "old-fashioned fishes" of the subcarboniferous rocks had tails, as well as their modern representatives, though of a somewhat peculiar type, the vertebral column being prolonged into the upper lobe of the tail, which was longer than the lower. This "heterocercal" form was the prevailing style in which tails were worn until after the period of the Oolite, that misty mid-region of the geological dark ages, after which tails of the "homocercal," or equally-lobed, form came into vogue, and are now almost the universal rule. Thus we see that a peculiar form of this member becomes a characteristic of geological time, and has a significance not unworthy of the attention bestowed on it by Agassiz.

But passing over for the present the scientific value and practical use of the tail, let us regard first its capacity and character for ornament and physiognomical expression, taking, as the example most familiar, the tail of the horse.

The grace and dignity of this form of the tail, as well as the peculiar beauty of its material, have procured for it a partial exemption from the contempt which has fallen on most of its family. From the remotest antiquity it has been borne as a standard before armies, and alike from the turban of the sheik and the helmet of the cuirassier "has braved, a thousand years, the battle and the breeze." The tail of the ostrich has been no more universal ornament for the head of the fair than the tail of the horse has been for the head of the brave. In this capacity it has flaunted from the pyramids of Egypt to the minarets of Lucknow, and at this day dangles beside the beards and moustaches of tough troopers of every clime. The Ottoman soldier hopes for no higher dignity than the pachalic, which entitles him to be preceded in ceremonious procession by three such official emblems; and among the trophies which hang high in the Invalides of Paris and the arsenal of Venice, are horse-tail standards captured in desperate battle with Turk or Algerine.

Somewhat disguised by artificial curlings, the horse's tail has long covered the head of the judge on the bench, and, in the wig of the Chancellor, added dignity to the debates of the most august of senates. From these high callings it has to some extent fallen when its material forms the covering of furniture how-

ever costly, or, when furtively plucked from its native spot by schoolboy fingers, it is turned into the juvenile angler's line—though the latter use we deem not ignoble when we remember how highly prized was our horse-hair tackle of old, first in the inventory of all our property, and mourned, when lost on a log in the bottom of an eddying trout stream, with our sincerest sorrow. Nor is it to be thought degraded—rather the reverse—when, bound to the magic bow of a Paganini or an Ole Bull, it

> Untwisteth all the cords that tie
> The hidden soul of harmony;

or, when drawn by fairy fingers with nimble needle through silken fabrics, it has formed embroidery which any lady might covet. The horse's tail, in short, has attained in many ways to more honour than sits on the hair of most heads.

To appreciate, however, its perfection in its native ornamental capacity, look at the horse as nature made him and gentlemen ride him, and then as jockeys transform him, and livery-stable keepers let him on hire. All grace vanished, the waving line of beauty destroyed, the docked and set-up tail of the hack is eloquent of his degradation. What the moustaches and imperial of the snob are when compared with the beard of Jupiter or Moses, is the bob-tail of the horse driven by a snob in Rotten-row, when compared with the waving switch of the barb ridden by the descendant of Ishmael on the shores of the Red Sea. A character remarks in one of Sir Bulwer Lytton's novels, that whenever a lady has to choose a horse, she always selects a horse with the longest tail.

Look, now, at another variety of the tail—that which appertains to the lordly lion. Not altogether unlike is it to those of the bovine family, inasmuch as it is a bare, tapering, vertebral prolongation, with a tuft at the tip. The tail of the ox, when a hundred are whisking at once over the backs of a dense drove, has a somewhat picturesque air; and the same member, when lashing the brindled flanks of the square-browed leader of the herd, rises into decided dignity. So Childe Harold saw him at the bull-fight in Seville:

> Here—there—he turns his threatening front to suit
> His first attack, wide waving to and fro
> His angry tail—red rolls his eye's dilated glow.

Yet the tail of the lion has a quiet self-possession and dignity in its motion, which make it a fit sceptre for the monarch of the desert. Whether trailing in the sand as its illustrious predecessor crouches in ambush for the giraffe, or streaming meteor-like on the troubled air in the deadly bound, it is ever the tail of a lion, fit companion for the mane and talons, broad front and powerful muscles, with which it is associated.

And how different in air and character are the tails of the less noble feline races! Regard those of the leopard or tiger, those long, cylindrical, snaky rolls of fur, pliant, twisting, coiling; so fitly associated with half-mild, half-ferocious casts of features, and peering diagonal eyes, and, equally with these, evincing to the physiognomist a nature formed for treasons, stratagems, and spoils, and expressing cruelty, foppishness, and insincerity.

In the most familiar of the feline races we can observe the expression of the tail change as its owner outgrows its early innocence and develops it treacherous and cattish nature. Notice the tail of the nursling kitten, before the blood of mice has reddened its incipient whiskers. There is no deceit nor malice in it; it is carried about honestly, bolt-upright, rigid, or oscillating in a paroxysm of fun. As the kitten becomes a cat, the tail changes; it lengthens and limbers, droops and bends, until, as the mature puss sneaks round the chicken-coop, or prowls in the larder, its air and motions betray all the guile of her nature. In the veteran mouser it varies as content or passion bears sway. Purring in your lap, puss waves it coquettishly or droops it in drowsy satisfaction. But the same tail, when its proprietor is cornered by your terrier, becomes a thick club on which each particular hair stands on end as if electrified with anger.

In significance, however, all tails yield to that of the dog. Endless in its variety, from the sweeping train of the Newfoundlander to the long naked whip of the greyhound, or the stiff wisp of the terrier, its expressive curves and motions ever harmonise with its owner's feelings, from the brisk, animated flourish of the setter, as the gun is taken a-field, to the miserable droop or reversed curve of the beaten hound. Living illustrations worthy of study are to be found in every street. Hardly any two canine extremities alike, or any one which presents the same character and expression for five minutes together.

Among the families of birds, every child will select the peacock as the glorified exemplar of ornamental tail. Nothing certainly can be more splendid than this gorgeous circle of green and gold, though it is not really a tail, but a train of long feathers growing from the back, the true tail being beneath, and serving only as a support to this overshadowing splendour. The kindred tribes of pheasants and turkeys, however, display a similar though plainer show, made of true tail-feathers. The bird of paradise, the willow-finch, the domestic cock, and many other examples may be readily called to mind, showing how far both the grace of form and the beauty of plumage are dependent on this part of the organisation of birds.

But enough of tails in their ornamental and expressive aspect: let us turn to their practical use, and look at the part they play in the animal economy. In this some caution is necessary, lest we adopt some of the romantic fictions which have found their way into grave treatises of natural history, some with so much colour of truth as to make the separation of fact and falsehood as difficult as was the task of Niebuhr in deciding on the credibility of early Roman history.

We may, in the exercise of this discrimination, reject the story how the fox makes of his tail a

fishing-rod and line, though it be told circumstantially and on the authority of a bishop—the learned Pontoppidan—of Norway. He narrates how Reynard places himself on a stone at the edge of a fiord, and drops his bushy tail in the shallow brine. To it are attracted the crabs which prowl among the pebbles and seaweed, and, as they fasten their claws in his hair, the cunning animal, by a sudden reversal of his position, casts them out upon dry land, and makes a capital breakfast.

Another narrative, which originated with Dampier, and has the sanction of many repetitions, we may brand as untrustworthy, while we tell it for its excellence as an invention. When certain monkeys of South America come, in their woodland migrations, to a river too wide to be taken at a leap, they seek a point where two tall trees stand on the opposite banks. Round the overhanging bough of one the stoutest monkey coils his tail, and, thereby pendent, head downward, grasps in his paws the tail of monkey number two. The latter does the same by monkey number three, and so on, till a pendent chain is formed, when they begin to swing in longer and longer sweeps until the final monkey can catch, when at the end of his arc of motion, a projecting limb of the opposite tree. Then he climbs up until he has a good point d'appui, and, monkey number one letting go his hold of the first tree, the chain swings across, and all scramble up each other in reversed order, and go on their way rejoicing.

We should also at least suspend giving full credence to the story how the rat makes of his wiry appendix, on special occasions, a draught-chain or tow-line. Yet we are assured that once, in Scotland, a thrifty laird, finding his store of eggs diminish, watched to see how the thieves could carry them away. He saw three rats go together to the pile of eggs, when, one turning on his back, the others rolled an egg upon him, which he clasped safely to his bosom, and his companions, taking his tail carefully in their mouths, started off like a team drawing a sledge, and disappeared behind some barrels which were the outer fortifications of their castle.

Another story of rats' tails is more credible, hovering on the verge between myth and sober verity. This time it was a Frenchman, whose oil wasted unaccountably, although the narrow neck of his flask had seemed a sufficient security against depredation. By a course of espionage like that of the Scotchman, he detected the rats lowering their tails alternately into the flask, and drawing them up covered with the luscious fluid, which each in turn offered to his friend.

Leaving the skirts of fable-land, we find enough of incontrovertible uses to which tails are put. The fish's tail is his propeller, by which the pike or the albacore darts like an arrow through the water, and the salmon ascends the fall. By its power the breaching whale throws his huge bulk of a hundred tons clear out from the brine, to fall in a surge and splash of foam, visible from the whaler's deck at five miles' distance; and, by its powerful strokes, the same creature, when struck by the harpoon, dashes off through the billows ten knots an hour, drawing after him the boats filled with his persecutors, half-drowned in spray. The sword-fish attains by its use the velocity which has, in repeated instances, driven his blade through the copper and thick planking deep into the ship's hold. The "propeller," as adapted to our vessels, is nothing but a fish's tail, applied, for mechanical convenience, with a rotary instead of a reciprocating motion, just as a man, not able easily to put under his railway-engine a set of legs moving alternately like his own, modifies the plan, and resorts to the contrivance of an indefinite number of legs radiating from an axle instead of a hip-joint, and, by rotating it, brings them down successively in front of each other, so that his machine walks or runs along very well.

We have already mentioned the peculiar arrangement of the tails of the old red-sandstone and carboniferous fishes—an arrangement perpetuated in our day only in a few existing instances, such as the shark; though some others, such as the gar or bony pike, which have a nearly symmetrical tail when adult, have an unequal or "heterocercal" one while young—an arrangement which seems to show an analogy between the general progress of created forms and the successive stages in life of the growing individual—of which, whoso would know more, let him subscribe to Agassiz's new work, and learn.

The form of fishes' tails are adapted to the general forms of their owners, and suited for the attainment of greater or less speed. The cat-fish and other sluggish swimmers have obtuse rounded tails. The swifter fishes, such as the mackerel or shark, have the tail prolonged into pointed lobes, "so that the area of the surface of the tail is in the inverse ratio of the distance from its axis of motion—the figure which may be considered best adapted for great velocity of progression." So say the learned. And an entirely analogous feature may be observed in the wings, which are the propelling organs of birds. The slow and heavy-flying kinds, like the gallinaceous tribe, having short and rounded wings, while those of swift and long-continued flight, as the swallows, gulls, and petrels, have long and pointed wings. Experiments, suggested by such observations, seem to show that pointed, instead of broad and rectangular, paddles would give greater velocity to steam-boats, were not their use practically inconvenient.

The lobster-like crustacea also make their tails instruments of progression, or rather, we should say, of retrogression, for they flap them violently forward under the body, and dart backwards from the reaction of the stroke with an arrow-like velocity, surprising to those who, seeing these animals only on land, deem them sluggish in their movements.

The swimming reptiles also make the tail their main instrument of progression—at least,

those which have tails of serviceable size. The marine lizards of the Galapagos, or Encantada Islands, when they swim, fold their legs close to their sides, and move by lateral oscillations of the tail. So does the alligator—so does the iguana, when he takes the water—and so does the snake when driven from the bank, converting almost his whole length into one laterally-moving propeller. This traditional enemy of our race is not, however, as a little girl of our acquaintance once remarked of a garter snake, "all tail," but is distinctly separable into head, neck, and body also; and anatomists have, in some species, detected even rudimentary legs.

The tail of the alligator and that of the shark, also, are, upon suitable occasions, convertible into offensive weapons of no small power; and, on their capture, it is advisable to secure or disable, as soon as possible, this powerful flail, which sweeps everything before it. Perhaps it was of such instances that Milton had heard, when he wrote in his Hymn on the Nativity, how

> The old dragon under ground,
> In closer limits bound,
> Not half so far casts his accustomed sway;
> And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,
> Swindges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

Here we see the despised member is not quite unmentionable by writers of some standing. We might quote more from the same authority of

> Typhon huge ending in snaky twine,

or of the

> Serpent, standing on his rear,
> Circular base of rising folds, that towered
> A surging maze;

or, from an older poem still—how Behemoth "moveth his tail like a cedar," as well as many another allusion, were it necessary still further to dignify our subject. But we believe it to be needless.

Before leaving the consideration of the tail as an offensive weapon, we may refer to the sting-ray or trygon, which bears a sharp and serrated spine midway upon its tail, which can inflict a severe wound on its incautious captor. The virulent weapons borne by scorpions and other insects at their hinder extremities are not properly to be cited as illustrations of our subject; for these spiteful appendages are only situated caudally, not tails in themselves, and differ merely in location from the similar and more deadly weapons borne by venomous serpents in their jaws, and by centipedes on one of their front pairs of feet.

Birds put their tails to more uses than one. Not to recur to their ornamental capacity, noticed in speaking of the peacock and pheasant, we may look at them in their guiding function, as rudders to steer the bird in its rapid flight. That they serve this purpose is undeniable; for, if the reader will do as we did once (we admit that it was in boyish mischief, and not in scientific investigation), and pull out a pigeon's terminal feathers, his uncertain and staggering flight will at once prove that he has lost a controlling member. In further proof of this it may be remarked that, while birds of rapid and well-controlled flight—such as the falcons and swallows—have tails of very useful dimensions, the tribes which make little or no use of their wings have no tail of any consequence. Instances of this are seen in the penguins, grebes, and loons, among aquatic birds, and the struthious tribes among terrestrial forms. The ostrich, with its feeble wings, has but a tuft of soft plumes as a caudal ornament; and the apteryx of New Zealand, in which the wings are merely rudimentary and only detected on close scrutiny, has no tail at all.

In some birds, the tail forms a sort of third limb or support, so that the bird is practically a tripod. So it is with the woodpecker, who holds tight to the tree with his claws, while his tail feathers, braced against the bark below, keep him from falling backward or slipping down, and support him most comfortably and conveniently in his erect position. If you examine his tail-feathers, you will find them worn to sharp points by friction; and the same is true of those of the chimney-swallow, who clings in the same manner to the rough sides of his native flue.

Among quadrupeds, the kangaroo seems to make use of his tail in an analogous way, as he sits erect and views the land around him. More than this, it has been reported that this member, which, with him, is very stout and muscular, aids very much in his flying leaps, and that, if deprived of its assistance, his bounds are awkward and much diminished in length. But for the truth of this allegation we will not be answerable.

Other quadrupeds find their tails exceedingly convenient in various ways. When a boy, we were told how the squirrel used his as a blanket on retiring for the night. There is an authentic instance of this kind in the great ant-eater of Guiana, who regularly covers himself with the bushiest of tails, when he curls up to sleep. His smaller relative, the lesser ant-eater, makes a different use of his. It is long and prehensile, "and," says an accurate authority, "when the creature is about to sleep, it hides its muzzle in the fur of its breast, and, letting its fore-feet hang down on each side, wraps the whole tightly round with its tail." And a very snug arrangement too.

Many monkeys use their tails in the same manner, and it is most convenient to them as a fifth prehensile limb, by which they swing and dangle merrily "under the blossom that hangs from the bough." A better arrangement for a fruit-picking animal cannot be imagined; and it is by a simple exaggeration of this power that the very good story of their suspension-bridges already mentioned has been made.

We count for a fable the story how the beaver makes of his flattened and scaly tail a sledge whereon to drag little burdens, and a trowel wherewith to temper and plaster the mud mortar of his dams, and the walls of his little Venice. Yet we believe its peculiar form is not without some object, and that it, as well as the hori-

zontally flattened tail of the ornithorhynchus, and the vertically flattened tail of the musk-rat, has some use in its owner's subaqueous excursions, either in the way of propeller or rudder.

Of all traditional tails, none has occupied so much attention as the Tail of the Author of Mischief. Painters have always represented him with a dorsal appendage, more or less barbed. In one of the prints to a Dutch translation of Bunyan's Holy War, the manner in which his tailor is represented as accommodating it is ingenious. He is never supposed to be proud of it, except in Porson's Devil's Walk:

And over the hill and over the dale
He walked, and over the plain:
And backwards and forwards he switched his long tail
As a gentleman switches his cane.

But though poets and painters agree as to the devil's peculiar ornament, and though many sinners and still more saints have seen it (we now quote the celebrated Portuguese preacher Vieyra), it is not so generally known how he came by his tail: it grew at his fall, as an outward and visible token that he had lost the rank of an angel, and was fallen to the level of a brute.

WANDERING WORDS.

Changeable and uncertain creatures are words; always roaming about from country to country, disguised under all sorts of masks; hiding their origin with as much jealous care as if they were ashamed of their parentage, and making a world of confusion in every literature where they have smuggled themselves, like contraband goods conveyed across the frontier. In those very last two lines see what a tangle of tongues and original meanings! Confusion—a melting together; literature — the substantive form of letters; smuggle—from the Danes or Swedes, used anciently also for secret flatteries and caresses; contraband—against the ban or edict; convey—to go or journey with; voyage—also from the same root; and frontier—from the Latin, through the French, the brow or foremost line. Analyse, that is dissolve or resolve, each word back to its original form, and instead of the sharp, compact, concrete result which now embodies a complex idea in a single word, we should have long pages of loose-lying particles, among which the mind would slip and stumble, as the feet among the shingle. Compact concrete: are not these preferable to join together and grown together, their actual meanings? If, then, instead of this cohesion we were to go back to the unknit particles and express ourselves in many words instead of one, we should come to strange explanations—some very graphic, others very bewildering. We should call an adjective a word cast to another; an interjection a word cast in among the rest; a verb would be *the* word; and an adverb something tacked on to the word: if we extracted anything, we should touch or handle it again; if we spoke of our religion, it would of the being bound or tied again; of our absolution, as being loosed from: we should not lament our tribulations, but would speak of being like corn thrashed from the husks, from tribulation, the original of this picture word; instead of being desultory, we should jump from one thing to the other, de salto, by leaps; and our caprices would be only goat-likenesses in their sudden bounding from point to point; simplicity would be without fold, duplicity with two folds; a carbuncle would be a little live coal; Florida would be the flowery land; the Morea, the mulberry-leaf shaped; Port Natal, port discovered on Christmas-day; Madeira, the wooded; and Sicily, in its ancient form of Trinacria, the three-cornered. The rugged form of Mont de Pilate would lose its awful legend and come down to be merely Mons pileatus, the hatted hill, because of the eternal cloud upon its summit. Stipulation would go back to the old emblem of two people, when entering on an agreement, breaking a straw between them; a fortune and a ruin would not be dilapidated but unstoned; and allegiance would be only the act of being tied to anything. Language would not gain much by this dissolving or analysing process, though some of the lost or forgotten meanings are better than the present compound forms; as, that obedience means literally the lowering or abasing of oneself; astonished, thunder struck; that passion means suffering, as indeed it is; mankind, men kinned or related; transport, the being carried out of ourselves; and rapture the being snatched away. That sierra is literally a saw; a miser, a wretch; that labour and wickedness have the same Greek root—how wicked some of us must be! that a libertine is simply a freethinker, or free man, and a lewd person was only one of the laity. Going on, we find that idiot meant originally a private or unofficial man; a roué one broken on the wheel—coming first to represent a libertine in the times of the Orleans Regency, when the Duc d'Orleans gathered round him such a set of profligates and scamps, that he was used to say they all deserved to be broken alive on the wheel; to debauch is to déboucher, the mouth—of uncertain application; to dapple, is to spot like an apple or pippin; the alligator is el lagerta, *the* lizard; dischevilled, déchevelé, dehaired; to encroach is to hook a thing on to another, from croc, a crook—whence crooked, and the old words crokes for hooks, and acroke, crooked; also croquettes, the charming little saucy girls called now accroche-cœurs, or hook-hearts. Why should we say adjourn, and not to the next day? bruited abroad, and not noised abroad? parasol, and not sun warder? umbrella, which, by-the-by, is ombrelle, a little shade—and not (paraphine) rain warder? How did quelque chose ever become converted into kickshaws; and étiquette, or the ticket, be made to mean the proprieties of life? That the Franks would have stamped their nature on an adjective meaning, specially what is most ingenuous and candid, is as much an ethnological and historical fact as it is a matter of etymology (what terribly hard words we get into when we tread on the heels of any science!). But, turning to religious matters, few people remember that

angel was originally a messenger; that a martyr is a witness; an apostle, one sent; and an advocate, one who speaks to or for: that a pagan was one who dwelt in towns; and a heathen, according to some, a dweller in the country or on heaths, according to others, and more probably, one of the idolatrous Danes from Hœdreland. A divine was of the school and manner of learning of Dems Scotus, the great hair splitter of his time. Mammetry and mammet, old words for idol worship, and dolls, toys, or idols, were only corruptions of Mahomet, and Mahometry. The leopard was the lion-pard, and the camel-leopard the camel-lion-pard. Cambric took its name from Cambray, where that special fabric was originally manufactured; crape from Cyprus; diaper from Ypres; damask from Damascus, as also damson, or Damascene plum; dimity from Damietta; cordwain, or cordovan, from Cordova, where the best leather was made, whence cordwainer or cordonnier, shoemaker; the biggen, a certain kind of cap, was taken from the Béguines, who first wore it; the cravat from the Croats, or Crabats, as they were called; muslin came from Moussul; calico from Calicut; padusoy was Padua soy, or silk; a mantua-maker, the maker of a certain court gown called a mantua, and fashionable at the city of that name, hence mantles; a milliner was a Milaner, or Milanese worker, famous for their taste and skill in making ladies' head-dresses. Hurricane is the Anglicised version of ouragan, storm; the curfew was couvre-feu, put out the lights; and thrall and thraldom come from the custom of thrilling or drilling the ears of slaves in token of their servitude. But this is questionable. Those last examples bring us to the time of the Normans and Saxons, and here we find, perhaps, the most interesting studies of all to us as Englishmen. To trace back our Latin derivatives to their original or ethical meanings is pleasant enough, but to map out the exact line of the Conquest, and trace back by words the precise kind and amount of influence exercised by the invaders, helps us on in our history as well as in our knowledge of language, and clears up the question of races as well as of roots. It is a help to us to know that the two most important and virile parts of speech, the noun and adverb, are for the most part Saxon; the adjective and adverb for the most part Norman, or French-Latin, save in the simpler and more expressive examples. Also, that "almost all words relating to agriculture and to handicraft trades, as well as the names of cattle in the field, and the implements of husbandry, are Saxon; while words relating to skilled warfare, as well as the names of animals when cooked and served at table, are of Norman-French origin. The word 'agriculture' indeed is of Latin derivation, but we have the Saxon word 'husbandry' signifying the same thing; while tillage, ploughing, sowing, reaping, thrashing, winnowing, mowing, and harvest, are all Saxon words, as are also the plough, the spade, the rake, the scythe, the reaping-hook; with grass, hay, straw, meadow, field, barn, corn, wheat, oats, barley, and many others." The cattle in the field were Saxon: turned into food and prepared for table they were Norman. So long as they were objects of care and servile tending they belonged to the conquered, when they were matters of refinement and enjoyment they came to the conquerors. Cow became beef, sheep mutton, a calf was veal, and deer venison, swine was euphuised into pork, and the generic name of poultry massed all the ruder terms of cock and hen, and duck and chicken, and the like, into a polite whole. Fowl, volaille, also comes from the same source, say some; others, that it is from the Saxon fugel, or Danish fuyl. Bacon is good Saxon: from buken, the beech-tree; Saxon pigs being chiefly fed on beech mast, as are their German relations to this day. All the days of the week are Saxon; all the months are Latin; three of the seasons—spring, summer, winter—are Saxon, but autumn, which ought to be harvest-time, is French; the peasantry, however, for the most part, vindicate our native tongue and speak of the season as harvest-time only; while the Americans, borrowing their image from their forests, not their lands, call it by the singularly beautiful name of Fall. Fall for the forest, harvest for the field; how much more significant and expressive than the mere arbitrary sign of Autumn! It is always said that almanack is from an Arabic word, signifying calendar or day tables, but Dean Hoare gives us what seems a much better and more likely derivation. "The ancient Saxons," he says, "kept a note of the course of the year on square sticks, on which they carved the course of the moons of the whole year, by which they knew when the new moons, full moons, and changes would occur, as also their festival days; and such a carved stick they called almonaght, that is, all-moon-heed, by which they took heed or regard of all the moons in the year." They counted time by nights, and ages by seasons; as se'nnight, seven nights; fortnight, or, as anciently, fortènyght, fourteen nights; and that they were so many winters old. The names of most handicraft trades are Saxon, as smith, one who smiteth—given to all trades where the hammer was used; bricklayer, stone-cutter, waller, cartwright, and shipwright, shoemaker, and others; carpenter, French, was originally wood-smith, and tailor, also French, was originally synder, meaning a cutter. The present German is schneider, which is not so far out; and to sunder comes from the same root. The native rough-hewn material for handicraft trades was also Saxon; as leather, wood, brick, stone, slate, gold, silver, lead, glass, cloth, &c., but war and warlike nomenclature went to the Norman, save the weapons in use before the conquest—sword, shield, spear, bow, bolt, or arrow, and axe. But while general and lieutenant, captain, soldier—the paid man—infantry and cavalry came from the French, the sturdy yeomen, or yewmen, retained their Saxon name and office; as did the seafaring man, the fleet, and the skippers. Indeed, most of the naval terms are Saxon, in curious contradistinction to the military. There has always been a marked

opposition between the two services, and we come now to the origin of it: the one belonged to the aristocratic, or ruling power; the other, to the people; and was lovingly held and upheld by the people: and the same distinction stands good to the present day, though, of course, in a highly modified sense. All those uncouth sounding sea-names are Saxon: luff, and thwart, and starboard, and larboard, and abaft, and yards, as originally used for poles, neap and full tides which ebb and flow, reefed sails, vessels taken in tow, a tug, and how many knots she goes, the yard manned, and the ship trimmed, with a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together at the slack rope, which is to be made taut—they are all as pure as time and transition will allow. So are the skippers and the midshipman, the cockswain, the boatswain, the steward, and the steersman, the sailor by himself, and the crew altogether. So are the words speaking of home and family. Home, and homestead, the place of home, are Saxon; and husband is only contrasted from house or hus-band, while wife, and some say women, is wif-man, or woof-man, in contrast to wœp-man or weapon man: words which signified the fighter and the worker, as now the Indian brave and squaw. Spinster is from spinner, as we all know; and women did not marry until they had spun a certain amount of linen cloth for their bridal finding. Step-father is but the sted-father, the father in place of; foster is foodster, the provider of food—the foster-mother, the food-mother; daughter is deore, whence our dear; bairn, is the born; and father and mother, and son and daughter, and brother and sister, and child and bairn, are all right honest native speech, with never the echo of a foreign tongue among them. Lord, is laford, or lea-ford, the provider of bread; and lady, is leaf-dian, the dispenser of bread; for loaf is leaf, or laf; the king is cun, or cyn, valiant; and queen is the contraction of cuningina, the feminine of cun; steward was stedward, the holder of the place, and holdward, was the keeper of the hold, or castle; and in time they came to Steward, Stuart, and Howard, as the tabard or herald's coat got down to Talbot. Warder was guar-dian, the Normans always changing w into g, as Gualles, Wales; Corngualles, Cornwall; guerre, war; constable was the king's stable or support; and the lord high constable was the king's first minister; a modern constable is the queen's support, and is better named than when he was catchpole. Gossip, is good Saxon; meaning god-sib, or god-relations, to show the spiritual kinship of the god-father and god-mother. The importance of this god-sib, or god-kinship, was so thoroughly understood, that two people who had stood in that relation to each other by the christening cradle of a new bairn, could not marry, being now spiritually brother and sister. From this word, god-sib, came our gossip, once used for cummer, co-mère, fellow mother, but now taken only to represent light and idle talk; for Dean Hoare says, "as the gossips, especially the two god-mothers of a girl, were accustomed to meet at the house of their god-child and have a little chat together, all trivial talking came to be called 'gossiping.'" Titter used to mean love-making, or courtship; hence tittering, silly whispering, according to the manner of lovers from Eve downward. And by-the-by, silly is a corruption of seeliz, blessed, by gradual steps brought down to mean foolish-ness, not blessedness, though often used for simplicity and innocence.

The origin of girl is uncertain: some take it from garrula, talkative, as we should say a chat-ter-box, because all young girls are chatter-boxes, chartered so by nature; and others say it is a contraction of gerula, low Latin for a young creature of what people call the "fair sex." The laity may judge between the two, and perhaps be equally out in both. England, too, is a word of uncertain origination. Some say because of its angles, some because of its narrowness, eng meaning narrowness or strait-ness; but Marryat tells us that eng in Danish means meadow, and that England more likely stood for meadow land than for anything else, narrow, angular, or angelic. The word mob came into use in the time of Charles the Second, when the members of the Green Ribbon Club used it as contraction for mobile vulgus, as we to-day say bus, and cab, and sham. Heaven is that which is leaved or heaven up; wrong is the perfect participle of to wring, or wrest; the brunt of a battle is the heat of a battle, for brunt and brent are burnt, but brant is steep; thus Brentwood is burnt wood, but Brantwood is the steep wood. A shire is a thing shired or shared off the rest; thus shire, shore, share, shear, shred, sherd, potsherd, all come from the same root; and a knight of the shire—in early Saxon, cnyht—was one admitted to serve his county in parliament. For knight or cnyht meant originally servant or follower, as did knave, this meaning also a boy; villain was a peasant, boor a farmer, varlet a serving-man, menial one of the many or household, church a strong fellow, minion a favourite, and lout, now an awkward clown, was a graceful bow or obei-sance. Knights louted low when they were dubbed or struck. Imp was the child of a noble or royal house; Spenser calls the Muses, "Ye sacred imps, that on Parnasso dwell," and on some of the old tombstones may be read, "Here lies that noble imp," if death had claimed a youngling. Fourier would indorse this interchange of idea; see his classification of Diablotins and the rest.

To worry comes from a Saxon word signify-ing to choke, wherefore dogs worry sheep when they strangle them; bran-new is brand-new, fire-new, fresh from the forge or furnace; spick-and-span new, shining new from the warehouse, for spang was shining—hence spangle—and spick was a warehouse; a book was buckon, the offspring of the beech-tree, because the Saxons used to write on thin slips of beech before they came to the knowledge of paper; twine was two threads, twist that which was twiced or doubled. Whit-Sunday is Weid-

Sunday, or Holy Sunday, and Easter was from Oster-monat, or East-wind month, as April was called before it got christened by the Latin term of Opening; fret means to eat or devour, wherefore moths fret or eat garments, and a man is fretted or devoured by his troubles. To-day and to-night we all know, and to-morrow was to-morning, to keep them company; friend was from frian, to love, fiend from fian, to hate; gospel is good spell or good story; twilight is twin or two lights; a haw is real Saxon for a ditch, hence a haw-haw fence, and the haw thorn, or ditch thorn, the thorn planted on the top of the haw or ditch. Craven is a coward, craving or begging for his life; a sheaf was in the beginning a bundle of arrows tied round the middle, and a wheat-sheaf was so called because of its resemblance in form. Sheffield was not the field of sheff, but sheaf-held, for it was always famous for its cutlery, and took as its arms four arrows held as in a sheaf. Bell and to bellow, signify roarer and to roar; heal is to cover; health is that which is covered or healed; hell is the covered or unseen place, and the hull of a ship comes from the same root; the earth is from erean, to plough, and the hearth was so called after the great Saxon mother earth; dearth is dere, to injure; mazed is mad; tidy timely; lad is a man-child under the leading of his parents, his sister was laddess, now clipt down to lass. Bode is a house, an abiding-place; and came to be the body, the house or abiding-place of the soul; and each member of the body has a special significance, as neck from niccan, to bend, whence also knee, and knuckle, the little knee of the finger. The worm came from werpen, to move in curved lines, and werpen is our warp, and the moldy warp is the mole, or mould-warper. The spider is a spinner; moth is the contraction of an unpronounceable verb which signified to eat; the snail and the snake are both born of sniccan, to creep, as is also sneaking; a slug is slow, so is a sluggard; a gnat is from nætan, to sting; lobster from loppe, to leap; and crab from creopan, to crawl; wassail was was-heal, be of good health, and was the initiatory bowl, and carouse was garouz, all out, and no heel-taps. Another derivation brings this from the Irish crowse or karrows, lively, jolly.

Coward is a vexed question: some say from cow-herd, fit only to herd cows, others from the Latin cauda, through the Italian codardo and the French couard, as one would say tailed, or with his tail between his legs; collar is collier, the necker; biscuit the twice baked; courier is the runner; costard an apple, whence costard-monger, apple-merchant; a river is that which rives or tears its banks; and a cutler is a coutelière, from couteau, a knife. Haberdasher is wrapped in profound mystery—habt ihr das, or avoir d'acheter, both given as the sponsors of this uncouth word; to meshis from the German meischen, to mix; to maunder is maudire, to curse, speak ill, mutter; mortar is a mortière, a killer; mortress, a plate of meat pounded in a mortar; salt-cellar is the salière, the salter or salt-holder; parlour is the speaking-place, boudoir the pouting-place, a drawing-room the withdrawing-room—an English dictionary has it under the unintelligible sign of Zeticula; merry-andrew was one Andrew Borde, in the time of Henry the Eighth, who first vended his wares in public, and who ever since has given his name to a certain class of buffoons; Madge Howlet is from machette, an owl; statues were once called dances; daube was a particular way of dressing veal; mic-mac is old French for all kinds of messments and intrigues; mean, low, vulgar, comes from the Saxon gemæne, common; mean, the midst, from the Latin medium, through the French moyen. Maim is from the old French word maheigner, to hurt or lame; bedes-man is a prayer-man, bede standing for beads or prayers; and bond-man is a bound man, which then went into bondy, as simpleton: with good reason, none but simpletons being content to remain bound. The original meaning of bride was to cherish; the bridegroom was the servant of the bride—for the wedding-day only; the original meaning of buxom was to bend, then it went to mean a flexible, jolly woman; cock-a-hoop was coq-à-hupe, a crested cock, and cock apparel was *quelque* apparel; a barley cake was a bannock, is so yet, and an oat cake was a jannock; basiate, osculate, basse, and buss, all were used for our homely pleasant kiss; a crotchet is a little hook; a dicket is a key; coint or quaint comes from the French, and bequeath is from the Saxon *quith*, a wish or will. The crier's O yes! O yes! O yes! comes from the oyez! oyez! oyez! with which the Norman courts were opened; limbo is from limbus, the edge or border, so limbo was placed just on the confines of hell; ait is real Saxon for a small island clothed with osiers; royal is real or true; and the San Graal, or holy graal, which all the Sir Galahads of the middle ages went mooning over Europe to find, was properly the sang real, or true blood of the Saviour, which got corrupted with the mysterious holy graal or grail. Another strange instance of corruption is in Taudry lace. It was originally Saint Audry's lace, a certain kind of fine silk necklace, such as the scrofulous-necked saint was accustomed to wear round her throat, "and being afterward," says Southey, "tormented with violent pains in her neck, was wont to say that God in his mercy had thus punished her, and the fiery heat and redness of the swelling which she endured was to atone for her former pride and vanity. Probably she wore this lace to conceal the scrofulous appearance, and from this, when it was afterwards worn as an ornament which was common and not costly, the word taudry may have been taken to designate any kind of coarse and vulgar finery."

Touching names, there are curious meanings at the back of some. Audry, for instance, is the same as Ethelreda, and Ethelreda is noble in council, or noble speaker; Edmund is the mouth of truth; Edward and Edgar a keeper of his word; Gertrude is all truth; Margaret is a

pearl; Susanna a lily; Esther a star; Drusilla is dewy eyes; Dousabel is douce et belle; Leonard is a lion's heart; Lancelot a little lance; Bernard is a bear's heart; Richard a rich heart; Everard a boar's heart; Lambert a lamb's heart; Godhart a good heart; Manhard, or Harman, a man's heart; and Gerard is all heart. William is Gild-helme, gilt helmet; and Walter is a woodman; Winfred and Winoufreda win peace; Wilfred willed peace; Sigismond is the mouth of victory; and Raymond is rein mund, pure mouth; Matilda is a maiden champion; Hugh is joy or gladness; Humphrey—of old, Humfrid, or Homefred—is home peace; Henry is have wealth; Godfrey, or Geoffrey, is good peace; Alfred, all peace; Frederic, rich in peace; Francis is free; and Lanfranc, free of the land. Stephen is a crown; Charles was once Gar-edel, all noble; Leopold is keeper of peace or love, from leof, now changed to love, and hold, to keep; Christopher Columbus is the Christ-bearer Dove. All the Beaus are beautiful, as Beauchamp, Beauchief, Beaulieu, in some instances changed to Bewdley and Bewley. But "Nabuchodonosor" is the most marvellously treated. According to Southey, "he was exposed when an infant under a tree; a she-goat gave him suck, and an owl hooted at noonday from the boughs above; this unusual noise attracted the notice of a leper who was passing by: he turned aside to the tree, saw the child, and preserved him, and in memory of these circumstances named him Nabuchodonosor; Nabug signifying in Chaldee an owl, codo a she-goat, and nosor a leper." The Capuchin monks were a certain body of Franciscans, who wore a peculiar hood or capuchon; the Carmelites were instituted at Mount Carmel; the Cistercians were the monks of Citeaux; and the Lollards are doubtful, being derived either from lollen, to chant, from lolium, tares among the wheat, and from a possible but problematical Loller, assumed to be a now forgotten but then influential founder or member of the sect. It is very common to make a man's name into a significant emblem, and Loller may have been as real a person as Luther, Calvin, Brown, or Irving, as Burke, Macadam, Joseph Manton, Volta, or Galvani.

But the oddest things of all are to be found in the dictionaries. Why they are all kept there no one knows; but what man in his senses would use such words as zythepsary for a brew-house, and zumologist for a brewer; would talk of a stormy day as procellous and himself as madefied; of his long-legged son as increasing in procerity but sadly marcid, of having met with much procacity from such a one; of a bore as a macrologist; of an aged horse as macrobiolic; of important business as moliminous, and his daughter's necklace as moniliform; of some one's talk as meracious, and lament his last night's nimiety of wine at that dapatical feast, whence he was taken by ereption? Open the dictionary at any page, and you will come on a whole host of these words; simple Greek and Latin with sometimes an Anglicised termination, and sometimes not, as the introducer and user thought fit. Now, these few specimens are apt illustrations of the truths that to add to a language is not always to enrich it, that simplicity and strength are generally identical, that diversity of terms is not subtilty of expression, and that to be able to call the same thing by two names is only a cumbersome addition and no real enhancement to literature. But it is an advantage to have distinct terms for the finest shades of thought and feeling; and the famous Greek aorists which puzzle every schoolboy, and the famous Greek particles which drive schoolmen to despair, and the German philosophical abstractions drawn up from the very depths of thought, making such infinite play for the casuist, and the grand German compounds which chisel out a whole figure by a single stroke, are all true enrichments; while Johnson's heavy Latinisms are ponderous, not strong, being of that diseased growth which weakens life while it increases bulk. The terser and more concrete a language the better; the fewer the words in which one's meaning may be expressed the more forcible the style. Horne Tooke calls the interjection "the brutish inarticulate interjection, which has nothing to do with speech, and is only the miserable refuge of the speechless;" and so with all other wrappings and artifices by which a small thought is made to appear of size and weight, and the same image is multiplied by simply being held in various lights. People talk of being weakened and debilitated, of bleaching white, of a bellicose warrior, of being struck dumb and mute with ire and rage; but they do not remember, perhaps they do not always know, that they are but doubling their words, and using two languages instead of one. As a rule, the more Saxon we use and the less Latin, the more forcible, certainly the more simple and manly, our style; above all things, it is well to avoid double epithets which, analysed, mean the same thing, and so only crowd the page without enriching the thought or lightening up the meaning. One word is better than two words in all cases; and a Latin leash which shall bind together two or three or four Saxon particles is to be taken in preference to leaving those particles for the reader to break his shins over as he wanders down the page, stumbling over the disjointed native boulders.

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GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

I WAS three-and-twenty years of age. Not another word had I heard to enlighten me on the subject of my expectations, and my twenty-third birthday was a week gone. We had left Barnard's Inn more than a year, and lived in the Temple. Our chambers were in Garden-court, down by the river.

Mr. Pocket and I had for some time parted company as to our original relations, though we continued on the best terms. Notwithstanding my inability to settle to anything—which I hope arose out of the restless and incomplete tenure on which I held my means—I had a taste for reading, and read regularly so many hours a day. That matter of Herbert's was still progressing, and everything with me was as I have brought it down to the close of the last chapter.

Business had taken Herbert on a journey to Marseilles. I was alone, and had a dull sense of being alone. Dispirited and anxious, long hoping that to-morrow or next week would clear my way, and long disappointed, I sadly missed the cheerful face and ready response of my friend.

It was wretched weather; stormy and wet, stormy and wet; and mud, mud, mud, deep in all the streets. Day after day, a vast heavy veil had been driving over London from the East, and it drove still, as if in the East there were an Eternity of cloud and wind. So furious had been the gusts, that high buildings in town had had the lead stripped off their roofs; and in the country, trees had been torn up, and sails of windmills carried away; and gloomy accounts had come in from the coast, of shipwreck and death. Violent blasts of rain had accompanied these rages of wind, and the day just closed as I sat down to read had been the worst of all.

Alterations have been made in that part of the Temple since that time, and it has not now so lonely a character as it had then, nor is it so exposed to the river. We lived at the top of the last house, and the wind rushing up the river shook the house that night, like discharges of cannon, or breakings of a sea. When the rain came with it and dashed against the windows, I thought, raising my eyes to them as they rocked, that I might have fancied myself in a storm-beaten lighthouse. Occasionally, the smoke came rolling down the chimney as though it could not bear to go out into such a night; and when I set the doors open and looked down the staircase, the staircase lamps were blown out; and when I shaded my face with my hands and looked through the black windows (opening them ever so little, was out of the question in the teeth of such wind and rain) I saw that the lamps in the court were blown out, and that the lamps on the bridges and the shore were shuddering, and that the coal fires in barges on the river were being carried away before the wind like red-hot splashes in the rain.

I read with my watch upon the table, purposing to close my book at eleven o'clock. As I shut it, Saint Paul's, and all the many church-clocks in the City—some leading, some accompanying, some following—struck that hour. The sound was curiously flawed by the wind; and I was listening, and thinking how the wind assailed it and tore it, when I heard a footstep on the stair.

What nervous folly made me start, and awfully connect it with the footstep of my dead sister, matters not. It was past in a moment, and I listened again, and heard the footstep stumble in coming on. Remembering then that the staircase-lights were blown out, I took up my reading-lamp and went out to the stair-head. Whoever was below had stopped on seeing my lamp, for all was quiet.

"There is some one down there, is there not?" I called out, looking down.

"Yes," said a voice from the darkness beneath.

"What floor do you want?"

"The top. Mr. Pip."

"That is my name.—There is nothing the matter?"

"Nothing the matter," returned the voice. And the man came on.

I stood with my lamp held out over the stair-rail, and he slowly came within its light. It was a shaded lamp, to shine upon a book, and its circle of light was very contracted; so that he was in it for a mere instant, and then out of it. In the instant, I had seen a face that was strange to me, looking up with an incomprehensible air of being touched and pleased by the sight of me.

Moving the lamp as the man moved, I made out that he was substantially dressed, but

roughly: like a voyager by sea. That he had long iron grey hair. That his age was about sixty. That he was a muscular man, strong on his legs, and that he was browned and hardened by exposure to weather. As he ascended the last stair or two, and the light of my lamp included us both, I saw, with a stupid kind of amazement, that he was holding out both his hands to me.

"Pray what is your business?" I asked him.

"My business?" he repeated, pausing. "Ah! Yes. I will explain my business, by your leave."

"Do you wish to come in?"

"Yes," he replied; "I wish to come in, Master."

I had asked him the question inhospitably enough, for I resented the sort of bright and gratified recognition that still shone in his face. I resented it, because it seemed to imply that he expected me to respond to it. But I took him into the room I had just left, and, having set the lamp on the table, asked him as civilly as I could, to explain himself.

He looked about him with the strangest air—an air of wondering pleasure, as if he had some part in the things he admired—and he pulled off a rough outer coat, and his hat. Then I saw that his head was furrowed and bald, and that the long iron grey hair grew only on its sides. But I saw nothing that in the least explained him. On the contrary, I saw him next moment, once more holding out both his hands to me.

"What do you mean?" said I, half suspecting him to be mad.

He stopped in his looking at me, and slowly rubbed his right hand over his head. "It's disapinting to a man," he said, in a coarse broken voice, "arter having looked for'ard so distant and come so fur; but you're not to blame for that—neither on us is to blame for that. I'll speak in half a minute. Give me half a minute, please."

He sat down in a chair that stood before the fire, and covered his forehead with his large brown veinous hands. I looked at him attentively then, and recoiled a little from him; but I did not know him.

"There's no one nigh," said he, looking over his shoulder; "is there?"

"Why do you, a stranger coming into my rooms at this time of the night, ask that question?" said I.

"You're a game one," he returned, shaking his head at me with a deliberate affection, at once most unintelligible and most exasperating; "I'm glad you've grow'd up, a game one! But don't catch hold of me. You'd be sorry arterwards to have done it."

I relinquished the intention he had detected, for I knew him! Even yet, I could not recal a single feature, but I knew him! If the wind and the rain had driven away the intervening years, had scattered all the intervening objects, had swept us to the churchyard where we first stood face to face on such different levels, I could not have known my convict more distinctly than I knew him now, as he sat in the chair before the fire. No need to take a file from his pocket and show it to me; no need to take the handkerchief from his neck and twist it round his head; no need to hug himself with both his arms, and take a shivering turn across the room, looking back at me for recognition. I knew him before he gave me one of those aids, though, a moment before, I had not been conscious of remotely suspecting his identity.

He came back to where I stood, and again held out both his hands. Not knowing what to do—for, in my astonishment I had lost my self-possession—I reluctantly gave him my hands. He grasped them heartily, raised them to his lips, kissed them, and still held them.

"You acted noble, my boy," said he. "Noble, Pip! And I have never forgot it!"

At a change in his manner as if he were even going to embrace me, I laid a hand upon his breast and put him away.

"Stay!" said I. "Keep off! If you are grateful to me for what I did when I was a little child, I hope you have shown your gratitude by mending your way of life. If you have come here to thank me, it was not necessary. Still, however you have found me out, there must be something good in the feeling that has brought you here, and I will not repulse you; but surely you must understand that—I——"

My attention was so attracted by the singularity of his fixed look at me, that the words died away on my tongue.

"You was a saying," he observed, when we had confronted one another in silence, "that surely I must understand. What, surely must I understand?"

"That I cannot wish to renew that chance intercourse with you of long ago, under these different circumstances. I am glad to believe you have repented and recovered yourself. I am glad to tell you so. I am glad that, thinking I deserve to be thanked, you have come to thank me. But our ways are different ways, none the less. You are wet, and you look weary. Will you drink something before you go?"

He had replaced his neckerchief loosely, and had stood, keenly observant of me, biting a long end of it. "I think," he answered, still with the end at his mouth and still observant of me, "that I *will* drink (I thank you) afore I go."

There was a tray ready on a side-table. I brought it to the table near the fire, and asked him what he would have? He touched one of the bottles without looking at it or speaking, and I made him some hot rum-and-water. I tried to keep my hand steady while I did so, but his look at me as he leaned back in his chair with the long draggled end of his neckerchief between his teeth—evidently forgotten—made my hand very difficult to master. When at last I put the glass to him, I saw with new amazement that his eyes were full of tears.

Up to this time I had remained standing, not to disguise that I wished him gone. But I was

softened by the softened aspect of the man, and felt a touch of reproach. "I hope," said I, hurriedly putting something into a glass for myself, and drawing a chair to the table, "that you will not think I spoke harshly to you just now. I had no intention of doing it, and I am sorry for it if I did. I wish you well, and happy!"

As I put my glass to my lips, he glanced with surprise at the end of his neckerchief, dropping from his mouth when he opened it, and stretched out his hand. I gave him mine, and then he drank, and drew his sleeve across his eyes and forehead.

"How are you living?" I asked him.

"I've been a sheep-farmer, stock-breeder, other trades besides, away in the new world," said he; "many a thousand miles of stormy water off from this."

"I hope you have done well?"

"I've done wonderful well. There's others went out alonger me as has done well too, but no man has done nigh as well as me. I'm famous for it."

"I am glad to hear it."

"I hope to hear you say so, my dear boy."

Without stopping to try to understand those words or the tone in which they were spoken, I turned off to a point that had just come into my mind.

"Have you ever seen a messenger you once sent to me," I inquired, "since he undertook that trust?"

"Never set eyes upon him. I warn't likely to it."

"He came faithfully, and he brought me the two one-pound notes. I was a poor boy then, as you know, and to a poor boy they were a little fortune. But, like you, I have done well since, and you must let me pay them back. You can put them to some other poor boy's use." I took out my purse.

He watched me as I laid my purse upon the table and opened it, and he watched me as I separated two one-pound notes from its contents. They were clean and new, and I spread them out and handed them over to him. Still watching me, he laid them one upon the other, folded them long-wise, gave them a twist, set fire to them at the lamp, and dropped the ashes into the tray.

"May I make so bold," he said then, with a smile that was like a frown, and with a frown that was like a smile, "as ask you *how* you have done well, since you and me was out on them lone shivering marshes?"

"How?"

"Ah!"

He emptied his glass, got up, and stood at the side of the fire, with his heavy brown hand on the mantelshelf. He put a foot up to the bars, to dry and warm it, and the wet boot began to steam; but he neither looked at it, nor at the fire, but steadily looked at me. It was only now that I began to tremble.

When my lips had parted and had shaped some words that were without sound, I forced myself to tell him (though I could not do it distinctly), that I had been chosen to succeed to some property.

"Might a mere warmint ask what property?" said he.

I faltered, "I don't know."

"Might a mere warmint ask whose property?" said he.

I faltered again, "I don't know."

"Could I make a guess, I wonder," said the Convict, "at your income since you come of age! As to the first figure now. Five?"

With my heart beating like a heavy hammer of disordered action, I rose out of my chair, and stood with my hand upon the back of it, looking wildly at him.

"Concerning a guardian," he went on. "There ought to have been some guardian, or such-like, while you was a minor. Some lawyer, maybe. As to the first letter of that lawyer's name now. Would it be J?"

All the truth of my position came flashing on me; and its disappointments, dangers, disgraces, consequences of all kinds, rushed in in such a multitude that I was borne down by them and had to struggle for every breath I drew.

"Put it," he resumed, "as the employer of that lawyer whose name begun with a J, and might be Jaggers—put it as he had come over sea to Portsmouth, and had landed there, and had wanted to come on to you. 'However, you have found me out,' you says just now. Well! However did I find you out? Why, I wrote from Portsmouth to a person in London, for particulars of your address. That person's name? Why, Wemmick."

I could not have spoken one word, though it had been to save my life. I stood, with a hand on the chair-back and a hand on my breast, where I seemed to be suffocating—I stood so, looking wildly at him, until I grasped at the chair, when the room began to surge and turn. He caught me, drew me to the sofa, put me up against the cushions, and bent on one knee before me: bringing the face that I now well remembered, and that I shuddered at, very near to mine.

"Yes, Pip, dear boy, I've made a gentleman on you! It's me wot has done it! I swore that time, sure as ever I earned a guinea, that guinea should go to you. I swore arterwards, sure as ever I spec'lated and got rich, you should get rich. I lived rough, that you should live smooth; I worked hard, that you should be above work. What odds, dear boy? Do I tell it, fur you to feel a obligation? Not a bit. I tell it, fur you to know as that there hunted dunghill dog wot you kep life in, got his head so high that he could make a gentleman—and, Pip, you're him!"

The abhorrence in which I held the man, the dread I had of him, the repugnance with which I shrank from him, could not have been exceeded if he had been some terrible beast.

"Look'ee here, Pip. I'm your second father. You're my son—more to me nor any son. I've put away money, only for you to spend. When

I was a hired-out shepherd in a solitary hut, not seeing no faces but faces of sheep till I half forgot wot men's and women's faces wos like, I see yourn. I drops my knife many a time in that hut when I was a eating my dinner or my supper, and I says, 'Here's the boy again, a looking at me whiles I eats and drinks!' I see you there, a many times, as plain as ever I see you on them misty marshes. 'Lord strike me dead!' I says each time—and I goes out in the air to say it under the open heavens—'but wot, if I gets liberty and money, I'll make that boy a gentleman!' And I done it. Why, look at you, dear boy! Look at these here lodgings o' yourn, fit for a lord! A lord? Ah! You shall show money with lords for wagers, and beat 'em!"

In his heat and triumph, and in his knowledge that I had been nearly fainting, he did not remark on my reception of all this. It was the one grain of relief I had.

"Look'ee here!" he went on, taking my watch out of my pocket, and turning towards him a ring on my finger, while I recoiled from his touch as if he had been a snake, "a gold 'un and a beauty; *that's* a gentleman's, I hope! A diamond, all set round with rubies; *that's* a gentleman's, I hope! Look at your linen; fine and beautiful! Look at your clothes; better ain't to be got! And your books too," turning his eyes round the room, "mounting up, on their shelves, by hundreds! And you read 'em; don't you? I see you'd been a reading of 'em when I come in. Ha, ha, ha! You shall read 'em to me, dear boy! And if they're in foreign languages wot I don't understand, I shall be just as proud as if I did."

Again he took both my hands and put them to his lips, while my blood ran cold within me.

"Don't you mind talking, Pip," said he, after again drawing his sleeve over his eyes and forehead, as the click came in his throat which I well remembered—and he was all the more horrible to me that he was so much in earnest; "you can't do better nor keep quiet, dear boy. You ain't looked slowly forward to this as I have; you wosn't prepared for this, as I wos. But didn't you never think it might be me?"

"O no, no, no," I returned. "Never, never!"

"Well, you see it *wos* me, and single-handed. Never a soul in it but my own self and Mr. Jaggers."

"Was there no one else?" I asked.

"No," said he, with a glance of surprise; "who else should there be? And, dear boy, how good-looking you have growed! There's bright eyes somewheres—eh? Isn't there bright eyes somewheres, wot you love the thoughts on?"

O Estella, Estella!

"They shall be yourn, dear boy, if money can buy 'em. Not that a gentleman like you, so well set up as you, can't win 'em off of his own game; but money shall back you! Let me finish wot I was a telling you, dear boy. From that there hut and that there hiring-out, I got money left me by my master (which died, and had been the same as me), and got my liberty and went for myself. In every single thing I went for, I went for you. 'Lord strike a blight upon it,' I says, wotever it was I went for, 'if it ain't for him!' It all prospered wonderful. As I giv' you to understand just now, I'm famous for it. It was the money left me, and the gains of the first few year wot I sent home to Mr. Jaggers—all for you—when he first come arter you, agreeable to my letter."

O, that he had never come! That he had left me at the forge—far from contented, yet, by comparison, happy!

"And then, dear boy, it was a recompense to me, look'ee here, to know in secret that I was making a gentleman. The blood horses of them colonists might fling up the dust over me as I was walking; what do I say? I says to myself, 'I'm making a better gentleman nor ever *you'll* be!' When one of 'em says to another, 'He was a convict, a few year ago, and is a ignorant common fellow now, for all he's lucky,' what do I say? I says to myself, 'If I ain't a gentleman, nor yet ain't got no learning, I'm the owner of such. All on you owns stock and land; which on you owns a brought-up London gentleman?' This way I kep' myself a going. And this way I held steady afore my mind that I would for certain come one day and see my boy, and make myself known to him, on his own ground."

He laid his hand on my shoulder. I shuddered at the thought that for anything I knew, his hand might be stained with blood.

"It warn't easy, Pip, for me to leave them parts, nor yet it warn't safe. But I held to it, and the harder it was, the stronger I held, for I was determined, and my mind firm made up. At last I done it. Dear boy, I done it!"

I tried to collect my thoughts, but I was stunned. Throughout, I had seemed to myself to attend more to the wind and rain than to him; even now, I could not separate his voice from those voices, though those were loud and his was silent.

"Where will you put me?" he asked, presently. "I must be put somewheres, dear boy."

"To sleep?" said I.

"Yes. And to sleep long and sound," he answered; "for I've been sea-tossed and sea-washed, months and months."

"My friend and companion," said I, rising from the sofa, "is absent; you must have his room."

"He won't come back to-morrow; will he?"

"No," said I, answering almost mechanically, in spite of my utmost efforts; "not to-morrow."

"Because look'ee here, dear boy," he said, dropping his voice, and laying a long finger on my breast in an impressive manner, "caution is necessary."

"How do you mean? Caution?"

"By G—, it's Death!"

"What's death?"

"I was sent for life. It's death to come back. There's been overmuch coming back of late years, and I should of a certainty be hanged if took."

Nothing was needed but this; the wretched man, after loading wretched me with his gold and silver chains for years, had risked his life to come to me, and I held it there in my keeping! If I had loved him instead of abhorring him; if I had been attracted to him by the strongest admiration and affection, instead of shrinking from him with the strongest repugnance; it could have been no worse. On the contrary, it would have been better, for his preservation would then have naturally and tenderly addressed my heart.

My first care was to close the shutters, so that no light might be seen from without, and then to close and make fast the doors. While I did so, he stood at the table drinking rum and eating biscuit; and when I saw him thus engaged, I saw my convict on the marshes at his meal again. It almost seemed to me as if he must stoop down presently, to file at his leg.

When I had gone into Herbert's room, and had shut off any other communication between it and the staircase than through the room in which our conversation had been held, I asked him if he would go to bed? He said yes, but asked me for some of my "gentleman's linen" to put on in the morning. I brought it out, and laid it ready for him, and my blood again ran cold when he again took me by both hands to give me good night.

I got away from him, without knowing how I did it, and mended the fire in the room where we had been together, and sat down by it, afraid to go to bed. For an hour or more, I remained too stunned to think, and it was not until I began to think, that I began fully to know how wrecked I was, and how the ship in which I had sailed was gone to pieces.

Miss Havisham's intentions towards me, all a mere dream; Estella not designed for me; I only suffered in Satis House as a convenience, a sting for the greedy relations, a model with a mechanical heart to practise on when no other practice was at hand; those were the first smarts I had. But, sharpest and deepest pain of all—it was for the convict, guilty of I knew not what crimes and liable to be taken out of those rooms where I sat thinking, and hanged at the Old Bailey door, that I had deserted Joe.

I would not have gone back to Joe now, I would not have gone back to Biddy now, for any consideration: simply, I suppose, because my sense of my own worthless conduct to them was greater than every consideration. No wisdom on earth could have given me the comfort that I should have derived from their simplicity and fidelity; but I could never, never, never, undo what I had done.

In every rage of wind and rush of rain, I heard pursuers. Twice, I could have sworn there was a knocking and whispering at the outer door. With these fears upon me, I began either to imagine or recal that I had had mysterious warnings of this man's approach. That for weeks gone by, I had passed faces in the streets which I had thought like his. That these likenesses had grown more numerous, as he, coming over the sea, had drawn nearer. That his wicked spirit had somehow sent these messengers to mine, and that now on this stormy night he was as good as his word, and with me.

Crowding up with these reflections came the reflection that I had seen him with my childish eyes to be a desperately violent man; that I had heard that other convict reiterate that he had tried to murder him; that I had seen him down in the ditch tearing and fighting like a wild beast. Out of such remembrances I brought into the light of the fire, a half-formed terror that it might not be safe to be shut up there with him in the dead of the wild solitary night. This dilated until it filled the room, and impelled me to take a candle and go in and look at my dreadful burden.

He had rolled a handkerchief round his head, and his face was set and lowering in his sleep. But he was asleep, and quietly too, though he had a pistol lying on the pillow. Assured of this, I softly removed the key to the outside of his door, and turned it on him before I again sat down by the fire. Gradually I slipped from the chair and lay on the floor. When I awoke, without having parted in my sleep with the perception of my wretchedness, the clocks of the Eastward churches were striking five, the candles were wasted out, the fire was dead, and the wind and rain intensified the thick black darkness.

THIS IS THE END OF THE SECOND STAGE OF PIP'S EXPECTATIONS.

MUSIC AMONG THE JAPANESE.

Let us render partial justice to our often misappreciated Oriental friends, in respect of a faculty which has uniformly, and rather unfairly, been denied them. "They have no musical perceptions," is the general verdict, even of those who have gone beyond mere superficial observations. Their simple lutes and rude guitars have been denounced as instruments of torture, rather than of tune, at least to European ears; and as to their vocal flights—what synonym of cacophony has not been invoked to stigmatise their horrors? Have we not all read, until our ears tingled with sympathy, of the sufferings of such incautious foreigners as have occasionally ventured within sound of a Yeddo serenade, or a Yokuhama chorus? Everybody remembers how Mr. Oliphant fell a victim to a thin partition and a morning music lesson next door, or something equally dreadful in the same way. And from first to last, we have hardly a record of Japanese vicissitudes, in which the infliction of the national music does not play its melancholy part. It is possible that the tourists from whom we have received these unfavourable reports, have been obliged to deal a little carelessly in this delicate question of Japanese art. Perhaps they have judged the Japanese music, as every-

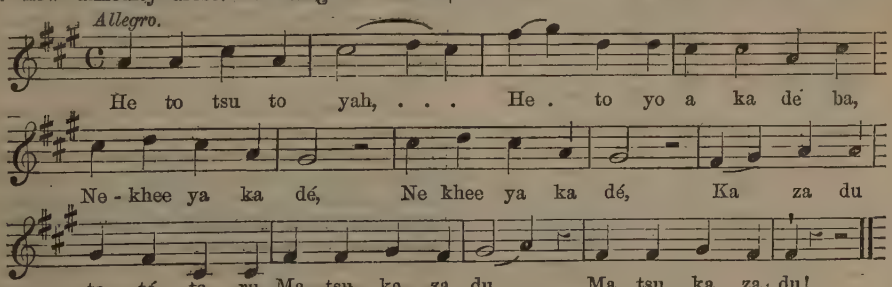
thing relating to this singular country has often been judged, wholly by the more exalted European standards; or perhaps they have judged by no particular standard of any kind. It may be that their opportunities of forming an opinion were not in every respect thorough and advantageous; for, in all I have seen, the Japanese gentry are shy and reticent, and by no means in the way of exposing their accomplishments to casual acquaintances. Whatever the causes, I am inclined to think that the secluded islanders have in this, as in some other matters, been condemned without a fair hearing. If it be accepted as a fact that these people have no music worthy of the name, it would go far to prove them insensible to one of the highest influences of civilisation, and, according to a proverbial reasoning, would help to account for that sudden disposition to treason and stratagem which we are told they have recently indicated. We ought, however, to consider them in this matter, as we are beginning to do in all matters, somewhat more accurately than was deemed necessary a dozen years ago. It is only a little while since we discovered that their drawing, which had, up to that time, been consistently laughed at, possessed a characteristic humour and a force very far from contemptible; and it is gradually becoming clear that many of their more elegant occupations, as well as their peculiar customs, which we were so good at chuckling over and poking fun at, are really founded upon the soberest sense in the world. Their dress, for example, with the two swords of military rank—was ever anything held to be so monstrously droll? And what perfectly unanimous convulsions the world has gone into over their semi-shaven heads and their queer, twisted knobs of hair! And then their paper pocket-handkerchiefs, which they would cling to, instead of adopting costly and embroidered linens, which impressed them as quite too magnificent for the ignoble uses to which they were destined. After laughing at a hundred other eccentricities until we were tired, we began to look at them more seriously, until we found they all had their meaning. How many of these have turned out the most natural expedients of comfort and convenience, and in no way incompatible with the spirit of a practical and truly cultivated people. But, on the question of art, at least of music, we were stronger. There, if anywhere, we had them. The authorities were clear on that point. So long as they did nothing but pipe unmelodiously, and thrum inharmoniously, and scream incoherently, as everybody who ought to know, from Siebold down, declared they did, we were safe in proclaiming them dead to sweet sounds.

At the time of the visit of the Japanese envoys and their seventy officers and attendants to the United States of America, it seemed to me worth while to test, in some degree, their musical capacities, and to discover, if possible, whether they were as utterly destitute of musical feeling as they had been pronounced to be. There were so many other important subjects relating to the social, religious, and political mysteries of their nation, that demanded all possible consideration, that comparatively little time was left for this. Moreover, it was one of the few topics which the Japanese themselves did not seem anxious to discuss. In almost every relation, they were as ready to impart information as they were desirous of gaining it; but whenever music was suggested, their eagerness vanished, and they became as coy as the singing belle of a drawing-room before her first bravura of an evening. The cause of this backwardness was afterwards amply explained. They had heard sufficient music in America, and during their voyage, to satisfy them of the inferiority of their own, and they were sensitive about opening themselves to comparisons which would hardly be creditable to them. But although they at first strictly withheld the faintest note of their own music, they were by no means slow to repeat such melodies as they could catch and remember from the street bands of Washington, or the pianofortes of Willard's Hotel, where they resided. There was not an under officer who had not his favourite tune; and as for the third class attendants, they were in perpetual league with those among their American acquaintance who would consent to instruct them in light and simple songs, words included as well as music. I do not remember that their tastes ever reached any very exalted point, for the most cherished of their newly-gained melodies were certainly "Kemo, kimo," and "Pop goes the weasel." The first of these they sang whenever they could find listeners, and often, indeed, among themselves alone, with a delicious abandon that betokened the heartiest enjoyment to be imagined. This was a universal song, and it gradually became so much in demand that no Japanese with any self-respect could suffer himself to be without it; and the hours of grave consultation and study which it gave rise to, over tea and tobacco, and sometimes, for the sake of inspiration, over pots of sirooko and saki, were almost without number. One or two quick-eared fellows, who had originally learned the words by rote, without comprehending an atom of the meaning, nobly devoted themselves to sharing the treasures of their knowledge with their less gifted companions, and the ultimate result was a comical jargon, the like of which was, I presume, never before known to the polite circles of Washington. "Pop goes the weasel" also underwent its series of modifications. This air was regarded as the peculiar property of the youngest officer of the body, the third interpreter of the embassy, a lad seventeen years old, whose handsome and dignified appearance, winning manners, and affectionate disposition, made him an object of far greater interest than even the lofty envoys themselves. "Poppy goes the weasel" he always would have it, and seemed to think the extra syllable a capital invention of his own. "Hail Columbia," too, occupied his mind for a while, but was presently given up in consequence of the tremendous obstacles offered by

the two "l's" at the outset. It was curious to see the little interpreter in his daily struggles with the letter "l,"—struggles which always terminated in his discomfiture. Like all his Japanese brethren, he could never come to terms with "l." That slippery consonant invariably resisted or evaded them. And, in his special case, one unhappy result of this long contest was, that he never afterwards became familiar with American gentlemen who had "l's" in their names, but always regarded them with a species of polished distrust.

The first time that I caught hearing of a pure Japanese melody was one evening, after some weeks of uninterrupted intimacy with the strangers, when their shyness even on this point had worked itself away. I was sitting in the room of two or three tawny young students of medicine, one of whom, while poring over a pile of manuscripts quite as unintelligible as the ordinary prescriptions of M.D.s of more enlightened nations, beguiled himself by murmuring fragments of a new and unknown song. These students, it seemed, were musical as well as medical, in a very high degree; for they presently joined in the chorus very excitedly, and worked it and themselves up with great energy. This was precisely what I wanted, but how to induce them to repeat it often enough to enable me to take a copy was a real difficulty. Two or three encores were easily obtained; but when they saw the "American" at work with his notebook, they were sorely puzzled. That anybody should want to get possession of their unimportant tunes, was a thing not dreamed of in their philosophy. It happens that some of our musical signs exactly resemble some of their Katakana phonetics, and, catching sight of these, they became more and more bewildered. No interpreter was near, and it would not do to leave them while they were in this ripe artistic mood, to go and seek one. Finally, by means of shambling phrases in Japanese broken beyond all hope of repair, and an exhausting process of explanatory gesticulation, they were brought to a vague understanding of the purpose. Here a new difficulty arose. Finding that their national music was to be critically heard, and even to be recorded, it behoved them, they thought, to set it forth in its worthiest aspect, to put it in its best dress for company, and the way in which they afterwards abstained from giving the simple naked air, and substituted instead strange and complicated variations on the same theme, was perfectly distracting. A persistent repetition of the same variation would not have been so bad, but their liberal fancy sanctioned no such limited offering. Each time it came with a sufficient difference to upset all calculations founded upon the preceding recital, the general family resemblance only being discernible. It was of no use. The first effort was a failure, and midnight came before I had perceptibly advanced in my task.

I had, however, discovered the field, and it was only necessary to work it. The next day I caught my favourite interpreter; and the way began to clear. One after another, I jotted down their commonest melodies, to their infinite amazement. But when, after all was arranged, the drawing-room pianoforte was approached, and their own native tunes came briskly out from under foreign fingers, their ecstasy was without limits—I could hardly say without bounds, since they testified it by leaping about in some cases like young kangaroos. The great men, and the lofty men, and the officers with two ancient swords of inestimable worth, and even the Treasury censor—the greatest creature among them except the three ambassadorial magnates themselves, who, I privately believe, listened at a partition, since they could not with dignity appear to share the festivities—all these came forth obedient to the glad tidings, and eager for the welcome sounds. And then Sakanoto Tekeshiro, worthy medical and musical disciple of Apollo, or the corresponding Japanese deity, lifted his voice, and sang lustily; and his companions joined in the chorus, which they made very loud and very long; and this was the song they sang—the first Japanese song ever publicly heard outside their own land:



This is the opening of a Japanese song of the seasons, or rather of the different months of the year, each month, I believe, having its separate stanza. The above might be translated thus, fitting the English words to the music:

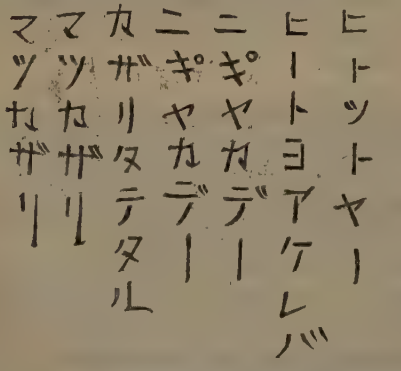
Spring-time now is near,
Swiftly fades the passing year,
Smiling throngs appear,
Smiling throngs appear;
Here before our open dwellings,
Let the fir-trees rise!
Let the fir-trees rise!

A more rigorous translation would be as follows:

"First Month.—The last night of the year has passed. To-morrow, crowds will assemble for the holiday. Let us erect before our doors the beautiful fir-tree."*

As regards the manner in which this was sung, I can candidly say that it was as far from the whoop-like extravagance I had been led to expect as one could have desired. Among the score or two of Japanese around, there were as many with tolerable voices as would probably be found in the same number of uneducated amateurs the world over. And a few of them, I afterwards discovered, not only had exceedingly agreeable voices, but also knew how to use them with something approaching to taste and skill. Vocal cultivation, however, seemed to be beyond their wildest flights of fancy, and their highest musical joy was a good round chorus, with plenty of syllables to each line, and a snap at the end. I need not say that these choruses were sung in unison, for, when harmony begins to be understood in a nation, there music fairly takes its place as serious art. But they were quick to learn simple harmonies, and often repeated their own songs as duets, in thirds or sixths, as the case might be.

Their language, unsymmetrical as it may appear dressed up in characters presentable to English eyes, is really as soft and melodious as any I have heard. It is entirely free from harsh or guttural sounds, and the words are crowded with vowels. No syllable ever terminates in a consonant. To get exactly at the Japanese utterance of the words given above, a French pronunciation of vowels rather than an English should be adopted, especially with the letter "u." In case anybody should feel interested in seeing the original words, here they are, as they were written down in Katakana by the nimble fingers of Matsumoto Sanojouh, second secretary of the embassy—a gentleman whose simple dignity and generous courtesy would more than adorn any station an enlightened society could offer:



If it were desirable to give additional specimens of Japanese music, I could do so, but the one I have offered is a very fair example of their ordinary popular songs, and is neither better nor worse than the average. They are all short, excepting the heroic or historical songs, which are very stately affairs, and not so graceful as the rest. Like the tunes of most nations with whom music has not far advanced, they are generally in minor keys, though some very pretty ones are exceptions to this rule. This single specimen will at least show that the Japanese have melodies regular in form, properly accentuated, and by no means destitute of spirit and euphony. Properly harmonised—and it is susceptible of very good harmonising—the above might pass for as neat a bit of melody as we are apt to find floating about our music stores. At any rate, it supplies what I think has not before been given—an opportunity to judge directly what the Japanese music is like. And, so far as my own testimony goes, I can certainly say, in opposition to previous verdicts, that, after hearing all sorts of performances from the seventy-five Japanese officers who visited the United States, I think they sing quite as well as could be expected, and that, on the whole, worse afflictions (with better names) for human ears than their much-abused music can be found nearer home without the slightest difficulty.

* A feature of the New Year festival of the Japanese, not unlike our own Christmas celebrations, is the displaying of fir-trees and bushes before their thresholds.

SOMETHING NEW.

In these days when elaborate execution has, to so great an extent, taken the place of wit, and fine drawing usurped that of Humour—in these days when that great gift of humour is held in possession by but a very few of those who profess to provide amusement for the public—it is something to discover a new vein of fun developing itself in somewhat of a new form, but genuine fun nevertheless, and that, considering the nature of the means taken for its elimination, of the most refined and polished description.

This new vein of humour is in no way connected with photography. When photography tries to be funny, there is one, and one only, result:—vulgarity, and vulgarity of the most tragic and lachrymose kind. The "something new" to which we wish to call attention, has nothing whatever to do with photography. It is not developed either—as has ordinarily been the case—by means of the pencil or the pen. It is neither written humour nor drawn humour. The artist has chosen a wholly new medium through which to say what he has got to say, and speaks to us by means of models or other objects set up actually before our eyes, whether figures moulded by the hand of man, or specimens of the animal creation so arranged, so twisted or distorted from their nature as to reflect something of human passion, and of human weaknesses and folly.

With one portion of these caricatures, all of which have their birth on a foreign soil, most persons are probably familiar, as they have been largely imported into this country. There

are few persons who have not been amused by those small and admirably modelled figures which have of late appeared in our toy-shop windows, and in which, as they are principally used in caricaturing English tourists abroad, the "cordial understanding" (of each other's worst qualities) which exists between the two nations comes out in such tremendous force.

There are few persons, we have said, who are not familiar with those little figures which first dawned upon the London horizon through the window-panes of Mr. Cremer's toy-shop in Bond-street; but have they been fully understood and appreciated? Has the full humour of the caricature and the terrific venom of the satire contained in it been altogether entered into? The tourist with the eye-glass in his eye, with the little cane, with the inquisitive nose; the Oxford clergyman in compromised clerical undress, and with a lady on each arm doing continental sights, with a determination that is almost venomous—these little studies are all as true and humorous as the figure of the fat man with bags of money under each arm which are running over with fulness, as he stares at the particular lion whose roar he is listening to.

But it is not with these little figures, good as they are, that we are at present to occupy ourselves: they have had their day—"a day" does not last long in this age—and are forgotten. They are merely mentioned here because they seem in some measure to belong to a certain school of humour, some more exalted and polished developments of which we are about, with the reader's permission, to glance at.

The range of vision which such a glance requires, it should be mentioned to start with, is rather a powerful one, and no near-sighted person must hope to follow us. It is necessary for the reader—whom we will suppose to be living at the west-end of London—to glance first of all through all the masses of brick and mortar that intervene between him and the great railway station at London-bridge. This done, he must put his glance into a train starting for Dover, and when it has reached that town in safety, must transfer it to the steamer starting for Calais. His glance having got so far as this, and being invigorated by the sea air, will find little difficulty in getting over the flat bit of country between the last-named town and the French metropolis, and will make comparatively light of such a trifling achievement as piercing its way through the streets which lie between the northern suburb of Paris and the great Boulevard, and there concentrating all its force on the shop-front of Monsieur Verreaux, No. 6, Boulevard Montmartre.

The glance which has travelled thus far will be well repaid for so noble an exertion, the objects contained in the window of the shop just indicated being of so humorous a character as to expand the features of even those grave Frenchmen who constantly surround the spot, with something dimly approaching the confines of a smile.

The window of M. Verreaux's shop is completely filled with a series of—what shall I call them?—tableaux, the performers in which seem to have been arrested when the scene in which they were engaged was at its very acme and crisis, and struck motionless, as by an enchanter's hand, when the humour of the farce was at its height.

The comedians thus suddenly arrested in the middle of their performance are of a peculiar build and stature, and their proprietor may be congratulated at once on the extraordinary native comicality of their persons, which is so complete that anything in the shape of a "get up" is altogether superfluous. These performers are all—both ladies and gentlemen—singularly alike. They have all got very huge and bloated bodies, excessively thin arms and legs, and are in every instance altogether destitute of the slightest pretensions to a throat. The fact is—for why should the reader be kept any longer in suspense?—that M. Verreaux's company of comedians consists of nothing more nor less than half a hundred or so of *frogs!*

These frogs, stuffed and preserved with the most exquisite care, are arranged into groups, sometimes of two or three together, sometimes of eighteen or twenty, and are engaged in all sorts of human occupations, chiefly, however, but not entirely, in those through which mankind lays itself the most open to ridicule or censure. The grouping and placing of these small animals is beyond all praise, and is so marvellously free and natural, that it never suggests that the frogs have been stuffed first and arranged afterwards, but always that the frogs have been really engaged in the scenes in which they are here performing, and have been arrested in these different positions at M. Verreaux's word of command.

The principal of the compositions is a scene from the old fable of the Frogs and the Stork. A stuffed stork, of a singularly hunchy and conceited appearance, is standing in the middle of the swamp in which a host of frogs habitually reside. The frogs are paying their court to their newly-elected king, and are vying with each other in rapturous feats of fawning sycophancy. If these frogs were toads they could not toady better than they do. There is not one among them who stands upright in the presence of their potentate, with the exception of a wretch who has flung his head back in order the better to bellow forth the fatuous praises which he is lavishing on his royal master. The rest of the toadies are all stooping, and that with a peculiar high-shouldered bend, which the artist who placed the figures must surely have studied in the very best society. That artist, whoever he is, is a satirist of no mean ability, or he would never have caught this peculiar reverent stoop, which always weighs down the neck of the genuine parasite when in the presence of the rich and powerful, and in which the sycophant proclaims himself quite as much as in a certain rubbing and rinsing in and out of the hands, as in the act of washing, which is also much in vogue among such personages. But

among the flatterers of our stork are to be found, not only those who approach him with the soothing incense of veiled adulation, but those also who, if one may be allowed a hideously familiar expression, "lay it on with a trowel;" not only those who say in a loud whisper to each other, as they smile and rub their hands, "How well his highness is looking to-day!" or, "Surely the sun shines much brighter since the shadow of his excellency has rested on our domain!" Not only is this class of delicate insinuators represented, but those also who boldly proclaim what they mean in so many words, saying: "I always say, and I always have said, and I always will say, that of all the mighty intellects, the towering geniuses, the triumphant wielders of the destinies of mankind, your storkship is the most glorious, the most noble, the most benign. Yes, from the summit of that lofty brow to the base of those aristocratic legs, there reigns over every particle of that gracious presence a something concerning which we are only worthy to say that we have nothing to say worthy of its princely nobleness."

Such, perhaps, are the very words of the address which one of the head toadies, who looks like a mayor as to his back view, which is presented to the public, is reading immediately under the monarch's beak. It is difficult where all are so excellent to say to which particular figure in this composition one would give the preference. There is one especial toady advancing towards his patron with upturned eyes, who looks as if he wanted a place for his nephew, and who has great claim to be a public favourite, but, after all, he is no better than the two friendly toadies close beside him, who are falling heavily forward utterly overwhelmed by the great man's presence; while he is not so good as the frantic worshipper, who has actually flung himself down at the monarch's feet, and is licking the dust, while with a watchful eye he notes the effect of his performance.

One would say the stork had moved before one's eyes, so naturally does the companion composition to this follow and grow out of it.

His storkship is down upon them now. The frogs must needs have a monarch to reign over them, they have paid their court to him and implored him to come among them, and now they have got him with a vengeance, and are paying for their loyalty. The stork has made a pounce upon one of his subjects—the reader of the address, let us hope—and has got him across his beak in a favourable position for mastication. As for the rest, he who was bawling out the monarch's praises, is now bawling for mercy; he who sought a place at court for a needy dependent, is only anxious to avoid finding a place himself in his sovereign's stomach; and the rest are all wriggling and twisting themselves out of the way as fast as their spindle shanks can carry them, anxious to be clear out of their self-elected emperor's neighbourhood before the meal with which he is at present occupied has come to an end, and his majesty ready for another of his subjects. The frogs are not the only nation upon earth who have invited a ruler to come among them, and been rewarded by a coup d'état; and so perhaps that subject of the empire who designed these groups, and some of those who pause on the Boulevard to look at them, may sometimes think.

The versatility of M. Verreaux's powers, and the way in which he has extracted all that was to be got out of this new vein of humour, are perfectly marvellous, as may be seen from a mere enumeration of the subjects which this wonderful artist has treated. Besides the great works already alluded to, we find in his collection an intensely comical sporting scene called "La Chasse," in which we have a sporting frog, with a mouse by his side for a dog, trying to bring down a *bluebottle* by way of game. Next to this there is a group of billiard-players; then a pair of pugilistic frogs labelled "Les Boxeurs;" a solitary smoker with his knuckles resting on his knee, reading the paper; a pair of dandies swaggering along arm-in-arm, and properly provided with canes and cigars; two frogs evidently much addicted to convivial practices, one of whom is carrying the other home on his back. Then, besides all these, there is a frog-barber shaving a frog-customer, a frog game at écarté, a party of dominoes, and a terrific quarrel perhaps growing out of a dispute over that interesting pastime just named, and in which the disputants are armed respectively with a bottle and a three-legged stool.

There is no shrinking from the painful on the part of our artist. One of his scenes is of a hideously dental description, and represents a dentist in the very act of performing upon the jaw of a patient; this last is holding on by the arms of the chair, and kicking one leg up in the air with agony, in a manner that makes the spectator really feel as if he had just come himself from the perusal of the Supplement to the Times (upside-down) in a sombre dining-room, and had just caught that rattling sound which Mr. Forceps makes in his drawer in looking for *the* instrument.

It has been said by some one that the next thing to having a tooth out in painfulness is to sit for your portrait, which may be the reason why M. Verreaux next gives us a specimen of his abilities in the shape of an interior of an artist's studio. The sitter in this case is a young lady (frog), and is sitting with her head on one side, and a rose in her hand, while the artist, breathless with eager scrutiny, is crumpled up over his work, and perched upon the very edge of his chair after a manner very common with those who are absorbedly and diligently at work. This is a very delicate touch of nature indeed, and at once proclaims the composer of such a group to have a fine eye and a true and nice observation.

Nothing comes amiss with our humorist, from a game at leap-frog, in which the leaping is really done by frogs, or the three Horatii swearing on their swords, to a couple of terrific duel-scenes in which all the proprieties of the

duello are strictly adhered to, the defeated combatant being carried away in the arms of his seconds after a fashion with which any gentleman—let alone a frog—might be "satisfied."

But the gentleman whose productions are the subject of this critical analysis has not limited his studies entirely to frog tribe. Ready to enlist any real "talent," wherever it is to be found, native or otherwise, he has secured the services of an orchestra of squirrels. A more fascinating band of performers than these little bright-eyed innocents, sitting up in a row upon their tails and fiddling away with their music-books spread out before them, can hardly be imagined. But they are none of them—no, not even the squirrel with his head on one side, listening critically to his own playing—not one of them, we say, is equal to a very little mouse, playing on the violin in a corner all by himself, and who evidently finds, in the resources of his art, consolation for being thus sent to Coventry by the squirrels, and totally ignored by the frogs.

But, after all, M. Verreaux's heart is evidently with the frogs, and he is not long, after this temporary dalliance with the squirrels, in getting back to his old favourites. So we have next in order a companion to the Modern Midnight Conversation of Hogarth, in the shape of a frog orgie, which is not calculated to do as much for the cause of temperance, however, as might be expected, because the frogs really have a look of such extraordinary enjoyment, are such convivial and such extremely pleasant fellows to look at, that the spectator really longs to join them. It is curious how the frog externally lends himself to conviviality, with his round bloated body, and his thin staggering legs, and his blotchy complexion. A couple of these gentlemen madly dancing, arm-in-arm, one with a pipe stuck in the corner of his mouth, the other flourishing a bottle over his head, present a picture of jollity which the reader may rest assured it is highly corrupting to the morals to behold. There are, however, elements in this scene which are intended to correct any such disastrous influences, and Mr. George Cruikshank, himself, might be satisfied with the drunkard who is sprawling on the floor (which is stained, by-the-by, all over with wine), or with him who is grasping madly at the broken bottle; not to speak of that very horrible frog in the corner, in whom excess has produced a series of symptoms not wholly different from those which are developed in sensitive subjects by the voyage from Dover to Calais.

Away dashes our artist from the convivial to the sentimental, from the tavern to the grove, and gives us a pair of lovers under a tree. This is evidently the original Froggy "who would a wooing go," and on whom a desperate retribution is about to fall for his obstinacy, for as he kneels at the feet of his beloved, who is turning her head bashfully away, an invidious frog in the background, who may be either a rival or a male relative doubtful of Froggy's "intentions," is aiming a terrific blow at him with a club of formidable size and weight. It is pleasant after this to see another pair of lovers of a more prosperous order, who, unmolested by any rivals or male relatives, are exchanging vows in a scene of sylvan innocence; the lady with uplifted forefinger cautioning Froggy, as he kneels at her feet, to remember the important nature of the protestations which he is making, and to promise nothing which he is not quite sure he can perform.

With this tranquil and delicious scene fresh in our minds we will take leave of the Verreaux troupe, sincerely congratulating their proprietor, not only on the extraordinary perfection which he has attained in the art of preparing and stuffing these little animals, but much more on his keen perception of the dramatic capabilities of the frog, and his powers of developing them. It is almost worth the trouble of taking a journey to Paris to learn what a funny fellow a frog is, and what profundities of satirical power lie hid under his seemingly contemptible exterior.

A DIALOGUE CONCERNING CONVICTS.

Not a word. I hate the subject. Convict service! Convict discipline! Bah! a worn-out, dull, dreary, hopeless tale.

But if I can show you, at the hazard of being dull only for a few minutes—say, five or six at the outside—that the system as it at present exists is open to the gravest objections, and fails of accomplishing any of the aims for which it was principally designed, surely you will listen to me?

Will you swear to be short?

I promise. I abstain, therefore, from entering into any of the statistics which lie ready to my hand, and by which it is distinctly and incontrovertibly shown that whilst, during the last ten years, the class of minor offences punished in the ordinary jails of the country have diminished by very nearly a full third, the heavier offences, punishable in the penal prisons to which the system of convict discipline is applied, have remained almost stationary in amount, or, if they have diminished at all, have diminished only in so slight a degree as to be scarcely appreciable.

Well, what do you infer from that?

Naturally, that the penal prisons, notwithstanding their supposed terrors, are in truth less formidable to the vicious than the common county and borough gaols.

An instance. Come, give me an instance.

I suppose you will not dispute the testimony of such a man as the Deputy-Governor of the convict prison at Chatham. In a pamphlet he has recently published, Mr. Measor says, "I found last year a man in Kirkdale jail, who, having been discharged from Portsmouth convict prison, had again fallen into crime, and being sentenced to two years' imprisonment, candidly expressed to me his regret that he had not been sent back to a convict prison, saying that he would willingly have done at least three

full years in lieu of the two, had he been allowed to choose the better living and comparative liberty of Portsmouth."

Upon my word I had no notion that these fellows were so fastidious. I should have thought that a jail was a jail; and pretty much the same all over England.

By no means. England in that respect boasts of variety, and for popularity with the customary tenantry the convict prisons now undoubtedly hold the first rank. How little they are held in abhorrence, and how little the discipline enforced in them operates as a deterrent to crime, may be further judged of by the number of offenders that are constantly returning to them. During the last year, out of fourteen hundred prisoners who passed through Millbank prison, not fewer than three hundred were identified as having been there under previous sentences of transportation or penal servitude. Observe! *There*—in that one prison and within the memory of the present warders.

I wonder if three hundred out of fourteen hundred of life's ordinary travellers would ever dream of returning to the same hotel! These penal places must surely be pleasant places.

Money enough has been spent upon them to make them so; and when I tell you that the cost of keeping some six thousand two hundred prisoners in these convict prisons, ten years ago, was nearly two hundred thousand pounds, and that in the last year the cost of maintaining some eight thousand two hundred was upwards of three hundred and twenty-three thousand, you will easily comprehend that the conveniences and comforts of the inmates are undergoing no diminution as the establishments grow older.

Three hundred and twenty thousand pounds odd, for eight thousand men! Why, that's nearly forty pounds a head—or just double what a Dorsetshire labourer gets, by the sweat of his honest brow, for the maintenance of himself, his wife, and maybe half a score of children. And the Dorsetshire labourer has not the advantage of buying the necessaries of life, wholesale, and by contract, either.

Right! But we won't insist on that part of the question, lest you should by-and-by tell me, as some of our philosophers do, that, as a bird in the cage, a horse in the stable, and a pig in the pound, is in many respects better off than the creatures of the same race who run wild, so it would be a scandal to humanity if a man deprived of his liberty, no matter for what cause, should eat, drink, or sleep worse than the man who is free.

Worse! But he eats, drinks, and sleeps, much better!

Let us go on. We have seen that as matters at present stand, the convictions for the graver class of offences remain undiminished, while those of a lighter nature are reduced by a third. That the proportion of reconvictions to penal prisons is something enormous. And that the expenses of penal servitude have largely increased. That being so, the next question that presents itself is—how far does the present convict system accomplish the great object at which it professes to aim: that object being the *reclaiming of the criminal?*

And the punishing of him too.

Yes, the punishing of him too, as far as the humanity of the age will admit of anything in the shape of physical restraint as a corrective of evil or deterrent of crime; but the prime object of the system, no doubt, is to send the criminal out of the prison a better man than he comes in. Now, what I complain of is, that that object has not been attained in anything like the degree that might be secured. In the first place, there is the absolute want of any sufficient or positive test as to the reality of an improvement in the convict's disposition and character. Nothing is more common than to hear of "a well-conducted convict." But what does that mean? Simply a man who has had sense enough to succumb to exigencies which he cannot avoid—who has submitted to rules which he knows he cannot infringe or break, without certain punishment—who has refrained from being actively vicious, because he knows it is his best policy to remain passively virtuous. He is a model of prison behaviour—in the prison sense of the term, he is truly a good man. What test have you that this seeming excellence is real? And who is the judge whether it be real or not? Who is the warder? In nine cases out of ten, a soldier of some twenty years' standing in the army; as good a judge, perhaps, as could be found in the world of the correctness and completeness of external and mechanical discipline in the human body, but about as bad a one, to my mind and MR. MEASOR'S, as could be selected to fathom the workings and estimate the actual leanings, of the human mind. It is true that the prisoner may see the governor or chaplain every day if he chooses to put his name down for that purpose. It is true, also, that for some two hours a week he comes under the instruction of the schoolmaster; but with these exceptions he has no other trainer, teacher, or adviser, than the warder, who is bound by the prison rules not to talk "familiarly or unnecessarily" with his prisoners, and to treat them as "persons under his authority."

But a soldier-warder may be a good man for all that.

Good enough as a soldier, no doubt; and good enough as a man; but the excellence and utility of a soldier consist in his obedience to a purely artificial standard of discipline. He is a good soldier exactly in proportion as he surrenders every faculty of soul and body to the movements of one vast machine. Intellectually he is next to nothing. His intelligence is for ever in abeyance. His will is always under the control of others. He does not govern himself; but others govern him. How can such a man teach the duties of self-government to other men?

What sort of warder would you have, then?

Considering that this officer is to bias for good the future tendency of the prisoner's life and character, I would have a man of quick in-

telligence, sound principles, and sufficient education—one capable of exercising a wholesome personal influence over those whom he has to control and instruct.

Well, we have had enough about warders. Let us go on.

The leading object of the system being to reclaim the prisoner, the nature of the educational instruction afforded to him within the prison walls becomes, of course, of the highest importance. Crime, as we too well know, is not inseparable from knowledge; is not wholly alien even to the loftiest order of intellects; but it is over the ignorant that its dominion is the widest spread and its grasp the most tenaciously held. Of the mass of men who become inmates of our penal prisons, few are found who can do more than read and write in the rudest manner, while a larger proportion are completely ignorant even of the very letters of the alphabet. Before you can hope to accomplish anything in the way of reclaiming such men, you must contrive to let in upon their minds some ray of the light of knowledge. Now, how is this attempted at present? and what is the nature of the knowledge sought to be imparted? The chaplain of the Pentonville prison, to whom for the last ten years the management of the schools throughout the convict service has been chiefly left, declares in one of his earlier reports, that in his opinion, "beyond intelligent reading, legible writing, and arithmetic in its principles and practice, little remains to be desired in education among prisoners," because, he adds, they will thus acquire "the means of reading for themselves the things concerning their souls."

What objection is there to that? To me it seems all very good and proper.

The objection is, that the principle laid down is too narrow, and the end aimed at too exclusively a religious one. Do not mistake me. Of course, I do not urge a syllable against the vital importance of making instruction in the great truths of Christianity, part and parcel of the education of every man; but if a man is expected to gain an honest living in the world by the exercise of his industry and intelligence, it is a part of the Christian scheme that he must be taught some other things besides those which alone concern his soul. Contrast, with what the Pentonville chaplain says, the sensible observations lately made by the Dean of Carlisle, in an address on Christian education: "The great leaf which has been turned over on the subject of education in the present day is just this: we have learned that we are as much bound to educate the body as we are the soul, and the soul as much as the mind, and the mind as much as the other two, and that we must neglect none of these in any system of public or private education; for that system will be displeasing to God, and calculated to frustrate His wise and benevolent purposes, which does not fully develop all these three faculties of man." Mr. Measor would depose the chaplain from his usurped office of chief instructor in the prisons, and would impart to the convicts sound practical knowledge upon all subjects likely to be useful in life. Surely this is reasonable. Convince the prisoner that honesty is the best policy—instruct him thoroughly in the means by which he may live honestly—and you lay the foundation of an active and practical religion in his heart which shall bear fruit of the highest and holiest worth here and hereafter. Reverse this—give him no secular instruction—tell him that all he has to do in this world is to profess to attend to "things concerning his soul," and you make him a hypocrite while he remains under your care, and leave him as ignorant and as abandoned as ever, the moment he is beyond your reach. I am not asserting this loosely. It is a fact, proved by experience. Not long since there were in Chatham prison one hundred and seventy-one men who had previously undergone imprisonment in convict gaols. Upon their reconviction and readmission to the prison, it was discovered that of this number only forty-nine were able to read and write reasonably well, one hundred were imperfectly able to read and write, and twenty-two could do neither one nor the other. And it is not only in the matter of education that the prison chaplain is (with the best intentions) found wanting, practically. He often aims at being the prison disciplinarian as well as the prison instructor, and in many instances the prisoner's punishment is lightened or increased according to the report the chaplain makes of him. Now, the chaplain encouraging professions, and merely professions, from the prisoners—because it is impossible in a prison to test religious profession by practice—makes the gravest mistakes, and floods society with the worst kind of ticket-of-leave men. He is remarkable for his advocacy of separate confinement. Connected with the question of criminal punishment, there is perhaps no one point that has given rise to so great a diversity of opinion as that of the use and limitation of separate confinement. For very short sentences, its propriety can hardly be questioned; but applied to lengthened periods—such, for instance, as eighteen months, as until recently was not unfrequent—it is found to operate upon the prisoner in an unwholesome manner. The doctors tell us—and none more forcibly than the Queen's late physician, the lamented Dr. Baly—that the punishment, when continued for many months, exerts a depressing influence on the whole nervous system of the convict, resulting in a loss of physical vigour, an impairment of the power of resisting external impressions (whence arises a liability to convulsive attacks of a singular and painful nature), and in a general prostration of mental energy. Can a system which produces such results be properly maintained?

It certainly seems very questionable.

The doctors almost unanimously condemn it; on the other hand, the chaplains are almost unanimous in defending and supporting it.

In the name of charity—why?

Because they say it "softens and subdues" men's minds, and makes it "easy to the affectionate, zealous, Christian minister to move the

prisoners' feelings, and to gain a control almost over their very wills.

Yes; but at what a cost! What advantage can there be in controlling a mind which you have first of all deprived of its natural power? You might as well talk of the pride of teaching a man to read with his fingers when you have put out his eyes.

Much about the same.

This really ought to be looked to. I have always thought that when you once clap a bad fellow into jail you ought to treat him in such a way as to make him feel pretty sharply that he has done wrong, and that a prison is a place for him to avoid for the rest of his life; but he certainly ought not to go out of jail less of a man—mental or physical—than he was when he came in. If by judicious discipline I could improve him in both respects, I should be glad.

My object would be to strengthen and invigorate his mental energy, by familiarising his mind to the contemplation of better and nobler things than had been previously presented to it; and by storing it with as much wholesome practical knowledge as for the future should afford him no excuse for not living by the fruit of his honest industry.

We have already seen that the cost of the system, as at present administered, has of late years monstrously increased. In the year 1851, the cost of each prisoner's maintenance and control in Portland prison, was twenty-three pounds fifteen shillings and threepence; in 1860, it was thirty-five pounds eight shillings and eightpence. In the other convict prisons of Portsmouth and Chatham, and in the labour hulks, the increase has been in the same proportion. It must be borne in mind, too, that these sums are exclusive of the expenses which may be fairly charged to each prisoner for buildings and repairs, for the charges incidental to general superintendence, for annual reports, books, and stationery, and for the cost of removing convicts from one prison to another. Add these to the account, and the gross annual cost of each convict may be taken at upwards of forty pounds. This increased expenditure has occurred chiefly in the victualling, clothing, and gratuities of the prisoners. In 1852, a convict was victualled in Portland prison for seven pounds ten shillings; in 1857, the cost of his victualling was twelve pounds. In 1859, taking one convict prison with another, and including the female prisons, the cost of victualling and clothing a convict was thirteen pounds sixteen shillings and fourpence, while the prisoners confined in county and borough jails, for crimes of less enormity, were maintained and clothed during the same year for an average of seven pounds six shillings and fivepence. Nor is this the only advantage that the grave offender of the penal prison possesses over the minor offender of the borough jail. In the penal prisons the convicts are entitled to gratuities varying from fourpence to a shilling a week, for what is called good conduct—that is to say, for avoiding any irregularity which would subject them to additional punishment—for steady application to the labour assigned to them, and for the length of time that they may have been inmates of the prison. Under this system, convicts, on their return to society, have little excuse, from any immediate want, for again taking to criminal habits. In the last year, the gratuities payable to six hundred and seventy-six who were discharged from Chatham, averaged ten pounds fifteen shillings and fivepence a man—in addition to which every one of them was supplied with an entire new suit of clothes, with change of under-clothing, and his travelling expenses paid to his destination. Contrast the condition of this criminal of the gravest class, with that of the petty offender who is maintained in the borough jail on a diet costing only half that allowed to the convict, and who is ultimately turned out of the prison walls with only his own rags upon his back, and as much money in his pocket as may suffice to afford him the means of subsistence for a single day. What is this state of things but a premium upon crimes of the graver kind? The boy who robs an orchard must undergo the rigours of the borough jail; the hardened scoundrel who breaks into your house and steals your plate, secures to himself all the privileges and good living of the convict prison. Is this right? Is it reasonable? Mr. Measor tells us that "the respective advantages of a jail and a convict prison are thoroughly well appreciated by the criminal classes, and as long as there is no different system for the reconvicted, an old 'lag' will invariably be knowing enough, if possible, to get upon the better scale which the convict service affords."

But if you keep these men so well, I suppose you make them work for it? There is such a thing as convict labour, is there not?

Undoubtedly; but the labour of convicts is much mismanaged. Rightly conducted, there seems to be no reason why the value of the convict's labour should not be equal to the cost of his maintenance. At present this is far from being the case. Admitting it to be true, that the labour of convicts at the present day is more profitable to the State than it was at a bygone period, still the vice remains, that it is not half as profitable as it might be made. There is no economy, no right method, in the system under which the labour is allotted, supervised, and executed. A convict-artisan, whose skilled labour might be beneficially employed to the value of five or six shillings a day, is yoked to a handcart in company with a dozen or sixteen others, and made to draw a few hundreds of bricks or a few bushels of mud and rubbish for days, perhaps weeks, together. On the other hand, the totally unskilled convict is frequently employed under the keels of ships, between decks, and down in their holds, where no proper supervision can be maintained, and where he probably passes his time either in complete idleness or in quarrelling and fighting with his companions. A notion of the manner in which convicts are

worked, and of the value of their labour, may be derived from the report of Captain Tilly, of the Royal Engineers, in which he says that in constructing the new practice range at Plumstead and Erith Marshes, in 1856, it was found that a navvy excavated eight cubic yards per day; a sapper, five; a convict, two. Measured by time, a convict would thus be upwards of sixty-six days in accomplishing what a navvy would execute in ten. Mr. Measor seems to suggest a feasible remedy for this glaring evil, when he says: "Let the convict service be looked upon, and in every respect treated, in the light of contractors by the Admiralty and War Departments. A certain work has to be done; let the plans of it be given over to an engineer, appointed by the convict department, upon whom let the whole application of the labour rest. Let a fair estimate be agreed upon between the two departments, the necessary plant be provided by the convict service, the work be surveyed as often as is needful by the engineers of the department for which it is being executed, and a transfer be made of a stipulated sum from the accounts of one department to the other, as progress is made. There will not then be two sets of officers, one to control the convicts, the other to employ them, both with their excuses against the hindrances of the other, and neither sufficiently interested in the progress of the work. The credit of the convict service alone will be at stake, and a proper stimulus will be carried downwards to the prisoners themselves." Supposing a system of this kind to be adopted, Mr. Measor further suggests that convict labour might then be very beneficially and profitably applied to the construction of the new fortifications which are shortly to be raised in many parts of the country. The suggestion is well worth consideration. It is apparent, however, that no real reformation can be effected in the manner of employing convicts, as long as men, convicted of all sorts of crimes, and in all stages of their sentences, are kept together in one prison, and sent together to the same work.

You are right. I should as soon think of introducing a dog with the distemper into my kennel, as to admit a thrice-convicted criminal into the company of once-convicted men whose good conduct I was anxious to preserve, and whose morality I hoped to improve.

So far, then, we are agreed. Now for the mode of convict transportation. It is hardly possible to conceive a state of things more abominable than that which commonly occurs on board transport ships bearing convicts to Bermuda, Gibraltar, or Western Australia. These ships are in truth floating hells, and have been so described by some of the better disposed convicts themselves. "Could I sum up words, or foul my mouth with words," says one of them, "I might be able, perhaps, to give you a feeble idea of the doings that are carried on in a convict ship,"—where, as Mr. Measor tells us, "three hundred men are packed, like a herd of condemned souls on their way to Tartarus, into the hold of a ship, with sleeping berths in two rows one above the other, giving a space of about sixteen inches by six feet to each prisoner;" and where a state of things in consequence prevails which sets discipline at defiance. This hideous evil has been over and over again brought under the notice of the authorities, yet it is still continued, and no attempt is made to remedy it.

Could it be remedied?

Why not? There is no reason why some of our many ships of war, which are now idly rotting in harbour, should not be equipped for this especial service, in such a manner as to render the abuses which at present exist, impossible. This is what he says in his pamphlet; nor have I told you anything that he does *not* say in his pamphlet, or fails to make quite plain by his experience, and by facts and figures.

CATTLE FARMERS IN THE PAMPAS.

Some time ago I sent you a general description of an estancia, or cattle farm, in La Plata.* As there is a good deal more to be said about our way of business, you are now asked to read a few stray notes from the experience of an old La Plata cattle farmer who is well contented with his lot.

First let me speak of our native helpers, the pions, or gauchos, of the pampas. They have a worse name than they deserve. A stranger looks askance at the long knife that the pion carries in his girdle. But it means nothing more bloodthirsty than the steel that hangs over the blue apron of the English butcher. It is part of the pion's occupation to slaughter, skin, and cut up all the animals consumed on the estancia, also to take off and bring home the hide of any horse or cow found dead in the establishment; also to perform all the various cutting operations on the cattle. When following an animal that has the lasso on its horns, the lasso may break, and the pion having caught the broken end will dismount, and by trimming and pointing the strands with his knife, and using a nail shaped for the purpose in place of a marlinspike, splices it quickly, and in half an hour is again on the gallop. With a bit of dry hide and his knife the pion can meet any mishap to saddle and harness, being as full of resources with that one tool and that one material as a carpenter with a log and a tool basket. In hot weather the knife is a scraper for the sweating horse, a picker for the horse's foot, a parer for his hoofs. At meal times it is a table knife, a fork, and toothpick. In case of need it is a weapon, but it is not carried for deadly purpose like the stiletto or the bowie knife, or like those weapons concealed upon the person. The pion no more hides his "cuchillo," than the carpenter his adze. But he must trust you well before he complies, if you ask him to lend it you. When it is gone from him, he is disarmed in a country where it is not always safe to be without a

* Household Words, vol ii. p. 190.

weapon. When the pions fight among themselves, it is over cards. They are all gamblers, ready to stake their last horse, the poncho from their backs, their very knife upon the issue of the game. Otherwise they are quiet. I have lived among them for fifteen years, and never seen blood drawn in earnest. Once or twice only when they have been sparring, a slight accidental wound has been inflicted.

Before strangers the pion is taciturn; he listens well and looks for his advantage. I never felt that a pion was getting into my confidence, without feeling also that he was getting into my pocket. If he gave me a horse, I presently must lend him, as a favour, something of twice the value that would never be returned, or in some other way be made to find the gift-horse, of all cattle the most costly. The pion does not resent injury, though he feels personal insult more keenly than loss of property. He is not grateful for gifts. I have found that the best way to manage him—and that is true, not only of business with the pion—is strict fulfilment of contract, giving him his just due, requiring of him just return of work and allowing nothing to go by favour, either of presents on the one side, or of an hour's extra work not paid for according to its just value, on the other. Make him a present of eleven out of your stock of a dozen shirts, and he thinks you a niggard for not having given him the twelfth. Be just to the uttermost, and wholly abstain from acts of arbitrary generosity, and he discovers no grounds for dissatisfaction.

Marcus Aquirre was a gaucho of the old school, who, when I had his services, was advanced in years. His early manhood had been spent in bloodshed and plunder, he had often been convicted: more than once left for execution. Knowing the haunts of his comrades of the thieves, he had been employed by the authorities as a guide to the thief-takers; but as the thief-takers themselves generally, and sometimes also their officer in charge, had worked at the same trade, they had a tenderness for those who had not yet retired from business, and seldom found the men they were supposed to look for. I often had occasion to employ Marcus as a pion by the day, working on his own horses, and found him not only a first-rate horseman, who threw a good lasso and thoroughly understood his business, but a man whom I could safely trust.

Of all the duties upon an estancia, that of making troops of the wild bulls and oxen is most dangerous for man and horse. When one of them is brought foaming with rage into the señuelo, he has to be thrown down in order to remove the lasso, and he must then suffer tipping of his horns, and other worse operations. Many of the bulls make a dangerous rush to escape, and I have often thought that they had wit enough to attempt the breach of the line of pions, where the worst jockey was stationed. Marcus has often warned me to "move on," when I was exposed, as the director of such a work especially is, to a dangerous rush, against which the horse is often more on the alert than his rider, and defends himself by springing aside so suddenly, that the rider is liable to be thrown off and fall under the feet of the bull. The best horseman in England would find his skill tried to the utmost by this work. When the animal caught in the lasso darts off in any direction, the pion must follow so as to keep a slack cord, and every movement of the bull must be answered by a movement of the horse, the rider always wheeling round so as to keep the off side towards him, or else horse and rider would become themselves entangled in the lasso. The pions, accustomed from boyhood to these sudden movements, seldom lose their seats, unless they are thrown by the stumbling of the horse in burrows, or other breaks of the soil.

Marcus Aquirre was among my helpers once in such an expedition, and slept with me in the vigilante; he on his saddle gear, I on a pile of dry hides. Before cockcrow in the morning he rose, lighted the fire, drew a bullock head towards it, and sitting down upon that, remained motionless for a whole hour with his head through the loophole of his poncho and elbow on each knee, and his chin resting on his crossed wrists. Sometimes he looked round to see that he was not alone, and then again fixed his eyes upon the fire, so that I could watch quietly from my corner the intense expression and the twitchings of his face. At last I announced myself to be awake with a "Good morning, Marcus, why so solemn? Rouse up, and put on the kettle."

"Ah, good luck to you, patron, you always are an early man." He got the breakfast ready, and said while we ate it, that he had been looking back to the years gone by, and to the ill-deeds he had done in them. "But they are gone," he said with a sigh, "and cannot be undone." On that day, in the course of our chase, his horse fell, and Marcus received fatal hurt of which he died. He was the last of the gauchos known to me. His class is extinct. Wild cattle no longer abound in the pampas, a more effective police has been established, and the class to which Marcus Aquirre belonged is now extinct.

The homes of the pions are not made happy by any sense of the sacredness of marriage. I had a woman serving me well as house servant for seven years, who in that time had five husbands, all of them still living, and upon good terms with one another. The wife attends with unembarrassed friendliness on her discarded husbands, when she hands round the supply for cups and plates to them as to the other men, and none of them, even on the first day of his dismissal, has sulked with her. The pions are untaught, none of the women and few only of the men can read, still fewer write their names. Marriage gives to the man, at small expense, a cook and housekeeper to make and mend for him, and to the woman it gives a protector in the solitude of the pampas. The marriage bond holds good till either party wishes it untied. One summer, for example, I sat by the house-door talking upon business to my overseer, when a pion came riding towards us with a woman and two children. As soon as he had seen them

safe over a rivulet, he turned and left them. They advanced towards us, and my overseer looked at them earnestly as they approached; when they had reached us he rose and saluted them, helped the woman to dismount, and spoke kindly to the children. The woman was his married wife who had come in quest of him from the province of Cordova, where he had left her. She had married again, for the younger of the two children was not his. He had another wife then actually in possession, to whom he went at once, and taking her apart, explained, without at all dismaying her, that she must pack up immediately. He then set her on a horse, handed up to her her bundle, and her two-year old child, which was his own child also, and she trotted off. When I had done my work, as I took necessarily a human interest in the case, I rode after the woman and found her at San Martin, where she had obtained leave to pass the night. In less than an hour one of the pions came there and requested private audience of me. He said he was about to marry the lady just divorced, but did not wish to withdraw her from my service if I objected to her remaining at San Martin. So I gave my benediction, and possession was immediately taken. As for the overseer at home, he seemed to be as fond of the child of another man that his wife brought back to him, as he had been of the child of his own that he had sent away. Indeed, these people give away and change children as if they were kittens. There is no need of Sir Cresswell Cresswell in the pampas. In all these arrangements, the sole point that is considered to secure the completeness and honesty of marriage, is recognition of the woman's children. Children reared altogether in the estancia are wild as unbroken colts; but the owners of large estancias winter in Buenos Ayres, and spend only the summer months upon the plain.

I have often tried to make out the origin and progress of these estancias of the provinces of the River Plate and their dependencies. The number of wild cattle and horses upon the plains a century after the founding of Buenos Ayres was almost incredibly great, and they were all descended from some dozens of animals brought on shore by the first settlers from old Spain. But the modern cattle farmer of the pampas, who reckons upon a clear doubling of his stock every four years, after deduction of the bullocks sent to market, can understand how the original stock left to increase in its own way, untouched by man, where grass and water abound, and in a climate free from extremes of heat and cold, that breeds among cattle no sort of epidemics, would go on doubling every three years. Not oftener, for though the advantages are great, there is a certain amount of care taken by the cattle-breeder that not only saves some from destruction, but also ensures greater fertility. I have converted in one year two thousand young bulls into bullocks, with the certainty of having the more calves when there is left only one bull to fifteen or twenty cows.

Of course we try to keep the cattle tame, and an important branch of the business of a cattle farmer on the Plate is the making of his apartes —the parting off and bringing home of his stray cattle from among the herds of neighbouring estancias. The frequent performance of this duty is especially necessary when bad weather or scarcity of grass and water causes the cattle to extend their search beyond the accustomed grazing-ground. And there are some animals that, like some men, have an unconquerable propensity for travelling. Spring, before calving time, and autumn, before the time for branding of the calves, are the especial seasons for this kind of search. Every cattle farmer, before branding, is bound to give notice to his neighbours, that they may come and part off his herd any stray cattle of their own. The brand once fixed is decisive of ownership. An unmarked calf belongs to the owner of the cow it is found following. The head man, with eight or ten pions and chosen horses, sets forth on his circuit, a pion riding ahead to each estancia, obtains leave to part cattle the next morning. The cattle having been collected first, the cows with calves are driven out, and afterwards the single animals. In this way the district is searched, and I have seen as many as five hundred head of stray cattle brought home at one time by the searching party. These would all wander back again to their last haunts if left alone, and have to be treated as stock newly bought, grazing all day in the custody of the pions, and at night enclosed in the corral.

The cattle sold for salting are usually oxen of from two years and a half and upwards, or cows of from three years and upwards, the stipulated condition being rather of good beef than fat. The purchaser and seller "make troop" of the herds, picking out the chosen heads after the manner of the "apartes." I should have said that in hunting out of selected cattle in the parting, as in the selling, tame cattle are stationed in what is called a señuelo, towards which the chosen beasts are driven, and which they are allowed to join, the tame decoys serving to form the nucleus of the picked herd, and keep it together. Three hundred head a day may be picked out and parted this way, the cattle penned together becoming towards evening half-wild with thirst, the men blinded with the dust that is kicked up. Another herd is then parted, with many disputes as to cattle fit to be passed, and cattle that will not be bought. The selected head is looked over for the separation of strays, and five hundred or a thousand head are in this way taken from one farm for the Saladeros. Cattle bought for market are required to be of about the same age, but all fat. The herds bought are smaller, seldom exceeding three hundred heads.

The selling of brood mares from the estancia is harder work. They cannot be driven like the other cattle, but must be caught and pulled, and the swiftness with which they dart away when in the lasso, greatly increases the difficulty of keeping up with them, so as to have a slack

cord, and turn readily enough, to avoid the entanglement of the pursuing horseman in his own lasso. I have seen Buenos Ayres made, through overtrading, a city of bankrupts, and the price of oxen for the Saladeros rise to five times what it was when I first came, while the price of mares has increased tenfold.

THE CALDRON OF OIL.

About one French league distant from the city of Toulouse, there is a village called Croix-Daurade. In the military history of England, this place is associated with a famous charge of the eighteenth hussars, which united two separate columns of the British army, on the day before the Duke of Wellington fought the battle of Toulouse. In the criminal history of France, the village is memorable as the scene of a daring crime, which was discovered and punished under circumstances sufficiently remarkable to merit preservation in the form of a plain narrative.

I.

THE PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

In the year seventeen hundred, the resident priest of the village of Croix-Daurade was Monsieur Pierre-Célestin Chaubard. He was a man of no extraordinary energy or capacity, simple in his habits, and sociable in his disposition. His character was irreproachable; he was strictly conscientious in the performance of his duties; and he was universally respected and beloved by all his parishioners.

Among the members of his flock, there was a family named Siadoux. The head of the household, Saturnin Siadoux, had been long established in business at Croix-Daurade as an oil-manufacturer, at the period of the events now to be narrated. He had attained the age of sixty, and was a widower. His family consisted of five children—three young men, who helped him in the business, and two daughters—and his nearest living relative was his sister, the widow Mirailhe.

The widow resided principally at Toulouse. Her time in that city was mainly occupied in winding up the business affairs of her deceased husband, which had remained unsettled for a considerable period after his death, through delays in realising certain sums of money owing to his representative. The widow had been left very well provided for—she was still a comely attractive woman—and more than one substantial citizen of Toulouse had shown himself anxious to persuade her into marrying for the second time. But the widow Mirailhe lived on terms of great intimacy and affection with her brother Siadoux and his family; she was sincerely attached to them, and sincerely unwilling, at her age, to deprive her nephews and nieces, by a second marriage, of the inheritance, or even of a portion of the inheritance, which would otherwise fall to them on her death. Animated by these motives, she closed her doors resolutely on all suitors who attempted to pay their court to her, with the one exception of a master-butcher of Toulouse, whose name was Cantegrel.

This man was a neighbour of the widow's, and had made himself useful by assisting her in the business complications which still hung about the realisation of her late husband's estate. The preference which she showed for the master-butcher was, thus far, of the purely negative kind. She gave him no absolute encouragement; she would not for a moment admit that there was the slightest prospect of her ever marrying him—but, at the same time, she continued to receive his visits, and she showed no disposition to restrict the neighbourly intercourse between them, for the future, within purely formal bounds. Under these circumstances, Saturnin Siadoux began to be alarmed, and to think it time to bestir himself. He had no personal acquaintance with Cantegrel, who never visited the village; and Monsieur Chaubard (to whom he might otherwise have applied for advice) was not in a position to give an opinion: the priest and the master-butcher did not even know each other by sight. In this difficulty, Siadoux bethought himself of inquiring privately at Toulouse, in the hope of discovering some scandalous passages in Cantegrel's early life, which might fatally degrade him in the estimation of the widow Mirailhe. The investigations, as usual in such cases, produced rumours and reports in plenty, the greater part of which dated back to a period of the butcher's life when he had resided in the ancient town of Narbonne. One of these rumours, especially, was of so serious a nature, that Siadoux determined to test the truth or falsehood of it, personally, by travelling to Narbonne. He kept his intention a secret not only from his sister and his daughters, but also from his sons; they were young men, not over-patient in their tempers—and he doubted their discretion. Thus, nobody knew his real purpose but himself, when he left home.

His safe arrival at Narbonne was notified in a letter to his family. The letter entered into no particulars relating to his secret errand: it merely informed his children of the day when they might expect him back, and of certain social arrangements which he wished to be made to welcome him on his return. He proposed, on his way home, to stay two days at Castelnaudry, for the purpose of paying a visit to an old friend who was settled there. According to this plan, his return to Croix-Daurade would be deferred until Tuesday, the twenty-sixth of April, when his family might expect to see him about sunset, in good time for supper. He further desired that a little party of friends might be invited to the meal, to celebrate the twenty-sixth of April (which was a feast-day in the village), as well as to celebrate his return. The guests whom he wished to be invited were, first, his sister; secondly, Monsieur Chaubard, whose pleasant disposition made him a welcome guest at all the village festivals; thirdly and fourthly, two neighbours, business-

men like himself, with whom he lived on terms of the friendliest intimacy. That was the party; and the family of Siadoux took especial pains, as the time approached, to provide a supper worthy of the guests, who had all shown the heartiest readiness in accepting their invitations.

This was the domestic position, these were the family prospects, on the morning of the twenty-sixth of April—a memorable day, for years afterwards, in the village of Croix-Daurade.

II.

THE EVENTS OF THE DAY.

Besides the curacy of the village church, good Monsieur Chaubard held some small ecclesiastical preferment in the cathedral church of St. Stephen at Toulouse. Early in the forenoon of the twenty-sixth, certain matters connected with this preferment took him from his village curacy to the city—a distance which has been already described as not greater than one French league, or between two and three English miles.

After transacting his business, Monsieur Chaubard parted with his clerical brethren, who left him by himself in the sacristy (or vestry) of the church. Before he had quitted the room, in his turn, the beadle entered it, and inquired for the Abbé de Mariotte, one of the officiating priests attached to the cathedral.

"The Abbé has just gone out," replied Monsieur Chaubard. "Who wants him?"

"A respectable-looking man," said the beadle. "I thought he seemed to be in some distress of mind, when he spoke to me."

"Did he mention his business with the Abbé?"

"Yes, sir; he expressed himself as anxious to make his confession immediately."

"In that case," said Monsieur Chaubard, "I may be of use to him in the Abbé's absence—for I have my authority to act here as confessor. Let us go into the church, and see if this person feels disposed to accept my services."

When they went into the church, they found the man walking backwards and forwards in a restless, disordered manner. His looks were so strikingly suggestive of some serious mental perturbation, that Monsieur Chaubard found it no easy matter to preserve his composure, when he first addressed himself to the stranger.

"I am sorry," he began, "that the Abbé de Mariotte is not here to offer you his services——"

"I want to make my confession," said the man, looking about him vacantly, as if the priest's words had not attracted his attention.

"You can do so at once, if you please," said Monsieur Chaubard. "I am attached to this church, and I possess the necessary authority to receive confessions in it. Perhaps, however, you are personally acquainted with the Abbé de Mariotte? Perhaps you would prefer waiting——"

"No!" said the man, roughly. "I would as soon, or sooner, confess to a stranger."

"In that case," replied Monsieur Chaubard, "be so good as to follow me."

He led the way to the confessional. The beadle, whose curiosity was excited, waited a little, and looked after them. In a few minutes, he saw the curtains, which were sometimes used to conceal the face of the officiating priest, suddenly drawn. The penitent knelt with his back turned to the church. There was literally nothing to see—but the beadle waited nevertheless, in expectation of the end.

After a long lapse of time, the curtain was withdrawn, and priest and penitent left the confessional.

The change which the interval had worked in Monsieur Chaubard was so extraordinary, that the beadle's attention was altogether withdrawn, in the interest of observing it, from the man who had made the confession. He did not remark by which door the stranger left the church—his eyes were fixed on Monsieur Chaubard. The priest's naturally ruddy face was as white as if he had just risen from a long sickness—he looked straight before him, with a stare of terror—and he left the church as hurriedly as if he had been a man escaping from prison; left it without a parting word, or a farewell look, although he was noted for his courtesy to his inferiors on all ordinary occasions.

"Good Monsieur Chaubard has heard more than he bargained for," said the beadle, wandering back to the empty confessional, with an interest which he had never felt in it till that moment.

The day wore on as quietly as usual in the village of Croix-Daurade. At the appointed time, the supper-table was laid for the guests in the house of Saturnin Siadoux. The widow Mirailhe, and the two neighbours, arrived a little before sunset. Monsieur Chaubard, who was usually punctual, did not make his appearance with them; and when the daughters of Saturnin Siadoux looked out from the upper windows, they saw no signs on the high road of their father's return.

Sunset came—and still neither Siadoux nor the priest appeared. The little party sat waiting round the table, and waited in vain. Before long, a message was sent up from the kitchen, representing that the supper must be eaten forthwith, or be spoilt; and the company began to debate the two alternatives, of waiting, or not waiting, any longer.

"It is my belief," said the widow Mirailhe, "that my brother is not coming home to-night. When Monsieur Chaubard joins us, we had better sit down to supper."

"Can any accident have happened to my father?" asked one of the two daughters, anxiously.

"God forbid!" said the widow.

"God forbid!" repeated the two neighbours, looking expectantly at the empty supper-table.

"It has been a wretched day for travelling," said Louis, the eldest son.

"It rained in torrents, all yesterday," added Thomas, the second son.

"And your father's rheumatism makes him

averse to travelling in wet weather," suggested the widow, thoughtfully.

"Very true!" said the first of the two neighbours, shaking his head piteously at his passive knife and fork.

Another message came up from the kitchen, and peremptorily forbade the company to wait any longer.

"But where is Monsieur Chaubard?" said the widow. "Has he been taking a journey too? Why is *he* absent? Has anybody seen him to-day?"

"I have seen him to-day," said the youngest son, who had not spoken yet. This young man's name was Jean; he was little given to talking, but he had proved himself, on various domestic occasions, to be the quickest and most observant member of the family.

"Where did you see him?" asked the widow.

"I met him, this morning, on his way into Toulouse."

"He has not fallen ill, I hope? Did he look out of sorts when you met him?"

"He was in excellent health and spirits," said Jean. "I never saw him look better——"

"And *I* never saw him look worse," said the second of the neighbours, striking into the conversation with the aggressive fretfulness of a hungry man.

"What! this morning?" cried Jean, in astonishment.

"No; this afternoon," said the neighbour. "I saw him going into our church here. He was as white as our plates will be—when they come up. And what is almost as extraordinary, he passed without taking the slightest notice of me."

Jean relapsed into his customary silence. It was getting dark; the clouds had gathered while the company had been talking; and, at the first pause in the conversation, the rain, falling again in torrents, made itself drearily audible.

"Dear, dear me!" said the widow. "If it was not raining so hard, we might send somebody to inquire after good Monsieur Chaubard."

"I'll go and inquire," said Thomas Siadoux. "It's not five minutes' walk. Have up the supper; I'll take a cloak with me; and if our excellent Monsieur Chaubard is out of his bed, I'll bring him back, to answer for himself."

With those words he left the room. The supper was put on the table forthwith. The hungry neighbour disputed with nobody from that moment, and the melancholy neighbour recovered his spirits.

On reaching the priest's house, Thomas Siadoux found him sitting alone in his study. He started to his feet, with every appearance of the most violent alarm, when the young man entered the room.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Thomas; "I am afraid I have startled you."

"What do you want?" asked Monsieur Chaubard, in a singularly abrupt, bewildered manner.

"Have you forgotten, sir, that this is the night of our supper?" remonstrated Thomas. "My father has not come back; and we can only suppose——"

At those words the priest dropped into his chair again, and trembled from head to foot. Amazed to the last degree by this extraordinary reception of his remonstrance, Thomas Siadoux remembered, at the same time, that he had engaged to bring Monsieur Chaubard back with him; and he determined to finish his civil speech, as if nothing had happened.

"We are all of opinion," he resumed, "that the weather has kept my father on the road. But that is no reason, sir, why the supper should be wasted, or why you should not make one of us, as you promised. Here is a good warm cloak——"

"I can't come," said the priest. "I'm ill; I'm in bad spirits; I'm not fit to go out." He sighed bitterly, and hid his face in his hands.

"Don't say that, sir," persisted Thomas. "If you are out of spirits, let us try to cheer you. And you, in your turn, will enliven us. They are all waiting for you at home. Don't refuse, sir," pleaded the young man, "or we shall think we have offended you, in some way. You have always been a good friend to our family——"

Monsieur Chaubard again rose from his chair, with a second change of manner, as extraordinary and as perplexing as the first. His eyes moistened as if the tears were rising in them; he took the hand of Thomas Siadoux, and pressed it long and warmly in his own. There was a curious mixed expression of pity and fear in the look which he now fixed on the young man.

"Of all the days in the year," he said, very earnestly, "don't doubt my friendship to-day. Ill as I am, I will make one of the supper-party, for your sake——"

"And for my father's sake?" added Thomas, persuasively.

"Let us go to the supper," said the priest.

Thomas Siadoux wrapped the cloak round him, and they left the house.

Every one at the table noticed the change in Monsieur Chaubard. He accounted for it by declaring, confusedly, that he was suffering from nervous illness; and then added that he would do his best, notwithstanding, to promote the social enjoyments of the evening. His talk was fragmentary, and his cheerfulness was sadly forced; but he contrived, with these drawbacks, to take his part in the conversation—except in the case when it happened to turn on the absent master of the house. Whenever the name of Saturnin Siadoux was mentioned—either by the neighbours, who politely regretted that he was not present; or by the family, who naturally talked about the resting-place which he might have chosen for the night—Monsieur Chaubard either relapsed into blank silence, or abruptly changed the topic. Under these circumstances, the company, by whom he was respected and beloved, made the necessary allowances for his state of health; the only person among them, who showed no desire to cheer the

priest's spirits, and to humour him in his temporary fretfulness, being the silent younger son of Saturnin Siadoux.

Both Louis and Thomas noticed that, from the moment when Monsieur Chaubard's manner first betrayed his singular unwillingness to touch on the subject of their father's absence, Jean fixed his eyes on the priest, with an expression of suspicious attention; and never looked away from him for the rest of the evening. The young man's absolute silence at table did not surprise his brothers, for they were accustomed to his taciturn habits. But the sullen distrust betrayed in his close observations of the honoured guest and friend of the family, surprised and angered them. The priest himself seemed once or twice to be aware of the scrutiny to which he was subjected, and to feel uneasy and offended, as he naturally might. He abstained, however, from openly noticing Jean's strange behaviour; and Louis and Thomas were bound, therefore, in common politeness to abstain from noticing it also.

The inhabitants of Croix-Daurade kept early hours. Towards eleven o'clock the company rose and separated for the night. Except the two neighbours, nobody had enjoyed the supper, and even the two neighbours having eaten their fill, were as glad to get home as the rest. In the little confusion of parting, Monsieur Chaubard completed the astonishment of the guests at the extraordinary change in him, by slipping away alone, without waiting to bid anybody good night.

The widow Mirailhe and her nieces withdrew to their bedrooms, and left the three brothers by themselves in the parlour.

"Jean," said Thomas Siadoux, "I have a word to say to you. "You stared at our good Monsieur Chaubard in a very offensive manner all through the evening. What did you mean by it?"

"Wait till to-morrow," said Jean; "and perhaps I may tell you."

He lit his candle, and left them. Both the brothers observed that his hand trembled, and that his manner—never very winning—was, on that night more serious and more unsociable than usual.

III.

THE YOUNGER BROTHER.

When post-time came on the morning of the twenty-seventh, no letter arrived from Saturnin Siadoux. On consideration, the family interpreted this circumstance in a favourable light. If the master of the house had not written to them, it followed, surely, that he meant to make writing unnecessary by returning on that day.

As the hours passed, the widow and her nieces looked out, from time to time, for the absent man. Towards noon, they observed a little assembly of people approaching the village. Ere long, on a nearer view, they recognised at the head of the assembly, the chief magistrate of Toulouse, in his official dress. He was accompanied by his Assessor (also in his official dress), by an escort of archers, and by certain subordinates attached to the town-hall. These last appeared to be carrying some burden, which was hidden from view by the escort of archers. The procession stopped at the house of Saturnin Siadoux; and the two daughters hastening to the door, to discover what had happened—met the burden which the men were carrying, and saw, stretched on a litter, the dead body of their father.

The corpse had been found that morning on the banks of river Lers. It was stabbed in eleven places with knife or dagger wounds. None of the valuables about the dead man's person had been touched; his watch and his money were still in his pockets. Whoever had murdered him, had murdered him for vengeance, not for gain.

Some time elapsed before even the male members of the family were sufficiently composed to hear what the officers of justice had to say to them. When this result had been at length achieved, and when the necessary inquiries had been made, no information of any kind was obtained which pointed to the murderer, in the eye of the law. After expressing his sympathy, and promising that every available means should be tried to effect the discovery of the criminal, the chief magistrate gave his orders to his escort, and withdrew.

When night came the sister and the daughters of the murdered man retired to the upper part of the house, exhausted by the violence of their grief. The three brothers were left once more alone in the parlour, to speak together of the awful calamity which had befallen them. They were of hot Southern blood, and they looked on one another with a Southern thirst for vengeance in their tearless eyes.

The silent younger son was now the first to open his lips.

"You charged me, yesterday," he said to his brother Thomas, "with looking strangely at Monsieur Chaubard all the evening; and I answered that I might tell you *why* I looked at him when to-morrow came. To-morrow has come, and I am ready to tell you."

He waited a little, and lowered his voice to a whisper when he spoke again.

"When Monsieur Chaubard was at our supper-table last night," he said, "I had it in my mind that something had happened to our father, and that the priest knew it."

The two elder brothers looked at him in speechless astonishment.

"Our father has been brought back to us a murdered man!" Jean went on, still in a whisper. "I tell you, Louis—and you, Thomas—that the priest knows who murdered him."

Louis and Thomas shrank from their younger brother, as if he had spoken blasphemy.

"Listen," said Jean. "No clue has been found to the secret of the murder. The magistrate has promised us to do his best—but I saw in his face that he had little hope. We must make the discovery ourselves—or our father's

blood will have cried to us for vengeance, and cried in vain. Remember that—and mark my next words. You heard me say yesterday evening, that I had met Monsieur Chaubard on his way to Toulouse in excellent health and spirits. You heard our old friend and neighbour at the supper-table contradict me, and declare that he had seen the priest, some hours later, go into our church here with the face of a panic-stricken man. You saw, Thomas, how he behaved when you went to fetch him to our house. You saw, Louis, what his looks were like when he came in. The change was noticed by everybody—what was the cause of it? *I* saw the cause in the priest's own face, when our father's name turned up in the talk round the supper-table. Did Monsieur Chaubard join in that talk? He was the only person present who never joined in it once. Did he change it, on a sudden, whenever it came his way? It came his way four times; and four times he changed it—trembling, stammering, turning whiter and whiter, but still, as true as the Heaven above us, shifting the talk off himself, every time! Are you men? Have you brains in your heads? Don't you see, as I see, what this leads to? On my salvation I swear it—the priest knows the hand that killed our father!"

The faces of the two elder brothers darkened vindictively, as the conviction of the truth fastened itself on their minds.

"*How* could he know it?" they inquired, eagerly.

"He must tell us himself," said Jean.

"And if he hesitates—if he refuses to open his lips?"

"We must open them by main force."

They drew their chairs together after that last answer, and consulted, for some time, in whispers.

When the consultation was over, the brothers rose and went into the room where the dead body of their father was laid out. The three kissed him, in turn, on the forehead—then took hands together, and looked, meaningly, in each other's faces—then separated. Louis and Thomas put on their hats, and went at once to the priest's residence; while Jean withdrew by himself to the great room at the back of the house, which was used for the purposes of the oil-factory.

Only one of the workmen was left in the place. He was watching an immense caldron of boiling linseed-oil.

"You can go home," said Jean, patting the man kindly on the shoulder. "There is no hope of a night's rest for me, after the affliction that has befallen us—I will take your place at the caldron. Go home, my good fellow—go home."

The man thanked him, and withdrew. Jean followed, and satisfied himself that the workman had really left the house. He then returned, and sat down by the boiling caldron.

Meanwhile, Louis and Thomas presented themselves at the priest's house. He had not yet retired to bed, and he received them kindly—but with the same extraordinary agitation in his face and manner which had surprised all who saw him on the previous day. The brothers were prepared beforehand with an answer, when he inquired what they wanted of him. They replied immediately that the shock of their father's horrible death had so seriously affected their aunt and their eldest sister, that it was feared the minds of both might give way, unless spiritual consolation and assistance were afforded to them that night. The unhappy priest—always faithful and self-sacrificing where the duties of his ministry were in question—at once rose to accompany the young men back to the house. He even put on his surplice, and took the crucifix with him, to impress his words of comfort all the more solemnly on the afflicted women whom he was called on to succour.

Thus innocent of all suspicion of the conspiracy to which he had fallen a victim, he was taken into the room where Jean sat waiting by the caldron of oil; and the door was locked behind him.

Before he could speak, Thomas Siadoux openly avowed the truth.

"It is we three who want you," he said—"not our aunt, and not our sister. If you answer our questions truly, you have nothing to fear. If you refuse——" He stopped, and looked toward Jean and the boiling caldron.

Never, at the best of times, a resolute man; deprived, since the day before, of such resources of energy as he possessed, by the mental suffering which he had undergone in secret—the unfortunate priest trembled from head to foot, as the three brothers closed round him. Louis took the crucifix from him, and held it; Thomas forced him to place his right hand on it; Jean stood in front of him and put the questions.

"Our father has been brought home, a murdered man," he said. "Do you know who killed him?"

The priest hesitated; and the two elder brothers moved him nearer to the caldron.

"Answer us, on peril of your life," said Jean. "Say, with your hand on the blessed crucifix, do you know the man who killed our father?"

"I do know him."

"When did you make the discovery?"

"Yesterday."

"Where?"

"At Toulouse."

"Name the murderer."

At those words, the priest closed his hand fast on the crucifix, and rallied his sinking courage.

"Never!" he said, firmly. "The knowledge I possess was obtained in the confessional. The secrets of the confessional are sacred. If I betray them, I commit sacrilege. I will die first!"

"Think!" said Jean. "If you keep silence, you screen the murderer. If you keep silence, you are the murderer's accomplice. We have sworn over our father's dead body to avenge him—if you keep silence, we will avenge him on

you. I charge you again, Name the man who killed him."

"I will die first," the priest reiterated, as firmly as before.

"Die then!" said Jean. "Die in that caldron of boiling oil."

"Give him time," cried Louis and Thomas, earnestly pleading together.

"We will give him time," said the younger brother. "There is the clock yonder, against the wall. We will count five minutes by it. In those five minutes, let him make his peace with God—or make up his mind to speak."

They waited, watching the clock. In that dreadful interval, the priest dropped on his knees and hid his face. The time passed in dead silence.

"Speak! for your own sake, for our sakes, speak!" said Thomas Siadoux, as the minute hand reached the point at which the five minutes expired.

The priest looked up—his voice died away on his lips—the mortal agony broke out on his face in great drops of sweat—his head sank forward on his breast.

"Lift him!" cried Jean, seizing the priest on one side. "Lift him, and throw him in!"

The two elder brothers advanced a step—and hesitated.

"Lift him, on your oath over our father's body!"

The two brothers seized him on the other side. As they lifted him to a level with the caldron, the horror of the death that threatened him, burst from the lips of the miserable man in a scream of terror. The brothers held him firm at the caldron's edge. "Name the man!" they said for the last time.

The priest's teeth chattered—he was speechless. But he made a sign with his head—a sign in the affirmative. They placed him in a chair, and waited patiently until he was able to speak.

His first words were words of entreaty. He begged Thomas Siadoux to give him back the crucifix. When it was placed in his possession, he kissed it, and said faintly, "I ask pardon of God for the sin that I am about to commit." He paused; and then looked up at the younger brother, who still stood in front of him. "I am ready," he said. "Question me, and I will answer."

Jean repeated the questions which he had put, when the priest was first brought into the room.

"You know the murderer of our father?"

"I know him."

"Since when?"

"Since he made his confession to me yesterday, in the cathedral of Toulouse."

"Name him."

"His name is Cantegrel."

"The man who wanted to marry our aunt?"

"The same."

"What brought him to the confessional?"

"His own remorse."

"What were the motives for his crime?"

"There were reports against his character; and he discovered that your father had gone privately to Narbonne to make sure that they were true."

"Did our father make sure of their truth?"

"He did."

"Would those discoveries have separated our aunt from Cantegrel if our father had lived to tell her of them?"

"They would. If your father had lived, he would have told your aunt that Cantegrel was married already; that he had deserted his wife at Narbonne; that she was living there with another man, under another name; and that she had herself confessed it in your father's presence."

"Where was the murder committed?"

"Between Villefranche and this village. Cantegrel had followed your father to Narbonne; and had followed him back again to Villefranche. As far as that place he travelled in company with others, both going and returning. Beyond Villefranche, he was left alone at the ford over the river. There, Cantegrel drew the knife to kill him, before he reached home and told his news to your aunt."

"How was the murder committed?"

"It was committed while your father was watering his pony by the bank of the stream. Cantegrel stole on him from behind, and struck him as he was stooping over the saddle-bow."

"This is the truth, on your oath?"

"On my oath, it is the truth?"

"You may leave us."

The priest rose from his chair without assistance. From the time when the terror of death had forced him to reveal the murderer's name, a great change had passed over him. He had given his answers with the immovable calmness of a man on whose mind all human interests had lost their hold. He now left the room, strangely absorbed in himself; moving with the mechanical regularity of a sleep-walker; lost to all perception of things and persons about him. At the door he stopped—woke, as it seemed, from the trance that possessed him—and looked at the three brothers with a steady changeless sorrow, which they had never seen in him before, which they never afterwards forgot.

"I forgive you," he said, quietly and solemnly. "Pray for me, when my time comes."

With those last words, he left them.

IV.

THE END.

THE night was far advanced; but the three brothers determined to set forth instantly for Toulouse, and to place their information in the magistrate's hands, before the morning dawned.

Thus far, no suspicion had occurred to them of the terrible consequences which were to follow their night-interview with the priest. They were absolutely ignorant of the punishment to which a man in holy orders exposed himself, if he revealed the secrets of the confessional. No infliction of that punishment had been

known in their neighbourhood—for, at that time, as at this, the rarest of all priestly offences was a violation of the sacred trust confided to the confessor by the Roman Church. Conscious that they had forced the priest into the commission of a clerical offence, the brothers sincerely believed that the loss of his curacy would be the heaviest penalty which the law could exact from him. They entered Toulouse that night, discussing the atonement which they might offer to Monsieur Chaubard, and the means which they might best employ to make his future life easy to him.

The first disclosure of the consequences which would certainly follow the outrage they had committed, was revealed to them when they made their deposition before the officer of justice. The magistrate listened to their narrative with horror vividly expressed in his face and manner.

"Better you had never been born," he said, "than have avenged your father's death, as you three have avenged it. Your own act has doomed the guilty and the innocent to suffer alike."

Those words proved prophetic of the truth. The end came quickly, as the priest had foreseen it, when he spoke his parting words.

The arrest of Cantegrel was accomplished without difficulty, the next morning. In the absence of any other evidence on which to justify this proceeding, the private disclosure to the authorities of the secret which the priest had violated, became inevitable. The Parliament of Languedoc was, under these circumstances, the tribunal appealed to; and the decision of that assembly immediately ordered the priest and the three brothers to be placed in confinement, as well as the murderer Cantegrel. Evidence was then immediately sought for, which might convict this last criminal, without any reference to the revelation that had been forced from the priest—and evidence enough was found to satisfy judges whose minds already possessed the foregone certainty of the prisoner's guilt. He was put on his trial, was convicted of the murder, and was condemned to be broken on the wheel. The sentence was rigidly executed, with as little delay as the law would permit.

The cases of Monsieur Chaubard, and of the three sons of Siadoux, next occupied the judges. The three brothers were found guilty of having forced the secret of a confession from a man in holy orders, and were sentenced to death by hanging. A far more terrible expiation of his offence awaited the unfortunate priest. He was condemned to have his limbs broken on the wheel, and to be afterwards, while still living, bound to the stake, and destroyed by fire.

Barbarous as the punishments of that period were, accustomed as the population was to hear of their infliction, and even to witness it, the sentences pronounced in these two cases dismayed the public mind; and the authorities were surprised by receiving petitions for mercy from Toulouse, and from all the surrounding neighbourhood. But the priest's doom had been sealed. All that could be obtained, by the intercession of persons of the highest distinction, was, that the executioner should grant him the mercy of death, before his body was committed to the flames. With this one modification, the sentence was executed, as the sentence had been pronounced, on the curate of Croix-Daurade.

The punishment of the three sons of Siadoux remained to be inflicted. But the people, roused by the death of the ill-fated priest, rose against this third execution, with a resolution before which the local government gave way. The cause of the young men was taken up by the hot-blooded populace, as the cause of all fathers and all sons; their filial piety was exalted to the skies; their youth was pleaded in their behalf; their ignorance of the terrible responsibility which they had confronted in forcing the secret from the priest, was loudly alleged in their favour. More than this, the authorities were actually warned that the appearance of the prisoners on the scaffold would be the signal for an organised revolt and rescue. Under this serious pressure, the execution was deferred, and the prisoners were kept in confinement until the popular ferment had subsided.

The delay not only saved their lives, it gave them back their liberty as well. The infection of the popular sympathy had penetrated through the prison doors. All three brothers were handsome, well-grown young men. The gentlest of the three in disposition—Thomas Siadoux—aroused the interest and won the affection of the head-gaoler's daughter. Her father was prevailed on at her intercession to relax a little in his customary vigilance; and the rest was accomplished by the girl herself. One morning, the population of Toulouse heard, with every testimony of the most extravagant rejoicing, that the three brothers had escaped, accompanied by the gaoler's daughter. As a necessary legal formality, they were pursued, but no extraordinary efforts were used to overtake them; and they succeeded, accordingly, in crossing the nearest frontier.

Twenty days later, orders were received from the capital, to execute their sentence in effigy. They were then permitted to return to France, on condition that they never again appeared in their native place, or in any other part of the province of Languedoc. With this reservation they were left free to live where they pleased, and to repent the fatal act which had avenged them on the murderer of their father at the cost of the priest's life.

Beyond this point the official documents do not enable us to follow their career. All that is now known has been now told of the village-tragedy at Croix-Daurade.

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"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR."—SHAKESPEARE.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

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CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

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GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XL.

IT was fortunate for me that I had to take precautions to ensure (so far as I could) the safety of my dreaded visitor; for, this thought pressing on me when I awoke, held other thoughts in a confused concourse at a distance.

The impossibility of keeping him concealed in the chambers was self-evident. It could not be done, and the attempt to do it would inevitably engender suspicion. True, I had no Avenger in my service now, but I was looked after by an inflammatory old female, assisted by an animated rag-bag whom she called her niece, and to keep a room secret from them would be to invite curiosity and exaggeration. They both had weak eyes, which I had long attributed to their chronically looking in at keyholes, and they were always at hand when not wanted; indeed that was their only reliable quality besides larceny. Not to get up a mystery with these people, I resolved to announce in the morning that my uncle had unexpectedly come from the country.

This course I decided on while I was yet groping about in the darkness for the means of getting a light. Not stumbling on the means after all, I was fain to go out to the adjacent Lodge and get the watchman there to come with his lantern. Now, in groping my way down the black staircase I fell over something, and that something was a man crouching in a corner.

As the man made no answer when I asked him what he did there, but eluded my touch in silence, I ran to the Lodge and urged the watchman to come back quickly: telling him of the incident on the way back. The wind being as fierce as ever, we did not care to endanger the light in the lantern by rekindling the extinguished lamps on the staircase, but we examined the staircase from the bottom to the top and found no one there. It then occurred to me as possible that the man might have slipped into my rooms; so, lighting my candle at the watchman's, and leaving him standing at the door, I examined them carefully, including the room in which my dreaded guest lay asleep. All was quiet, and assuredly no other man was in those chambers.

It troubled me that there should have been a lurker on the stairs, on that night of all nights in the year, and I asked the watchman, on the chance of eliciting some hopeful explanation as I handed him a dram at the door, whether he had admitted at his gate any gentlemen who had perceptibly been dining out? Yes, he said; at different times of the night, three. One lived in Fountain-court, and the other two lived in the Lane, and he had seen them all go home. Again, the only other man who dwelt in the house of which my chambers formed a part, had been in the country for some weeks; and he certainly had not returned in the night, because we had seen his door with his seal on it as we came up-stairs.

"The night being so bad, sir," said the watchman, as he gave me back my glass, "uncommon few have come in at my gate. Besides them three gentlemen that I have named, I don't call to mind another since about eleven o'clock, when a stranger asked for you."

"My uncle," I muttered. "Yes."

"You saw him, sir?"

"Yes. Oh yes."

"Likewise the person with him?"

"Person with him!" I repeated.

"I judged the person to be with him," returned the watchman. "The person stopped when he stopped to make inquiry of me, and the person took this way when he took this way."

"What sort of person?"

The watchman had not particularly noticed; he should say, a working person; to the best of his belief, he had a dust-coloured kind of clothes on, under a dark coat. The watchman made more light of the matter than I did, and naturally; not having my reason for attaching weight to it.

When I had got rid of him, which I thought it well to do without prolonging explanations, my mind was much troubled by these two circumstances taken together. Whereas they were easy of innocent solution apart—as, for instance, some diner-out or diner-at-home, who had not gone near this watchman's gate, might have strayed to my staircase and dropped asleep there—and my nameless visitor might have brought some one with him to show him the way—still, joined, they had an ugly look to one as prone to distrust and fear as the changes of a few hours had made me.

I lighted my fire, which burnt with a raw pale flare at that time of the morning, and

fell into a doze before it. I seemed to have been dozing a whole night when the clocks struck six. As there was full an hour and a half between me and daylight, I dozed again; now, waking up uneasily, with prolix conversations about nothing, in my ears; now, making thunder of the wind in the chimney; at length falling off into a profound sleep from which the daylight woke me with a start.

All this time I had never been able to consider my own situation, nor could I do so yet. I had not the power to attend to it. I was greatly dejected and distressed, but in an incoherent wholesale sort of way. As to forming any plan for the future, I could as soon have formed an elephant. When I opened the shutters and looked out at the wet wild morning, all of a leaden hue; when I walked from room to room; when I sat down again shivering, before the fire, waiting for my laundress to appear; I thought how miserable I was, but hardly knew why, or how long I had been so, or on what day of the week I made the reflection, or even who I was that made it.

At length the old woman and the niece came in—the latter with a head not easily distinguishable from her dusty broom—and testified surprise at sight of me and the fire. To whom I imparted how my uncle had come in the night and was then asleep, and how the breakfast preparations were to be modified accordingly. Then I washed and dressed while they knocked the furniture about and made a dust, and so, in a sort of dream or sleep-waking, I found myself sitting by the fire again, waiting for—Him—to come to breakfast.

By-and-by, his door opened and he came out. I could not bring myself to bear the sight of him, and I thought he had a worse look by daylight.

"I do not even know," said I, speaking low as he took his seat at the table, "by what name to call you. I have given out that you are my uncle."

"That's it, dear boy! Call me uncle."

"You assumed some name, I suppose, on board ship?"

"Yes, dear boy. I took the name of Provis."

"Do you mean to keep that name?"

"Why, yes, dear boy, it's as good as another—unless you'd like another."

"What is your real name?" I asked him in a whisper.

"Magwitch," he answered, in the same tone; "chris'en'd Abel."

"What were you brought up to be?"

"A warmint, dear boy."

He answered quite seriously, and used the word as if it denoted some profession.

"When you came into the Temple last night——" said I, pausing to wonder whether that could really have been last night, which seemed so long ago.

"Yes, dear boy?"

"When you came in at the gate and asked the watchman the way here, had you any one with you?"

"With me? No, dear boy."

"But there was some one there?"

"I didn't take particular notice," he said, dubiously, "not knowing the ways of the place. But I think there *was* a person, too, come in alonger me."

"Are you known in London?"

"I hope not!" said he, giving his neck a jerk with his forefinger that made me turn hot and sick.

"Were you known in London, once?"

"Not over and above, dear boy. I was in the provinces mostly."

"Were you—tried—in London?"

"Which time?" said he, with a sharp look.

"The last time."

He nodded. "First knowed Mr. Jaggers that way. Jaggers was for me."

It was on my lips to ask him what he was tried for, but he took up a knife, gave it a flourish, and with the words, "And whatever I done is worked out and paid for!" fell to at his breakfast.

He ate in a ravenous way that was very disagreeable, and all his actions were uncouth, noisy, and greedy. Some of his teeth had failed him since I saw him eat on the marshes, and as he turned his food in his mouth, and turned his head sideways to bring his strongest fangs to bear upon it, he looked terribly like a hungry old dog. If I had begun with any appetite, he would have taken it away, and I should have sat much as I did—repelled from him by an insurmountable aversion, and gloomily looking at the cloth.

"I'm a heavy grubber, dear boy," he said, as a polite kind of apology when he had made an end of his meal, "but I always was. If it had been in my constitution to be a lighter grubber, I might ha' got into lighter trouble. Similarly, I must have my smoke. When I was first hired out as shepherd t'other side the world, it's my belief I should ha' turned into a molloncolly-mad sheep myself, if I hadn't a had my smoke."

As he said so, he got up from table, and putting his hand into the breast of the pea-coat he wore, brought out a short black pipe, and a handful of loose tobacco of the kind that is called Negro-head. Having filled his pipe, he put the surplus tobacco back again, as if his pocket were a drawer. Then he took a live coal from the fire with the tongs, and lighted his pipe at it, and then turned round on the hearthrug with his back to the fire, and went through his favourite action of holding out both his hands for mine.

"And this," said he, dandling my hands up and down in his, as he puffed at his pipe; "and this is the gentleman what I made! The real genuine One! It does me good fur to look at you, Pip. All I stip'late, is, to stand by and look at you, dear boy!"

I released my hands as soon as I could, and found that I was beginning slowly to settle down to the contemplation of my condition. What I was chained to, and how heavily, became intelligible to me, as I heard his hoarse voice,

and sat looking up at his furrowed bald head with its iron grey hair at the sides.

"I mustn't see my gentleman a footing it in the mire of the streets; there mustn't be no mud on *his* boots. My gentleman must have horses, Pip! Horses to ride, and horses to drive, and horses for his servant to ride and drive as well. Shall colonists have their horses (and blood 'uns, if you please, good Lord!) and not my London gentleman? No, no. We'll show 'em another pair of shoes than that, Pip; won't us?"

He took out of his pocket a great thick pocket-book, bursting with papers, and tossed it on the table.

"There's something worth spending in that there book, dear boy. It's yourn. All I've got ain't mine; it's yourn. Don't you be afeerd on it. There's more where that come from. I've come to the old country fur to see my gentleman spend his money *like* a gentleman. That'll be *my* pleasure. *My* pleasure 'ull be fur to see him do it. And blast you all!" he wound up, looking round the room and snapping his fingers once with a loud snap, "blast you every one, from the judge in his wig, to the colonist a stirring up the dust, I'll show a better gentleman than the whole kit on you put together!"

"Stop!" said I, almost in a frenzy of fear and dislike, "I want to speak to you. I want to know what is to be done. I want to know how you are to be kept out of danger, how long you are going to stay, what projects you have."

"Look'ee here, Pip," said he, laying his hand on my arm in a suddenly altered and subdued manner; "first of all, look'ee here. I forgot myself half a minute ago. What I said was low; that's what it was; low. Look'ee here, Pip. Look over it. I ain't a going to be low."

"First," I resumed, half groaning, "what precautions can be taken against your being recognised and seized?"

"No, dear boy," he said, in the same tone as before, "that don't go first. Lowness goes first. I ain't took so many year to make a gentleman, not without knowing what's due to him. Look'ee here, Pip. I was low; that's what I was; low. Look over it, dear boy."

Some sense of the grimly-ludicrous moved me to a fretful laugh, as I replied, "I *have* looked over it. In Heaven's name, don't harp upon it!"

"Yes, but look'ee here," he persisted. "Dear boy, I ain't come so fur to be low. Now, go on, dear boy. You was a saying——"

"How are you to be guarded from the danger you have incurred?"

"Well, dear boy, the danger ain't so great. Without I was informed agen, the danger ain't so much to signify. There's Jaggers, and there's Wemmick, and there's you. Who else is there to inform?"

"Is there no chance person who might identify you in the street?" said I.

"Well," he returned, "there ain't many. Nor yet I don't intend to advertise myself in the papers by the name of A. M. come back from Botany Bay; and years have rolled away, and who's to gain by it? Still, look'ee here, Pip. If the danger had been fifty times as great, I should ha' come to see you, mind you, just the same."

"And how long do you remain?"

"How long?" said he, taking his black pipe from his mouth, and dropping his jaw as he stared at me. "I'm not a going back. I've come for good."

"Where are you to live?" said I. "What is to be done with you? Where will you be safe?"

"Dear boy," he returned, "there's disguising wigs can be bought for money, and there's hair powder, and spectacles, and black clothes—shorts and what not. Others has done it safe afore, and what others has done afore, others can do agen. As to the where and how of living, dear boy, give me your own opinions on it."

"You take it smoothly now," said I, "but you were very serious last night, when you swore it was Death."

"And so I swear it is Death," said he, putting his pipe back in his mouth, "and Death by the rope, in the open street not fur from this, and it's serious that you should fully understand it to be so. What then, when that's once done? Here I am. To go back now, 'ud be as bad as to stand ground—worse. Besides, Pip, I'm here, because I've meant it by you, years and years. As to what I dare, I'm a old bird now, as has dared all manner of traps since first he was fledged, and I'm not afeerd to perch upon a scarecrow. If there's Death hid inside of it, there is, and let him come out, and I'll face him, and then I'll believe in him and not afore. And now let me have a look at my gentleman agen."

Once more he took me by both hands and surveyed me with an air of admiring proprietorship: smoking with great complacency all the while.

It appeared to me that I could do no better than secure him some quiet lodging hard by, of which he might take possession when Herbert returned: whom I expected in two or three days. That the secret must be confided to Herbert as a matter of unavoidable necessity, even if I could have put the immense relief I should derive from sharing it with him out of the question, was plain to me. But it was by no means so plain to Mr. Provis (I resolved to call him by that name), who reserved his consent to Herbert's participation until he should have seen him and formed a favourable judgment of his physiognomy. "And even then, dear boy," said he, pulling a greasy little clasped black Testament out of his pocket, "we'll have him on his oath."

To state that my terrible patron carried this little black book about the world solely to swear people on in cases of emergency, would be to state what I never quite established—but this I can say, that I never knew him put it to any other use. The book itself had the appearance of having been stolen from some court

of justice, and perhaps his knowledge of its antecedents combined with his own experience in that wise, gave him a reliance on its powers as a sort of legal spell or charm. On this first occasion of his producing it, I recalled how he had made me swear fidelity in the churchyard long ago, and how he had described himself last night as always swearing to his resolutions in his solitude.

As he was at present dressed in a seafaring slop suit, in which he looked as if he had some parrots and cigars to dispose of, I next discussed with him what dress he should wear. He cherished an extraordinary belief in the virtues of "shorts" as a disguise, and had in his own mind sketched a dress for himself that would have made him something between a dean and a dentist. It was with considerable difficulty that I won him over to the assumption of a dress more like a prosperous farmer's; and we arranged that he should cut his hair close and wear a little powder. Lastly, as he had not yet been seen by the laundress or her niece, he was to keep himself out of their view until his change of dress was made.

It would seem a simple matter to decide on these precautions; but in my dazed, not to say distracted, state, it took so long, that I did not get out to further them, until two or three in the afternoon. He was to remain shut up in the chambers while I was gone, and was on no account to open the door.

There being to my knowledge a respectable lodging-house in Essex-street, the back of which looked into the Temple, and was almost within hail of my windows, I first of all repaired to that house, and was so fortunate as to secure the second floor for my uncle, Mr. Provis. I then went from shop to shop, making such purchases as were necessary to the change in his appearance. This business transacted, I turned my face, on my own account, to Little Britain. Mr. Jaggers was at his desk, but, seeing me enter, got up immediately and stood before his fire.

"Now, Pip," said he, "be careful."

"I will, sir," I returned. For, I had thought well of what I was going to say coming along.

"Don't commit yourself," said Mr. Jaggers, "and don't commit any one. You understand—any one. Don't tell me anything: I don't want to know anything; I am not curious."

Of course I saw that he knew the man was come.

"I merely want, Mr. Jaggers," said I, "to assure myself that what I have been told is true. I have no hope of its being untrue, but at least I may verify it."

Mr. Jaggers nodded. "But did you say 'told,' or 'informed'?" he asked me, with his head on one side, and not looking at me, but looking in a listening way at the floor. "Told would seem to imply verbal communication. You can't have verbal communication with a man in New South Wales, you know."

"I will say, informed, Mr. Jaggers."

"Good."

"I have been informed by a person named Abel Magwitch, that he is the benefactor so long unknown to me."

"That is the man," said Mr. Jaggers, "—in New South Wales."

"And only he?" said I.

"And only he," said Mr. Jaggers.

"I am not so unreasonable, sir, as to think you at all responsible for my mistakes and wrong conclusions; but I always supposed it was Miss Havisham."

"As you say, Pip," returned Mr. Jaggers, turning his eyes upon me coolly, and taking a bite at his forefinger, "I am not at all responsible for that."

"And yet it looked so like it, sir," I pleaded with a downcast heart.

"Not a particle of evidence, Pip," said Mr. Jaggers, shaking his head and gathering up his skirts. "Take nothing on its looks; take everything on evidence. There's no better rule."

"I have no more to say," said I, with a sigh, after standing silent for a little while. "I have verified my information, and there an end."

"And Magwitch—in New South Wales—having at last disclosed himself," said Mr. Jaggers, "you will comprehend, Pip, how rigidly throughout my communication with you, I have always adhered to the strict line of fact. There has never been the least departure from the strict line of fact. You are quite aware of that?"

"Quite, sir."

"I communicated to Magwitch—in New South Wales—when he first wrote to me—from New South Wales—the caution that he must not expect me ever to deviate from the strict line of fact. I also communicated to him another caution. He appeared to me to have obscurely hinted in his letter at some distant idea he had of seeing you in England here. I cautioned him that I must hear no more of that; that he was not at all likely to obtain a pardon; that he was expatriated for the term of his natural life; and that his presenting himself in this country would be an act of felony, rendering him liable to the extreme penalty of the law. I gave Magwitch that caution," said Mr. Jaggers, looking hard at me; "I wrote it to New South Wales. He guided himself by it, no doubt."

"No doubt," said I.

"I have been informed by Wemmick," pursued Mr. Jaggers, still looking hard at me, "that he has received a letter, under date Portsmouth, from a colonist of the name of Purvis, or——"

"Or Provis," I suggested.

"Or Provis—thank you, Pip., Perhaps it *is* Provis? Perhaps you know it's Provis?"

"Yes," said I.

"You know it's Provis. A letter, under date Portsmouth, from a colonist of the name of Provis, asking for the particulars of your address, on behalf of Magwitch. Wemmick sent him the particulars, I understand, by return of post. Probably it is through Provis that you have received the explanation of Magwitch—in New South Wales?"

"It came through Provis," I replied.

"Good day, Pip," said Mr. Jaggers, offering his hand; "glad to have seen you. In writing by post to Magwitch—in New South Wales—or in communicating with him through Provis, have the goodness to mention that the particulars and vouchers of our long account shall be sent to you, together with the balance; for there is still a balance remaining. Good-day, Pip!"

We shook hands, and he looked hard at me as long as he could see me. I turned at the door, and he was still looking hard at me, while the two vile casts on the shelf seemed to be trying to get their eyelids open, and to force out of their swollen throats, "O, what a man he is!"

Wemmick was out, and though he had been at his desk he could have done nothing for me. I went straight back to the Temple, where I found the terrible Provis drinking rum-and-water and smoking negro-head, in safety.

Next day the clothes I had ordered, all came home, and he put them on. Whatever he put on became him less (it dismally seemed to me) than what he had worn before. To my thinking, there was something in him that made it hopeless to attempt to disguise him. The more I dressed him and the better I dressed him, the more he looked like the slouching fugitive on the marshes. This effect on my anxious fancy was partly referable, no doubt, to his old face and manner growing more familiar to me; but I believe too that he dragged one of his legs as if there were still a weight of iron on it, and that from head to foot there was Convict in the very grain of the man.

The influences of his solitary hut-life were upon him besides, and gave him a savage air that no dress could tame; added to these, were the influences of his subsequent branded life among men, and crowning all, his consciousness that he was dodging and hiding now. In all his ways of sitting and standing, and eating and drinking—of brooding about, in a high-shouldered reluctant style—of taking out his great horn-handled jack-knife and wiping it on his legs and cutting his food—of lifting light glasses and cups to his lips, as if they were clumsy pannikins—of chopping a wedge off his bread, and soaking up with it the last fragments of gravy round and round his plate, as if to make the most of an allowance, and then drying his finger-ends on it, and then swallowing it—in these ways and a thousand other small nameless instances arising every minute in the day, there was Prisoner, Felon, Bondsman, plain as plain could be.

It had been his own idea to wear that touch of powder, and I had conceded the powder after overcoming the shorts. But I can compare the effect of it, when on, to nothing but the probable effect of rouge upon the dead; so awful was the manner in which everything in him that it was most desirable to repress, started through that thin layer of pretence, and seemed to come blazing out at the crown of his head. It was abandoned as soon as tried, and he wore his grizzled hair cut short.

Words cannot tell what a sense I had, at the same time, of the dreadful mystery that he was to me. When he fell asleep of an evening with his knotted hands clenching the sides of the easy-chair, and his bald head tattooed with deep wrinkles falling forward on his breast, I would sit and look at him, wondering what he had done, and loading him with all the crimes in the Calendar, until the impulse was powerful on me to start up and fly from him. Every hour so increased my abhorrence of him, that I even think I might have yielded to this impulse in the first agonies of being so haunted, notwithstanding all he had done for me, and the risk he ran, but for the knowledge that Herbert must soon come back. Once, I actually did start out of bed in the night, and begin to dress myself in my worst clothes, hurriedly intending to leave him there with everything else I possessed, and enlist for India as a private soldier.

I doubt if a ghost could have been more terrible to me, up in those lonely rooms in the long evenings and long nights, with the wind and the rain always rushing by. A ghost could not have been taken and hanged on my account, and the consideration that he could be, and the dread that he would be, were no small addition to my horrors. When he was not asleep or playing a complicated kind of Patience with a ragged pack of cards of his own—a game that I never saw before or since, and in which he recorded his winnings by sticking his jack-knife into the table—when he was not engaged in either of these pursuits, he would ask me to read to him—"Foreign language, dear boy!" While I complied, he, not comprehending a single word, would stand before the fire surveying me with the air of an Exhibitor, and I would see him, between the fingers of the hand with which I shaded my face, appealing in dumb show to the furniture to take notice of my proficiency. The imaginary student pursued by the misshapen creature he had impiously made, was not more wretched than I, pursued by the creature who had made me, and recoiling from him with a stronger repulsion, the more he admired me and the fonder he was of me.

This is written of, I am sensible, as if it had lasted a year. It lasted about five days. Expecting Herbert all the time, I dared not go out, except when I took Provis for an airing after dark. At length, one evening when dinner was over and I had dropped into a slumber quite worn out—for my nights had been agitated and my rest broken by fearful dreams—I was roused by the welcome footstep on the staircase. Provis, who had been asleep too, staggered up at the noise I made, and in an instant I saw his jack-knife shining in his hand.

"Quiet! It's Herbert!" I said; and Herbert came bursting in, with the airy freshness of six hundred miles of France upon him.

"Handel, my dear fellow, how are you, and again how are you, and again how are you? I seem to have been gone a twelvemonth! Why, so I must have been, for you have grown quite thin and pale! Handel, my——Halloa! I beg your pardon."

He was stopped in his rattling on and in his shaking hands with me, by seeing Provis. Provis, regarding him with a fixed attention, was slowly putting up his jack-knife, and groping in another pocket for something else.

"Herbert, my dear friend," said I, shutting the double doors, while Herbert stood staring and wondering, "something very strange has happened. This is—a visitor of mine."

"It's all right, dear boy!" said Provis coming forward, with his little clasped black book, and then addressing himself to Herbert. "Take it in your right hand. Lord strike you dead on the spot if you ever split in any way sumever! Kiss it!"

"Do so, as he wishes it," I said to Herbert. So Herbert, looking at me with a friendly uneasiness and amazement, complied, and Provis immediately shaking hands with him, said, "Now you're on your oath, you know. And never believe me on mine, if Pip shan't make a gentleman on you!"

THE TREASURES OF THE EARTH.

IN TWO CHAPTERS. CHAPTER I.

THE surface of the earth, the air, and the shores and depths of the "abounding sea," have often been described, and present everywhere objects of beauty and interest. The earth, also, contains within its bosom marvellous and beautiful things, and these not only belong to that kingdom of nature in which life plays no part, but, in many cases, they boast a more tangible and direct value than the others. The earth, indeed, yields to man rich treasures of minerals, metals, and precious stones, serving as convenient representatives of money and property, and these, when their beauty of appearance in any way corresponds with the difficulty of obtaining them, become objects of ambition to great potentates, as well as the admiration of all classes, including the poet and the artist, the man of science, the votary of fashion, and the uncultivated savage.

Of these objects let us confine our attention to one group, for one is quite enough for consideration at a time. Let us talk of gems, precious stones, and jewels, leaving the metals, the many valuable minerals, that are less sightly than gems, and the curious fossils, buried records of former states of existence, while we consider those stones selected as ornaments of the crown, the cabinet, and the toilet, that glitter before our eyes on gala days, or are seen in museums, and in the shops of the jewellers.

There is great variety in the literature of gems. There is the natural history, and what we may call the personal history, the investigation of the optical properties, the story of the mechanical preparation of the commercial use, and the consideration of the money value. There is the chemistry and the geography, the science and the art, the religion and the mysticism, of jewels; each might serve as the heading of a chapter, but we will endeavour to give the reader an idea of the whole subject, without troubling him with such systematic divisions.

Of all gems the DIAMOND is the recognised queen, the most beautiful, the most valuable, the most durable, and the most useful; the hardest, though capable of being split; the symbol of justice, innocence, constancy, faith, and strength. According to a Jewish tradition, the diamond in the breastplate of Aaron became dark and dim when any person justly accused of a crime appeared before him, and blazed more brightly when the accusation was void of foundation. In the possession of any one the diamond was supposed, in former times, to mark the approach of poison by a damp exudation, and to be a sure defence against plagues and sorcery. Taken internally it was believed to be itself a poison.

No history dates back to the period at which diamonds were first discovered; but we are told, on classical authority, that a boy, a native of Crete, bearing the name afterwards given to this precious gem, was one of the attendants of the infant Jupiter in his cradle. The other attendants being promoted to the constellations, Diamond was transformed into the hardest and most brilliant substance in nature. In Hindu mythology the diamond plays an important part.

Diamonds are singularly associated with gold in the earth, but all that come into the market as gems have been obtained either from India or Brazil. The account in the Arabian Nights of Sinbad the Sailor obtaining diamonds by fishing for them with pieces of raw meat, is repeated as a fact of Indian statistics by the old Venetian traveller, Marco Polo. "The persons," he says, "who are in quest of diamonds take their stand near the mouth of a certain cavern, and from thence cast down several pieces of flesh, which the eagles and storks pursue into the valleys, and carry off with them to the tops of the rocks. Thither the men immediately ascend, and, recovering the pieces of meat, frequently find diamonds adhering to them." The more ordinary mode of obtaining them at present is by washing away the earth and stones from the gravel in which they are found.

The first Brazilian diamonds were discovered by accident just a century and a quarter ago. They also are found in the surface gravel, from which they are separated by water in nearly the same manner as in India. Upwards of seventy pounds' weight of these valuable jewels were collected and brought over to Europe in one year, shortly after the discovery of the deposit, and it is estimated that some two tons' weight, valued at sixteen millions sterling, had been obtained from the South American mines up to the year 1850. So abundantly have they been distributed that they have been picked up with vegetable roots in gardens, the stones in the roads have contained them, and the fowls have swallowed them to assist digestion.

Marvellous as it may seem, diamond is but coal in a crystalline form, and is hardly even so pure as some kinds of anthracite, or stone coal, found in Wales. Like coal, the diamond burns, or combines with oxygen, though only at a very

high temperature, and the whole substance then disappears in carbonic acid gas. Unlike coal, however, diamonds are usually transparent, possessing a peculiar lustre, hence called *adamantine*, and reflecting light from their inner surface. The light entering a diamond is bent more than in passing into any other substance in nature. Diamond is electric, even when rough, and possesses phosphoric and luminous properties after being exposed to the sun for some time. It is generally of crystalline form, but coated over in the mine by a thick crust, exceedingly hard. Still, even the children in countries where they abound, can generally detect the valuable gems in their concealment.

Diamonds require very careful cutting, so as to diminish their weight as little as possible consistently with ensuring the greatest amount of internal reflecting surface belonging to their form. Their value as gems depends greatly on the cutting, and this, of course, to some extent, on the original shape. What are technically called "brilliants" are those stones that can be cut without serious loss into the form of two pyramids placed base to base. Of these pyramids a slice of the one intended to be presented to the eye is cut off, while the other, serving to reflect light from its internal surface, although also flattened slightly, is much the more nearly pointed of the two. In fine brilliants the upper pyramid has thirty-two facets, or sides, and the lower twenty-four. Nearly half the diamond is often wasted in cutting a brilliant, but without it a fine stone can hardly be considered as presenting the real beauty that belongs to it. When, however, the form of the stone is such as not readily to admit of this treatment, only one pyramid is cut, and the base is embedded in the setting, making what is called a *rose diamond*. When there is a double pyramid the setting simply clasps the *girdle*, or junction of the bases of the two pyramids, and the two sets of faces are both exposed to the action of light. Besides these two kinds, some diamonds are cut flat, with irregular facets; these are called table diamonds, and their value, weight for weight, is very inferior to that of roses and brilliants.

Diamond-cutting is a business in the hands of Jews, and is chiefly carried on in Amsterdam, where, it is said, ten thousand persons are more or less dependent on it as an occupation. Owing to the extreme hardness of the stone the only means of acting on it are by rubbing two faces of different diamonds together, or cutting the stone by a circular steel saw covered with diamond dust.

Diamonds are not always colourless, though those most highly valued generally are so. The few that are known of fair size and clear distinct tints are even more costly than those of purest white. There is a difference, however, in the estimate of colour, the celebrated blue diamond of Mr. Hope, weighing one hundred and seventy-seven grains, and the green diamond of the crown of Saxony, the finest known coloured specimens, being more valuable than if they were white. The yellow varieties, on the other hand, generally sell at lower prices than stones of equal weight without colour.

The largest diamond known is one, uncut, belonging to the Rajah of Mattan, in Borneo. It weighs more than two ounces and a quarter troy, but would probably be very greatly reduced if properly cut. It is egg-shaped, and indented at the smaller end. The largest regularly cut diamond is a rose, and of yellowish tint; it weighs one hundred and thirty-nine and a half carats,* or nearly an ounce. The finest brilliant is the Pitt, or Regent, diamond, now in the French crown. It originally weighed four hundred and ten carats, but has been reduced to one hundred and thirty-seven by cutting, and was sold to the Regent of France for about one hundred thousand pounds. Our Koh-i-noor, now only one hundred and two carats, is believed to have been part of the largest real diamond recorded, the unbroken stone having weighed nine hundred carats. It is supposed that the great Russian diamond, called the Orloff, now weighing one hundred and ninety-three carats, was originally another part of the same stone.

Diamonds are not always transparent, nor are they only valuable for ornamentation. A vast number are used for watches, and others for cutting glass. There is a ready demand for them to almost any extent, and, in spite of the large supply, the price is by no means falling.

Next to the diamond in value, in beauty, and in hardness, and in some cases rivalling, or even excelling it in the two former properties, are the gems obtained from crystallised clay. Strange that coal and clay, the two least likely substances to possess any intimate relations with beauty and hardness, should, in their crystalline forms, excel all others in both these respects! Not more strange, however, than true.

Under the name of RUBY and SAPPHIRE the red and blue varieties of crystallised clay are well known to the world. They are almost all obtained from Pegu, Ava, and the island of Ceylon: a singularly limited region for what one might expect would be much more widely distributed. Like the diamond, they are obtained by washing gravel, and all the varieties occur in the same district. These varieties include the Oriental sapphire, the Oriental ruby, the opalescent ruby, the star ruby, the green, yellow, and white sapphires, and the Oriental amethyst. Most of these are extremely rare, and all the finest specimens are believed to be still retained in the East. As, however, these stones of Eastern princes are rarely cut, and no doubt many of them would be found affected with flaws, their real money value if in the market would be very inferior to their estimated value.

There is a useful mineral of extreme hardness—the corundum of commerce, from which the hardest and finest emery is obtained—which is an

* The carat is the weight used all over the world to estimate the diamond. It originated in India, and is equal to about three and one-sixth grains troy, six carats being nineteen grains troy.

imperfect and opaque crystallisation, of the same origin as the ruby and sapphire. The gems themselves are clear, though rarely colourless. Small specimens are much less valuable in proportion than larger sizes, for they are far more abundant, but a perfect ruby of five carats is worth twice as much as a diamond of the same weight, and one of ten carats three times as much.

The ruby was called by the Greeks *anthrax*, or live coal, from its brilliant blood-red colour and exquisite beauty, which, like the diamond, is rather improved than diminished when seen by artificial light. From the intense blaze of blood-red, the colours of the ruby pale down by admixtures of blue through rose-red to lilac. Exposed to the rays of the sun, or heated, the ruby, like the diamond, becomes phosphoric. In the middle ages it was believed to be an antidote to poison, to dispel bad dreams, and to warn its owner of misfortune, by a darkening of its colour until the danger was past.

There is a very celebrated ruby, set under the back cross in the crown of England. It remains in its natural shape—that of a heart—and has received no polish. Its colour is that of a Morella cherry, and it is semi-transparent. It was brought from Spain by Edward the Black Prince, and was afterwards worn by Henry the Fifth at Agincourt. Other rubies of very large size are recorded, but few of them are polished, and fewer still are cut.

The sapphire is an exquisite blue variety of ruby; soft, rich, velvety, and delicate in the extreme by day, but losing much beauty by artificial light, even sometimes changing its tint. Occasionally it sparkles with great vividness in the sun, as a star with distinct rays, but such stones are only semi-transparent. There is a violet variety, called by jewellers the Oriental amethyst. It is a gem of great rarity and beauty, and takes a very brilliant polish, owing to its extreme hardness.

Like the ruby, the sapphire was held by the ancients and during the middle ages, in high honour. It was considered emblematic of purity. To look at one, preserved the eyesight; placed on the brow, it stopped hæmorrhage. The powder of sapphire was a sovereign remedy against plague and poison, and if merely placed over the mouth of a phial containing a venomous insect, the insect died on the instant. It is a Jewish superstition that the first tables of the law given by God to Moses were of this stone. It is certain, at any rate, that both rubies and sapphires have long been employed in the East to engrave upon, notwithstanding their great hardness.

Who has not looked with admiration at the rich, soft, lively meadow-green of the EMERALD! It is a gem which, when pure, comes next in value to those hard brilliant stones just described, but large specimens without flaw are really almost unknown. It loses nothing by exposure to artificial light.

The emerald is the lightest of all the clear valuable gems. It is soft, and is found in regular crystals, often with the rock in which it has been formed. These crystals are long six-sided prisms, and though formerly found in the East, are now met with only in Peru, and, indeed, it is only of late years that even this resource has been available. The largest stone on record was in the Great Exhibition of 1851, and weighed nearly nine ounces. It measured two inches in length, and two and a quarter inches across.

A singular superstition has at all times attached to emerald mines. From the age of Pliny, when the Scythians obtained these stones, to our own times, there is a belief that the mines are guarded by demons, griffins, and wicked spirits. The mine "Les Esmeraldas," in Peru, could not be visited by Mr. Stevenson, "owing to the superstitious dread of the natives, who assured me that it was enchanted, and guarded by a dragon, who poured forth thunder and lightning on those who dared to ascend the river" that led to the mine.

In the East, emeralds are admired for extent of surface rather than for beauty of any other kind, and vast multitudes were sent over at the time of the great Exhibition in 1851, most of which were mere slices of crystals marked with many a flaw. Most of them were set as the ornaments of saddles and other horse and elephant trappings, and others were in jade boxes and cups of agate.

The emerald, like the gems already mentioned, has been regarded as possessing remarkable properties, restoring sight and memory, guarding from epilepsy, putting evil spirits to flight, and if unable to do good, shivering into atoms; for, in the words of a great authority on these subjects, "Elle doit ou lever le mal ou céder comme s'avouant vaincue par le plus fort dans le combat qu'elle rend."* That is, it ought either to remove the evil, or acknowledge itself vanquished. The emerald taught the knowledge of secrets, it bestowed eloquence, and it increased wealth. Even more than this, we have the poet's warrant that,

> It is a gem which hath the power to show,
> If plighted lovers keep their faith or no:
> If faithful, it is like the leaves of spring;
> If faithless, like those leaves when withering.
>
> L. E. L.

Such are the recorded qualities of this beautiful gem; we may worship the excellence of the diamond, and wonder at the deep mystery of the ruby, or the cold brilliancy of the sapphire, but no one can fail to love the soft beauty of the emerald.

BERYL is a mineral much more commonly found in an impure state than capable of use as a gem. When in the latter state, it is of a transparent bluish green or sea-green colour, passing into blue by many shades. It is hence called aqua-marine. It resembles in many respects the emerald, but is less valued and is more widely distributed. Formerly it was re-

* Boetius de Boot. Traité des Pierreries, l. ii. ch. liii. p. 253.

garded as especially efficacious in liver complaints, idleness, and stupidity.

The Topaz is a beautiful gem of bright citron, clear gold, or deep orange-yellow colour, sometimes soft and satin-like, sometimes hard and clear. What is sometimes called the Oriental topaz is really a yellow sapphire; but the gems properly recognised under the name are mostly from Brazil, though also found in Saxony and elsewhere in Europe. They were much valued by the ancients, as well for medicinal purposes as for dispelling enchantments and calming frenzy, but they must have been especially useful if, as supposed, they strengthened the intellect, brightened the wit, and cured the bearer of cowardice.

Topaz is not a very valuable stone, but there are some varieties of colour, such as the red, sometimes mistaken for ruby, and the blue, which are of great beauty and interest.

Garnets are comparatively common stones, and are much used for ornamental purposes. They vary a good deal in composition and colour, and the varieties are known by many names. The finest of all is the Sorian or Oriental garnet, called generally carbuncle. Its colour is a rich blood red, passing into violet, but acquiring an orange tinge by artificial light. Fine specimens might easily pass for rubies if they were not readily distinguishable by their greatly inferior hardness. It is often cut in facets, and takes a high polish, and the resemblance to the ruby or sapphire group of gems is increased by an occasional six-rayed star seen in the paler and bluer specimens.

Hyacinth is a beautiful orange or scarlet garnet found in Brazil; but it is rare. It is nearly allied to Zircon, which has a deep honey tint. All these stones are comparatively soft, and they are less used now than formerly. As a group they were once valued as a protection against the plague. They are comparatively inexpensive jewels in rings and bracelets.

Moon-stone, sun-stone, amazon-stone, and other crystalline varieties of the mineral called felspar, deserve notice as gems which occasionally possess a considerable value. The moonstone is translucent and opaline, sun-stone contains spangles of mica which look yellow like gold in some lights, and amazon-stone is a fine green crystal with a beautiful play of colours. All have a peculiar silky appearance, and are much harder than the somewhat similar varieties of quartz minerals, which we next allude to.

The group of quartz gems includes many varieties of colour, and stones of various degrees of value and interest. Pure quartz, or rock crystal, is rather used to look *through* than to look *at*, although not unknown as an ornament. The lenses of spectacles are made of it, and it is cut into various fanciful forms. Round globes of crystal are the magic spheres in which some gifted seers can learn what is doing at distant spots, and perceive events that have long passed away as if still in progress. They are curiously bound up with the superstitions of the ancient and modern Egyptians. Tinged with colour, but still clear, the same mineral is called by many names. A rose-coloured variety resembles the ruby—a purple or violet kind is the amethyst. Tinged with brown and yellow, it becomes the cairngorm of Scotland. With a blood or flesh-red colour, passing into orange and yellow, it is known as carnelian, and a rich brown opaque quartz, glittering with golden spangles within its substance, is called aventurine. From its beauty and convenient hardness, carnelian and its varieties are much used by lapidaries, and are brought either cut or uncut from many parts of India, and from Arabia, as well as found in Europe.

Jasper and bloodstone, or heliotrope, consist of quartz, coloured in a more decided manner than the stones just mentioned, the former being altogether opaque, and of a brilliant blood red, while the latter is partially transparent, or translucent, spotted only with opaque red.

Agate may be best described as a mixture of almost all the different varieties of quartz above mentioned. It is partly transparent, partly opaque, and of all colours; often banded, but the bands broken and interrupted; and containing strange figures, representing moss, landscapes with ruins, and angular marks like fortifications, stars, and even human faces. Agates are found abundantly in Scotland, principally near Perth and Dunbar, but also on many parts of the coast of England, amongst the pebbles on the sea-shore. They are still more common at Oberstein, in the Palatinate, not far from the town of Bingen, on the Rhine, and multitudes come from Siberia, Ceylon, and India. From the latter locality especially are obtained the large plates of agate used for manufacturing snuff-boxes and other purposes, and also the pieces used for knife-handles.

The onyx, sardonyx, and chalcedonyx are banded agates of peculiar kind and considerable interest in the arts, as having been selected for some of the masterpieces of engraving executed by the ancients in the middle ages. Using the word sard as indicating the red or flesh-colour of the carnelian, a sard with a layer or band of white, is considered to be an onyx, and if there be two or more bands of different tints, the same name is still applied. The zones of colour should be very distinct, separate, and strongly marked, and the colours themselves lively and bright. In the sardonyx there is a red zone, in addition to that which forms the true onyx, and the chalcedonyx is semi-transparent and milky.

In cutting the onyx, the figures are usually sculptured from the white portion, leaving the coloured band as a background, and no little ingenuity is required to select the parts of the stone best adapted for the purpose of the artist. With three or four bands, a wonderful amount of variety may be obtained, so that the hair, beard, and drapery of figures is accurately represented. Fine antiques thus sculptured on the onyx, are of extreme value, and the art of cutting was also carried on in perfection during the middle ages. The works of this kind are called

cameos, and of late years have been imitated by a similar but much easier process of cutting on certain sea-shells.

Besides cameos or raised figures cut on this class of stones by removing part of the upper belt or zone, other beautiful effects have been produced, such as sculpturing complete figures, taking advantage of the peculiarities of the specimens operated on, and still more frequently bold alto-relievos, and deep cuttings beneath the surface, the latter forming intaglios for seals and other purposes. It is impossible to over-estimate the ingenuity and high art exercised in these works, and the demand for them was at one time so great, that onyxes became scarce. Few now carry on the art with success, and thus we must seek for the finest specimens among the antiques or mediæval specimens. One remarkable cameo was cut in the fifteenth century, representing the head of Dejanira, in which the different tints of the stone were made use of to represent in their natural colours the flesh and hair of Dejanira and the lion's skin, while a red streak in the stone, which might otherwise have appeared as a flaw, was so cleverly taken advantage of for the inner side of the lion's skin, that it gave it the appearance of having been recently flayed from the animal. It is especially this adaptation of the treatment of the subject to the peculiarities of the stone, that characterises the glyptic art as a department of sculpture. It is, in fact, the department that treats, whether in relief or intaglio, these banded stones so capriciously moulded by nature, taking a curious advantage of their accidents of structure.

WILD OATS FROM SCOTLAND.

Quaint pickings fall to the share of readers of old books. Things which successive generations of writers have rendered so familiar, that they seem as if they had always been a part of our inheritance of knowledge, come upon us there in their original form and antiquated dress, so changed from what we have known them, that they are as good as new, and we feel quite sure that the world has vital need to be made acquainted with them. Pitcairn's Scottish Criminal Trials is a mine full of such old "workings." Many a powerfully interesting story may be gathered from them—sad, tender, terrible; but one of the saddest of them all is the trial of Lady Warriston—the young, beautiful, well-born Jeane Levingstoune, of Dunipace.

Jane and her husband, John Kincaid, lived none of the happiest lives together. He was a coarse and cruel man: she, high-spirited and impatient, little able to bear, less to submit, to one without hand or check upon his passions. So their intercourse was for the most part wild, fierce, and angry, and but little of peace or married love was with them. But Jeane had much to bear. The "dittay" setting forth the crime with which her accomplices were charged, incidentally confesses the provocation she received, in showing how she had "consanet ane deidlie rancour, haitrent, and malice aganis vmq^le Johanne Kincaid, of Wariestoune, for the allegit byting of hir in the arme, and streking hir dyuerse tymes." We can scarcely blame her if, with all the pride of her race strong upon her, and her womanly instincts quick to feel and intolerant to endure, she should have conceived this "deadly hatred and malice" against a man who expressed his discontent by biting her in the arm and striking her divers times. Even the law allows of extenuating circumstances, in fact if not in theory, and the Christian can do no less. Wretched Jeane! though one would not advocate husband-murdering as a safe or proper proceeding for discontented wives, yet we cannot be surprised that she got thoroughly tired of her unhappy state, or that she was anxious to end it. After long meditation, Jeane sent for her nurse, Jonet Murdo, told her of her miserable condition, and uttered some wild threats and wishes, which that nurse was only too ready to take up. For Jonet seems to have been a true foster-mother, and to have loved her charge better than anything else under heaven. She soon found a way for her. There was a man in her father's service, a "horse-boy," one Robert Weir, who would do her bidding whatever it might be; cheerfully, too, though it might be murder. Would her bairn speak with him? She knew how all at the old homestead loved her; but none more than Robert Weir, who would shrink from nothing that might do her pleasure. The lady put the offer by for the present, but thought none the less. She hated that rude coarse husband of hers, and would brave a large amount of both sin and danger to be freed from him. But this? Folks do not make up their mind to such a terrible alternative without some hesitating, and many a balancing between their wishes and their fears; yet, at last, she yielded so far as to send word to Robert Weir, by Jonet Murdo, that he might come down and speak with her; and he came, ready to do anything to which she might put him. But Jeane's mind was not yet fully bent to the extreme. She suffered him to come to Warriston once or twice before she had speech of him; but at last, on the "first day of Julij, 1600 yeiris," when she had been perhaps more terribly tried than usual, she gave way to the temptation haunting her, and again spoke to her nurse. "God forgive the nurse," says she, in her confessions, "for she helped me too well in mine evill purpose; and for when I told her that I was minded to do so, she consented to the doing of it: And upon Tuesday, when the turn was done, when I sent her to seek the man who would do it, she said, 'I shall go and seek him; and if I get him not, I shall seek another! And if I get none, I shall do it myself.'" So Jonet Murdo sent to the groom, "desyreing him of new agane to cum downe to hir; quhairto the said Robert granted," and went down to Warriston to confer with Jeane Levingstoune concerning the ill-treatment of her husband. When Jeane had sunk so low—she so stately and high-

bred—as to make this groom the confidant of her sorrows and her humiliation, we may well believe through what a maddening ordeal and trial she had passed; we may well believe, too, that after this all else would be easy. The groom's assurances and offers of faithful devotion struck the last blow. Her pride and reserve had departed, and her pity and her conscience had gone with them; and in a few moments they were speaking openly of the laird's murder, and consulting as to the best manner of committing it. Whatever was to be done must be done effectually. It would be no good for the hand to tremble, or the nerve to quiver: as they had made up their minds to go so far, they must go farther, and make an end of the whole matter. Was life to be endured under such conditions as those in which she lived now, and could he, though only a horse-boy, stand by and see her wronged? This fearful consultation strengthened both in their evil thoughts; and it was finally decided on that John Kincaid should be murdered that night, and by the groom. Then Robert was taken to a "laich seller" (low cellar) "quhairin he abaid quhill mydnycht;" and the lady had to compose herself to the time as best she might.

It was no light thing she had undertaken to do. Lax as were the times, and full of violence and cruelty, such a deed as this would not go unpunished; and between the present hours and midnight, when her husband's life was to be taken, she had full leisure to calculate all the chances of detection that lay before her. She had full leisure, too, to call back to her heart such feelings of pity and patience and womanly tenderness as might have once been there; to extenuate what was vilest in him, to be severe to what was worst in herself; to rouse her better angel, and resist the fiend that was tempting her; to waken up her slumbering conscience, which pride, and passion, and hatred, and revenge had set so fast to sleep. How those weary hours stole on we are not told; but night came at last, and the lady and her husband left the hall, and went to their own chamber—the murderer lying in the darkness beyond. What a time of fearful waiting and watching that must have been! How she must have listened for the muffled footfall, till every faintest noise seemed to carry murder in its echo; how that thick beating of her heart must have sent the blood rushing through her brain, till every sound and sense grew wild and confused; how sick with dread and fear and passionate desire she must have been, waiting and watching, till the terrible footfall came!

One by one the heavy moments passed, and then Robert Weir stole forth out of the "laich cellar" where he had hidden. He passed noiselessly through the hall on to the sleeping-room, "quhair the said vmq[le] Johnne was lyand in his bed takand the nychtis rest." The noise awoke the laird, and he sat up, leaning over the side of the bed to see what it was. Then Robert rushed on him, and struck him in the neck a heavy blow, which brought him to the ground with a terrible cry. Jeane was not so hardened that she could lie there and see her husband murdered before her eyes. She fled into the hall, where she sat all trembling and dismayed, while the cruel work went on in her own sleeping-room, and by the bed where she had lain. She heard her husband's cries, as Robert Weir struck him again and again with his fists and feet, and then all was still; the murderer grasped him tightly by the throat, and held him thus until he died.

Jeane still sat in the hall, when the groom, flushed and breathless, came to her, and told her that the end had come, the deed was done, and she was free for ever from the brutality and passion that had so long oppressed her. And now what they must do—at least what he must do—is to provide for his own safety. She must stay where she was, he said (for she wanted to go with him). "You shall tarry still, and if this matter come not to light, you shall say 'he died in the gallery,' and I shall return to my master's service; but if it be known I shall fly, and take the cryme on me, and none dare pursue you." But they reckoned without their host. Their scheme failed, as so often schemes of like nature fail. The rank of the murdered man, and the situation of the property—Warriston being only one mile from Edinburgh—gave the thing swift and unusual publicity. Weir certainly escaped, for a time, but Lady Warriston and the nurse were taken "red-handed," and put upon their trial forthwith. Indeed, so hurried were all the proceedings, that some of the most necessary formalities were dispensed with, such as serving the "dittay" and a few minor matters. There seems to have been no attempt at defence, and the assize brought in both the culprits "fylit" of the murder. Short space for shrift or penitence was given to Jeane: for, on the morning of the fifth of July, the terrible last act was played, and a shameful death expiated the guilt of a shameful crime.

The family at Dunipace made no effort for Jeane. She says, in her confessions, that flesh and blood made her to think that her father's "moen" (moyen, influence, interest) at court might have saved her; but the laird of Dunipace had no care for a child who had so disgraced them all; and what "moen" he had was turned to hurrying on the day and hour for her execution, that so the populace might have nothing to gape at, and the disgrace might pass as lightly as possible. Early on Friday morning, and quite before the great city was astir, the young widow, full of penitence and religion, was beheaded in the Canongate. Her conduct seems to have disarmed even the justice of criticism, and to have gained for her commendations which set out of sight the whole heinousness of her offences. An old "tractate" written by Mr. James Balfour, is full of her praises: the author calls her "a constant saint of God," and speaks of her on the morning of her execution as being "ravished with a higher spirit than a man or woman's," though she was "but a wo-

man and a bairn, being the age of 21 years." She showed herself singularly brave and composed; "in the whole way, as she went to the place of execution, she behaved herself so cheerfully, as if she had been going to her wedding and not her death. When she came to the scaffold, and was carried up upon it, she looked up to the maiden with two longsome looks, for she had never seen it before." Even when the terrible moment had really come, and she stood on the scaffold face to face with death, she showed no change, nor did her courage falter. She took a pin out of her mouth to pin the cloth about her face, and laid her neck "sweetly and graciously" in the place appointed, "moving to and fro, till she got a rest for her neck to lay in." And then the bright steel descended. The nurse, and "ane hyrid servant," who were implicated, were burnt that same day; and four years afterwards, Robert Weir met with his fate, and was broken alive upon the wheel.

A plentiful crop of wild oats was harvested all through those early Scottish days; and sternly tempered was the sickle used to cut them down. Death was decreed to persons who had suffered passion to outrun reason, and who loved their neighbours' wives and daughters more zealously than prudently. The law had a special statute for misdemeanors, the very echoes of which have passed away from the present generation. "Forestalling and regrating" were among their severely punished misdemeanors; while shooting with hagbuts or pistolets, "umbesetting the highway," and all other forms of violence, were treated with extreme rigour, and the world was sought to be purged of its fiery and undutiful spirits with a zeal to the full as fiery. One Robert Auchmuttie, "cherurgeane and burges of Edinburghe," slew James Wachope in single combat; fairly enough, but illegally. Three weeks after he was taken, and put in "ward in tolbuithe of Edinburghe," where his doom was pretty certain. But the surgeon thought, wisely enough, that while there was life there was hope, and that he might fight for it yet; so "in the maine tyme of his being of ward, he hang ane clok without the window of the irone hous, and ane wther within the window thair; and saying that he wes seik and might not sie the licht. He had *aqua fortis* continuallie seething at the irone window, quhill at last the irone window was siltine throw; swa spone a morneing, he causit his prentes boy to attend quhen the towne-gaird sould haue dessolvit; at quhilk tyme the boy waitit on, and gaue his maister ane tokine, that the said gaird wer gone, be the schaw or waiff of hes hand curche [handkerchief]. The said Robert hang out a tow [rope] quairhon he thocht to haue comeit doune; the said gaird spyit the waiff of the hand curche; and swa the said Robert was dissapointit of his intentionne and devyse. On the 10 day, he was beheidit at the Croce upone ane scaffolt."

In 1679, Lord Forrester of Corstorphine met with a tragical end. He was an elderly man, of strong Presbyterian views; a very pillar of the Church according to John Knox, and had even built a meeting-house where the Word could be read and the doctrine preached in harmony with these views. But Lord Forrester, though a pious man, was lax in practice, specially in one thing, whereon, indeed, men of strained views are often notoriously loose. For is there not compensation and the principle of the balance in all things? A certain Mrs. Nimmo, the niece of his first wife, and granddaughter of a former Lord Forrester, stood in delicate relations with him. She was a violent woman, and "ordinarily carried a sword beneath her petticoats," says Lord Fountainhall in his Diary. She came of a violent stock, too; being own cousin to a certain Mrs. Bedford, who had murdered her husband a few years back, after first dishonouring him. Lady Warriston was also her ancestress. So her family history strengthened the force of her family inheritance of crime and passion. Lord Forrester, though her lover, did not really love her. It was one of those cases of chance and opportunity in which lies no spirit of wholesome love. The truth came out one night when drink had made him talkative and rash. He called her an ill name or two, and let the world see his mind so clearly that his companions had no doubt as to the whole matter. Some meddler told this passionate woman with the sword beneath her petticoats, what the Laird of Corstorphine had said of her, and it scarcely needed that she should be urged to avenge herself. She went instantly to Corstorphine, but, finding he was at the village tavern, sent for him, desiring him to come to her. He obeyed, and they met in his own garden. A violent quarrel was ended by the lady, in a paroxysm of rage, stabbing her lover to the heart. "He fell under a tree near the pigeon-house, both of which still remain, and died immediately. The lady took refuge in the garret of the castle, but was discovered by one of her slippers, which fell through a crevice of the floor." She, too, was taken "red-handed," like her ancestress, was brought into Edinburgh, and was arraigned. She confessed, and two days afterwards was sentenced to death. She swore she was about to become a mother, so obtained a two months' grace, until the judges might determine whether her assertion was true or not. During the time, notwithstanding the special care which John Wan, her jailer, took of her, "she made her escape on the twenty-ninth of Sepetmber, in men's apparel, in the gloaming." She got as far as Fala Mills, and there she halted. But destiny and justice were too strong for her; she was overtaken there, and brought back to the dreaded Tolbooth, and that momentary burst of freedom ended in a stronger guard and a stricter keeping. On the twelfth of November she was carried to the Cross at Edinburgh, there to receive the final award: "She was all in mourning, with a large veil, and before the laying down of her head, she laid it off, and put on a whyte taffetie hood, and bared her shoulders with her own hands, with seem-

ing courage enough," and so on the inexorable scaffold expiated her crime, and was beheaded as Jeane Levingstoune had been.

COUNT ABEL.

THROUGH the woods of Normandy, and past the yellow haunted meres,
Rode Count Abel, at the sunrise, in a girth of fifty spears;
Bright his eye, and broad his forehead; and in many a wrinkled mass
Rolled his tawn hair down his shoulders, like a scarp of shining brass.

Bridal colours, gorgeous favours, knight and swart retainer wore,
And the keen points of their lances twisted rose and lily bore;
Cheerly blew the morning breezes; cheerly, over holt and lea,
Rang the silver-hearted steeples to the bridal company.

As they pricked with jest and laughter through the blasted linden dells,
On the wind there slid the clamours, low and long, of funeral bells,
Solemn wailings, like the noises heard upon a northern shore,
When the grim sea-caves are tideless and the storm strives at their core.

As along the dusky pine-lands in a silent band they spurred,
The bell-throated lamentation louder to the south was heard,
Peals of heart-delivered anguish, seething, steaming to the skies,
Like the writhing smoke uplifted from some mountain sacrifice.

Where a freshet, amber-sided, trickled lightnings through the gorse,
The brave bridegroom, fair Count Abel, turned aside and reined his horse;
Placed his hand within his bosom, and from out his doublet's fold
Slowly drew, with trembling hand, a jewelled disk of ruddy gold.

"Come hither, Bertrand, to my side; come hither, loving trusty knight;
Look, and tell me what thou seest hidden in the locket bright?
By the sword that smote thy shoulders, and the great badge thou dost wear,
Take the trinket in thy palm, and say what thou beholdest there."

"I see the love-lock of thy bride, my gentle sister Madeline;
Whiter than the sea-creek, chafing nightly in the sad moonshine;
Greyer than the sunless snow-drift clinging to the Summer crag—
Greyer than the death-lock gathered from the poll of a strangled hag."

"Then, God shield us, good Sir Bertrand; it was only yesternight,
Once, and twice, and thrice I kissed it in the swinging cresset light,
And I saw it brown and golden as the antlers of the deer,
When their great heads bourgeon, oak-like, in the spring-time of the year."

"Spur on:" they galloped o'er the swarth; they plunged into the roaring ford;
The riders' brows were damp with sweat; the swift strong horses' flanks were gored;
Upon glittering plume and bonnet the hot sun of July shone,
And ever cried the frighted count, "Spur on, spur on, good friends, spur on."

High on the swart ridge of a hill they paused a little space for breath,
The long, green valley of Rennay, with many a brook, sheamed underneath;
A funeral train crept up the slopes, with holy chants, and sacred rights,
With cowlèd priests, and wimpled nuns, and singing clerks and acolytes.

And, in the middle of the train, prone on a bier of satin fair,
Did sleep the Lady Madeline, a white rose in her ashbud hair:
Her sad palms clasped above her breast, in the mute trustfulness of faith,
And on her cheek and on her lids, the mystic presences of death.

With baskets brimmed with rosemary, the passion-blossom of the soul,
Walked three score maidens, scattering flowers, and chanting solemn psalms of dole:
The quick bells tinkled silverly, thick smoked the balm-fed thurifers,
And the great crosses slanted towards the mountain space of sepulchres.

Down rode Count Abel from the group, and reined his horse beside the dead,
Looked in her face, and to her brow he slowly bent his plumèd head.
"Tell me, my God," he cried aloud, and sudden dropped the silken rein,
"What foul misdeed assoils my soul that thou hast cut my heart in twain?"

Then rising, to the blinded heavens he stretched his hands despairing forth,
Shrieked, reeled aslant his saddle bows, and, falling headlong, smote the earth.
Yet clutched he fondly in his hand the locket rich with jewels fair,
And rounding in its goodly orb the white prophetic lock of hair.

Still up the valley passed the train, with holy chants and pious rites,
With cowlèd priests, and wimpled nuns, and singing clerks and acolytes,
But men aver the lady's eyes did slowly open bright and broad,
And looked, upon the fallen count, sweet pity, and the peace of God.

NORTHERN DOG AND SOUTHERN CAT.

IT must never be imagined that slavery is the only real cause of dissension between the Northern and the Southern States of America. It is certainly just at present the primary one; it may even be allowed to be the deepest rooted and longest standing one; but unfortunately it it is only the head of a large family.

Far be it from me to write one word that should widen a breach lamentable to all friends of freedom. I mean only to describe from my

own personal knowledge the intense virulence of hatred existing between the Northerns and Southerns, and to try and explain the causes of its existence. I only regret that I have had too certain proofs of such a hatred existing, and of its being deep as ever raged between Saxon thane and Norman knight, Irish chieftain and English baron, Jacobite Highlander and English soldier. I think it is not a difference arising from religious feeling, though no Puritan and Cavalier could hate each other more cordially, for America is a country where toleration on such matters is really practised as well as talked about, but it arises from reasons of climate, and more especially from trade jealousies. But I will first attempt to prove the existence of this hatred, and the deep root it has taken.

It is a burning day in Washington; the great marble and stone public buildings in the wide avenue leading from the White House to the Capitol, glare; the white dust of the road dazzles; the sky is molten blue; everything but the ice in the sherry-cobblers is melting, or blazing, or blistering. As for the Potomac river, it seems in a sort of golden seethe of heat and sunshine, and its fish must, I am sure, be swimming about half boiled. Sick to death of the incessant tat-tatting of the electric telegraph indicator in the reading-room of the vast hotel, I resolve to go and hear a debate up in the Capitol: having been promised a seat in the gallery, whenever I want one, by my friend Mr. Cassius Quattlebom, of Virginia.

I escape from the white glare of the great wide avenue of Washington, as I pass the iron gates and enter the Capitol Gardens, where the trees cast a pleasant dancing shadow on the path, and the first yellow leaves blow about the turf. Some kindly ugly negress nurses, with fragile American children, are sitting in the shade, doing nothing, and enjoying the nothing that they do, as only negresses and children can. I pass up the gentle ascent, and mount the great steps leading to the noble building whose enormous iron dome crowns the height above the city. I enter the door, pass through the great hall with its circular tapestry of historical pictures, and, by various passages and vestibules at last reach the gallery to which the public are admitted. It seats more than double the number of "strangers" which our own inhospitable House of Commons accommodates. The ladies, I observe, are singularly pale and flaccid in complexion—partly the result of this exhausting and blood-draining heat, partly the result of want of exercise and unwholesome diet—but are often of an exquisite though rather fragile beauty—the beauty of the tropical hot-house flower, rather than of the hardy English rosebud. I cannot, in justice, say that they are well dressed, for they seem to me always to have too much or too little on. There is a good deal of profuse ill-adapted French finery, and a good deal of the better sort of English mechanic's wife dowdiness. They all wear the new bonnet arched over the forehead, with room enough for a large nosegay between the head and the arch. They are all, too, I observe, rather strong-minded in manner, and seem trying to express their stern opinion that man is a weed of creation. They receive all politeness, I remark, as a right wrung from man: not as a homage voluntarily yielded.

The men are feverishly energetic and nervously acute—nearly all nerve, in fact, and very little muscle. (You scarcely ever see an old man in American out-door life, yet all the young look old.) They look anxious, excitable, not very healthy. They all wear that horrid mechanic-looking best black suit, exaggerated gold chains, and wrinkly black satin "vest." The spectators make a very loud noise when they like a speaker, and a still louder noise when they don't like him. That grey-eyed quiet man with the clear brown skin and grave grey eyes, is a New Englander; that rather wealthy-looking and self-assertive man, with the enormous gold hat-band, watch chain and seals, is a Southern planter from St. Louis. That loquacious parrot-nosed man in the corner, sentineled between two ladies, is a French sugar-grower from the further Louisiana.

And what is the debate about? Slavery, of course. To-day, the weather is tolerably mild. No honourable gentleman, while he tosses about in debate, does, as of aforetime, unfortunately drop a revolver from his pocket, and so very nearly cause a general fight between the North and South; no honourable gentleman threatens to hang Mr. Lovejoy higher than John Brown, if he dare set his foot in Charleston—as he threatened three weeks since; no Northern member, either, vociferating too near the Southern benches, is warned with brandished sticks—as happened not many months since; but there is something going on which is equally ominous, and that is an episodical discussion on the famous anti-slavery book, written by Helper, of North Carolina, called "The Impending Crisis," and which has circulated by hundreds of thousands. The Northern members have been trying to get the House to encourage the circulation of this book, and the Southern members are therefore wild with rage.

The book is not a conciliating book, as the Honourable Epaminondas Twigs has just been reading extracts to show. It advocates, as the great means of destroying slavery, "no more patronage to pro-slavery merchants;" "no more going to slave-waiting hotels;" "no affiliations in society with slaveholders;" "no fees to pro-slavery lawyers;" "no employment of pro-slavery physicians;" "no audience to pro-slavery parsons;" "no fellowship in religion with pro-slavery politicians;" and an "abrupt discontinuance of subscriptions to pro-slavery newspapers."

The gallery boils over at these threats, and I really begin to fear a charge will be made on the Northern benches by the Southern chivalry. Half a dozen more Southerners are preparing to follow the speaker now on his legs—and a singular noise is produced by members clapping their thighs, in the Eastern way, for the "page-boys," who bring them fresh pens and paper. But I see no whittling of desks, and only a little surreptitious tobacco-chewing and spitting.

As I complain of the heat, an American next me tells me that it is nothing to what it is at certain debates, when he has seen thirteen hundred people in the strangers' gallery.

But the agitation is greatest and most irrestrainable when the speaker goes on to quote the more violent and threatening parts of the Helper book, which certainly does not breathe much of the spirit of that great Teacher who said, "Be merciful, even as your Father in heaven is merciful," and which shows clearly to me that if the South is ready to fight, the North is willing to strike, and that the fiery chivalry of the one is pretty well balanced by the fanatic intolerance of the other. I made a note on the spot, not being unaccustomed to short-hand, of two of the most violent passages; and here they are:

"And if it comes to blood, *let blood come.* No, Sir, if that issue must come, let it come, and it cannot come too soon. Sir, Puritan blood has not always shrunk from such encounters. When the war has been proclaimed with the knife, and the knife to the hilt, the steel has sometimes glistened in their hand."

And again:

"Against this army, for the defence and propagation of slavery, we think it will be an easy matter, independent of the negroes, who, in nine cases out of ten, would be delighted with an opportunity *to cut their masters' throats.*"

Fresh murmurs of indignation from the Southerns in the gallery. The speaker concludes by tauntingly asking if these are the speeches of the cold Christian Northerns, the hard-grinding business men, whose god was the almighty dollar; and ends by quoting a most fiery passage from the Olive Branch—one of the hottest-blooded ephemerals I think I ever read, and which ought to be printed on cartridge paper, so combustible is it.

The next speaker, also a Southern, convinces me more and more of the hatred of North and South. He reads from the New Orleans Christian Advocate, a passage aimed entirely at the North, which he loudly praises. The gist of it is this bit:

"Southern slavery (as a rule) is the *mildest* and most benevolent system of labour in the world, and the slaves, without (Northern) abolition-tempters are the most happy and contented labourers. It is, in comparison with serfdom, most saintly and holy. There is not one evil to character and home, to society or country, attributed to slavery, that abolitionism does not produce a hundred-fold."

A third speaker, a stout portly bilious man, with an oily manner, goes higher up the pole than all the rest. He especially urges the divine institution of slavery, and the propriety of diffusing its blessings over all the world.

But I must pass to other scenes, for this is only one glimpse of the aspect of the unnatural and fratricidal hatred. I am now on an Ohio river steamer, gliding down, at sunset, between the vineyards that garland Cincinnati. Half a dozen of us are up circling the funnel on the third and uppermost deck, for the evening is chilly.

I see no faces, for it is getting dusk, except every now and then when a lighted cigar fusee illuminates a Southern face. My friends, all pro-slavery men (for all of a sudden I appear to have no special opinion on the subject), are evidently discussing the impending crisis, and are telling their real minds, unconscious of a lurking enemy. They are all well-educated, travelled, intelligent men, and possessed of the latest information on the prospect of a severance.

A red speck opposite me says suddenly, in an explosive way,

"Thunder! If I wouldn't make it a law to hang the first all-fired Northern Yankee that dare set his foot in a slave state—yes, siree, I would!"

A second red speck, warming to this, mentions with great exultation that the Texans have just been hanging a Methodist preacher for putting the slaves up to poison the wells.

"Jee-wilikins!" says a third hot cigar. "If I could only catch a Yankee 'litionist talking to my slaves, I'd *nigger* him, and feather him too!"

First cigar now vapours a good deal about the Palmetto regiments organising in Charleston, and about the gunpowder Alabama is laying in store:

"It 'll be a big fight, it 'll be a rough-and-tumble fight, misters!"

No. 2 cigar is evidently an older man than the rest, he grows cautious.

"I tell you what, gentlemen," he says, as he moves his chair back to get up and go below, for it is almost time to turn in for the night—"if we go out, what will *eventuate* will be that we shall be just *whipped back* again as we have been before. The North has the fleet and the army, the arsenals, the stores, the ports. How can we live without the North? It's all folly this big talk. What do we grow our cotton for? Why, to sell to the North. Who works it up for us? Why, the North. We can't move or breathe without the North, or they without us. We sell what they buy, we grow what they manufacture. It's *so*; we go, and they whip us back again. Good night, gentlemen all!"

This conversation I select from hundreds of others, because it points to a deeper source of quarrel between North and South than even slavery, and that is *trade jealousy.*

The South is far before the North in political economy. The Northerns are Protectionists, the Southerns Free-traders. There has long been a growing feeling among the cotton growers that it would be cheaper for them to send their raw cotton straight to Manchester to be manufactured, and to have it back in the made-up form, than to send it North to the New England mills. Several of the largest cotton growers round New Orleans told me that they would rather do this than put money into a hated Yankee's pocket. (By a "Yankee," an American always means a New Englander.) They swore they would starve out the darned Northerners in two years. On my pressing them to tell me what were the peculiarly hateful features of the Northerner, they described them as an incurable unceasing greed for dollars, a cold

rude sanctimoniousness, a jealousy and hatred of everything Southern, a dulness, and a—I do not know what else.

When I went Boston way again, and innocently asked the same question of the Northerner, he said:

"The Southerns are lazy braggers, slave-holders, and enemies of improvement; they have no stamina; they let you English burn Washington in the last war; they are bloodthirsty duellists, but they have no endurance in fighting; they are clever tall talkers, but they won't do much."

The Northern papers are always exulting over the commercial wealth of the North, and are yet, as the South asserts, always betraying a jealousy of the natural advantages of the slave states. The North has marble and iron, the South is an unfading Eden; the energy is North, the good land is South; the education is chiefly North, yet the South asserts that all the best genius and all the best eloquence spring up without cultivation in the slave states, under their fiercer climate and more careless life.

The Northern papers say the annual mineral product of the North is, compared to the South, as eighty-five millions of dollars to twelve millions of dollars. The free states, with all their frost, and snow, and meagre sun, are worth, it is said, thirty-five hundred million dollars more than the slave states. The monthly sale of sweet milk alone in New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, amounts to more than the whole annual value of all the rosin, tar, pitch, and turpentine, produced in the Southern States. Every figure in these statistics pierces the Southern men like a poisoned bullet. It galls him to be told the truth, that the wharfs of Baltimore and Richmond groan with piles of Northern timber; that the clippers and steamers of Charleston are built in the North; that the vehicles, axe-helves, walking-canes, the very clothes-pins and penholders of the South, come from the North; that the great timber buildings and warehouses of Savannah and Charleston are built with Northern timber, while the Southern men burn down their forests merely to clear the ground for their cotton. The Northern hay consumed in a single slave state, costs seven millions and seventy-five thousand dollars a year. The South gets her school-books from the North and nearly all her clothing. Indeed, only a day or two before I left America, I read a speech delivered by a Mr. Paul Cameron before an agricultural society in Orange County, North Carolina, that acknowledged much of this with bitter shame. The speaker (a Southern man, mind), addressing Southern men, said—and we see Helper has since seized it and hurled it back at the South—"I know not when I have been more humiliated, as a North Carolina farmer, than a few weeks ago at a railway depôt, at the very doors of our State capital, seeing waggons drawn by Kentucky mules loading with Northern hay, for the supply not only of the towns, but also to be taken into the country. Such a sight in the capital of a State whose population is almost exclusively agricultural, is a most humiliating exhibition. *Let us cease to use everything*, as far as it is practicable, that is not the product of our own soil and workshops; not an axe, or broom, or bucket, from Connecticut. By every consideration of self-preservation we are called on to make better efforts to expel the Northern grocer from the State with his butter, and the Ohio and Kentucky horse, mule, and hog driver from our county at least. It is a reproach on us farmers, and no little deduction from our wealth, that we suffer all the populations of our towns and villages to supply themselves with butter from another Orange county in New York."

Here you see a Southerner, in the words "Let us cease to use everything Northern," expressing the Southern dislike in a new form.

As for Helper, he goes to the extent of clearly proving that, so far from the South being pre-eminent in agriculture or agricultural wealth, the hay crop alone of the free states is worth more by three million dollars a year than all the cotton, tobacco, rice, hay, hemp, and cane sugar, annually produced in the fifteen slave states. He says that one acre of land near Baltimore will produce fifty dollars' worth of hay a year, while in some parts of Carolina the cotton is not worth more than twelve dollars per acre. The slave state land is soon exhausted by perpetual unmanured crops of the same plant. Judging by the bushel measure, that scorns to lie, the Northerners challenge the South to refute the great fact that their fields produce more a year by some seventeen million bushels. The New York papers actually calculate that the free states are worth at least some three thousand five hundred millions of dollars more than the slave states.

The South, too, is galled by the constant reflection that, half a century ago, Virginia was the Empire state; that once, Pennsylvania went to Charleston to buy her drab cloths and lavender silks; that the great man who helped to found Lowell was driven out of Richmond by the slaveholders; that Philadelphia city alone contains a population greater than that of the whole free population of Eastern Virginia. The Southerners are taunted with the rapid and dangerous increase of their negro population, and by the progressive inroads of freedom.

You cannot, indeed, travel a mile in the South without seeing some demonstration of the old hatred. For days in Alabama I myself was shunned because I was taken for a New Yorker. The first *feuilleton* I read in a Southern paper described the hero in a railway carriage, entering into conversation with a fellow-passenger, and falling into silence as soon as he found that he was a Northerner.

Still, I hope that the majority of North and South dread a war that must be bloody, fratricidal, inhuman, and anti-Christian—that must be terrible in its immediate consequences, and ruinous in its ultimate results. It is easy to wound, but it is slow to cure. Warehouses will be burnt, seaports stopped, markets depressed. Firms will drop into bankruptcy like beech-nuts on a windy

day. The palsy felt in New Orleans will be paralysis at New York. Slavery requires no sword to kill it. It is fast passing away; and it has been proved unprofitable. If the slavers could be really kept from perpetually landing fresh negroes in New Orleans, the existing race might work its younger members free after a given time, and the older slaves might die off by degrees, harmless and contented with the good time coming for their children.

A WILL OF HIS OWN.

He has been dead many years. While upon earth, and residing in this pleasant land of England, he took it into his head, as many have done before, but perhaps in a different sense, to have a will of his own. And he had it—unfortunately for others.

He was what the world calls pretty well to do, and had something to leave. He thought it was very hard to leave it, and to be bowled out so soon; but he and his relations differed in that respect; and, as he had had a pretty good innings and had made a respectable score, they rather thought that it was time he was out; whether bowled, or stumped, or caught out, they were not particular.

Well, he had something to leave, and, however loth to leave it, he had long thought it proper and respectable to make a will; and after going through all the gradations of intending, and promising, and resolving, and determining to do the thing, and doing it and undoing it, and half doing it, at last, when there was hardly time to do it at all, he actually did do it—unfortunately, let it be said again, for those who might have profited and thanked him if he had only done it sensibly, as such and all other matters of business of importance should be done.

He thought while he was in health and spirits that there was plenty of time; and even when at times a little out of sorts, he didn't like the idea of making a confidant of an attorney—a race he had always detested the very name of—and so he put the thing off. No such confidence was needed. He need not have told the attorney anything about his property or affairs, but might have told him what he wanted done, and have left him to do it—just as he might have ordered his tailor to make a coat of any given pattern, or any peculiar colour. He couldn't make a coat he knew; but he took it into his head that he *could* make a will.

There was no time to lose; little time for thought, none for revision. The will was written, signed, and sealed. Even then he hardly liked to let the people about him know what he was doing: not that he was exactly ashamed or afraid; but he didn't like to do it, and didn't like people to know that he was doing it, so he did it half upon the sly, and, having done it, felt as if he had done a foolish thing. Then he thought he had not done it quite as he ought to have done, and tried to undo it; made some alterations and additions, added codicils, then revoked them; and in the midst of the hurly-burly—he died.

The first appearance of this will of his own was in that dark and dreary region known as Doctors' Commons. Why so called the writer knows not—whether in connexion with the doctors whose patients wander there, or the short commons the suitors are supposed to get in the judicial way in that locality. There, his unfortunate will appeared, and scurvily it fared.

The law, it seemed, required two witnesses, not only to the will, but to every alteration of it. The witnesses must also be present when the will is signed, and must attest the will in a certain form. In every one of these particulars grave doubts arose—interminable allegations and interrogations were drawn, written out, filed, copied, paid for—everything but read. Then came long and prosy speeches, then a sleepy judgment, wherein the old gentleman on the bench proclaimed that he wondered how any testator in his senses could so have confused all rules and forms so necessary to be observed in making wills—rules established for the protection of the public, and so forth, and that on almost every point doubt and difficulty had arisen. As to the absurdities glaring forth out of the wills and codicils themselves he should not express any opinion, but must leave other tribunals to settle those points as they best could. His only duty was to declare which paper could be admitted to probate, and which not, and which alterations could be adopted and which rejected. This he proceeded to do, declaring null, all the testator's favourite provisions, and establishing all that he had intended to revoke. Then came the decision as to costs, which were to come out of the estate, with another complaint from the old gentleman on the bench, who said that if testators would occasion such confusion by the absurd parsimony of not having the benefit of professional advice, or by still more absurdly postponing such serious business until it was too late, what could the court do but saddle the estate with all the costs?

Like other foolish gentlemen, he had sought to what is called "tie up" his property; which means that, having had his full enjoyment of it, he was determined no one else should have it so long as he could keep them out of it; and he gave life interests, and interests to children's children, and fixed distant periods for their coming into possession. He had also determined, if possible, to give chance no chance, and he attempted to provide for every event in every family that should succeed to any of his property.

But, besides all this, when he had that will of his own, he must needs do something in the cheap charitable line. He must make atonement, as it were, for what he would not give when it reduced his store, to give to charity what reduced the store of others. He must found schools, and build churches, and enrich hospitals, or aid in doing so; and he fell deeply into the snare of mortmain acts and superstitious uses.

The next appearance of this unfortunate will of his own was in the Court of Chancery. Bills, answers, pleas, demurrers, and exceptions; then

orders, decrees, arrests and inquiries, occupied reams of paper, myriads of words, days of speechifying, and years of time. Heartaches and hopes deferred the court takes no account of, and make no inquiry about.

An issue concerning this wretched will of his own, was directed for a jury to try, and a question of law was reserved for the judges to determine. The cause came on, counsel were heard the jury were locked up because they could not agree on the point of fact, and were discharged. The judges gave their opinion on the point of law, which gave his property to the very person he had emphatically declared should by no means have it; and so the case came back again to the pleasant avenues of the same High Court of Chancery.

The sense he missed his poor relations found at last. A compromise is proposed, and all parties agree to put an end to further litigation by doing away with his will altogether, and dividing the property among themselves. Where there is no will, the law steps in and generally makes a very sensible one. So ends the matter in the final and complete break-down and failure of his ridiculous attempt to have a will of his own.

COSTLY FOOD FOR FISHES.

If Doctor Johnson were alive at the present moment, and were required to give a definition of a submarine telegraphic cable, we are afraid that some very bitter epigrammatic sentence would be put upon record. The man who described a fishing-rod as a stick with a worm at one end and a fool at the other, could hardly be scientifically precise, or decently amiable, when speaking of such failures as the Atlantic and Red Sea cables. The contemplation of so much capital sunk or destroyed, of so much advancement checked, would scarcely be calculated to decrease a certain biliousness of thought, or to soften a certain irritability of language. The temptation to look upon a submarine cable as a rope with many hungry destructive worms at one end, and many blind, trusting capitalists at the other, would certainly be too great. It is well, perhaps, for the battered cause of submarine telegraphy, that Doctor Johnson has not to "define" its aims in a single sentence.

The most unprejudiced observer or inquirer, however, who has no desire to appear smart at the expense of truth, will feel an uncontrollable desire to lose his temper when dealing with submarine telegraphs. He will see a most difficult application of a mysterious science, made more difficult, if not impossible, by contracting leeches and "intermediate" interests. He will find that slop-work is the rule and not the exception; and that every advantage is taken of natural checks and hindrances. The antagonism of the elements is used as a shield to cover the most clumsy and ignorant processes; and the true causes of failure are artfully concealed under the inevitable hocus-pocus of such undertakings. Because a cable, containing a gigantic capital in wire and coating, has to be laid in the bed of the sea, it seems to be assumed that it must necessarily be a wreck. The whole process of laying submarine telegraphic cables is apparently regarded as a ceremony required to satisfy the minds of a few amiable scientific enthusiasts; and, therefore, the least spent upon it, the soonest mended. The plan is so arranged that what is entrusted to the fishes shall bear but a small proportion to what is devoured by the land-sharks in the shape of "preliminary" and "incidental" expenses. Of the eighty thousand pounds sterling paid up by the shareholders for the Dover and Ostend line, only thirty-three thousand pounds, or about two-fifths, have been devoted to the cable; and this is waste compared with the stricter economy shown in the line from Dover to Calais. There, only one-fifth of the capital has been cast overboard; for, out of seventy-five thousand pounds sterling paid up, only fifteen thousand pounds have been sunk in the Channel cable. When we find this evident distrust of the treacherous element operating so largely on the minds of telegraphic projectors and managers, we can hardly feel surprised that out of nine thousand miles of submarine telegraph laid down, not more than three thousand miles can be said to be in working order, the remaining six thousand miles being perfectly useless.

One of the principal scientific causes of failure is to be found in the fact that telegraphic cables have never been thoroughly tested under water before they have been deposited in the ocean. The first considerable failure of a submarine cable was that of the Atlantic Telegraph Company. Before this property was thrown into the sea, it was often strongly urged by the Institution of Civil Engineers, that the cable should be tested during its manufacture, and that it should not be laid until it had been tested under water as nearly as possible under the conditions to which it would be subjected in the ocean. In violation of all these precautions the cable was laid, with the conviction of its not being in a perfect state; a capital of three hundred thousand pounds sterling was sunk; and the cause of electric telegraphy was seriously jeopardised.

That some mischance should happen to the Atlantic cable was not surprising, when the limited experience then obtained in submarine telegraphy in deep water is taken into account. This, however, is the chief scientific defence that can be set up on the side of the directors and managers. The moral causes of the failure are more apparent and less defensible. The details were arranged before anything was practically known about deep sea cables. Great mistakes were made in organising the undertaking,—the radical fault being the precipitate manner in which the contracts were let,—precluding any preliminary experiments.

The gross failure of the Atlantic Telegraph—or, as some prefer to say, in elastic language, the lesson taught us by this magnificent experiment,—has been cast into the shade by the failure of the Red Sea Telegraph. This second

"magnificent experiment" is a phantom in the sea; but a very solid reality upon the earth. It has gone down with eight hundred thousand pounds sterling, as costly food for fishes; but it has left its mark in the national account-books. The country is saddled with thirty-six thousand pounds per annum for half a century (a guaranteed dividend of four and a half per cent per annum, upon the before-mentioned capital), representing an amount of nearly two millions sterling, even if we say nothing about compound interest. The contract for this half-hidden monument of official folly was so recklessly made, that no one—not even the usual "man of straw"—is fixed with any responsibility. The details of the scheme set forth that the cable was to be divided into six sections—three in the Red Sea—Suez to Kossier, 254 knots; Kossier to Suakin, 475 knots; and Suakin to Aden, 630 knots; or, in all, 1359 knots of direct distance; and three in the Indian Ocean—Aden to the Kooria-Mooria Islands, 716 knots; Kooria-Mooria to Muscat, 486 knots; and Muscat to Kurrachee, 481 knots; or, in all, 1683 knots: making the total length of the two lines, 3042 knots. Messages had been transmitted between Suez and Aden for about nine months, and separate sections of this line had been worked for eighteen months. The line from Aden to Kurrachee had also been worked, by means of translation, at very good speed; but the whole distance from Suez to Kurrachee was never worked throughout. If, however, for Suez we read Stock Exchange, and for Kurrachee, we substitute Downing-street, we shall obtain very different results. The whole distance between these two latter important points was worked with most marvellous success. The laying down, or "paying out" (a most significant phrase in the present instance), was without a flaw; the messages sent were duly received, and duly recorded, docketed, and pigeon-holed, after the fashion of red-tape. The clerkly work was absolutely faultless, as the letter-books, diaries, and Treasury minutes will show; but beyond this the business presents a fog-bank—a dreary waste. The barren ceremony of manufacturing and submerging the cable might have been shuffled through, even more unsatisfactorily than it was, for any active superintendence that the government gave to the undertaking. They guaranteed the dividend; or, in other words, they gave away the public money, and there they seem to have fancied that their duty began and ended. Government made a subsequent attempt to wriggle out of its own agreement, and was only called to a sense of its duty by the higher moral sense of the country.

The real secret history of this Red Sea failure will most probably never be written, because it is not likely that any individual or journal unfortified by exceptional profits on a telegraphic contract, will brave the costly and uncertain law of libel. One Blue-book has added a little to our knowledge of these submarine transactions, and another promises to inform us further; but as the chief actor in the Red Sea farce, Mr. Lionel Gisborne, is dead, an important tap of evidence is necessarily frozen up. In the mean time, we use the narrative contained in Mr. Charles Manby's very able summary of a long and important discussion at the Institution of Civil Engineers on this subject.

In the year 1855, application was made to Messrs. Glass and Elliot by the late Mr. Lionel Gisborne—better known, perhaps, as the government engineer who surveyed the Isthmus of Panama, and forgot to mention the mountains—who represented himself as acting under the authority of her Majesty's government, for information to enable him to prepare estimates for a telegraphic line to the East. On his assurance (we are quoting Messrs. Glass and Elliot's words) that the firm to whom he applied should be placed in a position to tender for the execution of the work, when he had completed certain arrangements with the Turkish government, the necessary information was given him, accompanied by specimens of submarine cables. Upon this, Mr. Gisborne proceeded to Constantinople, and obtained the necessary firman from the Sultan to lay down the Red Sea line. Shortly after his return to England, these concessions were placed at the disposal of a body of gentlemen, who formed themselves into a company—the Red Sea Telegraph Company—for the purpose of laying down the lines. In the month of August, 1857, the directors of the company called upon Messrs. Glass and Elliot for information, and to ask that firm to tender for the execution of the whole, or one half of the line. The required information was furnished, and a prospectus, founded on Messrs. Glass and Elliot's estimates, was issued to the public. As certain statements, however, appeared in the public journals, to the effect that it was impossible to lay a cable in the Red Sea, from its great depth, and other causes, an insufficient amount of capital was subscribed, and the project flagged.

In this state of things, Messrs. Glass and Elliot suggested an application to government to cause a survey to be made, with a view of testing the truth of these statements. This course was adopted, and the Cyclops was ordered on the expedition, and instructions, forwarded, on the firm's suggestion, to the Admiralty, through the hydrographer, were sent out to the officers in command of the ship. The result of the survey having been considered satisfactory, a fresh attempt was made by the directors to carry out the line. The undertaking had not proceeded further, before it was found that the agreement between Mr. Gisborne and the directors of the Red Sea Telegraph Company had lapsed by a few days; and on being called upon to renew it, he consented, but insisted that in addition to the fifteen thousand pounds agreed to be paid to him as consideration for the "concessions," he should be appointed engineer to the company, and that the whole of the work should be given to Messrs. Newall

and Co., without tender, on the ground that that firm had become interested with him in the concessions. The company were thus saddled with an engineer and a contractor as part of the "concession;" practically, the form of the cable was decided upon, and little remained for the board to do but to pay. With these private and confidential arrangements, it is not surprising that unprotected iron wire, scarcely larger than bell-wire, was used for the covering of the cable, although there was abundance of experience to prove that, after being only a few months in the sea, it would become so rusted, that when repairs were necessary, it would be impossible to lift it to the surface. It is not surprising that such close contract was taken for a lump sum, thereby offering a premium upon the chances of saving some part of the slack or surplus cable; and so causing the fractures attributed to the tightness with which the cable was laid.

Ruinous as this private and confidential contract arrangement was, the directors of the company felt that no other course was left open to them than to make the best of it; and they therefore held together, and supported their engineer and contractor. The rival contractors —Messrs. Glass and Elliot — on seeing the estimates of Messrs. Newall and Co.—approved, of course, by Mr. Gisborne—to carry out the work for a sum of six hundred and fifty thousand pounds, or thereabouts, offered to carry out similar work for ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS LESS. Their offer was not accepted, their claims upon the undertaking were ignored, and the Treasury were led to believe by the directors, that the work was laid out in the surest manner to lead to success. The warning addressed by Messrs. Glass and Elliot to the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, dated June 26th, 1858, was only answered by a Treasury minute of the usual stamp, dated August 4th, 1858. As it shows the nominal character of the supervision exercised by the government over the undertaking, we present the document entire:

"Inform Messrs. Glass, Elliot, and Company, that my lords have made an arrangement with the Red Sea Telegraph Company, by which, on certain conditions, a guarantee on the part of her Majesty's government is granted to that company.

"It is one of the conditions in the arrangement, that the line of telegraph shall be laid down on the responsibility of the company; my lords do not propose to interfere in the selection of the parties who are to execute the work, further than to see that its proper execution is sufficiently secured. My lords have no doubt that the company will adopt the proper means of procuring contracts for the execution of the work on the best terms, and can only refer Messrs. Glass, Elliot, and Co. to the directors of the company."

The directors were immovable, and they comforted themselves and the Treasury with the belief that "the early and satisfactory completion of the enterprise would be most effectually promoted by the selection of the contractors who combined the highest reputation," &c. &c. &c. What they meant by "selection of contractors," is not quite clear, when it was notorious that only one contractor was forced upon them; but as their policy was to get the government guarantee at all hazards, we can hardly feel surprised at the tone of their communications with the authorities. In their contempt for the saving of one hundred thousand pounds, the directors of the company seem to have caught the infectious liberality of our imperial expenditure. The maxim that the ship should never be spoilt (although it invariably is spoilt) for a hundred thousand pounds worth of tar, which is so familiar to "my lords," as they delight to style themselves, is not often the guiding principle of cautious mercantile bodies, who work with a fear of the Court of Bankruptcy before their eyes. But, to do the Treasury justice, one of "my lords"—Lord Stanley—seems to have grown uneasy about this hole and corner contract, some two months after the official minute, just quoted, was recorded. To his credit, he complained, through the usual secretary, in the usual form, that the system of competition was not resorted to.

A contract, huddled up as this was, pointed to failure from the beginning, and turned the concession of the Turkish government into a barren permission to throw certain vast sums of public money into certain Oriental seas. It provided that the laying of the cable should be left entirely in the hands of the contractors, and so absolved the engineers of the company from all responsibility. Failures in the line declared themselves almost immediately, and a vessel was engaged for one hundred and eighty-two days in abortive attempts to repair one hundred and eighty-four miles of cable.

The scientific, mechanical, and natural enemies of telegraphic enterprise, do not seem to be half as formidable as its moral enemies. Gutta-percha—the present popular material for what is called the insulating medium, or covering necessary to protect the wire from air and water—may be difficult to manufacture entirely free from small cavities; currents may be troublesome in washing these specks of bad workmanship into gaping holes; sharp rocks, hungry fishes; too much tightness in laying the cable producing fractures; or too much slackness producing "kinks," or tangles; rigid instead of elastic machinery for paying out the cable; storms, which come on just at the critical moment of the paying-out process, forcibly dividing the paying-out ships from their long tail of cable; a want of careful submarine surveys; variations in temperature, not known or provided for, which melt the insulating medium; the action of sea-water upon the outer iron covering of cables; ships' anchors; movements of the sea; antagonistic vegetation gathering round the cable; gas currents; want of sufficient thickness in the cable; and a dozen other defects and opposing forces may silently and rapidly convert a great undertaking into a hopeless wreck. These are powerful opponents that

have to be met with skill and judgment, but, before they are conquered, other enemies have to be guarded against. The insulation of the conducting wire may be brought to absolute perfection, but this will avail little unless the insulation of contractors and jobbing concessionists is also attended to. Of all destroying agencies against which an electric telegraph may have to contend, there is not one that will be found so destructive as a commission agency. Gold is a great misconductor in these cases, a sort of metallic covering that is sure to be spread over a multitude of flaws. A per-centage upon economy of scientific and mechanical outlay, in a cable intended for shallow governments rather than for shallow waters, is apt to produce a belief that gingerbread may serve as an excellent insulating medium. Government assistance, in the shape of a financial guarantee, can hardly be dispensed with in such speculative and international undertakings; although the lullaby patronage of the official mind is dearly bought, even at thirty-six thousand pounds per annum. The only safe course which presents itself to practical men in connexion with submarine telegraphs, is simply to deal with contractors known to be responsible and trustworthy, to pay them a sum not exceeding the actual cost of the cable, and to allow a certain liberal per-centage for its use during the time that it actually remains in working order. Under such conditions, there appears to be no reason to despair of the success of submarine telegraphy.

DOLLS' COFFINS.

The parlour of the North Star was occupied by a company more numerous than usual, and discussion was more than ordinarily animated. The parties assembled, whom we shall distinguish not by names, but by characteristic epithets, were ranged on a bench, which, attached to the walls, surrounded the entire room. Of this bench a portion sufficient for the accommodation of a single individual was marked off by a pair of wooden arms, and the seat thus separated was filled by the Chairman of the evening—a venerable man, in whose countenance might be traced the signs of innate beneficence, heightened by the mildly spirituous potations with which London shopkeepers of the lower grade are wont to refresh themselves when the profitable toils of the day are over. It must not be supposed that because the meeting had a Chairman, it in any way performed the functions of an harmonious assembly, or of a discussion forum. No song or recitation was called for or expected; no subject was proposed for debate; but everybody present talked precisely as he pleased, and without the slightest regard to the pleasure of the rest. The Chairman, himself, far from being a despot, was not even a constitutional monarch. He could officially call nobody to order; he had no originating power in the business of the evening. His seat had arms, his cushion was raised some three inches higher than the common level. Herein consisted his sole official distinction. Whatever authority he exercised over his less privileged companions was to be ascribed, not to his office, but to the weight of his personal character,—to the force of his mild persuasive wisdom.

The discussion in the parlour of the North Star, while it had become louder and louder, had at the same time become more abstract with respect to its theme. One of the speakers whom we shall call the Positive, had ventured to assert that he differed from another, whom we shall call the Negative, IN PRINCIPLE.

The Negative, instead of pursuing the argument according to its natural course, gave it a new turn. "I differ from you in principle, do I?" said he. "How do you know that? I defy you to tell me what a principle is." And, cocking his hat on one side, and sending forth a tobacco-cloud of extraordinary volume, he cast his eye triumphantly round the company, who gasped for the definition that this challenge might elicit.

"I should think," replied the Positive, flinching a little, but concealing his fears of defeat under a cloak of superciliousness, "I should think every fool knew what a principle was."

"Should you? Then, I shouldn't," tartly retorted the Negative; "for I could mention a fool who knows nothing about the matter."

"You had him then,—no mistake about that," murmured an interlocutor whom we shall call the Unctuous, with an approving chuckle; and this opinion was confirmed by the laugh in which all the company joined, save the vanquished Positive and the beneficent Chairman, who, sighing and raising his eyes to the ceiling, seemed to think that the wit of the repartee, brilliant as it was, scarcely excused the pungency of the sarcasm.

"Jokes ain't arguments," grumbled the Positive, when the laugh had subsided.

"No, they ain't, that's true enough; but some people's arguments are very like jokes," thundered the triumphant Negative, following up his victory, amid renewed shouts of laughter.

"I think you had better shut up," suggested the Unctuous to the Positive, in a tone and with a look that blended insolence with compassion.

"Shut up—not he!" exclaimed the malicious Negative. "Why, he has not told us what a principle is, yet."

"Gentlemen," said the Chairman, at length opening his mouth, and speaking with the blandest accents—"gentlemen, I trust this discussion will be carried no further. What principle is, we all know alike. Indeed, I am sure there is not a man in this company that is not a man of principle. For why? Principle is based on moral conviction, and, therefore, it stands to reason moral conviction is the foundation of principle. A man without moral conviction is not worth the name of a man. Therefore, when I meet a party for the first time, I ask myself, not if he is rich, not if he is talented, but what are his moral convictions—in other words, what are his principles. So, to close

this discussion with an appropriate sentiment," added the venerable sage, raising his tumbler, "May we never so far worship interest as to lose all regard for principle; and may principle always be found conducive to interest."

"Fine old fellow that!" whispered the Unctuous, to a young gentleman beside him, whom we shall call the Novice. "You would not think he was getting on for eighty."

"Had a deal of trouble, too, with his family," whispered the Significant, as we shall term him, in the Novice's other ear.

"What matters a family to a man with a headpiece like that?" said the Unctuous, with a side-look of admiration at the Chairman, who had relapsed into a state of contemplative abstraction.

"I suppose HE will be here soon," observed the Positive, glancing at the face of the old-fashioned clock.

"Not for the next quarter of an hour," growled the Negative, whose temper had been somewhat ruffled by the check he had received in the midst of his victory.

"He came last night, when the hand of that clock was where it is now."

"I don't go by that clock; I go by the Horse Guards. I set my watch by the Horse Guards every Saturday," said the Negative, proudly drawing a pinchbeck timepiece from his waistcoat pocket.

"When I was a lad," remarked a Senile Voice in a corner of the room, "there were clocks with cuckoos in them——"

"And so there are now, for those who are fools enough to buy them," rudely interrupted the Negative.

"Rather sharp to-night!" ejaculated the sandy-whiskered neighbour of the Senile Voice.

"I did not address my observation to you," retorted the Negative, contemptuously.

An awkward pause ensued, which was at last interrupted by the meek Chairman, who observed, "I think the party must soon be here."

"Yes, if the Horse Guards allow him," said the Positive, glancing sarcastically at the Negative, who was now absorbed in the occupation of tickling a black cat.

"May I venture to ask who is expected with so much curiosity?" asked the Novice, timidly.

"Yes, certainly; he's nothing very particular," answered the Significant. "He's a gent that uses this parlour every evening of his life, and lives in a house that seems a deal too big for him. For though there's only ten rooms in the house, and that ain't much for a family man, it's a goodish size for one that lives only by himself like, with an old woman for a servant."

"There are twelve rooms in that house, if there's one," exclaimed the Positive. "I went over it six years ago."

"Did you?" observed the Negative. "And my brother papered it from top to bottom twenty years ago, so I know there's only ten, and I ought to know best."

"And the windows of the house are never cleaned," continued the Significant, "and the door-step never looks properly washed, and one-half of the rooms never seem occupied, and the gent don't look as if he had anything to do, and the old woman I'm sure does nothing at all, but saunters about and gossips from the grocer's to the publican's, muddling away her money, or most likely her master's money, in ounces of tea and half-pints of beer. But that gent yonder will tell you the most curious part of the business. Tell about your shop, gov'nor."

The Negative lifted up his head with something like a gesture of impatience as the Sandy man commenced his discourse. However, with a resigned look, he soon returned to the sport with the cat.

"You see, sir, I'm in the toy line," said the Sandy. "You know, of course, what toys are—all youngsters know about toys—and you, I'll make bold to say, have been a youngster in your time, and if you were a youngster now, I've no doubt you would lay out your pocket-money at my shop. Ay, I make bold to say it, you would not get a better article for the same price at any warehouse in London."

"No, that you wouldn't," squeaked the Senile Voice, with considerable enthusiasm, while the Negative, looking askance from his cat, gave a sceptical cough.

"Well, that boys should buy toys is natural enough—boy and toy is reason as well as rhyme," continued the Sandy speaker, looking round for a laugh, which, however, did not come. "But even little boys don't buy dolls, seeing that dolls are made expressly for little girls, and when a grown-up man like you buys a lot of dolls, it puts one out altogether."

"I suppose a man has a right to do what he likes with his own money," grunted the Negative, in a sort of semi-soliloquy.

"Of course, he has—who says he hasn't?" proceeded the Sandy. "I'm much obliged to any one for his custom, whether he's a man, or whether he's a woman, or whether he's a tom-cat. But still, when a gent comes week after week, as one may say, and buys a big doll, without having any young uns at home, it puts one out, I repeat, specially when people are not quite so sharp as other people, or, rather, as other people pretend to be."

Everybody knew that this last remark was pointed sarcastically at the Negative, but that gentleman ignored it utterly.

"And what is queerer still," continued the Sandy historian, "there is my brother-in-law, a master carpenter, who tells me that every week this same gent orders a little coffin, some two feet long, to be made, and when it is finished pays for it, and carries it away under his arm, just as he carries away the dolls."

"But how do you know where he lives, if he takes home the articles himself?" asked the Novice.

"That question is very well put, sir, and does credit to your discernment," observed the Ne-

gative, in a tone of gloomy approbation. "But you must know, sir, that when people attend to other people's business more than their own, they spare no pains to find other people's business out. Our friend there followed the gentleman home, and his brother-in-law, the journeyman carpenter, did the same."

"The master carpenter," ejaculated the Sandy orator, with visible signs of incipient wrath.

"Well, master carpenter, if you like to call him so," said the Negative, with a wink to the company generally. "That's neither here nor there. I say that you and your brother-in-law both followed the gentleman home."

"No I didn't," retorted the Sandy man, doggedly. "Nor my brother-in-law neither. I grant you my shop-boy did something of the sort."

"Well, you or your shop-boy, it's just the same thing."

"Now, I put it to you, gentlemen," exclaimed the historian, thinking he had his tormentor at a vantage—"I put it to you—am I the same thing as a boy twelve year old?"

"As far as sense and experience go, yes," shouted the Negative, as though he were darting a thunderbolt.

"Stop, stop, gentlemen," said the benignant Chairman. "I feel I must again interpose. We all, no doubt, should be glad enough to be boys again; but we don't like to be compared to boys. For you see we are all proud—too proud I must say—of the little sense with which we are blessed, and sense comes from experience, and experience is the result of years. Hence, though I often sigh for the return of my youth, I console myself with the reflection that we never are boys twice——"

"Except when we get into our second childhood," thought the Negative; but he did not give utterance to his thought, so great was the moral weight of the benignant Chairman with every person in the room.

"Besides," continued the mild sage, his countenance becoming more and more radiant with intense goodness, "I object to comparisons altogether: for as the poet beautifully observes, Comparisons are odd—no, I don't mean that. I mean—yes—

> Comparisons admit of no defence;
> For want of courtesy is want of sense."

"Perhaps," suggested the Novice, returning to the story, through the briary obstacles that had recently sprung up, "the gentleman only bought the dolls and coffins to amuse some young friends."

"Queer sort of a toy—coffins," murmured the Significant.

"No," replied the historian to the Novice, leaping over the observation of the Significant—"no; for my brother-in-law's cousin keeps company with a young woman who is in service close to the gent's house, and she says, that though he carries many a parcel home, he carries none out."

"Of course, if there's any prying into other folks' affairs, there's sure to be a woman in the case," observed the Negative.

"He's no great admirer of the ladies," whispered the Significant, "and he has no reason to be, if you knew all."

"I think there's a noise at the bar outside," observed the Positive, at last emerging from silence and the yesterday's newspaper.

"When did you hear of a bar without a noise in a thoroughfare like this?" asked the Negative, with exceeding sulkiness, when the attention of all alike was absorbed by the sudden entrance of the landlord with a face of overwhelming importance.

"You know the gent as none of you can make out?"

"Yes," was the universal response.

"Him with the dolls and coffins like?"

"Yes—yes," was the reply, uttered with increased impatience.

"Well, his old woman has been here—all of a fluster."

"He means the old servant," whispered the Significant to the Novice, lest the latter might suppose that the phrase "old woman" was used idiomatically for wife.

"She says she has had a turn," continued the landlord.

"A turn!" ejaculated the company.

"Yes, she says she opened a door that the gov'nor gen'rally keeps locked, because you see on this occasion he left the key in the keyhole, and walking in, what should she see but a row of shelves placed round the room, with nothing but little coffins upon them—all regularly covered with cloth, and ornamented with silver-headed nails."

"I knew the coffins would come to something," roared the Positive, with an explosion of eagerness.

"Well, what have they come to?" asked the Negative, with a quiet sneer. "They were coffins before, and they are coffins now."

"Yes, but when my brother-in-law gave them to the gent," interposed Sandy, "they were only plain wood, and now, it seems, they are fitted up with cloth and nails. Now I think of it, that accounts for the rapping that the servant-girl used to hear in the middle of the night as she passed the house."

"Strange time for a respectable young woman to be out—anyhow," snarled the Negative.

"I shouldn't wonder," said the Significant with a gasp, "if the dolls were inside the coffins."

"Shouldn't you?—then I should," brutally objected the Negative.

"Hush!" said the landlord, "here is Mr. Thingummy himself."

"And if it is Mr. Thingummy, I suppose one has a right to speak," retorted the Negative; but, however, as the new comer entered the room he became silent, and in spite of his affected indifference, could not conceal his curiosity.

No one could look less remarkable than the Theme of Discourse. He might be called an

indescribable person, simply because there was nothing about him to describe beyond the peculiarity that he was obviously higher in station and in breeding than those by whom his affairs had been so industriously discussed. As if totally unconscious of the tremendous events with which he was associated in the minds of all present, he quietly ordered a glass of mild ale, and in a tone of almost meek civility asked if the paper which lay on the table was engaged. The person nearest to the broadsheet having timidly responded in the negative, he sat down and read with intentness, while every line of his countenance was simultaneously read by the now silent gossips. The landlord contrived to linger in the room: the Negative forgot the presence of the cat; even the bland face of the Chairman assumed something like a hungry look.

The Positive at last broke a silence which was growing absolutely painful. "Is the toy trade pretty brisk?" said he to the Sandy.

"No," was the answer, "very flat; like everything else in these times."

"I suppose you sell as many dolls as ever?" nervously asked the Significant.

"Yes, yes," replied the Sandy, abstractedly.

"I don't see the use of dolls," audaciously ejaculated the Negative, darting upon the Theme of Discourse a look of the keenest impudence. "If I had a doll, I'd put it in a coffin, and bury it." These last words were uttered with something like a shout of defiance; but the speaker almost quailed, when the reader of the newspaper laid it down, and rising slowly, fixed his eyes upon him.

"I perceive I am the subject of conversation," said the Theme of Discourse, in the calmest tone.

"Not at all, sir, not at all," was the mendacious murmur, suggested by civility, that ran round the room. "He went too far," whispered the Significant to the Novice, alluding to the Negative; "as he always does."

"Pardon me," proceeded the Theme, "dolls and coffins could not have been mentioned together except in connexion with me."

"Well, sir, I suppose one has a right——" began the Negative, with reviving courage.

"A perfect right," said the Theme, "and in acknowledgment of that right, I am about to satisfy a curiosity that is not only justifiable but natural."

The Chairman, in his rampant benignity, was about to say, "Pray don't!" but a torrent of hushes drowned the first accents of his voice.

"I am a man not wealthy," said the Theme, "but blessed with an income that slightly exceeds my annual expenditure, and precludes the necessity of following any avocation."

Reciprocal winks were exchanged; but they were winks of the most respectful kind.

"In my youth I have seen a great deal, travelled a great deal, and suffered a great many severe disappointments. I will add, that no hope I ever entertained was ever realised, and that to the ardour of my hopes I can attribute all the unhappiness I have endured."

The company looked wiser than it felt, and bowed with puzzled expectation.

"I have resolved, therefore, to live entirely without hope" (the assembly looked uncomfortable); "I mean, of course, as far as this world is concerned" (the assembly was reassured). "Not being compelled by circumstances to exert myself for a subsistence, I keep aloof from all the pursuits and all the amusements that interest ordinary men. If I committed myself to the toils of any profession—of any kind of research—of any branch of art—my desire of success would be so great, that in the event of failure I should merely renew the acute pains of former years. Still, in every day there are twenty-four hours, and these must be occupied in some way. I have therefore devised an occupation which is perfectly innocent" ("Encourages trade, too," thought the Sandy), "and with which no idea of success is associated. I fix all my glances on the past—none on the future. Every one of those dolls, which have so much excited your curiosity, is in my eyes a symbol of some old friendship—some old love—some old project—in a word, some old hope, and I choose them from some peculiarity, which, perhaps, you would hardly observe, but which to me connects them with some reality of the past. The decoration of the coffins just requires manipulative skill enough to afford the mind other employment than mere contemplation, and as the puppets represent hopes, so do the coffins represent disappointments. Hope and disappointment, as I have said, have been the curses of my existence. So when I have put the little figure in the receptacle that has been prepared for it, and have nailed down the lid, I feel that I have extinguished one misery with another, and that I can look calmly upon both as tormentors of the past, but as mere playthings of the present."

So saying, the Theme flung a small coin to the waiter, and slowly left the room.

"Poor gentleman!" said the benignant Chairman, compassionately.

"I should only like to be as well off as he is," said the Positive, knowingly.

"That's as it may be," said the Significant, doubtfully.

"Well, I know he pays ready money for all that I sell him," said the Sandy, warmly.

"And that's saying a great deal now-a-days," said the Senile Voice, approvingly.

"True," said the Unctuous, profoundly.

"I am afraid he is not quite right in his intellects," said the Novice, suggestively.

"I tell you what it is," said the Negative, dogmatically: "he has been telling us a parcel of stuff on purpose to gammon us, and that's the long and short of it."

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GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XLI.

IN vain should I attempt to describe the astonishment and disquiet of Herbert, when he and I and Provis sat down before the fire, and I recounted the whole of the secret. Enough that I saw my own feelings reflected in Herbert's face, and, not least among them, my repugnance towards the man who had done so much for me.

What would alone have set a division between that man and us, if there had been no other dividing circumstance, was his triumph in my story. Saving his troublesome sense of having been "low" on one occasion since his return—on which point he began to hold forth to Herbert, the moment my revelation was finished—he had no perception of the possibility of my finding any fault with my good fortune. His boast that he had made me a gentleman, and that he had come to see me support the character on his ample resources, was made for me quite as much as for himself; and that it was a highly agreeable boast to both of us, and that we must both be very proud of it, was a conclusion quite established in his own mind.

"Though, look'ee here, Pip's comrade," he said to Herbert, after having discoursed for some time, "I know very well that once since I come back—for half a minute—I've been low. I said to Pip, I knowed as I had been low. But don't you fret yourself on that score. I ain't made Pip a gentleman, and Pip ain't agoing to make you a gentleman, not fur me not to know what's due to ye both. Dear boy, and Pip's comrade, you two may count upon me always having a gen-teel muzzle on. Muzzled I have been since that half a minute when I was betrayed into lowness, muzzled I am at the present time, and muzzled I ever will be."

Herbert said, "Certainly," but looked as if there were no specific consolation in this, and remained perplexed and dismayed. We were anxious for the time when he would go to his lodging, and leave us together, but he was evidently jealous of leaving us together, and sat late. It was midnight before I took him round to Essex-street, and saw him safely in at his own dark door. When it closed upon him, I experienced the first moment of relief I had known since the night of his arrival.

Never quite free from an uneasy remembrance of the man on the stairs, I had always looked about me in taking my guest out after dark, and in bringing him back; and I looked about me now. Difficult as it is in a large city to avoid the suspicion of being watched, when the mind is conscious of danger in that regard, I could not persuade myself that any of the people within sight cared about my movements. The few who were passing, passed on their several ways, and the street was empty when I turned back into the Temple. Nobody had come out at the gate with us, nobody went in at the gate with me. As I crossed by the fountain, I saw his lighted back windows looking bright and quiet, and when I stood for a few moments in the doorway of the building where I lived, before going up the stairs, Garden-court was as still and lifeless as the staircase was when I ascended it.

Herbert received me with open arms, and I had never felt before, so blessedly, what it is to have a friend. When he had spoken some sound words of sympathy and encouragement, we sat down to consider the question, What was to be done?

The chair that Provis had occupied still remaining where it had stood—for he had a barrack way with him of hanging about one spot, in one unsettled manner, and going through one round of observances with his pipe and his negro-head and his jack-knife and his pack of cards, and what not, as if it were all put down for him on a slate—I say, his chair remaining where it had stood, Herbert unconsciously took it, but next moment started out of it, pushed it away, and took another. He had no occasion to say after that, that he had conceived an aversion for my patron, neither had I occasion to confess my own. We interchanged that confidence without shaping a syllable.

"What," said I to Herbert, when he was safe in another chair, "what is to be done?"

"My poor dear Handel," he replied, holding his head, "I am too stunned to think."

"So was I, Herbert, when the blow first fell. Still, something must be done. He is intent upon various new expenses—horses, and carriages, and lavish appearances of all kinds. He must be stopped, somehow."

"You mean that you can't accept——?"

"How can I?" I interposed, as Herbert paused. "Think of him! Look at him!"

An involuntary shudder passed over both of us.

"Yet I am afraid the dreadful truth is, Herbert, that he is attached to me, strongly attached to me. Was there ever such a fate!"

"My poor dear Handel," Herbert repeated.

"Then," said I, "after all, stopping short here, never taking another penny from him, think what I owe him already! Then again: I am heavily in debt—very heavily for me, who have now no expectations at all—and I have been bred to no calling, and I am fit for nothing."

"Well, well, well!" Herbert remonstrated. "Don't say fit for nothing."

"What am I fit for? I know only one thing that I am fit for, and that is, to go for a soldier. And I might have gone, my dear Herbert, but for the prospect of taking counsel with your friendship and affection."

Of course I broke down there; and of course Herbert, beyond seizing a warm grip of my hand, pretended not to know it.

"Anyhow, my dear Handel," said he presently, "soldiering won't do. If you were to renounce this patronage and these favours, I suppose you would do so with some faint hope of one day repaying what you have already had. Not very strong, that hope, if you went soldiering! Besides, it's absurd. You would be infinitely better in Clarriker's house, small as it is. I am working up towards a partnership, you know."

Poor fellow! He little suspected with whose money.

"But there is another question," said Herbert. "This is an ignorant determined man, who has long had one fixed idea. More than that, he seems to me (I may misjudge him) to be a man of a desperate and fierce character."

"I know he is," I returned. "Let me tell you what evidence I have seen of it." And I told him what I had not mentioned in my narrative; of that encounter with the other convict.

"See, then!" said Herbert; "think of this! He comes here at the peril of his life, for the realisation of his fixed idea. In the moment of realisation, after all his toil and waiting, you cut the ground from under his feet, destroy his idea, and make his gains worthless to him. Do you see nothing that he might do, under the disappointment?"

"I have seen it, Herbert, and dreamed of it ever since the fatal night of his arrival. Nothing has been in my thoughts so distinctly, as his putting himself in the way of being taken."

"Then you may rely upon it," said Herbert, "that there would be great danger of his doing it. That is his power over you as long as he remains in England, and that would be his reckless course if you forsook him."

I was so struck by the horror of this idea, which had weighed upon me from the first, and the working out of which would make me regard myself, in some sort, as his murderer, that I could not rest in my chair but began pacing to and fro. I said to Herbert, meanwhile, that even if Provis were recognised and taken in spite of himself, I should be wretched as the cause, however innocently. Yes; even though I was so wretched in having him at large and near me, and even though I would far far rather have worked at the forge all the days of my life, than I would have ever come to this!

But there was no raving off the question, What was to be done?

"The first and the main thing to be done," said Herbert, "is to get him out of England. You will have to go with him, and then he may be induced to go."

"But get him where I will, could I prevent his coming back?"

"My good Handel, is it not obvious that with Newgate in the next street, there must be far greater hazard in your breaking your mind to him and making him reckless, here, than elsewhere. If a pretext to get him away could be made out of that other convict, or out of anything else in his life, now."

"There, again!" said I, stopping before Herbert, with my open hands held out as if they contained the desperation of the case. "I know nothing of his life. It has almost made me mad to sit here of a night and see him before me, so bound up with my fortunes and misfortunes, and yet so unknown to me, except as the miserable wretch who terrified me two days in my childhood!"

Herbert got up, and linked his arm in mine, and we slowly walked to and fro together, studying the carpet.

"Handel," said Herbert, stopping, "you feel convinced that you can take no further benefits from him; do you?"

"Fully. Surely you would, too, if you were in my place?"

"And you feel convinced that you must break with him?"

"Herbert, can you ask me?"

"And you have, and are bound to have, that tenderness for the life he has risked on your account, that you must save him, if possible, from throwing it away. Then you must get him out of England before you stir a finger to extricate yourself. That done, extricate yourself, in Heaven's name, and we'll see it out together, dear old boy."

It was a comfort to shake hands upon it, and walk up and down again, with only that done.

"Now, Herbert," said I, "with reference to gaining some knowledge of his history. There is but one way that I know of. I must ask him point-blank."

"Yes. Ask him," said Herbert, "when we sit at breakfast in the morning." For he had said, on taking leave of Herbert, that he would come to breakfast with us.

With this project formed, we went to bed. I had the wildest dreams concerning him, and woke unrefreshed; I woke, too, to recover the fear which I had lost in the night, of his being found out as a returned transport. Waking, I never lost that fear.

He came round at the appointed time, took out his jack-knife, and sat down to his meal.

He was full of plans "for his gentleman's coming out strong, and like a gentleman," and urged me to begin speedily upon the pocket-book, which he had left in my possession. He considered the chambers and his own lodging as temporary residences, and advised me to look out at once for "a fashionable crib" in which he could have "a shake-down," near Hyde Park. When he had made an end of his breakfast, and was wiping his knife on his leg, I said to him, without a word of preface:

"After you were gone last night, I told my friend of the struggle that the soldiers found you engaged in on the marshes, when we came up. You remember?"

"Remember!" said he. "I think so!"

"We want to know something about that man—and about you. It is strange to know no more about either, and particularly you, than I was able to tell last night. Is not this as good a time as another for our knowing more?"

"Well!" he said, after consideration. "You're on your oath, you know, Pip's comrade?"

"Assuredly," replied Herbert.

"As to anything I say, you know," he insisted. "The oath applies to all."

"I understand it to do so."

"And look'ee here! Whatever I done, is worked out and paid for," he insisted again.

"So be it."

He took out his black pipe and was going to fill it with negro-head, when, looking at the tangle of tobacco in his hand, he seemed to think it might perplex the thread of his narrative. He put it back again, stuck his pipe in a button-hole of his coat, spread a hand on each knee, and, after turning an angry eye on the fire for a few silent moments, looked round at us and said what follows.

CHAPTER XLII.

"Dear boy and Pip's comrade. I am not a going fur to tell you my life, like a song or a story-book. But to give it you short and handy, I'll put it at once into a mouthful of English. In jail and out of jail, in jail and out of jail, in jail and out of jail. There, you've got it. That's *my* life pretty much, down to such times as I got shipped off, arter Pip stood my friend.

"I've been done everything to, pretty well—except hanged. I've been locked up, as much as a silver tea-kettle. I've been carted here and carted there, and put out of this town and put out of that town, and stuck in the stocks, and whipped and worried and drove. I've no more notion where I was born than you have—if so much. I first become aware of myself, down in Essex, a thieving turnips for my living. Summun had run away from me—a man—a tinker—and he'd took the fire with him, and left me wery cold.

"I know'd my name to be Magwitch, chris'en'd Abel. How did I know it? Much as I know'd the birds' names in the hedges to be chaffinch, sparrer, thrush. I might have thought it was all lies together, only as the birds' names come out true, I supposed mine did.

"So fur as I could find, there warn't a soul that see young Abel Magwitch, with as little on him as in him, but wot caught fright at him, and either drove him off, or took him up. I was took up, took up, took up, to that extent that I reg'larly grow'd up took up.

"This is the way it was, that when I was a ragged little creetur as much to be pitied as ever I see (not that I looked in the glass, for there warn't many insides of furnished houses known to me), I got the name of being hardened. 'This is a terrible hardened one,' they says to prison wisitors, picking out me. 'May be said to live in jails, this boy.' Then they looked at me, and I looked at them, and they measured my head, some on 'em—they had better a measured my stomach—and others on 'em giv me tracts what I couldn't read, and made me speeches what I couldn't unnerstand. They always went on agen me about the Devil. But what the Devil was I to do? I must put something into my stomach, mustn't I?—Howsomever, I'm a getting low, and I know what's due. Dear boy and Pip's comrade, don't you be afeerd of me being low.

"Tramping, begging, thieving, working sometimes when I could—though that warn't as often as you may think, till you put the question whether you would ha' been over ready to give me work yourselves—a bit of a poacher, a bit of a labourer, a bit of a waggoner, a bit of a haymaker, a bit of a hawker, a bit of most things that don't pay and lead to trouble, I got to be a man. A deserting soldier in a Travellers' Rest, wot lay hid up to the chin under a lot of taturs, learnt me to read; and a travelling Giant wot signed his name at a penny a time learnt me to write. I warn't locked up as often now as formerly, but I wore out my good share of key-metal still.

"At Epsom races, a matter of over twenty year ago, I got acquainted wi' a man whose skull I'd crack wi' this poker, like the claw of a lobster, if I'd got it on this hob. His right name was Compeyson; and that's the man, dear boy, wot you see me pounding in the ditch, according to wot you truly told your comrade arter I was gone last night.

"He set up fur a gentleman, this Compeyson, and he'd been to a public boarding-school and had learning. He was a smooth one to talk, and was a dab at the ways of gentlefolks. He was good-looking too. It was the night afore the great race, when I found him on the heath in a booth that I know'd on. Him and some more was a sitting among the tables when I went in, and the landlord (which had a knowledge of me, and was a sporting one) called him out, and said, 'I think this is a man that might suit you'—meaning I was.

"Compeyson, he looks at me very noticing, and I look at him. He has a watch and a chain and a ring and a breast-pin and a handsome suit of clothes.

"'To judge from appearances, you're out of luck,' says Compeyson to me.

"'Yes, master, and I've never been in it much.' (I come out of Kingston Jail last on a vagrancy committal. Not but wot it might have been for something else; but it warn't.)

"'Luck changes,' says Compeyson; 'perhaps yours is going to change.'

"I says, 'I hope it may be so. There's room.'

"'What can you do?' says Compeyson.

"'Eat and drink,' I says; 'if you'll find the materials.'

"Compeyson laughed, looked at me again very noticing, giv me five shillings, and appointed me for next night. Same place.

"I went to Compeyson, next night, same place, and Compeyson took me on to be his man and pardner. And what was Compeyson's business in which we was to go pardners? Compeyson's business was the swindling, handwriting forging, stolen bank-note passing, and such-like. All sorts of traps as Compeyson could set with his head, and keep his own legs out of and get the profits from and let another man in for, was Compeyson's business. He'd no more heart than a iron file, he was as cold as death, and he had the head of the Devil afore mentioned.

"There was another in with Compeyson, as was called Arthur—not as being so chrisen'd, but as a surname. He was in a Decline, and was a shadow to look at. Him and Compeyson had been in a bad thing with a rich lady some years afore, and they'd made a pot of money by it; but Compeyson betted and gamed, and he'd have run through the king's taxes. So Arthur was a dying, and a dying poor and with the horrors on him, and Compeyson's wife (which Compeyson kicked mostly) was a having pity on him when she could, and Compeyson was a having pity on nothing and nobody.

"I might a took warning by Arthur, but I didn't; and I won't pretend I wos partick'ler—for where 'ud be the good on it, dear boy and comrade? So I begun wi' Compeyson, and a poor tool I was in his hands. Arthur lived at the top of Compeyson's house (over nigh Brentford it was), and Compeyson kept a careful account agen him for board and lodging, in case he should ever get better to work it out. But Arthur soon settled the account. The second or third time as ever I see him, he come a tearing down into Compeyson's parlour late at night, in only a flannel gown, with his hair all in a sweat, and he says to Compeyson's wife, 'Sally, she really is up-stairs alonger me now, and I can't get rid of her. She's all in white,' he says, 'wi' white flowers in her hair, and she's awful mad, and she's got a shroud hanging over her arm, and she says she'll put it on me at five in the morning.'

"Says Compeyson: 'Why, you fool, don't you know she's got a living body? And how should she be up there, without coming through the door, or in at the window, and up the stairs?'

"'I don't know how she's there,' says Arthur, shivering dreadful with the horrors, 'but she's standing in the corner at the foot of the bed, awful mad. And over where her heart's broke—*you* broke it!—there's drops of blood.'

"Compeyson spoke hardy, but he was always a coward. 'Go up alonger this drivelling sick man,' he says to his wife, 'and Magwitch, lend her a hand, will you?' But he never come nigh himself.

"Compeyson's wife and me took him up to bed agen, and he raved most dreadful. 'Why look at her!' he cries out. 'She's a shaking the shroud at me! Don't you see her? Look at her eyes! Ain't it awful to see her so mad?' Next, he cries, 'She'll put it on me, and then I'm done for! Take it away from her, take it away!' And then he catched hold of us, and kep on a talking to her, and answering of her, till I half believed I see her myself.

"Compeyson's wife, being used to him, giv him some liquor to get the horrors off, and by-and-by he quieted. 'Oh, she's gone! Has her keeper been for her?' he says. 'Yes,' says Compeyson's wife. 'Did you tell him to lock her and bar her in?' 'Yes.' 'And to take that ugly thing away from her?' 'Yes, yes, all right.' 'You're a good creetur,' he says, 'don't leave me, whatever you do, and thank you!'

"He rested pretty quiet till it might want a few minutes of five, and then he starts up with a scream, and screams out, 'Here she is! She's got the shroud again. She's unfolding it. She's coming out of the corner. She's coming to the bed. Hold me both on you—one of each side—don't let her touch me with it. Hah! she missed me that time. Don't let her throw it over my shoulders. Don't let her lift me up to get it round me. She's lifting me up. Keep me down!' Then he lifted himself up hard, and was dead.

"Compeyson took it easy as a good riddance for both sides. Him and me was soon busy, and first he swore me (being ever artful) on my own book—this here little black book, dear boy, what I swore your comrade on.

"Not to go into the things that Compeyson planned, and I done—which 'ud take a week—I'll simply say to you, dear boy, and Pip's comrade, that that man got me into such nets as made me his black slave. I was always in debt to him, always under his thumb, always a working, always a getting into danger. He was younger than me, but he'd got craft, and he'd got learning, and he overmatched me five hundred times told and no mercy. My Missis as I had the hard time wi'——Stop though! I ain't brought *her* in——"

He looked about him in a confused way, as if he had lost his place in the book of his remembrance; and he turned his face to the fire, and spread his hands broader on his knees, and lifted them off and put them on again.

"There ain't no need to go into it," he said, looking round once more. "The time wi'

Compeyson was a'most as hard a time as ever I had; that said, all's said. Did I tell you as I was tried, alone, for misdemeanour, while with Compeyson?"

I answered, No.

"Well!" he said, "I *was*, and got convicted. As to took up on suspicion, that was twice or three times in the four or five year that it lasted; but evidence was wanting. At last, me and Compeyson was both committed for felony—on a charge of putting stolen notes in circulation—and there was other charges behind. Compeyson says to me, 'Separate defences, no communication,' and that was all. And I was so miserable poor, that I sold all the clothes I had, except what hung on my back, afore I could get Jaggers.

"When we was put in the dock, I noticed first of all what a gentleman Compeyson looked, wi' his curly hair and his black clothes and his white pocket-handkercher, and what a common sort of wretch I looked. When the prosecution opened and the evidence was put short, aforehand, I noticed how heavy it all bore on me, and how light on him. When the evidence was giv in the box, I noticed how it was always me that had come for'ard, and could be swore to, how it was always me that the money had been paid to, how it was always me that had seemed to work the thing and get the profit. But, when the defence come on, then I see the plan plainer; for, says the counsellor for Compeyson, 'My lord and gentlemen, here you has afore you, side by side, two persons as your eyes can separate wide; one, the younger, well brought up, who will be spoke to as such; one, the elder, ill brought up, who will be spoke to as such; one, the younger, seldom if ever seen in these here transactions, and only suspected; t'other, the elder, always seen in 'em and always wi' his guilt brought home. Can you doubt, if there is but one in it, which is the one, and, if there is two in it, which is much the worst one?' And such-like. And when it come to character, warn't it Compeyson as had been to the school, and warn't it his schoolfellows as was in this position and in that, and warn't it him as had been know'd by witnesses in such clubs and societies, and nowt to his disadvantage? And warn't it me as had been tried afore, and as had been know'd up hill and down dale in Bridewells and Lock-Ups? And when it come to speech-making, warn't it Compeyson as could speak to 'em wi' his face dropping every now and then into his white pocket-handkercher—ah! and wi' verses in his speech, too—and warn't it me as could only say, 'Gentlemen, this man at my side is a most precious rascal?' And when the verdict come, warn't it Compeyson as was recommended to mercy on account of good character and bad company, and giving up all the information he could agen me, and warn't it me as got never a word but Guilty? And when I says to Compeyson, 'Once out of this court, I'll smash that face of yourn?' ain't it Compeyson as prays the Judge to be protected, and gets two turnkeys stood betwixt us? And when we're sentenced, ain't it him as gets seven year and me fourteen, and ain't it him as the Judge is sorry for, because he might a done so well, and ain't it me as the Judge perceives to be a old offender of wiolent passion, likely to come to worse?"

He had worked himself into a state of great excitement, but he checked it, took two or three short breaths, swallowed as often, and stretching out his hand towards me said, in a reassuring manner, "I ain't a going to be low, dear boy!"

He had so heated himself that he took out his handkerchief and wiped his face and head and neck and hands, before he could go on.

"I had said to Compeyson that I'd smash that face of his, and I swore Lord smash mine! to do it. We was in the same prison-ship, but I couldn't get at him for long, though I tried. At last I come behind him and hit him on the cheek to turn him round and get a smashing one at him, when I was seen and seized. The black-hole of that ship warn't a strong one, to a judge of black-holes that could swim and dive. I escaped to the shore, and I was a hiding among the graves there, envying them as was in 'em and all over, when first I see my boy!"

He regarded me with a look of affection that made him almost abhorrent to me again, though I had felt great pity for him.

"By my boy, I was giv to understand as Compeyson was out on them marshes too. Upon my soul, I half believe he escaped in his terror, to get quit of me, not knowing it was me as had got ashore. I hunted him down. I smashed his face. 'And now,' says I, 'as the worst thing I can do, caring nothing for myself, I'll drag you back.' And I'd have swum off, towing him by the hair, if it had come to that, and I'd a got him aboard without the soldiers.

"Of course he'd much the best of it to the last—his character was so good. He had escaped when he was made half wild by me and my murderous intentions; and his punishment was light. I was put in irons, brought to trial again, and sent for life. I didn't stop for life, dear boy and Pip's comrade, being here."

He wiped himself again, as he had done before, and then slowly took his tangle of tobacco from his pocket, and plucked his pipe from his button-hole, and slowly filled it, and began to smoke.

"Is he dead?" I asked, after a silence.

"Is who dead, dear boy?"

"Compeyson."

"He hopes *I* am, if he's alive, you may be sure," with a fierce look. "I never heerd no more of him."

Herbert had been writing with his pencil in the cover of a book. He softly pushed the book over to me, as Provis stood smoking with his eyes on the fire, and I read in it:

"Young Havisham's name was Arthur. Compeyson is the man who professed to be Miss Havisham's lover."

I shut the book and nodded slightly to Her-

bert, and put the book by; but we neither of us said anything, and both looked at Provis as he stood smoking by the fire.

THE TREASURES OF THE EARTH.

IN TWO CHAPTERS. CHAPTER II.

It is a curious fact, that while most of the stones called "precious" were worn in former times as amulets, to ward off danger and mischief, and were valued greatly for such purposes, and while almost all the varieties of agate had special uses, the onyx was considered to excite spleen, melancholy, and mental disturbance in the wearer, especially when used as a neck ornament. As, however, the ordinary agate was worn to calm pain and sooth the mind, and the mere *scent* of some varieties —a peculiarity and difficult thing to ascertain the existence of—would turn away tempests, even arresting the impetuosity of torrents, the line of distinction must have been very nicely drawn. So active were stones of this kind supposed to be, that the celebrated Milo of Crotona is said to have been indebted to a certain chalcedonyx that he wore, for the execution of his feats of wonderful strength. Of the other stones, the beautiful heliotrope, or blood-stone, was thought to render the wearer invisible, while jasper would stop any excess of bleeding arising from natural causes.

All the minerals here mentioned consist of quartz or silica, combined, when coloured, with a small quantity of metallic oxides and earthy minerals. Thus the amethyst and other violet and blue colours are produced by manganese, and the rose tint is owing to the same metal. Almost all the reds are due to iron, and the yellow and green to very minute quantities of minerals not very clearly determined. The brown of cairngorm is the result of a little bitumen.

It is astonishing to consider how very small a quantity of foreign material will sometimes alter the character and appearance of crystals. Thus the cat's-eye is a gem of greenish tint, milky and opal-like. When cut in a certain way, it presents a floating white band of light, and certain specimens emit one or more brilliant rays, coloured or colourless, issuing apparently from one point, and extending to the extremity of the stone. Compared with one of those balls of crystals sometimes cut into the same form, or with the lens of a pair of pebble spectacles, it is hardly possible to imagine that there is so little difference as really exists between the two minerals in their chemical composition. In point of fact, the presence within the crystal of a few delicate threads of white asbestos, seems to produce all the modifications, except that of colour, and the cause of the colour itself is owing to some substance, the quantity of which is too small to enable chemists to determine its nature. Certainly the method of small doses, as advocated by homœopathists, is not without a certain analogy in nature, and doses too small to be appreciated by mortal chemistry are sufficient sometimes to produce results on minerals rather startling in their magnitude.

There is one fact with regard to specimens of quartz—or crystals, as they are often called—which is very curious and interesting. Small cavities not unfrequently occur within them, sometimes empty, but often filled with fluid. By exposure to cold this fluid may be frozen, and very often a slight increase of temperature converts it into transparent vapour, while by optical methods of examination employed under the microscope, the properties of the fluid can occasionally be detected. Indeed, the cavities have been so large that the fluid could be extracted in sufficient quantity for examination. It might be expected that some new element or compound would be thus obtained—some secret of nature's laboratory—some substance from the interior of the earth, only thus brought within our knowledge, locked up in one of the hard crystalline minerals elaborated far beneath, out of our sight. No such result is obtained, and no such mystery laid bare, for we find almost all the cavities in question to be occupied by water mixed only with some common salt or acid, held in solution. Vapour of water, then, must be contained in rocks during the whole period of their formation in the earth, much in the same state of admixture in which we know that it is present in the atmosphere to form clouds. Thus these wonders of nature and treasures of art are the result of some process only the more wonderful because it is so extremely simple, being one by whose agency ordinary familiar substances are worked up, together with water, under certain conditions of heat, bringing about in this way the magic of our most varied and beautiful gems.

Mixed with water in a different way—the water distributed in every part, and not collected in cavities—the same mineral, quartz or silica, becomes that very curious and fantastic stone, the opal. The proper colour of this gem is a peculiar pearl grey, showing a fluctuating pale red, or wine yellow tint, when seen between the eye and the light. With reflected light it presents all the colours of the rainbow, showing a flame-red, violet, purple, blue, emerald green, and golden yellow. The rays of light and colour shoot forth from a fine opal (noble opal, in technical language) with the most vivid effulgence, and the more flaws it contains the more does it reflect, and the greater value is attached to it. In some rare cases, opals have been found nearly black, but glowing like a fine ruby. Other opals are spangled, and sometimes not more than one colour is seen. In all cases, however, the foundation of the stone independent of the colour, which is entirely an optical effect, consists of a peculiar milky translucent mass, which at once marks the gem.

Opals are very rarely found of large size, the dimensions of a hazel-nut or walnut being seldom exceeded. They are never cut in facets, and are generally set surrounded by brilliants, whose bright dazzling reflections contrast well with the calm moon-like beauty and rich soft

tints of the central stone. Fine opals are of great value, being considered only next to the diamond. They are softer than crystal, and require extreme care in cutting. They generally consist of about ninety per cent silica, and ten per cent water, and are very irregular in texture and hardness. There are many varieties of value, inferior to the noble opal, known by various names. Fire opal, hydrophane, cacholong, may be mentioned as among these.

Turquoise is a mineral of great beauty, taking rank as a gem, though not crystalline, and always nearly opaque. It is of a fine azure blue or bluish-green colour, slightly transparent at the edges, and hard enough to admit of a good polish. It is found in the East, and (of late years at least) chiefly in Arabia and Persia, whence considerable numbers have been obtained. It owes its colour to the presence of copper; and was formerly more commonly used, and more valued than at present. A superstition was connected with it as with so many gems, and the possession of this stone, if given to the wearer—not purchased—was believed to ward off any threatening danger. Thus, we read in Donne—

> As a compassionate turkois that doth tell,
> By looking pale, the wearer is not well.

And again, in the play of Sejanus, by Ben Jonson—

> Observe him as his watch observes his clock,
> And true as turkois in the dear lord's ring
> Look well or ill with him.

This stone was also believed to prevent and relieve headaches, and appease hatred.

There are some other substances regarded as gems, which, though originating with the animal strictly belong to the mineral kingdom; and others again, which have the same relation to the vegetable world. Pearls are among the former, and amber is an example of the latter. Coral is a more decided animal product.

Pearls, as all know, are obtained from the insides of certain sea-shells, and they appear to be the result of an effort of the animal inhabitant and constructor of the shell, either to repair an injury or to cover up a foreign body which has been introduced. They are, however, mineral secretions, and once deposited, the constructor would seem to have nothing more to do with them, as they play no part in the organisation of the healthy animal. They are obtained both from the Eastern and Western hemispheres, and from shells varying a good deal in their form and structure; always, however, in those having two valves. The number of small pearls obtained and sent into the market is exceedingly great, but specimens of any considerable dimensions are as rare as they are valuable. Those of good round form and pure clear colour are the best; the pear-shaped the largest. Pearls do not bear exposure to damp, nor to animal exhalations. They should thus be kept dry, and only worn on special occasions.

Amber is a fossil resin originally the secreted juice of some pine, and often containing embalmed within it remains of insects and even the most delicate parts of flowers. Its exquisite yellow colour and beautiful transparency, together with its delicate perfume and some other properties, have caused it to be regarded as a gem. It is found in nodules or lumps on the sea-shore, chiefly in Northern Europe, or in claypits at various depths, with lignite and gravel. The specimens containing insects, &c., are highly valued as curiosities, but not as precious stones. Amber was formerly much more in use as a gem than it is now, and in the form of beads, bracelets, and necklaces, it was a common ornament of the person in England in the time of Shakespeare. It is not now altogether out of fashion, and its lightness and elegant simplicity are worthy of some attention. Medicinal properties were at one time attributed to it, and it is still used for perfumes and some medical compounds, but there is no difficulty in manufacturing it artificially.

Coral, if not a gem, ranks with the class of ornamental minerals we are now considering. It is not, however, like the pearl, an extraneous secretion, unnecessary and useless to the animal that constructs it, but the skeleton, or stony framework of the animal itself. The only kind of coral of important value is that beautiful red variety, fished up in the Mediterranean. This has been regarded as a talisman against enchantments, witchcraft, venom, the assaults of the devil, thunder, and marine tempests. Ten grains of it, we are told, if given to an infant in its mother's milk, provided it be a first child, and this its first food, will preserve it from epileptic and other fits for the whole of its life. Another great authority, in matters of this kind, believes that coral worn by a healthy man will be of a handsomer and more lively red than if worn by a woman, and that it becomes pale and livid if worn by one who is ill and in danger of death. We can only say with regard to this that we have not ourselves tried the experiment, and that perhaps, like many other experiments, it would succeed only in the hands of the faithful.

There are many curious superstitions and fancies concerning precious stones, besides those we have referred to, and one of them, which, as it is elegant and fanciful in its absurdity, is perhaps worthy of mention in this place, as including the whole group of gems used for ornament. It is a Polish idea that every human being is born under the influence of some destiny, that the month of his nativity has a mysterious connexion with this, and that when it is desired to make a present to one greatly valued and loved, a ring should be offered, containing a gem expressing some such quality as the destiny would indicate. Each precious stone thus has reference to some particular month, and the following list is copied from a memorandum drawn up by a Pole many years ago:

January. Hyacinth or garnet. Constancy and fidelity in every engagement.

February. Amethyst. Preserves the wearer from strong passions, and ensures peace of mind.

March. Blood-stone. Courage and success in dangers and hazardous enterprises.

April. Sapphire or diamond. Repentance and innocence.

May. Emerald. Success in love.

June. Agate. Long life and health.

July. Carnelian and Ruby. Forgetfulness, or cure of evils springing from friendship or love.

August. Sardonyx. Conjugal fidelity.

September. Chrysolite. Preserves from or cures folly.

October. Aqua-marine or Opal. Misfortune and hope.

November. Topaz. Fidelity in friendship.

December. Turquoise or Malachite. Brilliant success and happiness in every circumstance of life.

Jet can hardly be called a gem or precious stone, but with *malachite, lapis lazuli, jade,* and some other stony minerals, it hovers on the confines of this costly series of natural treasures. Many highly ornamental and beautiful varieties of stones, common enough in other forms, might readily be quoted as coming under the same category, but we must not detain the reader longer by a mere enumeration.

We have now gone through the list of gems or precious stones, elaborated and lying buried in various parts of the earth, and from time to time extracted for the use of man. With few exceptions, all these numerous and varied substances are objects of beauty and luxury, and cannot be regarded in any sense as objects of necessity, or even of great use. We could certainly do without any one of them, and if we had them not we should hardly feel the want. What lesson ought we to draw from this lavish and elaborate ornamentation, even of those stones that are mixed up with the dust under our feet? Whence and why this marvellous beauty in things that under ordinary circumstances are not seen by mortal eye or come within mortal ken? It is only when by accident or design some one having wealth—the result of spare and accumulated labour—is enabled to bestow a part of it in rewarding those who discover or render available these hidden treasures, that their beauty is seen and their value recognised, and this notwithstanding that they possess properties of some importance distinguishing them from other minerals.

It is no more a right thing puritanically to despise and neglect these gems than it is to refuse to admire flowers, to profess to despise beauty, or to shut our eyes to other clear purposes of nature and nature's God everywhere expressed. We live in a world of beauty; the green carpet of verdure is beautiful, the flower brightening the verdure is beautiful, the butterfly sipping the nectar of the flower is beautiful, the bird pursuing the insect is beautiful, and the blue sky and gorgeous clouds in the heavens are also beautiful. All these are for our use and enjoyment, and it is our duty to study them in order that we may enjoy them. And can it be that those other more durable treasures buried in the earth, distributed only sparingly and found only when looked for properly—can it be that these were meant to be neglected and despised? Surely such an assumption is contrary to the whole course of nature and the spirit and sentiment of creation.

KISSING.

Man is the only animal that knows how to kiss. Dogs lick their masters and bears their ragged cubs, cats their kittens in place of nursery baths and Turkish towels, donkeys rub noses, cows and horses fondle each other's heads and necks, love-birds nestling close on the same perch dive rosy bills into fluffy heaps of brilliant down, or chirrup them together in very sweet and loving guise; so do pigeons and stock doves, and perhaps some others; but none of these creatures kiss. Even low-class savages do not kiss like civilised men; so that we may take this habit and function to be actual evidence of intellect and civilisation; which is a pleasant idea at any rate.

Kisses have generally been made matters of ceremony and state symbol, as well as those dearer expressions of feelings which require no settled ceremonial. To kiss the forehead is the instinctive sign of elderly good will: and whenever fathers give any blessing at all, they seal it with a kiss upon the forehead of the child. Kissing the shoulder is, in some places, the sign of inferiority: not always, though, when the shoulders are fair and round:

> —— Enough white
> For Venus' pearly bite,

as Keats says.

Kissing the foot is a sign of inferiority; so of the hand, but most of all the ground, which is even baser than the foot, and gets its special hallowing from the mere passage of the adored. The Poles, Bohemians, and Russians, catching the ugly trick from the Asiatics, kiss the ground before the stick and the superior, and are sufficiently honoured in the permission so to abase themselves. Is it too much to say that they will never come to good while that debasing trick remains as an institution among them?

It is curious to trace the gradual change of certain customs, which, beginning in simple manly respect, and end in slavish self-abasement. The habit of kissing the ground, or foot, is one of them. Among the early Romans the higher magistrates gave their hands to be kissed; and, under the first emperors, the monarch did the same. But this was soon thought too familiar to be an act of true homage; so, only the superior officers kissed the hands, while the inferior were to be content with touching the royal robe, or their own hands, as not worthy to be admitted to nearer participation. Sometimes the emperor kissed the mouth and eyes of those whom he wished to gladden with most signal honour; but this was a very rare privilege; and persons whom he wished to disgrace he kissed with marked coldness. Agricola complained that when he returned from overcoming the stub-

born Saxons, Domitian gave him a "cold kiss," and left him standing in the crowd unnoticed. The cold kiss has long since passed away, but the complaint remains, and one would have liked Agricola better if he had never made it. In process of time the Roman emperors, not content with having their hands kissed by men kneeling, demanded to be treated like the gods, and to be kissed on the feet; later, to have even the ground kissed before them. Diocletian was the first to command this manner of salutation, and his successors were not slow to follow his example. Christianity, too, did not disdain to borrow of heathendom—even such things as were opposed to its inner spirit and intention. Thus, it seemed to the popes a fine thing to require the baser laity to kiss their feet; and in 710, Pope Constantine the First, on entering Constantinople, caused the Emperor Justinian to kiss his foot. Valentine the First made the custom permanent; and, ever since 827, the laity has crouched and crawled up the steps of St. Peter's chair to kiss the toes of the great fetish enshrined thereon. But, as the pope wears a slipper with an embroidered cross upon the upper leathers, by a pleasant fiction saving to pride, men assume that they kiss the sacred symbol and not the human toe: thus adding self-deception to degradation, and committing one unmanliness the more. Protestants are not required to go through this ceremony. Enough for us if we bend slightly on entering the presence, as one would to any other reigning power; and even the stiffer necked of the Catholic princes get off with an adequate genuflexion. But the late King of Spain kissed the pope's foot, notwithstanding his blue blood.

Kissing the pastoral ring has the same meaning. The bishops, as well as the popes, had their feet kissed in early times. This was afterwards commuted for the hand—kneeling. Now, however, only the symbol, the ring—not kneeling, but slightly bending the knee. This is found to be the lowest to which modern pride can fall.

Kissing the sovereign's hands at court presentations is also only a compromise, beginning from the same foundations. Even Charlemagne and his sons required this degrading service from their courtiers, and had their feet kissed and knelt to, like so many popes or gods. With us the ceremony has evaporated into a bow or a name; in Prussia it is of exceeding rare occurrence to kiss hands at court at all; while in Spain, the kisses are as exactly ruled as the depth of the visiting-card in China, or the manner of giving oneself "happy despatch" in Japan. When the Czar dies, his corpse is affectionately kissed; and the same custom is observed with the Jews. When a Jew is dying, his nearest relative kisses him to receive his last breath; he is kissed when dead, as a farewell; and again, when carried to the grave; even though seven or eight days may have passed. Thus we read:

"When Jacob had made an end of commanding his sons, he gathered up his feet into the bed, and yielded up the ghost, and was gathered unto his people. "And Joseph fell upon his father's face, and wept over him, and kissed him."

Kissing, which means in the Hebrew simply adoration, or "touching with the mouth," was always one of the essential parts of heathen religion, without which was no possibility of either piety or virtue, and people were branded as atheists who neglected to kiss their hands, or the statues of the gods, when they entered a temple. Indeed, the feet and knees of the gods were quite worn away by the constant touch of worshipping lips: as is the case now with certain saints and shrines abroad. This custom stood the brave Demosthenes in good stead; for, when he was the prisoner of Antipater and was taken by the soldiers into the temple, he raised his hand to his mouth, as if in worship. The soldiers thought it was an act of adoration; but it was an act of despair instead. He did not mean to salute the gods, but to take the poison which he had long ago prepared for such an emergency. And did not the people of Cos, when they found Psyche sleeping among the butterflies and roses, treat her as Venus "by kissing her right hand?" So at least says Apuleius, that most original and delightful of story-tellers. Even at this present day the Mahometans kiss the ground in the direction of Mecca.

The early Christians had their religious kiss, like all the rest. As the initiated into the Eleusinian mysteries kissed each other in token of brotherhood and equal knowledge, so did the first disciples in their Agapes, or Love Feasts. But, in 397, the Council of Carthage thought fit to forbid all religious kissing between the sexes, notwithstanding Saint Peter's exhortation, "Greet ye one another with a kiss of charity." It also forbad all lying on couches at mixed meals; and finally broke up the agapes altogether, as of a somewhat too dangerous tendency for ordinary humanity. Several later sects have, at various times, sought to bring back the institution of the kiss of peace; but though very pleasant to the feelings, and doubtless exceedingly edifying to the young, it has generally been found necessary to prohibit the use and continuance of the same, and to go back to less godly forms of salutation. It still lingers both in the Greek and Romish Churches. In Russia, and wherever the Greek Church prevails, all persons kiss each other on Easter day; that being their great festival and day of rejoicing; as Christmas is with us, and the Jour de l'An with the French. "Christ is risen," they say, as they kiss each other on the cheek—great hairy moujiks, flat-faced peasant women, slim nobles, and high-bred ladies indiscriminately. Formerly the women kissed each other at table immediately after the prefatial glass of brandy or vodki had been served; but that pretty custom has now gone out. Just before the celebration of the Communion, too, in the Romish Church, some kissing is done. The officiating priest kisses the altar, then embraces the deacon, saying, "Pax tibi, frater, et ecclesiæ sanctæ Dei" (Peace to thee, brother, and to the Holy Church of God). The deacon

embraces the sub-deacon, with "Pax tecum" (Peace be with thee) only; and the sub-deacon, in his turn, kisses the inferior clergy, who thus are all bound in a mystic chain of love and concord; the first link of which lies in the kiss of the officiating priest laid on the altar. No religious ceremony in our own Church is now specially consecrated by a kiss; except, perhaps, the wedding kiss, which old-fashioned clergymen yet contrive to get from bride and bridesmaids during that mysterious conference in the vestry when the bride signs away her independence for life.

The Bible is full of sweet and tender kissing passages, with some terrible and treacherous intervening; for the old Jews, when they could not get their ends by fair blows, did not scruple to employ lying kisses and false caresses. How innocent and beautiful and pathetic is the kiss which Jacob gives to Rachel by the well, when, weary, weeping, and footsore, he finds himself among his mother's kindred, and kisses the young girl who afterwards becomes his wife and the mother of his chosen son! The kiss preceding this was eminently tragic—the kiss with which he received his blind old father's blessing, and robbed Esau for the second time of his birthright. When Esau came in from his hunting, and "cried with a great and exceeding bitter cry," when he learnt his brother's treachery, we find no kiss sealing his paler blessing. That had gone with the "dew of heaven, and the fatness of the earth, and plenty of corn and wine," to the clever, crafty Jacob: to poor deprived Esau was left only the dew of heaven, and the doubtful living by the sword, with the future hope of breaking his brother's hated yoke from off his neck; but no kiss, and no blessing. Yet God had given to Esau the greater blessing of a generous nature: a nature which knew neither guile nor malice, which never quailed for fear, and never lied for gain. Years after, when the two brothers meet, Jacob "bows himself to the ground seven times, until he came near his brother:" he had cause for fear and humiliation enough; but Esau "ran to meet him, and embraced him, and fell on his neck, and kissed him;" and that kiss showed what kind of heart was in the brave impetuous hunter.

So, too, Joseph kisses his brethren when he makes himself known to them; and here again the kiss is one of generous forgiving and noble self-suppression, not only of ordinary salutation; still it *was* the ordinary manner of salutation, for when Jethro brought Zipporah and her two sons back to Moses, "Moses went out to meet his father-in-law, and did obeisance and kissed him; and they asked each other of their welfare, and they came into the tent." And many years later we find David kissing the old prophet Barzillai, as he blessed him and sent him away.

The next kiss to this—of David's to Barzillai—is of a very different class; and, excepting that ONE which has become the type of all treachery, is the most treacherous and cold-blooded of any on record.

"When they were at the great stone which is in Gibeon, Amasa went before them. And Joab's garment that he had put on was girded unto him, and upon it a girdle with a sword fastened upon his loins in the sheath thereof; and as he went forth it fell out.

"And Joab said to Amasa, Art thou in health, my brother? And Joab took Amasa by the beard, with the right hand, to kiss him.

"But Amasa took no heed to the sword that was in Joab's hand; so he smote him therewith in the fifth rib, and shed out his bowels to the ground, and struck him not again; and he died."

Very beautiful is the kiss of peace which David gives to Absalom—that wayward favourite who was for ever paying back his father's love and mercy with rebellion and violence, and who, four verses after that forgiving kiss, gets the favour of Israel by an act of treacherous condescension.

"And it was so, that when any man came nigh unto him to do him an obeisance, he put forth his hand and took him, and kissed him."

No wonder that he "stole the hearts of the men of Israel!" Who, indeed, could have been proof against the seductions of a young prince, beautiful as a god and familiarly loving as a woman? Had not Joab, the wild, fierce captain, preferred his allegiance to obedience, and loyalty to love, Absalom might have kissed his father's kingdom away from him. We can understand the extreme condescension of this familiar kiss, by the different manners of even the private friends of the princes. Were not David and Jonathan friends and brothers in affection?

"I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan: very pleasant hast thou been unto me; thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of woman."

Yet when David met Jonathan in the field whither his friend had come to save his life, he did him the homage of an inferior, and such as a simple soldier might pay the king's son.

"He fell on his face on the ground, and bowed himself three times."

Afterwards comes the friend:

"And they kissed one another, and wept with one another, until David exceeded."

But sometimes the kiss may be where there is least affection. In that matchless idyl, Ruth, it is Orpah who kisses her mother-in-law, and leaves her; but Ruth, who does not kiss—at least not then—cleaves unto her.

"Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God:

"Where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

No need there of the mere act of kissing when each word was full of the tenderest caress, and every accent a kiss from heart to heart! Orpah's kiss had not half the love of Ruth's yearning words; and sentiment, usually so prodigal of symbols, contented itself there with simple

speech, while the colder love took on itself the warmer utterance.

There is one kiss in the New Testament full of pathos and divine meaning. This is the kiss which Mary Magdalene gives when she washes the loved feet with her tears, and wipes them with her hair. And here is that most terrible kiss of all—the kiss in the garden of Gethsemane which meant betrayal—the "Hail, Master!" which meant death. But this was a kiss scarcely to be spoken of in an article like the present. There are some things before which we must simply veil our heads and pass on.

Secular history has also its kisses of treachery. When the conspirators went towards Cæsar to stab him, they made as if they would salute him according to the custom; but the kiss they gave him was a two-edged sword, and their homage, death. Cæsar sank at the foot of Pompey's statue deceived, if not betrayed, by a caress. So Othello kisses Desdemona before he smothers her:

——When I have pluck'd thy rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again,
It needs must wither: I'll smell it on the tree.

But the "balmy breath" that almost did

——persuade
Justice to break her sword,

failed just to the extent of that "almost." Neither innocence nor love; neither kisses nor regrets, could calm the furious nature all aflame with jealousy and hate; and Othello's farewell kisses, tender and heartbroken as they were—the straining grasp of a man who loves even while he slays—had no magic in them to redeem poor Desdemona's life.

Shakespeare has countless kisses of all complexions. There is the kiss of Petruchio, when

——he took the bride about the neck,
And kissed her lips with such a clamorous smack,
That, at the parting, all the church did echo.

And there is that grand kiss of Coriolanus,

Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge,

which contains such a world of character and passion, and intensity in its fierceness and love; dwarfing into mere inanity Byron's celebrated wish—

That womanhood had but one rosy mouth,
To kiss them all at once from North to South.

And there is Romeo's kiss in the vault; and Anthony's dying kiss, so tender and so sad—

Of so many thousand kisses, the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.

Bassanio's, when the leaden casket is found to hold the golden prize, and the dull outside, which had no shadowing forth of the glory within, gave him all that the more flattering had withheld. And there is Mariana's in that exquisite song which every one knows by inmost heart, but which the hand cannot be stayed from writing, so bewitching is the marvellous music and grace of those lines:

Take, oh take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn;
But my kisses bring again,
Bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,
Seal'd in vain!

But think of Titania's, when she "kisses the fair large ears of her gentle joy;" while, further on, come the quaint kisses of Pyramus and Thisbe, given through the chinks of Tinker Snout's fingers—the fingers which were made to

present a wall,
And such a wall as I would have you think,
That had in it a cranny'd hole or chink.

It would be lengthy work to pick out all the "kissing comfits" from Shakespeare. In his time, maidens were not shy nor wives reserved, and things were done and talked of in the choicest company which it would be now impossible to allude to. English civilisation was then far behind the old Roman times of nicety and refinement, when a man would as soon think of kissing his wife in the presence of his daughters, as we should now think of performing the same grace in an open railway-carriage. The Romans were very strict; and only near blood relations might kiss the women of the family at all. And then, not for love or friendship, but to find out if they had been drinking wine in the master's absence. The Greeks did more than this; they made their wives eat onions whenever they were going from home, so that they might be sure no poachers would trench on their preserves. For who would kiss Aspasia herself with the flavour of garlic clinging round her delicate mouth? England in Shakespeare's time, therefore, had gone back sadly from these earlier days of reticence. Long after the custom had been abandoned abroad, it remained in full force here. In Notes and Queries of September 9, 1854, will be found a curious extract from the Life of Wolsey by Cavendish. He says:

"I being in a fair great dining chamber" (in a castle belonging to M. Crequi, a French nobleman), "I attended my lady's coming; and after she came hither out of her own chamber, she received me most gently, like one of noble estate, having a train of twelve gentlewomen. And when she, with her train, came all out, she said to me, 'Forasmuch,' quoth she, 'as ye be an Englishman, whose custom is in your country to kiss all ladies and gentlewomen, without offence, and although it be not so here in this realm, yet will I be so bold as to kiss you, and so shall all my maids.' By means whereof I kissed my lady and all her women."

Bulstrode Whitelock, at the court of Christina of Sweden, was honoured in the same manner. It was May-day, and Whitelock had made a fête for the queen, which she was graciously pleased to attend; when, after the "little collation," as he calls it, "she, being full of pleasantness and gaiety of spirits, among other frolics commanded him to teach her ladies the English mode of salutation; which, after some pretty defences, their lips obeyed, and Whitelock most readily." Lucky fellow!

But if the English kept longer to the practice than the foreigner, they owed it to him ori-

ginally, for Collet says—still the same authority —"The pleasant practice of kissing was utterly unpractised and unknown in England till the fair Princess Rouix (Rowena), the daughter of King Hengist of Friezland, pressed the beaker with her lipkens, and saluted the amorous Vortigern with a husjen" (little kiss).

When James the First of Scotland met Anne of Denmark, he was going to kiss her after the English fashion; but Anne did not approve of such familiar doings, and repulsed him. Yet, after he had had some private talk with her aside, she became more amenable, and suffered him to kiss her in the presence of the whole court. The proud and pompous Constable of Castile was glad to kiss her lovely maids of honour, with whom there does not seem to have been any overwhelming difficulty. The custom was much reprobated by the Roundheads and all the Puritan party. Hear what good old John Bunyan says against it; and surely his words might have been quoted as full of sense and justice, in such times as the old-fashioned canvassing for elections, when all the pretty women were kissed—or even now, when under the mistletoe, the poor ugly ones are *not* kissed:

"The common salutation of women I abhor; it is odious to me in whomsoever I see it. When I have seen good men salute those women that they have visited, and that have visited them, I have made my objections against it: and when they have answered that it was but a piece of civility, I have told them that it was not a comely sight. Some, indeed, have urged the holy kiss; but then I have asked them why they have made balks? why they did salute the most handsome and let the ill-favoured ones go."

Why, indeed? That is just what the Mormons, more generous than Bunyan's friends, do not do: they make no balks of even the ill-favoured.

Beautiful and sad are many of the kisses scattered about literature and history. There was the kiss of the Troubadour Gauffre Rudel, Prince of Blaye, who fell in love with the Countess of Tripoli only by report, and pined away so sorely for love and yearning that his heart went from him, and his life was dead within him. He took ship and sailed over the waves to see her: and she, touched by his devotion, went down into the ship as it lay in the bay of Tripoli with Gauffre nigh unto death on board. As she went to him, and took his hand, and kissed him, the poet's love leapt up into its last flame: he gave her one long look, blessed her, and then died—with her lips upon his. The lady went into a convent.

Then there was the precious kiss which Margarida, wife of Raimon de Roussillon, gave her lover the Troubadour Guillem de Cabestanth, when "she stretched out her arms, and sweetly embraced him in the lone chamber." Ah! that kiss was dearly purchased! for Raimon, coming to the knowledge of all it meant, gave Margarida her lover's heart to eat, disguised as a savoury morsel. When he told her what she had done, she, saying that "if she had eaten so sweet a morsel, would eat nothing more," dashed herself from the window into the castle yard: and so died in great pain—but more happily than if she had lived. And there was Francesca's kiss, so sweet and yet so sad, so guilty and so pure, when, "trembling all over," Paolo kissed her — and they read no more for that day. And there was the kiss which Marie Stuart gave the sleeping poet, Alain Chartier, and before all the court, too; and that other kiss—or rather, many kisses — given by Marguerite de Valois to Clement Marot, of which this poet makes such tender, boastful account, prefiguring Leigh Hunt's assertion, that

> Stolen sweets are always sweeter,
> Stolen kisses much completer.

One of the strangest kisses on record is that (which I firmly believe in) told in the Arabian Nights, when the Lady of Bagdad, who goes to purchase a rich stuff, is asked for only a kiss in return. No money will buy it; no honours; nothing but a kiss on her fair cheek. So, holding her veil that the passers-by may see nothing, she offers her cheek to the young merchant's kiss; and the wretch bites it savagely through instead. But all the Arabian Nights kisses are as strange and wild and fetterless as the emotions they express. We, in this colder North, can hardly understand the state of mind and manners detailed therein.

Sweet and lovely is the maiden's kiss in Paradise and the Peri,—"the last long kiss which she expires in giving;" full of beauty and poetic fancy Diana's kiss, when she stole down from heaven to the sleeping shepherd-boy lying like a lily on the summit of Mount Ida; mournful the kisses of Hero and Leander; heroic those "kisses thrie" given by the knight to the laidly beast who starts up a comely maiden; revolting the kisses given by the devil to the witches in the sabbaths; very pleasant the sugar kisses which young boys and girls delight in giving to each other with a "crack." But of all the pleasant, tender, quaint, perplexing kisses, give me that strange salute which the Norwegian maidens bestow upon you after they have put you to bed, and tucked you up well between the sweet-smelling sheets; for then, bending their fresh, fair faces, do they not kiss you honestly upon your beard, with no thought of shame or doubt?

What other kisses are there? There is "kiss in the ring," the favourite Sunday game on Hampstead Heath, when the young men and women are tired of donkey-riding; and there is kissing under the mistletoe, which unhappily is fast dying out from genteel society. There is the kiss blown away from the tips of all four fingers crumpled up into a point, into which the old act of homage has sunk; and there is the Frenchman's kiss, which brushes your cheeks with tufts of hair; and the Italian's kiss, which, if you are a woman, is pressed lightly on your hand in the most gracious manner possible; and there is the baby's wet, open-mouthed kiss, so infinitely precious to women, and so terrible to men; and our pretty little pouting sister's

kiss, on the day when we first parted; and our dear old father's; and handsome Harry's, flushed and half-tearful, off to his first school; and——Well, no matter whose!

TWO FRIENDS FROM TEXAS.

I HAD scarcely been two hours on board that magnificent ship, the Sea Serpent, bound to New York from Liverpool, before I made acquaintance with Amos and Ichabod Allen, two brothers, from Chapel-hill, Washington—County, Texas.

They were perfect specimens of the American frontier settler, with all the backwoodsman's bravery, heartiness, and roughness. They contrasted exquisitely with the demure Presbyterian clergyman from Philadelphia, the three lean Swedenborgian sisters from Boston, the conceited little sarcastic merchant from Milwaukee, the slow grave sugar-planter from Louisiana, the Californian sea captain, and the thin engineer from the Pittsburg iron works. They were not, in the general sense, gentlemen, though they had paid first-class fares; yet they were fine, droll, generous, fiery, chivalrous fellows as ever fired into a buffalo on the plains at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, or "drew a bead" on a Comanchee Indian. When I talked to them, I seemed to be sitting beside Leather-stockings, or listening to a scout of Wolfe's army; yet, presently, they would be talking to me of the English volunteers, or of the last farce at the Strand Theatre. The contrast of their half-civilisation, with the refinement and luxury I had just left behind in England, left a deep impression in my mind.

We had emigrants on board: a poor draggled set who, for the first week, remained hidden altogether underground, but eventually emerged on bright calm afternoons, and lay about the fok'sal, dabbling in tin cups, dressing lumps of Celtic children, helping now and then at a rope, or playing with rope quoits. I saw much of them and of their complaints; for I gave up my first-class cabin below deck, to be with my Texan friends in a cabin on deck which we hired of George, one of the second stewards, who was ill below. Here, seated on chests, with the door slightly open, if no sea were on, we sat half the day, lounging in our bins of berth, reading, smoking, and talking. Sometimes we got out a pack of cards and played long games of "poker" and "enker," for very small pieces of silver. Then nothing was said for an hour or so, but, "Who's got a little spade?" "Euker me," or a sullen cautious player repeated his invariable remark, "I'll pass." Now, Amos and Ichabod suffered much from the restraint of society, and had the utmost horror of the cabin passengers generally. When I wanted, therefore, to talk with the latter, I left Amos and Ichabod at euker, and returned when I chose. Now and then I found them a little too rough and coarse for my taste, much as I admired their brave frankness and hearty praise of the wildborder-life.

I delighted to leave the three Swedenborgian old maids discussing with a dogmatic old minister "the incalculable periods of time before the granite gave way to the slate," and with "all I can say is, that Moses," sounding in my ears, to go back to my wild friends and find Ichabod, trying from his upper berth to lasso Amos as he sat grave at cards below, with his back to his playful brother, shouting in a fine full voice as he curved the rope-noose, his favourite song of the "Texan Ranger," with the invariable refrain—

On the banks of the Rio Grande,

which seems to stir all Texans as the Ranz des Vaches does a Swiss.

My Texan friends had selected comrades (they thinking me rather too quiet and grave) from the richer emigrants. There was an Irish wharf-keeper from Memphis, and there was a goldsmith from Birmingham, who was going to start a shop in New York; the chief merit of our new companions being that they played well at "poker," and sang a good song: for instance, "The old Kentucky shore, good night," and "Campdown Races," the emigrants always giving us a ready chorus if we wanted such a thing.

Amos was a short, thick-set, ugly-faced man, with cunning and yet honest eyes, a bad tobacco-chewing complexion, and that peculiar sort of cut beard which is all but national. The Americans do not wear tufts, and the sort of beard I am going to describe is fast becoming the special type of the Americans. Neither Northerners nor Southerners wear moustaches; they "have no use for them," as Amos quaintly said. Their beard is the ordinary square English beard, yet not quite so long, and always shaved in a hard crescent line from the two sides of the under lip downwards. This gives it, to me, an artificial and truculent look; but the real American-born affects it.

Ichabod was a fine fresh-coloured, brown-eyed young giant of three-and-twenty, strong as a grisly bear, and able to whip his weight in wild cats. I never saw so generous, frank, open-hearted a young lion of a fellow in my life. Deceit and fear were unknown to him, yet he was not clever, and totally without education. A book seemed to act as an instantaneous opiate on him; but he could hunt the buffalo ten hours running, and track a Camanche war-party with Indian tenacity and endurance, as Amos privately told me, and Amos was never tired of praising his brother's shooting, while Ichabod talked for hours of how Amos could tame wild horses.

Amos was a widower. His wife, whose photograph he was always looking at, died, with her child, of a fever caught after what he called a "spindle dropsy, that had made her legs as thin as netting-needles." There was no doubt about the reality of Amos's affection, for the look he gave that foggy portrait could never be assumed, nor was that kiss feigned, either, which he gave to the vague resemblance of his dead child. And yet I scarcely liked the warmth of description with which Amos dwelt on the grace and beauty of a certain Spanish señorita who lived at San Antonio, where he sometimes took mules to sell. The antecedents of Amos were not unlike

those of many a Texan. He had been a thriving coach-builder at St. Louis, but getting together some money, and pining for a less dependent and more daring life, he resolved to settle in Texas—the land of all American outlaws and runaway bankrupts, as well as of all the fiery spirits that require more elbow-room, and brook no control. He had married well in Texas, and now lived near his father-in-law, an old settler, and was lord of much land and many cattle. Both Amos and Ichabod were Texan Rangers, and bound on the first call to "boot, saddle, to horse, and away," if the Indians were out on the foray.

The visit of the two brothers to England was characteristic of the Texan mind. They had started from Hewston two months ago with a string of horses for sale. They had then pushed on for a few days' pleasuring in New York. There, one afternoon, seeing a ship starting for England, they determined suddenly, without writing home, to sell their traps and pack up a chest and go to see "the old country" for six weeks. These six weeks had been spent, as far as I could learn, in tavern evenings at Woolwich, at cheap tavern concerts, and in dancing revelries at Rosherville Gardens. Their impressions of London were confined to the Bank of England, the Lord Mayor, the two Horse Guards, the Parliament House, Robson, and Madame Tussaud's. Their purchases consisted of some dozen knives (the pincers-and-tweezers fat-bodied knife), presents for Texan friends, and some small bundles of gay silk handkerchiefs and merino waistcoats—articles which are very dear in America. On fine days it was Amos's delight to take out these knives, one by one, name the price, unwrap its folding, and make it glitter in the sun, as he described how Uncle Sam or Cousin Zach would appreciate the "ripping" bit of English cutlery. As for our English hats, clothes, and boots, Amos held them in sovereign contempt as clumsy, barbarous, and ill-made.

One day after luncheon, when the sea-billiards or round disks of wood were sliding over the deck, when the emigrants were dozing, and the passengers reading, or promenading with luxurious persistency, I and Amos got together in the changes of the promenade, and fell a talking about the wars of the Texans with the Comanchee Indians.

Amos explained to me that the Rangers were on horseback on the slightest rumour of Indians. Dress? Blue Flewjens! just a red shirt or a blue poncho, and leather pants; a pannikin for cooking at the saddle, and the lasso or lariat by its side; the five-shooter in the belt, bullets, patches, and caps in the belt, and the rifle at the back; generally, too, a bowie-knife in the waistband, and then "skinned boots."

"Skinned boots?"

Yes. Boots with the trousers tucked into them. The blanket on the horse served to sleep on if they camped out.

"Nothing else?"

Yes. A tickler.

"A tickler?"

A bottle of rye-whisky in our holsters, to wash one's liver with of a morning after a hard sleep on the bare perary, after a race after the darned Injuns, or a wet night at the camp fire. Just a horn-full does, and a Ranger never stirs without his tickler; it is his meat and drink on the perary.

It was a beautiful afternoon, and the ropes were casting dark dancing shadows, such as branches, before the leaves come, cast in the spring sunshine. The brass binding of the capstan shone like gold. The sailors were busy with the sails, and cheery voices ran about from cross-tree to deck, and from deck to cross-tree. As for the emigrants, they were all crowded round a circle in the forecastle, where an old man-of-war's-man was playing at single-stick with a broken-down South American gambler, who was the great authority among the poorer passengers. I need not say that pleasant flirtations, and gambols of children, and the cozy chat of cronies, enlivened the quarter-deck as we sat. Amos and I on the wheel-house looked over the cold, sullen, blue Atlantic, mile on mile, and sat and talked of the equally boundless "perary." Amos had just been telling me a story about a rowdy he had met on a Hudson boat. The fellow had never been on board a steam-boat before, and the natural impudence of his curiosity was quickened a thousand-fold by the novelty of all he saw. Suddenly he observed, as the steamer began to snort and blow, the captain seize the handles of a large wheel and begin to bring it round, now pulling, now yielding. The Rowdy looked for several minutes open-mouthed, and said with a knowing, not-to-be-put-down air,

"Wall, I guess, captain, you are a winding of her up."

This provoked a story from me of Deaf Jim, the prize-fighter, who, on his first steam-boat excursion to Scotland, was holding on very ill, with a yeasty sea, not far from the wheel. It occurred to his sagacious mind that it was the man at the wheel who caused the motion of the vessel and his inconvenience; but he daren't move; so he held on to a rope with one hand, shaking the other at the helmsman, and crying out, "Oh, if I could only get at him, I'd soon tap his infernal claret for him!" And after this episode, Amos returned to the Indians by telling me that he had met several ladies at Hewston who had been scalped by the Indians, but who had since recovered, and now wore wigs.

"If they had only worn them before!" I said; and told Amos the fine old story of the Indian going to scalp the old officer, and his wig coming off, and the Indian's astonishment, and the officer's enormous advantage.

"Lord gracious!" was Amos's constant exclamation to express pleasure and surprise.

As a fine sturdy sailor, in a blue Jersey, fitting close as a coat of mail, passes to take his "trick" at the wheel, we ask him when we shall be off the Banks? And he tells us the fogs will commence in probably about thirty hours, if the wind holds west-sou'-west.

"O Lord!" says Amos, "how tired I am of

being cooped up in this darned vessel; how I long for a gallop on the Brazos perary!"

Now fresh talk about the Indians. Amos describes the Comanchees, who are the special foes of the Texan settlers, as fine stalwart men, though often bandy-legged from perpetual riding, rather narrow across the back, and sometimes slim in form. "They paint their faces vermilion when on a war party, and look as ugly as the devil does in a tail-coat," said Amos. They were skilful throwers of the tomahawk, and could split a man's skull with their axes, as a boy would crack a hickory-nut. Their howl was unearthly—it was something between a bull's roar and a wolf's howl. They were excellent shots, too, with bow and arrow at twenty or thirty yards. He had seen their arrows go plump through a horse's neck (for they shot very strong); and they had a way of swinging down under their horse's belly and firing from there, leaving only the top of the knee for the stranger to fire at. They would let the Yankees go, but they never gave a Texan quarter, and hated him worse than the devil hates holy water. They luckily had no revolvers yet among them, except those they had taken in war, and kept hung round their necks as ornaments, not knowing how to use them. But what skeared the Texans was, the fear that some darned Yankee runaway would get among the Indians, and just to get buffalo robes out of them go and tell them how to use the revolvers. Je-rewsalem! how they would larrup him if they did catch such a fellow! When the six shooters were first used against the Comanchees they were kinder skeared, yes—siure, they were that. They told the Yankee that now when they met a Texan Ranger, and he had used his bowie-knife and emptied his rifle, and they thought he was ready for wiping out, he pulled out a pocket-knife and fired it off six times; and they supposed, if they had turned their horses, he would have pulled out a comb or something else—perhaps a tobacco-box—and fired off *that* six times.

Here the first mate passed on his way, to put up the card with our days marked on it in the glass-case outside the door of the grand saloon. We had run two hundred and fifty-four miles since noon yesterday. If we went on like that, we should be off the Banks Sunday at dinner-time.

Some accidental remark of mine brought out some fine traits of Amos's character. He was such a generous extoller of his young brother.

When the Indians sent up their "smokes," no Ranger slipped on his red shirt, and got his pannikin and bullets together smarter than Ichabod, and at a rough-and-tumble fight, where a little gouging was going round, he was a regular snorter, that's true; for if ever there was a lad raile grit, it was Ichabod. As for a bar-room fuss, when there were shots round (he alluded to a fair general fight), that child was all thar—yes, siure—and had no more fear about him of Injuns, than a tree toad has want of a side-pocket. In only one thing he had to stop him, and that was playing at monte with Spaniards for a drink. For, if he lost, his dander was sure to rise, and then there were awkward times in the house. Sure at corn-shuckings, musses, and camp meetings, there never was such a lad—innocent as a mad dog; but when he did rile, or once got kinder mad, he rose thunder. Yes, he did *that*.

It was to me very pleasant to look on the great blue moat that still severed me from America, to hear Amos ramble on about a life so wild and so new to me. Now he broke into a scrap of one of the Texan Ranger war-songs:

"On our mustangs grey we took our way
With the Rangers' merry band,
And our camp-fires shone, when the sun had gone,
On the banks of the Rio Grande.

Through the Indian pass, on the perary grass,
By our fires we cheerful slept,
Ere day began, each Texan man,
On his mustang grey had leapt.
Then the trail all night, and at sundown light
We halt our Ranger band,
'Mid the perary vast, or best of all
On the banks of the Rio Grande."

Nor was this song, though the wretched doggrel from some penny American song-book, at all too high-flown for Amos, who, like most Texans, was rather fond of sentiment, and would talk of The Love Star, the anthem of Texas, for hours.

But what Amos particularly delighted to dwell upon was Ichabod's first fight with the Indians. He watched him very close as he rode among the Red Shirts, and the Indians came on whooping, tossing their feathered heads, and whistling in their arrows. He saw Ichabod turn very white, and the next moment he was in among them. Three Camanches beset him, but he killed two of them, and the third turned tail. "Lordee, I was as proud as Julius Cæsar that day," said Amos, his eyes sparkling. And "as for myself," continued Amos, "I was kinder broken in to fighting, for I had been in fusses at San Antonio among the Greasers, where the clicking of the knives opening, sounded like winding up clocks. Then I had taken reglar lessons in the knife-school at St. Louis, where I once saw two Frenchmen fight for half an hour with bowie-knives—cut and parry—and all the harm done, was, that one of them lost his little finger by a clean slash, and the other bit the first man's thumb off, after missing gouging him." Here Amos became reflective and regretful at being so many hundred miles from this same St. Louis, and sang,

"Beautiful star, in the heavens so bright,"

to the sailors' great enjoyment. Ending this, he asked me abruptly if I had money down on the match between the bang-tailed grey and Flora Temple, on Tuesday week, on Long Island. Here he gave me a steady look, the result of which his crafty smile seemed to imply was not complimentary as to my sharpness, and said:

"So, mister, you raly are going to post yourself up about the Yankees? Going to see the elephant, and talk to Barnum. Now, blue Flewjens! if you don't keep your weather eye open,

I'll be darned if they won't draw your eye-teeth, and make you pay for putting them in again. I wouldn't give an old corn-cob for your chance among the Yankees. Come down and have some buffalo shooting with us in Texas; we'll then go out a good party and have rare fun in the peraries. I tell you how I and Ichabod mean to fix it: we shall make straight tracks for Memphis, directly we get to the Empire City; wall then, at Memphis we shall buy two strong horses, send on our chest by waggon, put the traps we want in saddle-bags, and make a bee line for Chapel-hill, Washington County, Texas."

Memphis was a place I had taken a dislike too: a not unreasonable one, I think. The impression I formed from the wharf-keeper in that city, who was Amos's great friend at cards, and who was always eulogising the absent Mississippi City. His sole amusement at Memphis when wharf-keeping, seemed to have been shooting at water-rats with a pistol, or watching dead bodies float down the vast muddy river. Sometimes he had seen as many as three or four in a day, and, the day before he left, two boys in a "dug-out" had brought in the body of an Irish sailor—a steamer deck hand, that some rough captain had knocked over and murdered. Some of the bodies were floating bodies from burnt up, or "bust up" steamers, but more generally they were deck hands, employed to load cotton, who had been stabbed by each other or knocked over in a fuss by some angry mate. The fact was, Memphis was a rowdy place, and the fights in the grocery stores were "a caution to Crockett." It was a lively place, but not one to be out in after dark, for the boys were apt to be rough with strangers. The best plan, the wharf-keeper assured me, in a scramble fight with a Memphis rowdy, was, directly he called you names, to fire at him out of your coat-pocket, or he was sure to be too many for you; as for fair play it was foolish talking; the great thing in "a fuss," was to get first blow; that was half the battle.

"Lord gracious!" said Amos, "you seem kinder skeared about our six-shooters. Why, I'd rather be pistolled than cut, ten times over! Lord! I've seen such times at San Antonio as would make your hair curl; and that between men who were thick as geese before the cards and the whisky came out."

Here Amos broke off by a snatch of song, and asked me if I saw that tall lean man there, among the emigrants on the poop.

I said, "Yes."

"Wall, he is a hard stone cutter from Richmond City, and one of the best players at Don Pedro in all the ship."

But before I leave Amos and his Texan experiences, I must give one of his most curious songs; one to which I attach value; a curious example of the gradual corruption of ballads when orally handed down; and also a curious exemplification of the tone of feeling with which Napoleon, in his later days, must have been regarded by the French West Indians, to one of whom we may fairly, I think, attribute the authorship of the following strange poem. I should mention that the tune to which it is sung is exceedingly good, and very tender and mournful in its cadence. The corruptions of the text (which I took down from Amos's lips) I have carefully preserved, from their oddity and curiosity. I do not think the song is in print:

NAPOLEON AT THE ISLE OF ST. HELENA.

Bonaparte's returned from the wars of all fighting,
He has gone to a place which he'll never take delight in;
He may sit there and tell of the scenes that he has seen, O,
With his heart so full of woe, on the Isle of Saint Helena.

Louisa she mourns for her husband who's departed,
She dreams when she sleeps, and she wakes broken-hearted;
Not a friend to console her, even though he might be with her,
But she mourns when she thinks of the Isle of Saint Helena.

No more in Saint Cloud shall he walk in such splendour,
Or go on in crowds like the great Sir Alexander.
The young King of Rome and the Prince of Guiana
Says he'll bring his father home from the Isle of Saint Helena.

MORIAL.

All ye who have wealth, pray beware of ambition,
Or some decree of Fate may soon change your condition.
Be ye steadfast and true, for what's to come ye can tell ne'er;
Perhaps ye may end your days on the Isle of Saint Helena.

The rude rushing waves all round the shore are washing,
The great billows heave against the wild rocks dashing.
He may look to the moon, of the great Mount Diana,
But his eyes are on the waves that surround Saint Helena.

I parted from Amos and Ichabod at a certain hotel in New York: a third-rate, free-and-easy, slovenly house, frequented chiefly by Californian diggers: into which I had the misfortune, for two days only, to stumble. I left them with warm shakes of the hands, and I left Amos singing,

"O for the ride on the prairie wide,
With the gallant Ranger band;
Or the camp-fire's light, with its flicker bright,
On the banks of the Rio Grande!"

WORK FOR MORE VOLUNTEERS.

We may admit that education is as necessary to a child as food, and that if the parent cannot feed the mind of a child, the State must in some way protect it against absolute starvation; must supply it with the first necessaries of rational life. Upon that admission the whole theory of aid, by the State, to national education must depend.

But when are we to assume the parents' in-

ability to supply those first necessaries to the mind? And what are those first necessaries? And in what way is the State to interfere for their supply? These are the main questions of national education, and each of them, especially the last, breaks up into subordinate questions of all kinds.

In strict truth, extreme poverty of wit in the parent is quite as disabling as extreme poverty of purse. A labourer, says Mr. Senior, once complained to me that his children turned out ill; "and yet," he said, "there is not a better father than I in the parish. I beats them whenever I gets sight of them; I beats them as I would not beat a dog." He had picked up very literally and quite conscientiously, the notion that sparing of the rod was spoiling of the child. One must let these people live and learn, and die and leave their places in the world to others who have learnt. If we admit a right of interference on the ground of poverty of wit and stupidity of discipline in the parent, we may send the children of the nobleman into the national school, together with the children of the hodman.

Besides, it will be said, the wealthy man, even when desperately stupid, does send his children to be taught and to get knowledge of a great deal more than the first necessaries of a rational life. We are not absolutely sure of that, although we do not doubt that he gives his son knowledge of a good deal more than reading, writing, and arithmetic. Education, we need hardly say, consists not only in the transfer of certain facts out of one mind into another, but implies, together with that communication of knowledge, the communication of a habit and a power of self-teaching, and of applying all that is learnt to the sustainment of the mind, and to the fitting of it for healthy work in the performance of the real duties of life.

So, when we come to that third question as to the limit and manner of the State's interference for the education of the children who may not be suffered to depend alone on the endeavours of their parents, while we admit, obedient to a rough necessity, no mark of disability except absence of money, we need not assume that if the State teaches reading, writing, and arithmetic, it educates. Everything with which a child comes into contact is an influence, and the character of the educational influence is not, we think, considered so much as it ought to be when some schemes of public instruction are commenced. For example, it is easier to impart knowledge in a large school than in a small one. Out of a large number of children those most nearly equal in attainment can be picked off into twenties, and each twenty can be taught as one, while in a small school containing only twenty scholars, the diversities of power and knowledge are so great that any attempt to teach that twenty as a class, would result in bewilderment of six for every one who might chance to be at the exact level of the manner of instruction used. But *is* it desirable that twenty should be taught as one? Is it a mistake, in family life, that children who were to live and be trained together, should be born to a household in successive years and exercise the influence of diversity of age and knowledge, as well as of character, upon each other: when it might have been disposed that the children to be born to any household should all come into the world together and grow up of equal age, and with exactly equal wit, so that they would all learn the same things, at the same rate, from the same book? Is there not more lost than is gained by the too accurate use of any such system of mental drill?

In discussing questions of popular education, it is rightly suggested by Mr. Senior, in his book entitled "Suggestions on Popular Education," that we are not to underrate the cost to a labourer of educating children, by forgetting to add what he foregoes, to what he pays. In many manufactures a child can earn money at six or seven years old. Between nine and eleven, when it is most desired to have the child at school, he may earn from eighteen-pence to five shillings, according as he works in the country or in towns. No labourers are better paid than those of the West Riding, but they cannot afford more than threepence a week in aid of the teaching of their children. When the payment is raised to fourpence, there is diminution of the number sent.

Another consideration is, that we have frequent over-estimate of the number of untaught children in England. The whole number of children in England and Wales, between the ages of three and fifteen, is about five millions. After deductions, there remain about three millions and a half, children of the poorer classes, to be educated by their own parents or by the public. But only about three-fifths of the school-children attend for six years; and there remain only the other two-fifths—for the ages before six and after twelve. Therefore the number of uneducated children does not reach half a million, and that for those to be taught, about two hundred and eighty thousand have to be in school at the same time. That, therefore, is the whole number for which school accommodation has yet to be found.

How shall we find it, and how bring the untaught to the schoolmaster? The Privy Council grants to the schools of England and Wales, or expends on their maintenance, a little more than half a million, or about five hundred and seventy-two thousand pounds a year; with a further sum of about fifty-five thousand for the machinery of centralisation or inspection. If an education rate were made to do the same work, that money now paid out of the five hundred millions of general income, would have to be taken out of the eighty millions of rateable income, and not that money only. The vote would destroy the voluntary subscription now encouraged, and met by the grant, so that two millions instead of about half a million would be the sum required; in other words, an education rate of sixpence in the pound upon all incomes derived from real property. That method would excite an antagonism which the present

scheme of Privy Council grants in aid of local effort, has not yet encountered.

There are, no doubt, one or two serious objections to the present method. It stimulates local effort, but there can be no local effort made without its representative, and the whole work of raising and begging for school money is thrown on the clergy: not of the Church only, but of almost all denominations. The quantity of work of this kind thrown upon ministers of religion is very great indeed, and the transformation of them into a great body of Christian duns is rather too complete. Yet this cannot very well be helped. Somebody must be the recognised promoter of its schools for the poor in each district. It is not the doctor's, the lawyer's, or the butcher's business. By whom can the place be so fitly taken as by the minister of religion?

This is very hard on many a clergyman, and arises from too many of the laity neglecting *their* plain duty. In a parish of eight thousand acres of the best land in Herefordshire, yielding a rental of at least twelve thousand a year, the landowners, two of them peers, and one a very rich peer, by their united subscriptions raise only eighteen pounds a year for support of the schools. The poor incumbent pays the rest, partly himself, partly by levies on his private friends. That is but one example of a common case. The burden of the clergy, nevertheless, becomes small wherever the nature of it is fully and fairly understood by the people.

Some districts that cannot, and there are districts that will not, raise money to be met by Privy Council grant, and so establish schools. Here, suggests Mr. Senior, you may encourage the running together of three or four adjacent parishes, as at Faversham, into a single district, with a district school; and you may abandon the requirement of the committee of Privy Council that the school subscriptions which it meets with its grant shall be local. But when all that is done, all is not done, and nothing, says Mr. Senior, remains but a local rate, exceptionally imposed from without (not by the district on itself) wherever it is reported to be necessary; the rate being, not for the whole amount required to establish and maintain the school, but for as much as would suffice when there has been added to it the grant by which it would be doubled if the money were raised in the way of voluntary subscription.

Everything else failing, better the rate than the ignorance and degradation. But we are not sure that everything else ought to fail. The excitement of spontaneous action should be the main object of those who would have any work done heartily in England. If it be not ridiculous to send missionary preachers to Jerusalem, it may not be ridiculous to send missionary teachers into the land at home, of the men who can't and the men who won't see that their children are made rational beings. Whatever is done in England is best done by stirring men to put their own good hearts and souls into the doing of it. Why should there not be a society to hold its annual May meeting in Exeter Hall, and report how—with its subscriptions doubled by a government grant—it had trained missionary schoolmasters, paid with sufficient salaries for planting themselves in neglected districts, and devoting all their energies to the creation of a little school for the poor children, and of an interest in its work and its well-being by the parents? We believe firmly, that the English plan of government support to voluntary effort, is the right one; but we believe, also, that where voluntary effort does arise spontaneously, it is by the right earnest action of the people upon themselves that true and sound progress is to be obtained: not by the cold imposition from without of an exceptional education rate. Suppose, for example, a fund called the Missionary Teachers' Fund, maintained by private donation and subscription, and subsidised by the committee of Council on Education, upon certain conditions, that would ensure its fair efficiency. Let it have means proportionate to the vast income raised to satisfy a sentiment, on behalf of savages at the far ends of the world; let it have a working committee of the men known to be most active and earnest in labour for the education of the people; and let it have one thoroughly good school for the training of its missionaries, not only in knowledge, but in tact and discretion. Somebody might endow in it a Professorship of the Art of Keeping One's-self Out of Hot Water. When the missionary is fit for his work, let him be placed with a modest but sufficient stipend in a cottage in some one of the neglected districts, with some little supply in one of its rooms, of the machinery for teaching, and then leave him, with a social position, independent of his neighbours, to pick up scholars, to make friends, to rub down angles of prejudice, quietly to diffuse sound notions about education; and if the parish be one that could and wouldn't do its duty, turn it insensibly into one of those that can and will; or, if it be one that would and couldn't, secure for it a free gift of what it needs, and has not means to procure. It is a great thing to get neighbouring poor or small parishes to work together, and unite their strength for the sustainment of a common school. To that end, where it was attainable, or by whatever way might seem the quietest and nearest to their object, the missionary teachers should know how to work.

Mr. Senior complains that the form of united action which consists in the adoption of large district schools for pauper children by adjoining parishes, although provided for by government, has found so little favour that only about half a dozen such schools have been formed, and there are twice as many workhouse children taught in equally good "separate schools" of the guardians' own contriving. Doubtless it is most true that workhouse children are taught better, and are better secured against contamination that will neutralise the good effect of any teaching, when they are at school away from the bad influences of the workhouse. "The children," say the Poor Law Inquiry Commissioners,

"who enter a workhouse quit it, if they ever quit it, corrupted where they were well disposed, and hardened where they were vicious." More shame to the spirit of the Poor Law! In workhouse experience adult pauperism and vice are identified, and the whole system is based on a gross misconception of the English character. As if no English cottager had ever felt a vital truth in the Divine reproof to certain murmurers, "Is thine eye evil, because I am good?" it is assumed that to reduce the workhouse system below the level of the comfort enjoyed by the poorest of the men who can support themselves, all graces and charities of life, all signs of that which is really Divine in our religion, as it works through the deeds of our lives, are to be banished from the workhouse. Let health be supported with the least amount of bodily indulgence—we don't complain of the gruel—but most surely the workhouse is the very last place in which it is wise to starve the heart and pen the soul of the poor; and most surely the English labourer is the very last man to grudge oil poured into the wounds of him who has fallen by the way. In the workhouse, vice finds itself regarded as the proper nature of the pauper, while the griefs of honest poverty are disregarded, and we might almost say that there is no peace except for the wicked. The Poor Law theory may be right as regards the gruel. But it is wrong, utterly and wickedly wrong, a denial of God's precepts, a libel on the character of men, when it excludes the vital principle of Christianity, the only effective means of raising the fallen, from the system upon which a nation proceeds for the feeding of the hungry and the clothing of the naked. Englishmen, the bad as much as the good, love liberty too well to press into the workhouse for the sake of the kind feeling now denied expression. They must be terribly starved in their affections if they will go virtually into prison for the hope of getting a kind word there; and if that is what may tempt, let us thank God when they can be tempted so! How many difficulties would be overcome, if the tender spirit of humanity once made itself felt in the working of the Poor Law. Then there might be, as now there cannot be, such classification of the inmates, and such influence exerted on their characters, as would convert the very workhouse into national schools, though none of them contained a schoolmaster. As it is, to go back to the immediate subject, we have an inspector fairly owning that there is "nothing in the functions or objects of Poor Law administration *in the slightest degree* germane to education or to the moral training of children."

The school within the workhouse, as matters are now managed, can yield little good result. The workhouse schoolmaster is appointed by the guardians, and paid by the Treasury according to a scale fixed by the Poor Law Board, which is careful to put him in subjection to the workhouse master, who is usually his inferior in attainments; so it is secured for the teacher that he leads a wretched life. By every law of political economy his more skilled labour is entitled to the higher pay, that he does not receive because discipline is said to require that he should be in subjection to the master, whose servant he is not, and who has no power whatever of removing him. The workhouse master, ignorant of the schoolmaster's work, can interfere with it to make it useless. That is the only result got by the pedantic notion that the master is to be supreme. The teacher's work does not interfere with the details of workhouse management. His duty being defined, he might be allowed to do it, and, in doing it, might rank at least as the master's equal: being in fact almost always his superior.

To the suggestion that the entire charge of educating children of out-door paupers shall by compulsion, not, as is now the case, by permission under Mr. Denison's Act, be entrusted to the Poor Law guardians, we can give no vigorous assent. Failing signs of a heart and soul in Poor Law action, we would rather see an extension of the system of the Ragged Schools, which finds no favour with Mr. Senior, but which has, we are very sure, caused the establishment of many schools that are much better than their somewhat foolish name. If we cannot have what is the best thing—a national way, with the national heart in it, of dealing with the destitute—then let us supplement the shortcomings of routine, by enlargement of the appetite for earnest, generous, and energetic voluntary work. It is not only in defence against material invasion that the strength of England must lie in her volunteers.

IGNOBLE DUKES.

The German princes — and especially the little ones—are still too much attached to the despotic principles of their grandfathers of the eighteenth century. If they yield, now and then, to the pressure of the moment, it is still hard for them to look on the people otherwise than as part of a property that is their own inheritance. The good old princely way, however, having to be maintained now with a difference, let us consider the good old German sovereign, all of the olden time, while yet his memory is green.

See him at home, for example, in the smallest kingdom in Europe. Würtemberg was formerly a large earldom, but was raised at the end of the fifteenth century to the rank of dukedom, and was at last created a kingdom by the grace of Napoleon Bonaparte. Eberhard Lewis, who lived between sixteen 'seventy-seven and seventeen 'thirty-three, succeeded his father when yet in the cradle, and was declared of age at sixteen. Although his dukedom had been devastated by the wars against Louis the Fourteenth of France, his court, which had been already Frenchified, was arranged with the greatest splendour. There being a great dearth of nobility in Würtemberg, noblemen from all parts of Germany, but especially from Mecklenburg, flocked round the young duke. Church

discipline had then been very strict, but the young duke having abolished it, and commanded gaiety and masquerades, the officers of the court and chancery, merchants, and other respectable citizens, were compelled to attend these entertainments in regulated costumes. A French theatre was instituted, and all who belonged to the court were on the free-list. The duke was also a great huntsman, and as "Master of the Hunt for the Empire," he created, in honour of St. Hubert, the great huntsman's order. All the rooms in his hunting lodges were adorned with the antlers of stags killed by himself, and everywhere he was followed by his favourite black wolf, Melai, which slept on a tiger-skin at the foot of his bed. He was fond also of soldiering, and kept the first standing army of two thousand house troops, horse and foot guards, dressed in a yellow livery trimmed all over with silver.

This was extravagant enough for the small country, but, moreover, the duke was supplied by his courtiers with a Maintenon: the sister of one of themselves, who was invited from Mecklenburg. Wilhelmine von Graevnitz was made a lady of honour to the duchess. His highness married Mademoiselle von Graevnitz, not in the morganatic manner, but in the way of direct and open bigamy, and bought for her in Vienna, for twenty thousand florins, a countess's diploma. The clergy reprimanded, and refused the sacrament. Charles XII. and several other princes remonstrated, but the duke said, "I am pope in my country, and, as a Lutheran prince, I am, in cases of conscience, not answerable to any one on earth." At last, a very resolute prelate, John Ogiandes, succeeded in persuading the duke to declare the second marriage void, and, after rumours of an attempt to poison the duchess by diamond powder, the duke took the countess to Geneva, Würtemberg having agreed to pay her fifty thousand florins. Then he went with her to Bern, where they lived for two years together, and then, to help her return to Stuttgard, the countess was married to an old count, Würben, who received for going through the marriage service with the lady, twenty thousand florins and a pension of eight thousand florins a year, besides being made chief of the court, president of the privy council and the council of war; but with all his dignities and duties at the court of Würtemberg he was to reside in Vienna. Now, the countess had two husbands, and the duke two wives. But the countess, keeping her name of Graevnitz, returned to Stuttgard, where she governed duke and country for twenty years, and was called by the people, Country's Ruin. As the duchess would not leave the palace in Stuttgard, the countess induced the duke to build for her, about four miles away, the new residence of Eudwigsburg, in the middle of a kind of desert. It was built by the architect, Frigoni, after the pattern of Versailles; and Napoleon, when visiting there, found his rooms so magnificent, that he said to King Frederick of Würtemberg that he would not be able in Paris to lodge *him* so well. Eudwigsburg cost an immense sum, for all the materials had to be fetched from afar, and even every cart-load of sand cost a dollar. The duke had here his excellent band of music, his fine pheasant-garden, and his magnificent stables. The orange trees of Eudwigsburg were almost unequalled in Europe. When the first stone of the palace was laid, the duke amused himself with having loaves thrown out amongst the people, but so roughly that some persons were dangerously hurt and wounded.

The countess persuaded the duke to institute a secret cabinet which should superintend the finances, and the law. Of this she was herself president, à la Maintenon, whose example she strove to follow. The other members of the council were her brother and his son, with two of her creatures, all bound to each other by a secret undertaking not to propose anything in presence of the duke, which they had not before agreed on. Everything went through the hands of the countess. Whoever was found opposing her, was banished, and his property was confiscated. All, therefore, cringed before her except Ogiandes, who answered her request to be included in the public prayers of the church, by saying, "Madam, without remembrance of you, there is never a Lord's prayer said. We pray every day, Deliver us from evil." In Würtemberg it was even severely prohibited to reason about the relative positions of the duke and the countess. She sent money to Vienna, to silence the state councillors, and bribed King Frederic William of Prussia, with some tall recruits. She kept spies everywhere in Würtemberg, had letters opened at the post-offices, and her police was thoroughly despotic. If the states of the country refused money, she threatened to take it from the members. She sold everything—monopolies and justice; robbed, cheated, and laughed at the people openly. She confiscated English goods that pleased her; and even the duke appeared with her in public, wearing clothes made of a stolen piece of gold brocade. The countess's strong-box was always well filled; that of the duke, always empty. She very readily lent money to him, and was repaid in estates. The court absorbed enormous sums, and debts increased at a fearful rate, until even the revenue of the country had to be anticipated. The countess was insolent to the duchess, and even maltreated the sickly hereditary prince. Even the duke often complained that she really was too hard with him; but for twenty years he was her slave. She received company every evening, and exacted the strictest etiquette of dress, although she herself appeared often in négligé, under pretext of not being well. She was not even faithful to the duke.

At last help came from Prussia. The hereditary prince married a Prussian princess. King Frederic William I. came on a visit to Stuttgard and found means to persuade the duke to dismiss his tyrant. He did so by letters, when he was himself absent in Berlin.

She was to be left in possession of all her plunder, and to receive ten thousand florins a year, if she would behave properly. She did

not give up her game, but, wishing to test a recipe in sorcery, offered the duke's valet a large sum of money for a few drops of his master's blood. The frightened servant denounced her, and the duke ordered her to be arrested. A colonel at the head of a troop of hussars surprised her at one of her estates, and brought her to the fortress of Urach. Here, she was compelled to surrender all her estates but one, for the sum of two hundred thousand florins, and it was a particular stipulation in this treaty that she was to give up the wedding-ring and lock of hair she had had from the duke. The court was closed against her. After the death of the duke, fearing the anger of his successor, she went to Berlin.

During the reign of this prince, which lasted more than half a century, the people were driven to despair. They were plundered and oppressed most shamefully; their despot even meddled with their cultivation of the soil. In the year after a famine, he compelled the farmers and peasants to grow tobacco on a certain portion of their land. Thousands went to America.

The son of the Duke Eberhard Lewis having died before his father without issue, a distant relative became Duke of Würtemberg under the name of Charles Alexander. He was governor of Belgrade in the Austrian service, and a Catholic. He had been a soldier since his fourteenth year, and was a fierce and angry man. His government distinguished itself by the mischievousness of his factotum, a Jew, whom he permitted to relieve the people of the little that was left them by his predecessor. This man, Joseph Levi Suess-Oppenheimes, was one of the most remarkable upstarts of the eighteenth century. He was born in Heidelberg, and educated among the Jews of Frankfort. Thence he went to Amsterdam and Vienna, making money in both places, and then he became agent of the commissariat during the Turkish wars under Prince Eugène, and made the acquaintance of the Duke of Würtemberg. The duke soon made him agent for his court and privy-councillor of the finances. He was an invaluable man, who, if abused and kicked out of the room, presented himself again, smiling, in a quarter of an hour. He was, indeed, a very able man of business, and a very acute fellow. He looked like a courtier who was not a Jew, lived in splendid style, gave exquisite dinners, and was a rake. Acting as agent to the Countess Graevenitz, who was abroad, he procured her for her remaining landed property in Würtemberg, one hundred and fifty thousand thalers: in which affair he, of course, cheated her handsomely. He set up three very profitable business offices. In one of them, all the government places were sold to the highest bidder. In the second, justice was sold. By means of the third, which was a banking and loan-office, he managed to get hold of all the charitable and pious foundations. Besides, he lent money on usurious terms, and kept an extensive shop, from which the courtiers had to take their dresses and decorations. He also instituted a lottery, which proved a great curse to the country. To fill the ever empty purse of the duke, he monopolised the coffee-houses, the trades in tobacco, grocery, and wine, nay, even the chimney-sweeping business. These trades he let to the best bidders, mostly to people who lived out of Würtemberg. He imposed a tax on property, on foreigners living in Würtemberg, for the protection they enjoyed.

The duke cared only for his amusement. All government officials were ordered to attend the masquerades with their wives and grown-up daughters, on pain of the loss of a quarter's salary. The care of his soul, Duke Charles Alexander left to the Jesuits, who proposed to make the country Catholic, and the Jew Suess had part in their conspiracy. This duke, who had increased the army to ten thousand men and two thousand horse, died suddenly, when he was prepared to suppress the last forms of public liberty. Amongst the people, half a century afterwards, ghost stories, little to his credit, frightened soldiers on guard near the ducal tomb.

The Jew fled to the widowed duchess in Stuttgard, but was arrested, and brought to his own house, where rich booty was found. It is said there were not less than three million in gold, jewels, and other articles of virtù. Being compelled to undress, he pulled off three shirts; in the shirt next his skin, were found diamonds worth ninety thousand florins; in his waistcoat, many bills of exchange. In due time he was hanged.

The widow of Duke Charles Alexander, was Maria Augusta: a born princess of Thurmand Taxis. Frederic the Great of Prussia sent her the order of the Black Eagle as soon as he ascended the throne; but his sister, the Margravine of Baireuth, who has written highly interesting memoirs, does not seem to be delighted with her, and was probably a little jealous. She wrote, when the gay duchess was on a visit at her court in Baireuth: "In a fortnight the whole court was altered. They began to romp, to throw the napkins at each other's heads; to run like escaped horses; and at last they kissed each other, singing equivocal songs."

The duchess lived for a time in Berlin, and Baron Bielefeld gives an interesting account of her. When he paid her his visit, he found her lying on her bed in a most splendid night-dress, surrounded by her three sons, some ministers and courtiers, several chaplains and doctors, and her lady of honour. Near her head was standing a little golden vessel with holy-water, and the room was decorated with precious relics and a chaplet of the finest pearls. Her dress and bed were trimmed with most beautiful lace, and she wore a coquettish night-cap of point d'Alençon, with a green and gold ribbon. The baron remained alone with her for a whole hour, after which she invited him to dinner, begging his pardon in advance for dining in her night-dress. The baron then had a general invitation to dinner. Often the table was

placed at her bedside. "The good eating and drinking," said the baron, "is the body of these really charming evenings, gaiety their soul. The duchess has two bells close to her: the one gives the order to bring in champagne, the other Hungarian wine. As soon as the first service is brought in, the pages and footmen leave, and are recalled only to change the plates. Scarcely left alone, all restraint is at an end. Nobody thinks of being in the residence of a monarch and at the table of a princess. One is in a republic, where liberty is in the chair, and where one's bill is to be paid with merry jests. We laugh, joke, sing, and, has the conversation been seasoned with too caustic attic salt, we put on it a glass of champagne, which sets all right again. We have bound ourselves to the law never to remember beyond the threshold of the duchess what the merry moment had produced."

This gay princess, to bring the ducal crown to her second favourite son, declared her first-born illegitimate; but the first-born, Duke Charles, took this in ill part, and kept her a prisoner in Goeppingen. There she died when forty-nine years old.

Duke Charles, her eldest son, had no mind for anything but self-indulgence. During his minority, the government had been directed by one of the most respectable men, who was celebrated as a statesman and philosopher. His name was Bilfinger. As long as he lived, the young duke was restrained; but when he died, in the middle of the eighteenth century, the prince began to live "at a gallop." The well-known memoir writer, Cajanova, who knew all the courts, said, that the court at Stuttgard "was the most brilliant in Europe." Thus it remained for forty-three more years. Theatre, opera, and ballet were the duke's chief hobbies. The Parisian god of dance, Vestris, was engaged for six months every year, and received twelve thousand florins. There were, throughout the whole year, festivities in great variety, the direction of which was confided to an Italian, Veronese. Fireworks, sometimes of incredible costliness, were frequently exhibited.

Of course, all these things required money, and the first minister of the duke, Baron Hardenberg, did his utmost both to provide it, and at the same time to check expenditure. The baron sometimes tried to save money in petty things, and once refused to honour the duke's cheque for a dozen of silk dominoes. The enraged prince made up his mind to get rid of the baron, and at a ball, where he had tried to save a few hundreds of wax candles, the duke spoke to him publicly and intentionally, in such an offensive manner that the old baron was compelled to take his dismissal. The privy councillor, Baron Roedes, the same who arrested the Jew Suess, had been dismissed long since. The duke thus became free to indulge all his inclinations.

Once the duke carried off from a ball the daughter of his privy councillor, Baron von Volgstaedt. The father killed himself.

This Duke Charles, who increased his army to seventeen thousand men, in most expensive uniforms, ordered that every one should take off his hat to a sentry, as if he were the duke himself. A councillor of the chamber, for omitting that homage, received, by order of the lieutenant of the guard, twenty-five strokes with a stick.

When all these burdens were borne, the people of Würtemberg, who had to bear them, numbered only six hundred thousand! They had to work and to starve, paying their wages to amuse their duke; but not satisfied with the produce of their labour, he sold even their very bodies. In one year he sold to France six thousand of his subjects as soldiers, for the sum of about one hundred and twenty-five thousand pounds sterling. When the duke commanded the receivers of the taxes to deliver up to him their funds in hand, and they had the courage to refuse, he used force. One day the House of the States was surrounded by soldiers, and the money taken away. John Jacob Moser, one of the most celebrated writers upon public law, who was then "consulent," or counsellor of the States, in very respectful terms protested against the act. The duke ordered him to Ludwigsburg, and maltreated him with his own hands in the hall of audience, and sent him to the fortress of Hohentwiel, where he remained a prisoner for five years.

The duke treated his subjects as slaves. If he chose to have a winter sledge party in Stuttgard, and there was no snow in the streets, the peasants had to bring it in from the country. They might well emigrate to America, as numbers of them did.

Another victim of the tyranny of this duke was Colonel Rieger. He was a man of herculean frame and strength, and of inflexible mind. He became a great favourite of the duke's, and was envied by many. One of his enemies was a Frenchman, Count Montmartin, who became prime minister. This man so managed that letters were sent to the duke's brothers, which implied that Rieger intended to deliver up Würtemberg to the Prussians. The duke gave the general a thrashing at parade, and sent him, without even an examination, to the castle of Hohenasperg, where he was kept in a subterranean dungeon for five years. Here, a scoffer and free-thinker, he became a devotee. When Montmartin was dismissed, the States succeeded in persuading the duke to set Rieger free. His highness invited him to supper, and said: "Remain my friend, as you have always been!" He afterwards made him general and governor of Hohenasperg, the place in which he had been confined.

This Count Montmartin was one of the greatest rascals in the world. He won the duke by his base flattery, and his expedients for procuring money. The count required it to be said no more of a prince that he was born, but that he "Increased the Number of the High on this or that day." The count helped the duke to abolish the States, and in fact governed without them. When Moser was sent to Hohentwiel, the minister for some years declared to

the States: "The duke thought himself much too august to permit such people to dictate laws to him."

According to a statement made by Frederic the Second of Prussia, the personal revenue of the duke amounted to not quite sixty thousand pounds; that of the country to two hundred and fifty thousand pounds; of which the duke had to receive a part. But these sums were far from sufficient for his wants. It has been calculated that, besides the constitutional taxes, and the burden of the sorrage and the quartering of the soldiers, and the profit which was made by the sale of places, the six hundred thousand inhabitants had to pay in seven years the sum of more than five hundred thousand pounds, and the addition from the revenue of the country to the private and personal income of the duke rose to one hundred and thirty-five thousand pounds a year!

To increase the revenue, Montmartin instituted a "Würtembergian Ducal most Graciously Privileged Great Lottery," and compelled private persons, communities, and even pious institutions, to buy tickets. He divided the people into twelve classes, according to their income, and taxed them accordingly; even the beggar had to pay at least fivepence. When a deputation from the town of Tuebingen remonstrated with the duke, and entreated him to consider the miserable state of the fatherland, he cried in imitation of Louis the Fourteenth, "What fatherland? I am the Fatherland!" and ordered troops against the rebellious town. The tax was enforced, and several of the most respected inhabitants sent to Hohenasperg as prisoners, where they remained for half a year.

Yet Würtemberg had a constitution which shared with the English the repute of being the freest in Europe!

In those free days the army was recruited in a forcible manner. Even only sons of widows were taken away from them, and once the duke ordered all the farm labourers to be enrolled, saying very confidently, "That they certainly would like better to serve their sovereign than private persons." To prevent desertion, watchmen had to patrol all night around the villages, and, if an alarm were given, all the neighbouring communities were bound to place pickets on all the roads, byways, footpaths, and bridges, and to keep them guarded for at least twenty-four hours. On account of such an alarm, three hundred persons, who were not soldiers, might be kept from their business a whole day. A little place containing only fifty families, furnished for this kind of service one thousand four hundred and eighty-eight men in the course of one year. The place in which a deserter might perhaps have been arrested but was not, had to provide a man of the same stature; and it was ordered expressly that the sons of the chief inhabitant should be selected in preference. Whoever assisted a deserter, or even omitted to denounce him, lost for himself and family all civil rights, and was sent to a house of correction.

In this army of the duke, there served two hundred noblemen, and amongst them twenty princes and counts of the empire. The duke kept for his personal use eight hundred horses, and, when going to one of his country residences, took with him about a dozen cavaliers, and between six and seven hundred persons; all only to contribute to his amusement.

The duke began to build the new palace in Stuttgard, which, however, was finished in this century, and built the palace of Solitude, situated on the rough hills between Stuttgard and Leonberg. Lakes were dug there to hunt the stags into, and the peasants had to line them with clay and fill them with water. At night the surrounding woods were illuminated, and, from artificial grottos, satyrs and nymphs rushed out to dance midnight ballets. Another country seat in the Black Forest, Grafeneck, was built also then.

The duke intended that the church should pay his opera singers and musicians, because they performed sometimes at service; but the director of the finances opposed this. He lost his place, and a rascal named Wittleder, who had been formerly a Prussian sergeant, became the right-hand man. He and the duke sold the governmental places and shared the profit. Once the duke wrote to his agent, concerning a man who wanted to buy a certain place: "Although he has not much talent he is an honest man, and four thousand florins are a nice sum of money;" and once the agent wrote to another applicant for a place: "Give the duke five hundred florins, and one thousand to myself." No wonder that one morning Wittleder found a donkey tied at his house door, with a bill bearing the inscription, "I want a place."

At last Frederic the Great was in a position to assist the poor Würtembergians, and the three powers which had warranted the constitution, Prussia, Denmark, and Hanover, interfered energetically. An imperial commission was sent from Vienna, and the duke ordered to make up his quarrels with his States in two months' time. The commission is said to have found about one million of pounds of debts. The duke did all he could to prevent interference. He went to Venice, where the Nobili wrote his name in the golden book, and at last shut himself up in solitude, where nobody had admittance except such persons as could show a pass, written by his own hand. At last, after six years' resistance, he gave in, and the old constitution, with the old rights of the States, were recognised, again under the guarantee of the above-mentioned powers. The duke found consolation in a new favourite: the wife of a stupid and ugly Baron Lentrum, whose divorce from her he procured. The lady was made Countess Hohenheim, and was raised to the rank of consort of the duke, to whom she became honestly attached. She was noble and simple in her manners, had a kind heart, much knowledge, and a good understanding. "She loved and protected the arts, and would have liked to make Stuttgard a modern Athens," says Baroness Oberkirch, in her memoirs. The duke attended to all her wishes, which were, however,

not extravagant. For example, the Würtembergian ambassador in Vienna was Baron Bukler, an insignificant son of the minister who succeeded Montmartin. The wife of the Archduke Francis, afterwards emperor, was a Würtembergian princess; and the ambassador was little more than a transmitter of letters; but he looked as much like a profound statesman as he could, whenever a courier arrived from his duke. A celebrated memoir writer, Chevalier Lang, was then his secretary, and one day, when a special messenger had arrived, and the despatch had been read with portentous solemnity, Lang was by chance left alone in the room of the ambassador. He opened the drawer in which Bukler generally kept the letters from the cabinet of the duke, and read the following:

"My dear Baron von Bukler,—By the present special messenger, my privy secretary, Pistorius, I send you a shoe of my princely consort, the Lady Duchess Highness, with the order to have made after this pattern, by the most celebrated master in Vienna, a dozen pair, but with such speed, that the returning messenger may be able to deliver them in time for the next great assembly which will take place. This letter, however, having no other purpose, we are, &c."

This duke, on his fiftieth birthday, surprised his subjects and all Germany, by an act as remarkable as it was unexpected. From all the pulpits there was read a manifesto, under his hand, by which he regretted his former errors, and promised to be a good prince thenceforth. The duke was not jesting. One year afterwards, he abolished a lottery which had done much mischief to the country. The committee of the States were so touched, that they made him a present of five hundred carolines. However, "the observation of the most genuine duties of a true father of the country"—words of his manifesto—permitted the duke afterwards to restore the lottery, and to sell to the Dutch, one thousand men, of whom but few ever returned to their country.

After his conversion, the duke tried to govern as a philosopher. He instituted schools and manufactories; protected trade, science, and art; was interested in country life, and was frequently even seen at the milking of the cows. His army was reduced to five thousand men. He spoke in a confidential manner with burghers and peasants, clapped them on the shoulder, and was rather popular. He granted to the committee of the States many unexpected prerogatives, and this committee showed themselves grateful by betraying the interests of the country. By their means the duke got money to build a new palace in honour of his beloved countess, named Hohenheim: an establishment in the manner of Schwetzingen, with Romish baths, romantic castles, temples, mosques, and little idyllic English hamlets. His winter-gardens were celebrated; they were the first in Germany, and were made in imitation of those of Prince Potemkin, in the Taurier palace in Petersburg.

When the Emperor Joseph II., travelling incognito as a Count von Falkenstein, announced his visit to the Duke in Stuttgard, the duke wrote and offered him his palace, but the emperor answered that he preferred to live in an hotel; therefore the duke ordered all innkeepers to remove their signboards, and over the entrance of the palace was placed an immense board, on which the imperial arms were painted, and under which was written "Hotel of the Roman Emperor." The emperor entered into the jest, and the duke received him in the dress and character of an innkeeper. Next day the disguise was dropped, and the festivities commenced.

In this last period of his long career, one of the duke's hobbies was to make a collection of bibles; another was his school, the Carlsschule, which gained an European name through Schiller and Cuvier, who were educated there. The duke's collection of bibles is not equalled in the whole world; it numbers eight thousand different copies, which are yet to be found in the library of Stuttgard. In the school the different classes of society were carefully distinguished. Only noblemen and sons of officers had the right to powder their hair; but Schiller had the right also, because he had red hair, which the duke could not abide, although he had red hair himself. The discipline in the school was very strict; all was done by word of command; and even when grace was said, all hands were folded with a single clap.

Duke Charles lived into the wild times of the French revolution, and his notions about the divine right of princes received many corrections. Even in the bosom of his beloved Carlsschule, the spirit of the revolution worked. Once, at a masquerade, three masks appeared; one, Time, carried an urn to the middle of the ball-room; two others drew from it little bills, which they distributed profusely. But, instead of the usual complimentary verses, these bills contained the most striking passages from the Marseillaise, Payne's Rights of Man, Speeches of Robespierre, and the like. In the confusion that ensued, the masks escaped, but there was a suspicion against certain pupils of the Carlsschule, and the duke delivered a very severe speech there next day. Instead of being penitent, however, the pupils hissed and hooted, and at last fairly drummed his gracious highness out of the room.

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GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XLIII.

WHY should I pause to ask how much of my shrinking from Provis might be traced to Estella? Why should I loiter on my road, to compare the state of mind in which I had tried to rid myself of the stain of the prison before meeting her at the coach-office, with the state of mind in which I now reflected on the abyss between Estella in her pride and beauty, and the returned transport whom I harboured? The road would be none the smoother for it, the end would be none the better for it, he would not be helped, nor I extenuated.

A new fear had been engendered in my mind by his narrative; or rather, his narrative had given form and purpose to the fear that was already there. If Compeyson were alive and should discover his return, I could hardly doubt the consequence. That Compeyson stood in mortal fear of him, neither of the two could know much better than I; and that any such man as that man had been described to be, would hesitate to release himself for good from a dreaded enemy by the safe means of becoming an informer, was scarcely to be imagined.

Never had I breathed, and never would I breathe—or so I resolved—a word of Estella to Provis. But, I said to Herbert that before I could go abroad, I must see both Estella and Miss Havisham. This was when we were left alone on the night of the day when Provis told us his story. I resolved to go out to Richmond next day, and I went.

On my presenting myself at Mrs. Brandley's, Estella's maid was called to tell me that Estella had gone into the country. Where? To Satis House, as usual. Not as usual, I said, for she had never yet gone there without me; when was she coming back? There was an air of reservation in the answer which increased my perplexity, and the answer was, that her maid believed she was only coming back at all for a little while. I could make nothing of this, except that it was meant that I should make nothing of it, and I went home again in complete discomfiture.

Another night-consultation with Herbert after Provis was gone home (I always took him home, and always looked well about me), led us to the conclusion that nothing should be said about going abroad until I came back from Miss Havisham's. In the mean time, Herbert and I were to consider separately what it would be best to say; whether we should devise any pretence of being afraid that he was under suspicious observation; or whether I, who had never yet been abroad, should propose an expedition. We both knew that I had but to propose anything, and he would consent. We agreed that his remaining many days in his present hazard was not to be thought of.

Next day, I had the meanness to feign that I was under a binding promise to go down to Joe; but I was capable of almost any meanness towards Joe or his name. Provis was to be strictly careful while I was gone, and Herbert was to take the charge of him that I had taken. I was to be absent only one night, and, on my return, the gratification of his impatience for my starting as a gentleman on a greater scale, was to be begun. It occurred to me then, and as I afterwards found to Herbert also, that he might be best got away across the water, on that pretence—as, to make purchases, or the like.

Having thus cleared the way for my expedition to Miss Havisham's, I set off by the early morning coach before it was yet light, and was out on the open country-road when the day came creeping on, halting and whimpering and shivering, and wrapped in patches of cloud and rags of mist, like a beggar. When we drove up to the Blue Boar after a drizzly ride, whom should I see come out under the gateway, toothpick in hand, to look at the coach, but Bentley Drummle!

As he pretended not to see me, I pretended not to see him. It was a very lame pretence on both sides; the lamer, because we both went into the coffee-room, where he had just finished his breakfast and where I ordered mine. It was poisonous to me to see him in the town, for I very well knew why he had come there.

Pretending to read a smeary newspaper long out of date, which had nothing half so legible in its local news, as the foreign matter of coffee, pickles, fish sauces, gravy, melted butter, and wine, with which it was sprinkled all over, as if it had taken the measles in a highly irregular form, I sat at my table while he stood before the fire. By degrees it became an enormous injury to me that he stood before the fire, and I got up, determined to have my share of it. I had to put my hand behind his legs for the

poker when I went up to the fireplace to stir the fire, but still pretended not to know him.

"Is this a cut?" said Mr. Drummle.

"Oh!" said I, poker in hand; "it's you, is it? How do you do? I was wondering who it was, who kept the fire off."

With that, I poked tremendously, and having done so, planted myself side by side with Mr. Drummle, my shoulders squared and my back to the fire.

"You have just come down?" said Mr. Drummle, edging me a little away with his shoulder.

"Yes," said I, edging *him* a little away with *my* shoulder.

"Beastly place," said Drummle.—"Your part of the country, I think?"

"Yes," I assented. "I am told it's very like your Shropshire."

"Not in the least like it," said Drummle.

Here Mr. Drummle looked at his boots, and I looked at mine, and then Mr. Drummle looked at my boots, and I looked at his.

"Have you been here long?" I asked, determined not to yield an inch of the fire.

"Long enough to be tired of it," returned Drummle, pretending to yawn, but equally determined.

"Do you stay here long?"

"Can't say," answered Mr. Drummle. "Do you?"

"Can't say," said I.

I felt here, through a tingling in my blood, that if Mr. Drummle's shoulder had claimed another hair's breadth of room, I should have jerked him into the window; equally, that if my own shoulder had urged a similar claim, Mr. Drummle would have jerked me into the nearest box. He whistled a little. So did I.

"Large tract of marshes about here, I believe?" said Drummle.

"Yes. What of that?" said I.

Mr. Drummle looked at me, and then at my boots, and then said, "Oh!" and laughed.

"Are you amused, Mr. Drummle?"

"No," said he, "not particularly. I am going out for a ride in the saddle. I mean to explore those marshes for amusement. Out-of-the-way villages there, they tell me. Curious little public-houses—and smithies—and that. Waiter!"

"Yes, sir."

"Is that horse of mine ready?"

"Brought round to the door, sir."

"I say. Look here, you sir. The lady won't ride to-day; the weather won't do."

"Very good, sir."

"And I don't dine, because I'm going to dine at the lady's."

"Very good, sir."

Then Drummle glanced at me, with an insolent triumph on his great-jowled face that cut me to the heart, dull as he was, and so exasperated me, that I felt inclined to take him in my arms as the robber in the story-book is said to have taken the old lady, and seat him on the fire.

One thing was manifest to both of us, and that was that until relief came, neither of us could relinquish the fire. There we stood, well squared up before it, shoulder to shoulder, and foot to foot, with our hands behind us, not budging an inch. The horse was visible outside in the drizzle at the door, my breakfast was put on table, Drummle's was cleared away, the waiter invited me to begin, I nodded, we both stood our ground.

"Have you been to the Grove since?" said Drummle.

"No," said I, "I had quite enough of the Finches the last time I was there."

"Was that when we had a difference of opinion?"

"Yes," I replied, very shortly.

"Come, come! They let you off easily enough," sneered Drummle. "You shouldn't have lost your temper."

"Mr. Drummle," said I, "you are not competent to give advice on that subject. When I lose my temper (not that I admit having done so on that occasion), I don't throw glasses."

"I do," said Drummle.

After glancing at him once or twice in an increased state of smouldering ferocity, I said:

"Mr. Drummle, I did not seek this conversation, and I don't think it an agreeable one."

"I am sure it's not," said he, superciliously over his shoulder; "I don't think anything about it."

"And therefore," I went on, "with your leave, I will suggest that we hold no kind of communication in future."

"Quite my opinion," said Drummle, "and what I should have suggested myself, or done—more likely—without suggesting. But don't lose your temper. Haven't you lost enough without that?"

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Wai-ter!" said Drummle, by way of answering me.

The waiter reappeared.

"Look here, you sir. You quite understand that the young lady don't ride to-day, and that I dine at the young lady's?"

"Quite so, sir."

When the waiter had felt my fast-cooling tea-pot with the palm of his hand, and had looked imploringly at me, and had gone out, Drummle, careful not to move the shoulder next me, took a cigar from his pocket and bit the end off, but showed no sign of stirring. Choking and boiling as I was, I felt that we could not go a word further, without introducing Estella's name, which I could not endure to hear him utter; and therefore I looked stonily at the opposite wall, as if there were no one present, and forced myself to silence. How long we might have remained in this ridiculous position it is impossible to say, but for the incursion of three thriving farmers—laid on by the waiter, I think—who came into the coffee-room unbuttoning their great-coats and rubbing their hands, and before whom, as they charged at the fire, we were obliged to give way.

I saw him through the window, seizing his horse's mane, and mounting in his blundering

brutal manner, and sidling and backing away. I thought he was gone, when he came back, calling for a light for the cigar in his mouth, which he had forgotten. A man in a dust-coloured dress appeared with what was wanted—I could not have said from where: whether from the inn yard, or the street, or where not—and as Drummle leaned down from the saddle and lighted his cigar and laughed, with a jerk of his head towards the coffee-room windows, the slouching shoulders and ragged hair of this man, whose back was towards me, reminded me of Orlick.

Too heavily out of sorts to care much at the time whether it were he or no, or after all to touch the breakfast, I washed the weather and the journey from my face and hands, and went out to the memorable old house that it would have been so much the better for me never to have entered, never to have seen.

CHAPTER XLIV.

In the room where the dressing-table stood and where the wax candles burnt on the wall, I found Miss Havisham and Estella; Miss Havisham seated on a settee near the fire, and Estella on a cushion at her feet. Estella was knitting, and Miss Havisham was looking on. They both raised their eyes as I went it, and both saw an alteration in me. I derived that, from the look they interchanged.

"And what wind," said Miss Havisham, "blows you here, Pip?"

Though she looked steadily at me, I saw that she was rather confused. Estella, pausing for a moment in her knitting with her eyes upon me, and then going on, I fancied that I read in the action of her fingers, as plainly as if she had told me in the dumb alphabet, that she perceived I had discovered my real benefactor.

"Miss Havisham," said I, "I went to Richmond yesterday to speak to Estella; and finding that some wind had blown *her* here, I followed."

Miss Havisham motioning to me for the third or fourth time to sit down, I took the chair by the dressing-table which I had often seen her occupy. With all that ruin at my feet and about me, it seemed a natural place for me, that day.

"What I had to say to Estella, Miss Havisham, I will say before you, presently—in a few moments. It will not surprise you, it will not displease you. I am as unhappy as you can ever have meant me to be."

Miss Havisham continued to look steadily at me. I could see in the action of Estella's fingers as they worked, that she attended to what I said; but she did not look up.

"I have found out who my patron is. It is not a fortunate discovery, and is not likely ever to enrich me in reputation, station, fortune, anything. There are reasons why I must say no more of that. It is not my secret, but another's."

As I was silent for a while, looking at Estella and considering how to go on, Miss Havisham repeated, "It is not your secret, but another's. Well?"

"When you first caused me to be brought here, Miss Havisham; when I belonged to the village over yonder that I wish I had never left; I suppose I did really come here, as any other chance boy might have come—as a kind of servant, to gratify a want or a whim, and to be paid for it?"

"Ay, Pip," replied Miss Havisham, steadily nodding her head; "you did."

"And that Mr. Jaggers——"

"Mr. Jaggers," said Miss Havisham, taking me up in a firm tone, "had nothing to do with it, and knew nothing of it. His being my lawyer, and his being the lawyer of your patron, is a coincidence. He holds the same relation towards numbers of people, and it might easily arise. Be that as it may, it did arise, and was not brought about by any one."

Any one might have seen in her haggard face that there was no suppression or evasion so far.

"But when I fell into the mistake I have so long remained in, at least you led me on?" said I.

"Yes," she returned, again nodding steadily, "I let you go on."

"Was that kind?"

"Who am I," cried Miss Havisham, striking her stick upon the floor and flashing into wrath so suddenly that Estella glanced up at her in surprise, "who am I, for God's sake, that I should be kind!"

It was a weak complaint to have made, and I had not meant to make it. I told her so, as she sat brooding after this outburst.

"Well, well, well!" she said. "What else?"

"I was liberally paid for my old attendance here," said I, to soothe her, "in being apprenticed, and I have asked these questions only for my own information. What follows has another (and I hope more disinterested) purpose. In humouring my mistake, Miss Havisham, you punished—practised on—perhaps you will supply whatever term expresses your intention, without offence—your self-seeking relations?"

"I did," said she. "Why, they would have it so! So would you. What has been my history, that I should be at the pains of entreating either them, or you, not to have it so! You made your own snares. *I* never made them."

Waiting until she was quiet again—for this, too, flashed out of her in a wild and sudden way—I went on.

"I have been thrown among one family of your relations, Miss Havisham, and have been constantly among them since I went to London. I know them to have been as honestly under my delusion as I myself. And I should be false and base if I did not tell you, whether it is acceptable to you or no, and whether you are inclined to give credence to it or no, that you deeply wrong both Mr. Matthew Pocket and his son Herbert, if you suppose them to be otherwise than generous, upright, open, and incapable of anything designing or mean."

"They are your friends," said Miss Havisham.

"They made themselves my friends," said I,

"when they supposed me to have superseded them; and when Sarah Pocket, Miss Georgiana, and Mistress Camilla, were not my friends, I think."

This contrasting of them with the rest seemed, I was glad to see, to do them good with her. She looked at me keenly for a little while, and then said quietly:

"What do you want for them?"

"Only," said I, "that you would not confound them with the others. They may be of the same blood, but, believe me, they are not of the same nature."

Still looking at me keenly, Miss Havisham repeated:

"What do you want for them?"

"I am not so cunning, you see," I said, in answer, conscious that I reddened a little, "as that I could hide from you, even if I desired, that I do want something. Miss Havisham, if you would spare the money to do my friend Herbert a lasting service in life, but which from the nature of the case must be done without his knowledge, I could show you how."

"Why must it be done without his knowledge?" she asked, settling her hands upon her stick, that she might regard me the more attentively.

"Because," said I, "I began the service myself more than two years ago, without his knowledge, and I don't want to be betrayed. Why I fail in my ability to finish it, I cannot explain. It is a part of the secret which is another person's and not mine."

She gradually withdrew her eyes from me, and turned them on the fire. After watching it for what appeared in the silence and by the light of the slowly wasting candles to be a long time, she was roused by the collapse of some of the red coals, and looked towards me again—at first vacantly—then with a gradually concentrating attention. All this time, Estella knitted on. When Miss Havisham had fixed her attention on me, she said, speaking as if there had been no lapse in our dialogue:

"What else?"

"Estella," said I, turning to her now, and trying to command my trembling voice, "you know I love you. You know that I have loved you long and dearly."

She raised her eyes to my face, on being thus addressed, and her fingers plied their work, and she looked at me with an unmoved countenance. I saw that Miss Havisham glanced from me to her, and from her to me.

"I should have said this sooner, but for my long mistake. It induced me to hope that Miss Havisham meant us for one another. While I thought you could not help yourself, as it were, I refrained from saying it. But I must say it now."

Preserving her unmoved countenance, and with her fingers still going, Estella shook her head.

"I know," said I, in answer to that action; "I know. I have no hope that I shall ever call you mine, Estella. I am ignorant what may become of me very soon, how poor I may be, or where I may go. Still, I love you. I have loved you ever since I first saw you in this house."

Looking at me perfectly unmoved and with her fingers busy, she shook her head again.

"It would have been cruel in Miss Havisham, horribly cruel, to practise on the susceptibility of a poor boy, and to torture me through all these years with a vain hope and an idle pursuit, if she had reflected on the gravity of what she did. But I think she did not. I think that in the endurance of her own suffering, she forgot mine, Estella."

I saw Miss Havisham put her hand to her heart and hold it there, as she sat looking by turns at Estella and at me.

"It seems," said Estella, very calmly, "that there are sentiments, fancies—I don't know how to call them—which I am not able to comprehend. When you say you love me, I know what you mean, as a form of words; but nothing more. You address nothing in my breast, you touch nothing there. I don't care for what you say at all. I have tried to warn you of this; now, have I not?"

I said in a miserable manner, "Yes."

"Yes. But you would not be warned, for you thought I didn't mean it. Now, did you not?"

"I thought and hoped you could not mean it. You, so young, untried, and beautiful, Estella! Surely it is not in Nature."

"It is in *my* nature," she returned. And then she added, with a stress upon the words, "It is in the nature formed within me. I make a great difference between you and all other people when I say so much. I can do no more."

"Is it not true," said I, "that Bentley Drummle is in town here, and pursuing you?"

"It is quite true," she replied, referring to him with the indifference of utter contempt.

"That you encourage him, and ride out with him, and that he dines with you this very day?"

She seemed a little surprised that I should know it, but again replied, "Quite true."

"You cannot love him, Estella!"

Her fingers stopped for the first time, as she retorted rather angrily, "What have I told you? Do you still think, in spite of it, that I do not mean what I say?"

"You would never marry him, Estella?"

She looked towards Miss Havisham, and considered for a moment with her work in her hands. Then she said, "Why not tell you the truth? I am going to be married to him."

I dropped my face into my hands, but was able to control myself better than I could have expected, considering what agony it gave me to hear her say those words. When I raised my face again, there was such a ghastly look upon Miss Havisham's, that it impressed me, even in my passionate hurry and grief.

"Estella, dearest dearest Estella, do not let Miss Havisham lead you into this fatal step. Put me aside for ever—you have done so, I well know—but bestow yourself on some worthier person than Drummle. Miss Havisham gives

you to him, as the greatest slight and injury that could be done to the many far better men who admire you, and to the few who truly love you. Among those few, there may be one who loves you even as dearly, though he has not loved you as long, as I. Take him, and I can bear it better, for your sake!"

My earnestness awoke a wonder in her that seemed as if it would have been touched with compassion, if she could have rendered me at all intelligible to her own mind.

"I am going," she said again, in a gentler voice, "to be married to him. The preparations for my marriage are making, and I shall be married soon. Why do you injuriously introduce the name of my mother by adoption? It is my own act."

"Your own act, Estella, to fling yourself away upon a brute?"

"On whom should I fling myself away?" she retorted, with a smile. "Should I fling myself away upon the man who would the soonest feel (if people do feel such things) that I took nothing to him? There! It is done. I shall do well enough, and so will my husband. As to leading me into what you call this fatal step, Miss Havisham would have had me wait, and not marry yet; but I am tired of the life I have led, which has very few charms for me, and I am willing enough to change it. Say no more. We shall never understand each other."

"Such a mean brute, such a stupid brute!" I urged in despair.

"Don't be afraid of my being a blessing to him," said Estella; "I shall not be that. Come! Here is my hand. Do we part on this, you visionary boy——or man?"

"O Estella!" I answered, as my bitter tears fell fast on her hand, do what I would to restrain them; "even if I remained in England and could hold my head up with the rest, how could I see you Drummle's wife!"

"Nonsense," she returned, "nonsense. This will pass in no time."

"Never, Estella!"

"You will get me out of your thoughts in a week."

"Out of my thoughts! You are part of my existence, part of myself. You have been in every line I have ever read since I first came here, the rough common boy whose poor heart you wounded even then. You have been in every prospect I have ever seen since—on the river, on the sails of the ships, on the marshes, in the clouds, in the light, in the darkness, in the wind, in the woods, in the sea, in the streets. You have been the embodiment of every graceful fancy that my mind has ever become acquainted with. The stones of which the strongest London buildings are made, are not more real, or more impossible to be displaced by your hands, than your presence and influence have been to me, there and everywhere, and will be. Estella, to the last hour of my life, you cannot choose but remain part of my character, part of the little good in me, part of the evil. But, in this separation I associate you only with the good, and I will faithfully hold you to that always, for you must have done me far more good than harm, let me feel now what sharp distress I may. O God bless you, God forgive you!"

In what ecstasy of unhappiness I got these broken words out of myself, I don't know. The rhapsody welled up within me, like blood from an inward wound, and gushed out. I held her hand to my lips some lingering moments, and so I left her. But ever afterwards, I remembered—and soon afterwards with stronger reason—that while Estella looked at me merely with incredulous wonder, the spectral figure of Miss Havisham, her hand still covering her heart, seemed all resolved into a ghastly stare of pity and remorse.

All done, all gone! So much was done and gone, that when I went out at the gate, the light of the day seemed of a darker colour than when I went in. For a while, I hid myself among some lanes and by-paths, and then struck off to walk all the way to London. For, I had by that time come to myself so far, as to consider that I could not go back to the inn and see Drummle there; that I could not bear to sit upon the coach and be spoken to; that I could do nothing half so good for myself as tire myself out.

It was past midnight when I crossed London Bridge. Pursuing the narrow intricacies of the streets which at that time tended westward near the Middlesex shore of the river, my readiest access to the Temple was close by the river-side, through Whitefriars. I was not expected till to-morrow, but I had my keys, and, if Herbert were gone to bed, could get to bed myself without disturbing him.

As it seldom happened that I came in at that Whitefriars gate after the Temple was closed, and as I was very muddy and weary, I did not take it ill that the night-porter examined me with much attention as he held the gate a little way open for me to pass in. To help his memory, I mentioned my name.

"I was not quite sure, sir, but I thought so. Here's a note, sir. The messenger that brought it, said would you be so good as read it by my lantern."

Much surprised by the request, I took the note. It was directed to Philip Pip, Esquire, and on the top of the superscription were the words, "PLEASE READ THIS, HERE." I opened it, the watchman holding up his light, and read inside, in Wemmick's writing:

"DON'T GO HOME."

AFTER THE LEBANON MASSACRES.

I TOOK my departure from Beyrout last summer, for the purpose of spending a couple of days with the hospitable owner of the silk-reeling factory of Ein-Hamade, situated in one of the most beautiful valleys of the Lebanon. Although only two months had elapsed since the fearful massacres by the Druses, which so horrified Europe, and although no native Christian would have dared to go alone to any district in Lebanon where the Druses abound, a French

gentleman, myself, a Moslem horseman given us by the government, and two native Christian servants, was considered perfectly safe, as the Druses—unlike the Moslems of Damascus—have always respected the person and property of Europeans, especially of Englishmen.

Our route lay to the East and North of the town gates of Beyrout, after leaving which about a mile behind us we passed the remains of an old brick building, displaying a large brown mark, as if some peculiar plaster had been long ago flung against the wall, and had become petrified upon it. One of the childish local legends has it that it was here the celebrated fight between St. George and the Dragon took place; and that, after the conflict was over, the saint coming here to wash his hands, flung off the soapsuds, and thus caused the marks now seen on the wall. A little further on we crossed the Beyrout river by a Roman bridge of seven arches, which, although a few more winters must destroy, the Turkish government do nothing to mend: for the same reason, I suppose, that they have never, since they reoccupied the country in 1840, made a road or raised a public building of any kind, save a huge useless pile of barracks for the soldiers at Beyrout, which is capable of holding a garrison about four times as large as the Porte can ever afford to send to Syria. All over the provinces of Syria and Palestine it is curious to observe the remains of public works, many of them still in excellent condition, made by every nation that has ruled the land, save only the Osmanli Turks. The Jews, the Phœnicians, the Romans, the Crusaders, and more recently the Egyptians, have each left some mark of their occupation. Even the Emir Beshir, who ruled over Lebanon for nearly half a century, and whose banishment from Syria by us English in 1840 has proved such a curse for the country, left a splendid palace in the mountain, and a good bridle road from Beyrout to the very centre of Lebanon. It is true that both have fallen into ruin and decay; for, in twenty years, the Turks have never repaired either. And other emirs and sheiks, Druse and Christian, have here and there built handsome residences, erected factories, and terraced out large parts of the rocky mountain, so as to sow it with corn or plant it with mulberry-trees. Nor have Europeans been idle in the bringing into Lebanon capital, and in building factories for the reeling of silk. Missionaries, too, Protestant and Catholic, have here and there erected churches, hospitals, and schools, in Beyrout and elsewhere, and the French troops, since they landed in Syria six months ago, have made more roads than the Turkish government had made in the twenty years it has possessed the land. An excellent carriage-road, the only one throughout Turkey in Asia, is now being made from Beyrout to Damascus by a French Joint Stock Company. The Turk, and he alone, has done nothing whatever for the country, except exact all its revenues. The Osmanli's mission is to destroy, not to build up. He loves a ruin, and loathes anything that is new or useful or likely to benefit mankind. From the Beyrout river we proceeded towards the sea-shore by what was once a paved Roman road, about a mile long. The stones are rotten, and covered with thick heavy dust, over which a horse steps and stumbles, and strains and lames himself, trying to get along.

Clear of this break-neck road, our way for a mile or so was along the firm sandy beach of St. George's Bay, along which our horses stepped gaily as they jogged along. Whatever may be—and are, no doubt—the delights of railway travelling, commend me to the free and independent feeling which all—save either a very bad horseman, or one to whom the petty comforts of civilisation are essential—must feel on starting on a trip in the East. Mounted on a good horse, a pair of saddle-bags under your servant on a second nag, care and business left behind for the time, certain of a hospitable welcome, a good table, and a comfortable bed at your destination: certain, also, that neither post nor telegram can overtake you to mar your holiday, I know of nothing more pleasant than an expedition like that on which we were bound. But it is only in the East that it can be undertaken, for the West has got far too civilised for anything save conventional pleasures, which must be more or less ruled by Bradshaw and the pocket. Moreover, there is something so exhilarating in journeying on Lebanon that the troubles of the path are forgotten. Every now and then your horse has to make his way over large slabs of smooth slippery rock, but it hardly ever happens that he makes a false step, and, when he does so, he recovers himself in a wonderfully quick way. The splendid bracing air, getting cooler and cooler the higher we ascend, the delightful smell of the pine-trees, and the beautifully wild and varied scenes met with at every turn of the path, amply repay one for all discomfort or trouble. The ascent on our road was very rapid indeed. Even at the foot's pace we travelled at, an hour and a half after leaving the sea we were more than a thousand feet above its level. Then we called our first halt, and, under the shade of some magnificent pine-trees, sat down to discuss the eatables which we had brought with us for breakfast. Here, just under the village of Brumana, is perhaps one of the most beautiful of the many views for which Lebanon is celebrated. Looking towards Beyrout, it seemed as if we could have thrown a stone into the sea, the extraordinary transparency of the Syrian atmosphere occasioning the apparent distances of all objects to be wonderfully diminished. Around us on every side was the extraordinary terrace cultivation peculiar to Lebanon. The amount of industry which must have been expended on this, and the richness of the soil which, scattered as it were in mere handfuls on the rocks, brings forth in such abundance, are testimony enough, if other were wanting, that if Syria had but a tolerably honest government, if men on this land could expect to reap what they sow, it would be one of the most flourishing countries in the whole world.

Upward and onward our road led past this once populous, but now burnt-down, village of Brumana. Like every other Christian village throughout this district, it was wealthy and flourishing three months before the period we passed it—had its harvests of oil, grapes, and silk—but was in May last burnt to the ground by the Druses, and the inhabitants—those who were not murdered—turned out as beggars to starve and die, as they most certainly would have done were it not for the help afforded them by the munificent charity of England, which, in the course of about six months, sent nearly fifty thousand pounds in money and clothes to the unfortunate population of Lebanon. Yet let us not blame the Druses too severely. Savage and bloodthirsty as they were against the Christians, and fearful as were the wholesale massacres they committed, they were but the instruments of the Turkish government in a most fiendish plot to trample out the whole Christian element in Syria. This is the opinion of every one, whatever be his country or creed, who happened to be in Syria during the summer of 1860, a season long to be remembered in the annals of crime. Regarding the respective culpability of the Druses or Christians in the mere civil war, there may and does exist considerable difference of opinion, but I never heard but the one verdict pronounced about the Turkish authorities, which was that they were the instigators, aiders, and abettors of the massacres; using the Druses as instruments with which to exterminate the whole Christian population in Lebanon. This idea is greatly if not altogether confirmed by three circumstances, to the truth of both of which I can bear witness. Throughout the horrors which the Druses committed in the mountain, they were firmly impressed with the conviction that, in slaying right and left every male amongst the Christians, they were but obeying the orders of the Sultan. The second is, that in no single village or town where the massacres took place, did the Turkish authorities or Turkish troops in any way try to prevent them. The former looked on with approval; the latter not only joined the Druses, but were so much more infamous that they dishonoured the Christian women, whom the Druses respected. The third circumstance is that in no part of the Mountain did these cold-blooded wholesale massacres of unarmed men take place, except where there were Turkish authorities and Turkish troops. I do not speak of the mere civil war, where Druses shot down Maronites and Maronites killed Druses; each party burning the villages of the other as they obtained the mastery for the moment. This savage system of warfare is unfortunately the custom of the country, and I fear will be so for years to come. But the deliberate wholesale butchery of hundreds of unarmed men—the slaying of their fellow-creatures until the very "rivulets of the streets flowed in blood,"*—such as happened at Dheir-el-Kammar, Hashbeiya, Rasheia, Jezzin, and under the walls of Sidon: horrors like these never happened in any previous civil war in Lebanon, and only happened this time in such places as there were a Turkish garrison and Turkish authorities. Be it, moreover, remembered that, although these massacres were perpetrated in the month of June, not a single Druse, nor a single Turkish officer nor soldier, was arraigned or punished for several months afterwards.

Leaving Brumana to our right and below us, we crossed the top of the first ridge of Lebanon; and, on the table-land above, as we moved for a time over level ground and under a magnificent forest of pines, the splendid view of the valley of the Meten burst upon us, running right away to the foot of the Kuneiseh range; the peaks of which are not more than two or three months without snow throughout the year. Far on, at the head of the valley, is the castle and village of Corneille, celebrated as one of the scenes in the romance of "Conrad," whilst nearer, but on the opposite side of the valley, is the castle and village of Soleima, both of which belong to Christian emirs of the mountain, but both of which were burnt down during the civil war of 1845 between the Druses and Maronites. As we halted our horses on the table-land at the entrance of the valley, I counted, with the aid of my little telescope, no less than sixteen large-sized villages, and more than twenty churches, burnt to the ground, and without a living soul amongst them. In a former journey I had seen this same valley of the Meten alive with an industrious thriving population. The last time I was here, on my road to visit the Emir Moussa (since dead) and the convent Mar Hanna,* the whole country was thickly peopled. I remember it was a fête day. In every village the church bells were ringing the congregations to mass, and every half-mile, or oftener, we met groups of well-dressed, well-mounted emirs, sheiks, or peasants, on their way to worship. What change had been wrought in the land by the late civil war! Far and near, as distant as the eye could see, even by the help of an excellent glass, not a soul was visible throughout this vast valley.

A little further on, our road led again down hill. Formerly, we should have met or have overtaken every five minutes laden animals going to or coming from Beyrout, on their way to or from the various villages in the district. This time not a man or beast did we see until we reached the very bottom of the ravine, where we fell in with three Druse horsemen, who were watering their horses at the fountain, and who, as we stopped to let our animals drink, commenced asking us the news from Beyrout, what ships of war had come into the harbour; what about the French?

After leaving the bed of the river at the foot of the ravine, we turned sharp round to the

* The words of a poor woman whose husband and five sons were butchered before her eyes at Dheir-el-Kammar, when relating the details of the massacre to the writer.

* See Coffee and Pipes, vol. xviii. p. 447 of Household Words.

right, and commenced the ascent of the opposite side of the mountain, rounding at the same time a long spur of this range of Lebanon, and opening out another and a totally different view of the magnificent and ever-changing panorama of these hills and valleys. Our road led right through the very middle of three burnt-down Christian villages, with their churches in ruins and their houses roofless. Not a living soul was to be seen in any one of these hamlets. At last a sharp turn in the pathway brought us in full sight and close to the silk factory, which, standing in the middle of its well-cultivated grounds, and with unmistakable signs of civilisation and industry around it, was a very great relief after the scenes of spoliation and burning we had passed through. A large iron gate—most unmistakably French, and exactly like what is to be seen at the entrance of every factory near Lyons and Mulhouse—admitted us into a long wide avenue, leading up to the commodious dwelling-house of the proprietor, and in a very few minutes we had dismounted from our horses, and were shaking our host by the hand, not sorry to have brought ourselves in safety over a nearly six hours' ride of the Lebanon roads.

According to universal custom in the East, whether amongst natives or Europeans, we were first taken into the drawing-room, and offered cool sherbet, with black coffee, and a half-hour's smoke. In Lebanon, and throughout Syria, travellers are not supposed to burden themselves with dress clothes, and our toilets merely consisted in a hearty ablution of hands and face, and the substitution of easy-fitting shoes for our long riding-boots. By this time the dinner bell rang, and we followed the servant to the dining-room, where the whole of the Europeans connected with the establishment were assembled for the evening meal. The party was not a small one, for our host maintains the good old-fashioned system of all his French subordinates dining with himself at the same table.

Early the next morning we turned out for a walk round the grounds, and an inspection of the factory. Monsieur M. is now the principal owner of a splendid silk-reeling factory, working a hundred and thirty wheels, and employing altogether nearly two hundred persons. The silk of Ein-Hamade is well known and highly valued in the Marseilles and Lyons markets, owing to the excellence of the machinery used, and the careful superintendence of the reelers by Frenchwomen, who have themselves been brought up to the trade of silk reeling in their own country. This was the chief secret of Monsieur M.'s success. He and all his family for several generations have been silk reelers in the town or neighbourhood of Ganges, near Montpellier. All the French employés at the Ein-Hamade factory are, like the proprietor, from Ganges, and, like him, they are all Protestants, most of them having, as they told me, members of their families who fled to England after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. These circumstances give a sort of family feeling, or esprit de corps, amongst Monsieur M.'s subordinates, which must help him greatly in his business; for, although only salaried assistants, it was very evident that each one of them took a personal interest in the welfare of the establishment, and great pride in the quality of the silk it produces.

Walking through the great reeling rooms of the factory, it was pleasant to see the good ventilation, cleanness, and order everywhere apparent, and still more so to observe the healthy looks of the factory girls. The latter are all natives of the neighbouring villages, or rather of the villages which existed before the late civil war. In the immediate neighbourhood of Ein-Hamade the Druses and Christians fought; the former, being supported and helped by the Turkish government, got the upper hand, and as they burnt all the Christian villages, the inhabitants of them had to fly to Beyrout or Sidon. As a matter of course this stopped entirely the working of the silk factories in Lebanon, that of Ein-Hamade included. After a short time, however, many of the Christians whose children had employment in this establishment before the outbreak, returned to the place, and they have all been housed by Monsieur M. in the various cottages on his property. What between his factory girls, their relatives, and refugee Christians from the various villages, our host, when we visited the place, was feeding daily, at his own expense, about five hundred persons, of whom nearly three hundred were sick from exposure and want, after losing their houses and all they had. One large village, barely a gunshot from the factory, was burnt down by the Druses, but although a large body of the latter threatened one day to set fire to the whole establishment unless Monsieur M. delivered up to them some three hundred Christians who had taken refuge within his walls, they ended by going away and not carrying their threats into execution.

The silk-reeling business in Lebanon is not only very extensive, but is every year increasing greatly, both in quantity and quality of the produce, although no doubt the late civil war will injure it for the next year or two. Even with the suicidal export duty of fifteen per cent which the Turkish government imposes on all exported produce, the quantity of silk produced in Lebanon alone has quite doubled, and has nearly quadrupled in value, during the last ten years. The reason for the former increase is the vast quantities of land which the sheiks and peasants—Druse as well as Christian seeing how greatly it is their interest to do so—have recovered from utter unproductiveness and planted with mulberry-trees. The cause of the vast increase in value is owing to the introduction of European-fashioned machinery in the reeling, and thus producing a much finer quality of silk, which is all shipped for the Lyons market.

There are only four or five large silk manufactories like that of Ein-Hamade in the Lebanon, one of which belongs to an Englishman, the rest to French firms. But in the

Kesrouan and other Christian parts of the mountain there are small factories of thirty, twenty, and even ten wheels, set up with European machinery. These small establishments, although they cannot produce silk of the same quality as the large factories, are able to reel what is sixty or seventy per cent. more profitable than that which the old-fashioned native wheels brought forth. What between the money paid to the peasants for their cocoons, the wages paid, the reelers in the factories, the amount paid for firewood in the Lebanon, and what is expended on building and repairs of the factories, there has been of late, during an average year, half a million sterling "turned over" in producing of silk in Lebanon and the adjacent parts. This money is nearly all drawn from France, as almost the whole of the silk produced in Syria goes to that country. This greatly increasing industry, too, formed by degrees the wealth of the native Christians (the Druses cultivate and produce cocoons, but do not reel or export silk) of Syria, and was, no doubt, one great cause of the late war being instigated by the Turks. It is calculated that with moderate prudence and a fair knowledge of the country and the business, the owners of the silk-reeling factories in Lebanon average about twenty-five per cent. per annum profit on their capital. But the drawback has ever been the dishonesty of the Turkish government, as well as the enormous export duty which the same government imposes on all produce shipped from the country, thus most effectually killing the goose for the sake of the golden egg.

Next morning, after the twelve o'clock breakfast, we started off with our host to visit some of the burnt-down villages in the neighbourhood of the factory. There was something most mournful to behold in the nearer views of these heaps of blackened walls, and still more so in the few heart-broken despairing creatures which we fell in with hovering about the ruins of their once happy homes. And yet this district did not see half the horrors of the war, for although Druses fought Christians and Christians Druses, there were no wholesale massacres. As an old Maronite priest said to us, "By the mercy of God there were no Turkish troops in this district, and therefore we escaped treachery and butchery." Druses and Christians of the Lebanon both testify that, until the Turks regained possession of that province in 1840, these two sects lived in harmony with each other. Local disputes there were, as there must always be between half-civilised tribes; but these quarrels were invariably between rival families of Druses, or different parties of Christians. And in such feuds certain Christians would be found fighting on one side with one faction of the Druses, whilst others took part with the enemies of that party.

Amongst other villages we visited that afternoon, was one called Soolima, higher up the valley, and on a much higher elevation of the mountain than the factory. Curious enough, this place had neither been plundered nor burnt. The inhabitants consisted of two-thirds Christians and one-third Druses. These had come to an understanding amongst themselves that they would not fight each other, and that all property should be mutually respected. The compact had been faithfully observed, the only exception being a Capuchin convent, or mission-house. The only monk, an Italian Capuchin, who inhabited the convent, had fled to Beyrout at the first outbreak of the war. His church and convent were situated close to the high road, and some Druses from a distant village happening to pass on their way to one of the numerous fights, found the occasion too tempting, broke into the house, and plundered all the little property of the poor padre. The latter had left the French flag flying on his house when he fled, hoping that the Druses would respect it and pass his church by, the more so as all European Roman Catholic missionaries in the East are known to be under the special protection of France. But, in this instance, it so happened that the only European house in the village was the only one broken into or plundered.

Late in the evening we returned to the factory, and on the following day started again for Beyrout.

THE MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR.

If we understand the gentleman whose ambition it is to lay claim to the above title of Minister of the Interior, he is desirous of proving by his communications—first, that there is a great public want of some officer who shall enjoy a general commission on a large scale to set right everything that is going wrong; and, secondly, that he is the person to take upon himself that onerous and responsible function.

He therefore proposes, until some more efficient person can be found to his satisfaction—when he will instantly resign his despatch-box and his office in Upping-street—to set up in business in that capacity at once. All communications for the Minister of the Interior must be addressed: To His Excellency, the Minister of the Interior, Office of the Interior, Upping-street, Dustminster.

The Minister's first report touches on certain objectionable features in connexion with the Liberty of the Subject, and runs thus:

It is the humble opinion of the Minister of the Interior that "the subject has in this country a little too much liberty, and he would submit to his colleagues in office one or two cases in which it appears to him that that liberty might be curtailed with infinite advantage to the community at large.

There are many persons in private life who have liberty to do and say things, to do or say which should be decidedly illegal. Why, for instance, should the unscrupulous advertiser invite us to purchase a good sound sherry at twenty-four shillings? Why is he free so to describe that peppery and unwholesome liquid? Somebody or other must be taken in by this,

and what poison does that somebody imbibe, and, which is worse, inflict upon the friends who gather round his board?

The fallacious wretches, too, who profess to cure indigestion, or toothache, ought they to be at liberty to put forth the statements of their power to heal, with which they seek to take in the dyspeptic and the dentally afflicted?

And whilst on the subject of advertisements, may the Minister not inquire why a certain middle-aged female should be left free—without the slightest claim to the title—to describe herself in the public prints as a "Cook;" free to come to the house of the Minister of the Interior, to stipulate for a salary of thirty pounds a year, and then to poison the Minister and those near and dear to him for the space of that calendar month during which he is obliged to retain the impostor in his service? The liberty of a gentleman aspiring to the medical line to call himself surgeon when he is not one, has been put a stop to, why should not the same restrictions be laid on the liberty of unqualified cooks?

But among the "subjects" whose liberty the Minister of the Interior would wish to see very much curtailed indeed, are the following:—Patrick O'Grady, Michael Collins, William (ordinarily called "Bill") Davis, Sarah Sagg, and Bridget Sullivan. The Minister of the Interior begs to suggest that in every one of these cases "the liberty of the subject" is a most gigantic and utter mistake.

Now, should any one to whom these names may be unfamiliar, wish to be informed who the bearers of them are, and why it is desirable that their personal freedom should be interfered with, he is at once referred to the very next number of the Times newspaper, and requested to turn to the very excellent police report which appears every day in that journal. He will there find most probably all, but almost certainly some one, of the names quoted above, figuring in cases of robbery, violence, and outrage of the most monstrous kind. He will find that that excellent old gentleman, Mr. Mouser, was returning to his house at Camberwell, after dining with a friend, when the prisoner Davis meeting him, inquired the way to the Elephant and Castle. He will find that Mr. Mouser had no sooner stopped to give Davis the required information, than all the rest of the gang, whose names appear above, rushed out upon him from some neighbouring ambush, that Sarah Sagg, a powerfully-built woman, knocked his hat over his eyes, that Michael Collins struck him a violent blow on the back of his head, while Patrick O'Grady favoured him with a similar attention in the pit of the stomach; that at the same time the man Davis and the woman Sullivan secured the watch, chain, money, and other valuables which the poor old gentleman had about him, and that the whole party made off just at the moment when a policeman, attracted at last by Mr. Mouser's cries, dawned upon the distant horizon.

Such is, briefly, an account of one of the ordinary exploits of Michael Collins and the gang to which he belongs. There is generally a great monotony in their proceedings. On some occasions there may be more brutality shown than on others. Mr. Mouser's spectacles may be rammed into his eyes, or his umbrella thrust down his throat. Sometimes, too, this amiable society will fall into disputes among themselves, on the question of the right division of their newly acquired property, when, in the heat of argument, Michael Collins will execute the College Hornpipe on the body of his friend Davis. Sometimes, again, the attack on Mr. Mouser will take place before a large number of amiable witnesses, who will look on, from the windows of their houses, or other situations, while he is being maltreated, but will prudently abstain from interfering, or—as in a recent case of this kind—will "keep their houses close shut" against the victim, in spite of his cries and appeals for succour. These variations in this popular melody are met with from time to time; but the "motivo" is almost invariably the same.

But there is one other circumstance connected with this band of kindred spirits which is quite as invariable as any that have been mentioned above. In the description of this little coterie as it appears in the police sheet, it will always be found not only that Michael Collins was a ruffianly looking fellow, Bill Davis a man of gigantic stature, and Bridget Sullivan a woman of a powerful and masculine frame, but also—and it is to this point that we have all this time been coming—that all the members of this gang were WELL KNOWN TO THE POLICE!

Well-known, indeed. It would be odd if they were not. The police have brought up each one of those individuals often enough—Bridget Sullivan has only been out of prison two days—have often enough removed them from that dock to the prison-van, and have had opportunities enough of scanning their distorted features to know them for the most hideous and dangerous animals that even the jungles in St. Giles's, or the New Cut, Lambeth, have got to show.

"Known to the police;" for atrocities, outrages, and crimes, without number, why are these wretches allowed to be at large? When Bill Davis's term of imprisonment is over, and he comes out of jail, it is well known that he will not go to work, but that he will simply return to his former practices, and to his old haunts and old associates. It is about as likely that Bill will reform and do any good as that the tiger in the Zoological-gardens will suddenly turn into a wood-pigeon, and coo through the long summer days among the beech-trees at Burnham.

It is not so easy to reform. To break through the commonest habit requires a might of resolution, a depth of principle, a strength of conviction, which those know about who have ever achieved so rare and glorious an exploit. Reform is not a thing of a day's effort, or a month's effort, or a year's. The purpose with which it is undertaken is not assailed by slight shocks, or few. It is not even begun till such assaults as shake every nerve have torn the hero who with-

stands them, and left him weak and bleeding. Reform is not tested till every voice which a man hears has cried yield; till he has seen his associates yielding, and those whom he has pinned his faith on yielding; till he has felt his own heart yielding, and his reason yielding, and has yet held on, and clung to his purpose with nerveless but determined hands.

This, and this only, is reform; and is it likely under these circumstances that Bill Davis will reform?

The Minister of the Interior is of opinion that there is abroad at this present time a great deal of false philanthropy and of morbid mercy; we are too merciful to Michael Collins and not merciful enough to poor Mr. Mouser. When Michael Collins leaves the jail, in which he has probably, to begin with, not been half tormented enough to make him dread finding himself there again, the turnkey who lets him out knows as certainly that he is going forth to batter in Mr. Mouser's skull and to steal Mr. Mouser's watch —previously gouging out a few eyes among his acquaintance—this is as well known to the jailer as that when Mr. Flashpan arrives at King's Cross-station with his dogs en route for Scotland, he is going to the Highlands to fire at the red-deer—and miss them.

This being so, the Minister of the Interior is inclined to think that when we have once got hold of Michael Collins we should most certainly not let him go again. What do we do with a thoroughly vicious horse? We neither kill him nor let him go, we utilise him. We employ his muscular forces; we fasten him securely to an omnibus, or some other equally uncompromising vehicle, and we make him drag it. We should apply this same rule to Michael, to keep him out of mischief; but above all things we should not let him enjoy that liberty of which he makes so foul a use. There are some charities a certain number of donations to which constitute a life-governor, so there should be some jails a certain number of committals to which should give a title to a life-residence. By the time that our friend Michael has got well known to the police, depend upon it the period has arrived when it is highly desirable that he should not be well known to anybody else, unless it is to the jailer who takes care of him, the sentry who watches him, and one other person, about whom the Minister of the Interior has now a word or two to say. That other person is the prison chaplain.

The Minister of the Interior would then most earnestly entreat the prison chaplain not to believe a single word that Michael says to him; to be guided entirely by Michael's behaviour, and to put no trust in his amendment till years, and not a few of them, have tested it.

Not a few of them. The Minister of the Interior is acquainted with a gentleman (who is at this moment not a hundred miles away from the table at which these words are written) who was at one time of his life a very late riser in the morning. Well, this gentleman becoming convinced that it was injurious to his health and to his prospects generally to indulge in these slothful habits, came at last to a fixed determination that he would break through them. Undeterred by numerous failures, he continued then to struggle against temptation, and struggled with such energy and to such purpose that at last he really did become what he had proposed, and was quite a model as to his habits in the morning. For four years did this go on, and the rigour of four winters could not bind the blankets round this heroic gentleman after seven o'clock in the morning. But about this time our friend had an illness which rendered it necessary that, for a few days, he should keep his bed till the morning was far advanced. In that short time, all the good effect of the previous four years was undone; nature revived again, the habit of lying in bed became re-established, and the eleven o'clock breakfast reigned once more triumphant. After some time had elapsed, the late rising became again intolerable, and with it a superhuman effort to determine to conquer it. This resolution has been put in force and sustained again—Heavens, with what effort! —for years, yet he is very far from feeling safe. Let the prison chaplain, bearing in his memory some such case as this—of which he may have, perhaps, personal knowledge in himself—let him be very very mistrustful of Michael's profession of reformation. It is pleasant, doubtless, to be told by Michael that your teaching and your eloquence have taken such effect that he no longer feels the same man, and that he longs to go forth and reclaim that poor sinner Bill Davis, and to bring Biddy Sullivan to evening church. It is pleasant and flattering to the chaplain to hear that his influence has been so great as this; but ought he to put any confidence in such professions? Let *him* also refer to the police reports and the assize sheet, and see how many of the offences recorded in those calendars of crime are perpetrated by the holders of tickets-of-leave, and the like diplomas of reform.

There are a great many more "subjects" whose liberty, in the opinion of the Minister of the Interior, is dangerous to our community.

How about the man who, when you are feeling anything but well, and are rather anxious about your state of health, meets you in the street, and, looking critically at your countenance, says, "Why, how is this, my dear fellow—you're not looking well?" Should this be allowed?

How about Miss Flamingo, who goes out in a yellow shawl, a groseille dress, an amber-coloured bonnet with pink roses, purple boots, and green gloves; should there not be a sumptuary law to keep this lady's exuberant taste in order?

Is it good that the man who cuts your hair should be at liberty to say, "Your hair is very dry, sir; a little of our Balsamic Resuscitatorium would make it quite another thing, sir?" Again, does it add to our cheerfulness when there appears at the end of the quiet street in

which we reside, a group, consisting of a man in his shirt sleeves carrying a baby, a short woman, with a black eye, holding a refractory child by the hand, and bidding it "hold its noise," between the verses of the hundredth psalm, which the whole party is singing? Should this family group be free to occupy the middle of a street by the hour together, moving a few inches at a time, and turning round continually to note whether their psalmody is telling on the second floors? Take, again, the spouting man, who is quite as long getting through a street as the musical family, and whose ringing tones are heard nearly half a mile off—"My dear friends," he has the audacity to say, "it his, I assure you, with feelings of the most painful nature that I thus address you. Hi ham a pore mechanic," &c.

Surely if this "poor mechanic" were required by the laws of our happy country to return to the cultivation of that peculiar branch of mechanics which may formerly have been his study, and if the gentleman in the shirt-sleeves were compelled to abandon his career of psalm-singing and black-eye administering, and to turn his attention to some useful occupation—surely this would be a good and important change in that part of our system which may be called the Government of our Interior.

OLD AND NEW.

I.

All in its place as of old!
Nothing changed to the eye.
The moss'd rust-tinted mass
Of the Manse in the meadow grass;
The half moon afloat in a sky
Grey, neither warm nor cold.
All in its place as of old,
Nothing changed to the eye!
High over the mildewy pane
Of the long, low granary room,
In the mothy, moist ground-story,
The grass ripples russet, and hoary
With the cuckoo-flowers in bloom,
That mix their sick perfume
With the earthy smell of the rain,
Clinging under each violet stain
Of the streak'd and showery gloom.
The red beech weepeth;
The cuckoo calleth;
In the fields afar
Night waits.
The silence sleepeth;
The twilight falleth,
And the dim yellow star
Dilates.
All in the dew
Hath the self-same hue.
Nothing looks new.

II.

Nothing changed to the eye;
Yet something is not as of old.
Where, and what, is the change?
All is the same, yet strange.
My very heart grows cold;
My lightest breath is a sigh.
Between the earth and the sky,
Something is not as of old.
The buttercup's glimmering gold!
And the vetch with the purple dye!
And the wallflower fading fast!
And the reeds in the creek where aghast,
The stream, like a ghost, flits by,
With a moan to the watery sky,
Grazing the bulrush cold!
All in its place as of old,
Nothing changed to the eye!
The thin wave fleeteth;
The white sail glideth;
The blue reeds sigh
To the shore.
The light retreateth;
The place abideth
Under my eye,
As of yore.
But the very dew
Doth chill me thro'.
All things feel new.

III.

Ah, memory is of the brain!
The heart remembers not;
The heart can never recal;
It feels, it hath felt, this is all;
And a feeling unforgot
Is a feeling felt again.
This is a joy which the brain
Renews, but the heart cannot.
I recal what I felt of old,
But I feel not what I recal.
This,—this is the change!
This is why all feels strange!
Happy for man, after all,
That his Eden, after his fall,
God suffer'd him not to behold!
What I never may feel as of old
I would I might never recal.
But the river glideth;
The red beech weepeth;
The reeds to the shore
Shall sigh.
The place abideth;
The dead Past weepeth
The form it first wore
To the eye.
Ah few, how few!
In the head can renew
What the eye may review.

A BUTTERFLY FEAST.

"I'd be a butterfly!" says the song; and to the singer I put the question—"Where? In what part of the world would you like to be a butterfly?" For you may choose your *habitat* wherever you please—from the tropical zone, to the Arctic regions; in sunny gardens, in verdant plains, on mountain-tops, or as you cross the ocean wave; wherever you wander, in either hemisphere, you may be a butterfly. But you must choose which family of the Lepidoptera you would be a member of; there having been discovered no fewer than fifteen hundred different tribes, and in all probability as many more remain to be classified.

Should your choice for transmigration fall on "The Insect-Queen of Eastern Spring," go to the land where transmigration is yet a religious doctrine, traverse the Himalayan range, descend to the plains of Sirinagur, and, as the

enchanters say in the "Arabian Nights," "become" a blue-winged butterfly of Cashmere, traditionally the most beautiful of its kind that the world contains. If to be useful before you are ornamental be your object, steer in an opposite direction, cross the Atlantic, and settling in Mexico or Central America, assume the form of that caterpillar, eventually a lovely moth (known as the Noctua pacti) which spins a silk as strong as any that supplies the looms of Lyons or Spitalfields. Have you a desire to be formidable as well as handsome—to be a kind of insect life-guardsman—drop down upon Canada, and pass the Indian summer in the costume and with the attributes of the tiger swallow-tail (Papilio Turnus). Should your disposition be genial, it may suffice for you to remain in Europe and wear the uniform of the Bombyx potatoriæ, or "tippling moth," which, after drinking (from a dewdrop), lifts its head up like a hen: only you must remember—supposing you believe in the metempsychosis—that, according to the Institutes of Menu, a moth is one of the lowest forms of changed existence, and is the condemned residence of "a priest who has drunk spirituous liquors."

Should your taste be more for eating than for drinking, you cannot do better than join that phalanx, the Processionary Bombyx, which inhabits the oak (in France), and marches out to forage in regiments some six or eight hundred strong, devouring all before them, and who, says Réaumur, leave their tents (woven by themselves) about sunset, and move with the utmost regularity, "each file treading in the steps of those that preceded it," like well-drilled Middlesex volunteers. Or—to go the whole hog at once in the way of eating—elect for the appetite of the Cabbage Butterfly (Pieris Brassicæ), which makes a perfect skeleton of its victim, leaving only the veins and stalks to attest its prowess.

Little do those who yearn for early vegetables know why the markets are often so scantily supplied, or why they abuse their greengrocers, that useful race who, in the morning, sell the salad which, in the evening, they hand round at dinner parties. It is on the caterpillars of certain moths that the vials of wrath should be poured, and not on the heads of the unoffending tradesmen-waiters. There is one of the Lepidoptera, the beautiful tiger-moth (Bombyx caja), whose caterpillar has a most inordinate fondness for lettuces; another, the pot-herb moth (Noctua oleracea), has not received its name for nothing; and a third, which has somehow contrived to make interest with the entomologists and remains anonymous, described by Réaumur as beginning at the root of a cauliflower, eating itself a house in the stem, and so, short-sightedly, destroying the plant before it cabbages. But the worst of the lot is that caterpillar, called, when a moth, Noctua gamma, from its having a character like the Greek letter G, inscribed in gold on its primary wings. It is the greatest and most universal enemy to the plants which we cultivate for our tables.

In the year seventeen hundred and thirty-five this insect was so incredibly multiplied in France as to infect the whole country. On the great roads, wherever you cast your eyes, you might have seen vast numbers traversing in all directions to pass from field to field; but their ravages were principally felt in the kitchen-garden, where they made a clean sweep, so that nothing was left behind but stalks and veins. The credulous multitude, Réaumur tells us, thought they were poisonous; report affirming that, in some instances, the eating of them had been followed by fatal effects, and in consequence of this alarming idea, herbs were banished for several weeks from the soups of Paris, greatly to the discomfiture of the lovers of an honest pot-au-feu, and of the hard-working devourers of mashed spinach. While on the subject of voracity, I may introduce to your notice the caterpillar of the hawthorn butterfly (Papilio crategi), which, in the year seventeen hundred and ninety-one, stripped fruit-trees in general of their foliage. In France also, in seventeen hundred and thirty-one and thirty-two, that of a moth which claims affinity to the brown-tail (Bombyx phæorhæa) was so numerous as to create a general alarm. The oaks, elms, and whitethorn hedges looked as if some burning wind had passed over them and dried up their leaves; for, the insect devouring only one surface of them, that which was left became brown and dry. They also laid waste the fruit-trees, devouring even the fruit; so that the parliament published an edict to compel people to collect and destroy them. But this, as we learn, would in a great measure have been ineffectual, had not some cold rains fallen, and completely annihilated them. The brown-tail moth itself has been rendered famous by the alarm it caused to the inhabitants round London in the year seventeen hundred and eighty-two, when rewards were offered for collecting the caterpillars, and the churchwardens and overseers of the parishes attended to see them burnt in bushels. Some of these animals prefer a diet less succulent than that of vegetables—for instance, caterpillars of the great-goat moth (Bombyx cossus) and the hornet-hawk moth (Sesia crabroniformis), which devour the wood of the willow and the sallow, the trees in time becoming so hollow as to be easily blown down.

Consideration of the "principle of selection," so to speak, has led me into the very midst of my subject; but an erratic course is not inappropriate when treating of butterflies, whose zig-zag flight is patent to every observer, and I must take the opportunity of saying that a staid, methodical, scientific account of the Lepidoptera (whose "scaly-winged" designation I retain) is not to be expected from the writer of the present notice.

When I—like Moth, Don Armado's page—was a "tender juvenal," the poem that most delighted me had for its title "The Butterfly's Ball and the Grasshopper's Feast." I have forgotten every line of that poem, but fell

by chance, the other day, upon another, by the same writer, called "The Butterfly's Birthday." Though infinitely more moral (it is crammed, in fact, with moral reflections), this last-named poem has nothing in it of that which charmed my nonage, but the few lines that follow are sufficiently descriptive of the full-grown butterfly to merit quotation:

Her slender form, ethereal light,
Her velvet-textur'd wings enfold;
With all the rainbow's colours bright,
And dropped with spots of burnish'd gold.

This may serve as the portrait of the most gorgeous of the "Equites," the first class in the Linnæan distribution of butterflies: say, for instance, the Papilio Hector, one of the most noted of his "Trojans" (Troes), or the Papilio Menelaus, celebrated amongst his "Greeks" (Achivi)—for into two hostile camps with Homeric leaders does the Swedish naturalist divide them.

But if greater variety in colour, form, and name be desirable, take the poet Crabbe's description when he is speaking of the entomological amusements of "his friend, the weaver:"

From the sweet bower, by nature form'd, arise
Bright troops of virgin moths, and fresh-born butterflies;
Who broke that morning from their half-year's sleep,
To fly o'er flowers where they were wont to creep,
Above the sovereign oak, a sovereign skims,
The purple Emp'ror, strong in wing and limbs:
Then fair Camilla takes her flight serene,
Adonis blue, and Paphia silver-green;
With every filmy fly from mead or bower,
And hungry Sphinx who threads the honey'd flower;
She o'er the larkspur's bed, where sweets abound,
Views every bell, and hums th' approving sound;
Pois'd on her busy plumes, with feeling nice,
She draws from every flower, nor tries a flow'ret twice.

The picture painted in these lines may fitly serve to introduce a passage which graphically describes the antecedents of the "winged flower," that lends so great a charm even to the brightest gardens. "That butterfly" (the quotation is from Kirby and Spence), "which amuses you with its aërial excursions, one while extracting nectar from the tube of the honeysuckle, and then, the very image of fickleness, flying to a rose, as if to contrast the hue of its wings with that of the flower on which it reposes, did not come into the world as you now behold it. At its first protrusion from the egg, and for some months of its existence afterwards, it was a wormlike caterpillar, crawling upon sixteen short legs, greedily devouring leaves with two jaws, and seeing by means of eyes so minute as to be nearly imperceptible without the aid of a microscope. You now view it furnished with wings capable of rapid and extensive flight; of its sixteen feet ten have disappeared, and the remaining six are in most respects wholly unlike those to which they have succeeded; its jaws have vanished, and are replaced by a curled-up proboscis suited only for sipping liquid sweets; the form of its head is entirely changed, two long horns project from its upper surface; and instead of twelve invisible eyes, you behold two, very large, and composed of at least twenty thousand convex lenses, each supposed to be a distinct and effective eye!" The number of eyes spoken of here is, in some butterflies, greatly exceeded. In a species examined by Puget, each eye was found to contain not fewer than seventeen thousand three hundred and twenty-five lenses, or thirty-four thousand six hundred and fifty in both eyes. "But the change" (continue the same writers) "was not direct. An intermediate state not less singular intervened. After casting its skin even to its very jaws several times, and attaining its full growth, the caterpillar attached itself to a leaf by a silken girth. Its body greatly contracted; its skin once more split asunder, and disclosed an oviform mass, without exterior mouth, eyes, or limbs, and exhibiting no other symptom of life than a slight motion when touched. In this state of death-like torpor, and without tasting food, the insect existed for several months, until at length the tomb burst, and out of a case not more than a quarter of an inch in diameter proceeded the butterfly before you, which covers a surface of nearly four inches square."

Once afloat on the air let us glance at them "like golden boats on a sunny sea." Notice, in our own gardens, the imperial gloss of the Purple Emperor, the intense black and scarlet of the Red Alderman (called also the Red Admiral); the vivid golden red of the Copper tribe; the glitter of the Gold Spangle; the dazzling glory of the Burnished Brass (moths are here intermingled with butterflies); the gorgeous array of the Peacock (Vanessa Io); the skilfully combined colours of the Painted Lady; the tender green and pale crescent of the Comma; the delicate blues of the Mazarine and Adonis, and the intricate markings and silvery spots of the Fritillaria: splendour of attire which, it has been ingeniously suggested, may decorate the wearers with some other view than that of mere ornament. Mark, also, the giant butterfly of Brazil (P. Menelaus), the surface of whose wings is of a radiant blue, being adduced as an example of a class whose beauty is given them, to dazzle, not their admirers, but their enemies. Apropos of this especial beauty of the wings, it is known to depend, not on a continuous conformity of surface, but on the coating of minute scales with which they are overspread, and which may be compared to the scales on fishes, or to the tiles on the roofs of houses. "Of their extreme minuteness," says Westwood, "some idea may be formed when it is stated that in the space of a square inch, no fewer than one hundred thousand seven hundred and thirty-six of these scales have been counted."

When the butterfly is once on the wing, it seems the most restless creature in existence;

that flitting motion, however, is not to be ascribed to restlessness, but to an eager and untiring search after the plants that will supply the sustenance appropriated to her young, upon which to deposit her eggs. Something also in this desultory movement is due to the claims of hunger: when thirsty, the case is entirely altered, for then the butterfly becomes a perfect fixture. For example, the members of the family of the Tiger Swallow-tail (Papilio Turnus), a very large and handsome race, are very fond of assembling to drink on little muddy spots, as many as fifty at a time, in a space not exceeding a foot square, and, if undisturbed, they will remain motionless there until the spectator is tired of watching them. The Clouded Sulphur (Colias Philodice) is another of these charming mudlarks, addicted to gathering on wet and slushy patches in flocks of eight or ten, "so closely set together," says Gosse, "as to make yellow spots visible a long way off. These flocks continue at intervals, for miles." Still, the attraction towards one particular locality is not always drink. Butterflies frequently gather in the driest places, where (as Shelley tells us, in his poem, "The Sensitive Plant") they "dream of the life to come:"

> Clinging round the smooth and dark
> Edge of the odorous cedar bark.

Yet it is not to be denied that the tendencies of some of the Lepidoptera are decidedly erratic. That exquisite Canadian beauty, the Spring Azure, is by nature extremely playful: the butterflies that bear this name consume hours in chasing each other through the air, and though often alighting on the ground, they remain scarcely an instant before they are off again, and continue flitting about over one particular spot, which they appear most reluctant to leave. The Black Skipper (of the Hesperian family) is another of these gadabouts, adding to its perpetual motion the habit of rising and falling as it dances over the clover blossoms; and the same propensity characterises all that come under the denomination of Hipparchiæ, which jerk up and down throughout their flight, alternately opening and shutting their wings, as if possessed by the spirit of Saint Vitus.

But inconstant as many of them doubtless are, some butterflies display a marvellous persistence, and of their migratory tendencies and capacity for a sustained flight, frequent evidence has been given. It is the predatory class par excellence, the noxious cabbage-butterfly (P. Brassicæ), whose movements in search of "fresh fields and pastures new" have been chiefly noticed. A prodigious stream of these devastators was observed, one calm, sunny day, passing over the British Channel, without a break, for two successive hours; and Lindley tells us that, in Brazil, in the beginning of March, eighteen hundred and three, for many days successively, there was an immense flight of white and yellow butterflies, which were never seen to settle, but proceeded straight onward, suffering nothing to impede their course. These Brazilian butterflies seem, however, to have made a slight mistake, for they would find no food in the direction they were taking, which was direct to the Atlantic Ocean, where they must of necessity have perished. But that butterflies are not the wisest animals in creation is a tradition as old as the days of Pliny, who warns his readers not to rely too implicitly on their early appearance, in calculating the approach of spring. He says: "That very yere wherein I wrote this book of nature's work, three flights of them, one after another, were killed with the cold weather that surprised them thrice, for that they were stirring too early and came abroad oversoone."

Though the butterfly may seem to be the very type of fragility, it is not so easily killed as might be imagined. Their mission on earth, after they have exhausted the gaieties of the season, is to lay their eggs and die; but, until those eggs are laid, it is of no use attempting to kill them. Do what you will short of crushing the life out of them, they absolutely refuse to die, and literally laugh, as butterflies only can laugh, at the transfixing needle. Butterflies can fight, too, upon occasion, as Gosse, the Canadian naturalist, testifies in the account which he gives of the Pearly-eye (Hipparchia Andromache). "I have," he says, "known one frequent the foot of a particular tree for many days; whence he would sally out on any other passing butterfly, either of his own or of another species, and, after sundry circumvolutions, retire to his post again. Sometimes one of the same species, after having had this amiable tussle, would likewise take a stand on a neighbouring spot, and after a few minutes both would simultaneously rush to the conflict, like knights at a tournament, wheel and roll about as before, and each return to his own place with the utmost precision, and presently renew the combat with the same results, for many times in succession." In their elementary state, and aware of the bright future that awaits them, the Lepidoptera are, like Sir Andrew Aguecheek's antagonist, very "cunning in fence." Thus the Great Tiger-moth (Bombyx caja), which is beset, in its caterpillar condition, with long dense hair, when rolled up—an attitude it usually assumes when alarmed—cannot be taken without great difficulty, slipping repeatedly from the pressure of the fingers. The caterpillar of the Great Emperor-moth (Bombyx Pavonia major) spirts out, when the spines that covers them are touched, clear syrup from its pierced tubercles, a shower-bath of not the most agreeable nature. The caterpillar of the Puss-moth (B. vinula), as well as those of several other species, have a cleft in the neck between the head and the first pair of legs, from which issues at the will of the animal a singular syringe, literally bifid, the branches of which are terminated by a nipple, perforated like the rose of a watering-pot. When touched, it will syringe a fluid to a very considerable distance, which, if it enters the eyes, gives them acute, but not lasting pain. The Great Tiger-moth (aforesaid) has also a fluid means of defence, having, when in its last or perfect state, near its head a remarkable tuft

of the most brilliant carmine, from amongst the hairs of which, if the thorax be touched, some minute drops of acrid water issue. Other lepidopterous insects are more fiercely demonstrative. The caterpillar of the Swallow-tail Butterfly (Papilio Machaon) has a horn, half an inch in length, which it darts out on being pressed. The horn smells strongly of fennel, than which nothing can be more obnoxious (hear it, ye mackerel eaters!), and is probably employed by the insect to drive away the flies that annoy it. Some there are that bully their antagonists instead of actually showing fight. When first the naturalist Rösel saw the caterpillar of the Puss-moth, he stretched out his hand with great eagerness to take the prize; but when, in addition to its grim attitude, he beheld it dart forth its menacing catapulta, apprehending they might be poisonous organs, his courage failed him. At length, without touching the monster, he ventured to cut off the twig to which it clung, and dropped it into a box. It must be admitted, however, that there is something remarkably ferocious in the aspect and attitudes of certain caterpillars. Some lepidopterous larvæ, that fix the one-half of the body and elevate the other (how, as a child, I have shuddered at this movement), agitate the elevated part, whether it be the head or the tail, as if to strike what disturbs them. The great caterpillar of a large American moth (B. regalis) is armed behind the head and at the back of the anterior segments with seven or eight strong curved spines, from one-half to three-fourths of an inch in length. Mr. Abbott tells us that this caterpillar is called in Virginia the hickory-horned devil, and that, when disturbed, it draws up its head, shaking or striking it from side to side; which attitude gives it so formidable an aspect that no one, he affirms, will venture to handle it, people in general dreading it as much as a rattlesnake. Another caterpillar of a moth, noticed by Réaumur, whenever it rests from feeding, and apprehends danger, turns its head over its back, then become concave, at the same time elevating its tail, the extremity of which remains in a horizontal position, with two short horns, like ears, behind it, as much as to say, "Now, where will you have me?" Thus the six anterior legs are in the air, and the whole animal looks like a quadruped in miniature, the tail being its head—the horns its ears—and the reflexed head simulating a tail curled over its back. In this seemingly unnatural attitude it will remain without motion for a very long time, "willing to wound, yet afraid to strike." The caterpillars of some hawk-moths (which derive the name of Sphinx, from their inscrutable and menacing attitudes), particularly that which feeds upon the privet, when they repose, holding strongly with their fore-legs the branch on which they are standing, rear the anterior part of their body so as to form nearly a right angle with the posterior; and in this position they will remain perfectly tranquil—thus eluding the notice of its enemies or alarming them—perhaps for hours. Réaumur relates that a gardener, in the employment of the celebrated Jussieu, used to be quite discontented by the self-sufficient air of these animals, saying they must be very proud, for he had never seen any other caterpillars hold their heads so high. Some caterpillars have, for defensive purposes, the faculty of dropping from a branch, as though dead, when approached, spinning at the same time a web like a spider, "either," remarks Mr. Noel Humphreys, one of our most observant entomologists, "to break their fall or to serve as a means of reascent when the danger is over." The skunk-like property in others of exuding globules which emit a fœtid odour, is also noticed by the same authority, who adds that the liquid is reabsorbed, "to serve on another occasion, directly the present danger is over"—a proceeding on the part of the caterpillar which indicates a very strong economical tendency, which is highly to be commended, an honest thrift being always praiseworthy. To be passively defensive is not, however, the characteristic of all caterpillars. The larvæ of the Nycterobius, being of opinion that every one's house is his castle, form for their dwellings cylindrical holes in the trees of New Holland, defending the entrance against other carniverous insects, not by a portcullis exactly, but by a sort of trap-door, composed of silk interwoven with leaves, securely fastened at the upper end, but left loose at the lower for the free passage of the occupant. This abode they regularly quit at sunset, for the purpose of laying in a store of the leaves on which they feed. These they drag by one at a time into their cell, until the approach of light, when they retreat precipitately into it, enjoying the booty which their nocturnal vigilance has provided. One species lifts up the loose end of the door with its tail, and enters backwards, dragging after it a leaf of the Banksia serrata, which it holds by the footstalk. If you wish, like Ulysses, to punish this nocturnal robber, and give yourself a (questionable) treat, you may imitate the New Hollanders, who feed largely on the Nycterobius. To eat caterpillars is, indeed, a common practice in many countries. The Bosjesmen at the Cape of Good Hope do so, esteeming them great delicacies, and the Chinese similarly dispose of the larvæ of the hawk-moth, which Dr. Darwin says are "very delicious." In Herrick's "Hesperides," Puck

> His kitling eyes began to run
> Quite through the table, where he spies
> The horns of papery butterflies,
> Of which he eats.

It may argue, perhaps, the greatest amount of fear which the human mind is capable of showing, to be frightened at a moth; but there is some excuse for the superstition that believes the Sphinx Atropos, with its mournful cry and the sinister death's-head marked upon its back, to be a messenger of evil. In Brittany, that land of superstition, the Sphinx Atropos creates the greatest consternation. In the year seventeen hundred and thirty an immense num-

ber of these moths suddenly made their appearance. Their cry and singular aspect filled all minds with terror. The curates spoke of the visitation in their pulpits, declared that it was a sign of the anger of Heaven, and many people were so impressed, that they made public confession of their sins. One curate wrote a homily on the subject, which was inserted in the Mercure de France. The most incredulous were even of opinion that the prodigy was the forerunner of a plague. Monsieur de Ponchartrain, at that time secretary to the navy, demanded of the Academy if the general fear were well founded, and that learned body, having replied in the negative, was roundly taken to task by the Church, the fathers of Trévaux proclaiming in their Journal that the Academy acted wrongly in disabusing people of a salutary terror. "The public," they said, "is always in the right when alarmed, because it is always culpable, and everything that reminds it of the anger of an avenging Deity *is always respectable*"—delicious bathos!

The Sphinx Atropos, in some of its wanderings, reminds one of the "skulls at Memphian banquets," as it is frequently seen where good living is going on. A few years ago, one of these moths was taken by a sceptical cook in the kitchen of the Pavilion Hotel at Folkestone; another, about the same time, became captive to a strong-minded baker at Canterbury; and on the fifth of October, eighteen hundred and fifty-nine (as I can vouch from personal knowledge), an enormous Sphinx flew in at the kitchen window of a château, at Capécure, near Boulogne-sur-Mer, frightening the natives not a little; the cook, Madame Françoise (who was not strong-minded nor in any way unbelieving), declaring that somebody would soon die in consequence. This prediction was actually verified next day: an old woman aged ninety-seven died at Boulogne.

The Sphinx Atropos, though no demon, not even the French Academy can deny that he is a robber. They rob beehives. "This moth has the faculty of emitting a remarkable sound, which it is supposed may produce an effect upon the bees of a hive, somewhat similar to that caused by the voice of their queen, which, as soon as uttered, strikes them motionless; and then it may be enabled to commit with impunity much devastation in the midst of armed bands. They, indeed, pass the whole of their initiatory state in the midst of the combs. Yet, in spite of the stings of the bees of a whole republic, they continue their depredations unmolested, sheltering themselves in tubes made of grains of wax, and lined with silken tapestry, spun and woven by themselves, which the bees (however disposed they may be to revenge the mischief which they do them, by devouring, what to all other animals would be indigestible, their wax), are unable to penetrate. These larvæ are sometimes so numerous in a hive, and commit such extensive ravages, as to force the poor bees to desert it and seek another habitation." Thus far Kirby and Spence; and Mr. Noel Humphreys informs us, that "sometimes the robber is boldly attacked and stung to death, in which case a singular display of instinct not unfrequently takes place. The moth having died with extended wings, it is found impossible to eject him by the opening of the hive, which he had entered with his wings partially closed; and the bees, apparently aware that the decay of so large a body within their dwelling would render it unhealthy, proceed at once to coat it with wax; and then, as it were, embalmed, the moth remains in its waxen serecloth, perfectly innoxious for any space of time." Pliny, who has a remedy for every evil, and who notices the ravages of moths (or, as he says, butterflies) in the hives of bees, gives the following advice on the subject: "In winter-time beehives should be covered with straw, and oftentimes *perfumed* with beasts' dung especially; for this is agreeable to their nature. Over and besides it killeth the *wicked vermin* that breed in them—spiders, butterflies, and woodworms. . . . . As for the spiders aforesaid, they verily are not so harmful and be soon destroied; but the butterflies do the more mischiefe, and are not so easily rid away. However, there is a way to chase them also, namely, to wait the time when the mallow doth begin blossome, to take the change of the moone, and chuse a faire and cleare night, and then to set up certaine burning lights just before the beehives; for these butterflies will covet to flie into the flame."

The terrors inspired by the lepidopterous race are not confined to the evil omen drawn from the presence of the Sphinx Atropos. Many species, when they emerge from the *pupa* state, discharge a reddish fluid, which, in some instances, where their numbers have been considerable, has produced the appearance of a shower of blood. That insects are the cause of these showers is no recent discovery; for Sleidan relates that in the year fifteen hundred and fifty-three a vast multitude of butterflies swarmed through a great part of Germany, and sprinkled plants, leaves, buildings, clothes, and men with bloody drops, as if it had rained blood (quoted in Mouffat). The most interesting account of an event of this kind is given by Réaumur, from whom we learn that in the beginning of July, sixteen hundred and eight, the suburbs of Aix, and a considerable extent of the country around, were covered with what appeared to be a shower of blood. We may conceive the amazement and stupor of the populace, the alarm of the citizens, the grave reasonings of the learned. All agreed in attributing this appearance to the powers of darkness, and in regarding it as the precentor of some direful misfortune about to befal them. Fear and prejudice would have taken deep root on this occasion, and might have produced fatal effects, had not M. Peiresc, a celebrated philosopher of that place, paid attention to insects. A chrysalis, which he preserved in his cabinet, let him into the secret of this mysterious shower. Hearing a fluttering, which informed him his insect was arrived at its perfect state, he opened the box in

which he kept it. The animal flew out and left behind it a red spot. He compared this with the spots of the bloody shower, and found they were alike. A prodigious quantity of butterflies flying about, he observed that the drops of the miraculous rain were not to be found on the tiles, nor even upon the upper surface of the stones, but chiefly in cavities and places where rain could not easily come. "Thus," says Réaumur, who tells the story, "did this judicious observer dispel the ignorant fears and terror which a natural phenomenon had caused."

A happier superstition was that which caused the Greeks to give the name of Psyche to the butterfly as well as to the soul—"of which apparently strange double sense," observes Dr. Nares, "the undoubted reason is, that the butterfly was a very ancient symbol of the soul. From the prevalence of this symbol, and the consequent coincidence of names, it happened that the Greek sculptors frequently represented Psyche as subject to Cupid in the shape of a butterfly; and that even when she appears in their works under the human form, we find her decorated with the light and filmy wings of that gay insect." On this principle also the antique sculptors represented Plato's head with a pair of butterfly's wings, because he was the first to write on the immortality of the soul. To this day, in the north and west of England, the moths that fly into candles are called Saules, perhaps from the old notion that the souls of the dead fly about at night in search of light.

We English are not so poetical as the Greeks, and call our insect Psyche by a very homely name; given to it, say some lexicographers, "from a buttery kind of softness in its wings, the surface of which gives way under the touch exactly as the surface of butter does, though from another cause." This derivation is far-fetched. Most likely, the English nomenclature was given on account of the hue of the wings of the commonest kinds—Pieris Brassicæ, for instance—which are exactly the colour of butter. For the same reason the Germans say "Butter-fliege," and the Dutch "Boter-flege"—though both these Teuton relatives of ours use other appellations—the first saying "Schmetterling," which conveys the idea of a fluttering insect, and the second "Schoenlapper," though I am a Dutchman myself if I understand what resemblance a butterfly bears to a "cobbler"—the literal translation of the word. The Swedes have a softer name, "Sommarfogel" (bird of summer), characteristic of the season in which the butterfly appears; the French borrow their "Papillon" from the Latin "Papilio;" the Italians, in liquid accents, say "Farfalla;" and the Spaniards, combining dignity with grace, make use of the word "Mariposa:"—the two latter, perhaps, being cognisant of the principle declared in the Hindu law, that "the names of women should be agreeable, soft, clear, captivating the fancy, auspicious, ending in vowels, resembling words of benediction," and applying it to woman's frequent type, the gaily-drest, the light, the graceful, the inconstant Butterfly.

AMERICAN COTTON.

A THIN mist, like a veil of "silver crape," hung round the rank cotton plantations of "Green Vine" landing, as I awoke for the third morning on board the famous fast Mississippi steamer the Alligator, and found myself kneading my still heavy eyes close to the pilot-house on the summit of the third or uppermost deck of our swift, double-funneled, and rather "risky" craft.

Three days ago, on choosing my cabin at a cotton plantation landing an hour and a half below Vicksburg, I had, by the advice of my travelling friend, Captain Felix Goodloe, selected a berth as near as possible to the ladies' cabin, and as far as possible from the engines. Our steamer was a high-pressure boat, and a "blow up," or a "burn up," were not among the possibilities that a prudent man, without nervousness, might altogether ignore.

It must have been full three hours yesterday evening that Captain Goodloe spent with me as the boat was taking in pine-knots at "Chikison's landing." As for the worthy Dr. Hiram Birdan (one of our party), his conversation turned all that time on nothing but steam-boat collisions and steam-boat fires. It had also happened that the dinner conversation had also run on the late lamentable accident at Lake Michigan, and one of the gentlemen present had told us that he had lost a brother in the ill-fated Lady Elgin. Now, for days past, the Georgian papers (I had just come from Georgia) had been full of details of that terrible accident, describing how defaced bodies, still encumbered with steel hoops and French finery, were continually being washed up upon the lonely reedy shore of the lake. A day later, on entering Carolina, I had read the evidence of a witness at the trial of the officers of the Lady Elgin, who deposed that the captain of the offending schooner had boasted at a liquor store that "he had run down the tarnation big fire-ship and sent her to the bottom." In fact, the evidence contained many proofs of the extreme heedlessness with which culpable carelessness, and subsequent loss of life, is regarded in America. An engineer on board had then explained to me, as a stranger, the increased safety of river steamers since the donkey-engine had been introduced to prevent the boilers ever getting empty, and also, that since the boats were of a superior build, there was less competition, and, therefore, less racing. I had gone to sleep trying to count the pulse of the engine, and calculate how many miles an hour we were moving over the brown thick water.

But now this morning, after a dive into my dark sleep bath, I had washed my mind clear of all these foolish fears, and here I was standing on the upper deck, the frail planks springing under my feet, the fresh morning air playing round my temples, and the great avenue of the vast river receding into a misty vanishing point before my

eyes. The pelicans were busy on the sand-bars, the cranes and herons were fishing in their own stilted way, and the turkey buzzards were searching for flotson and jetson in the shape of dead Irish deck hands. Now our steamer steered so close to the shore in search of deep water and the true channel, that I could have broken a bough off the huge cotton-wood trees that hung from the great avalanche of earth-banks that the water had undermined and broken down. Now we cruised off a mile away to the central stream: now we went on groping anxiously, with a sailor on each side the head of the vessel sounding with long poles, and reporting progress momentarily to the captain; who, in a loud hearty mechanical voice, from his anxious post repeated it aloud to the pilot, who stood at the huge wheel in his little glass box above us all. There was something so cheery and exhilarating in the whole scene, what with the pleasant splashing of wild ducks as they fled before our boat, what with the sense of a new country and new scenes, what with the chance of seeing an alligator float past like a drift log, that when a black spirit summoned me to breakfast and hot "flannel cakes," I felt reluctant to leave such a pleasant scene; for I knew that, by the time I returned, the sun would have burst through the fog, that the river would be sunny gold, that in the fierce flood of universal and glaring sunshine all the finer greys and cool doves'-wing middle tints would be lost, and half the charms of early morning vanished.

That very night, too, I and Captain Goodloe had a terrible fright as we sat up at late dusk on the pilot-house deck, warming our hands round the great black tree of a funnel. He had been telling me stories of the most frightful explosions, wrecks, river catastrophes, when we heard, low down in the funnel, an ominous sinking sound, as of steam violently inhaled and withdrawn: then a curious vaporous mist and damping chill: then a roaring burst that seemed to force the whole vessel to pieces that instant.

For one second I and the captain sat irresolute; in the next, leaping up and knocking down our arm-chairs, we rushed at full speed to the very distant end and edge of the leaden-covered deck, intending to throw ourselves into the river. I said nothing. I instinctively imitated the captain's actions. My alarm pictured the deck parting into a great smoking gulf at my very feet. But in that next second calm judgment had returned, warning me not to leap over and be either muddily drowned or beaten to death by the vessel's keel. In a minute more our fear had subsided, and we were again seated, laughing at our apprehension, and discussing the extraordinary effects of imagination, round the black iron tree.

It was the steam signal that had so alarmed us. We had forgotten that it is customary for Mississippi steamers, when passing each other at night, to thus warn each other of the danger of collision.

We had no stomach after this for more stories about steam-boat explosions, therefore, when we presently retired to the pleasant and cheerful lighted saloon, I turned the conversation on cotton-growing, knowing the captain to have great knowledge of this subject, having been for years in daily contact with cotton-growers, and having for years lived in the pestilential centre of the cotton-growing country.

The ladies were seated at one end of the vessel, up in their own room, playing on the piano, dancing and reading; lower down were gentlemen reading the paper, playing at cards, or talking; nearer us still were groups busy at chess or draughts. I and the captain chose a corner farthest from the lamps and near an unoccupied table, for the Southerners were not yet coming homeward from the cool Northern watering-places, and the boat was not so full as usual. We were not near enough to be overheard by any slave-holders, and the captain, whom I knew for an abolitionist, could talk to me freely about cotton, the soils adapted for it, and the necessity or otherwise of the land that grows it being cultivated by black slaves.

Now I had seen the American cotton country all through, from the cotton-fields of Kentucky, where the plant grows low, pinched, and small, to the great river-side plantations of the Mississippi, where the plant is rank and flourishing, six feet high, with leaves as large as a sycamore, beautiful primrose-coloured flowers and large pods of cotton, as much on each pod as would cover the palm of one's hand. I asked the captain if he knew the relative quantity of cotton, in 400lb. bales, each state produced yearly, for I knew that for certain purposes, which I could guess at, the captain had by him notes of such important facts.

In a low voice he read me, without much pressing, the following statement, obtained from recent government returns:

	Bales.		Bales.
Kentucky	758	Mississippi ...	484,292
Virginia.....	3,947	Georgia	499,091
North Carolina	50,545	Alabama	564,429
Louisiana	178,737		

Delaware, Maryland, Vermont, and some other states, produce no cotton: Arkansas, a half-wild state, only 65,344 bales; Florida, a new and chiefly a timber state, 45,131 bales; and Texas, an advancing state, that would soon double its produce, but at present devotes itself chiefly to grazing, only 58,072 bales. The Southerners generally held that it was impossible for any but African slaves to bear their climate, and therefore, without slaves, cotton could not be grown. On the Mississippi banks the greatest quantity was grown, and there, therefore, slavery had its warmest advocates.

I asked the captain if, from his great experience, he was led to believe that free white labourers could not hoe and plant cotton as well as the negroes; that is, do as much work, and bear the climate without suffering more than the blacks.

The captain, in a still lower voice, replied that the Irishmen employed in draining cotton-grounds certainly died very fast of fever, but then they

drank too much bad rye-whisky, and exposed themselves unnecessarily to damp and heat. Dr. Nott, of Mobile, a well-known authority, had pronounced the lower portions of the Mississippi river, with its banks and the numerous bayous that intersect Louisiana, extremely healthy and exempt from miasmatic disorders, though it was a flat alluvial country, interspersed with interminable lakes, lagunes, and jungles, and covering several hundred miles of flats, where vast masses of vegetable moistures daily decomposed under moist heat.

But the best refutation of this argument for forced unpaid labour, the captain whispered, was, it seemed to him, in the fact that (here he again referred to his pocket-book for secret figures) there were discovered to be no less than 1,019,020 free white male labourers over fifteen years of age engaged in out-door labour in the Slave states, 55,851 of these being in the very centre of the cotton country; and these figures, I must understand, did not include the free whites engaged in commerce, trade, manufactures, mechanics, or mining. Coups de soleil were not commoner in the South than in a hot summer in England. Then there was Alabama, hot enough, but it fed 67,000 free whites toiling in its fields; there was Texas again, almost under the equator, yet there were there 47,000 free white males, tending cattle, growing sugar, and picking tobacco, under an almost African sun.

"There were, indeed," the captain went on to say, "many persons who, instead of thinking the South too hot for white men, thought it too cold for black men; for snow had been seen ten inches thick in North Carolina, and snow three and five feet deep——"

"At the battle, too, of New Orleans, captain," I interposed, "our West Indian black regiments were so benumbed and intimidated by the cold of the frosty morning, that they could not be roused to any exertion. Neither can the South be unfit for white labour if it be true, as I have heard, that white women work in the field there in great numbers in the hottest autumn, keeping pace with the men, and toiling hard for a poor twenty-five cents a day."

The captain said the statement was quite true. The fact was, at the farthest south, at New Orleans, where the palmetto grew freely and plantain-trees flourished in every garden, the stevedores and hackmen on the Levee (quay), where the red brick warehouses shut out the air and increased the heat, were all healthy white men, and so were the railroad makers, the stokers, paviours, draymen, ditchers, and masons.

I asked the captain whether the statistical tables of comparative deaths confirmed his view?

The captain replied, "Yes," bringing another card of figures out of his inexhaustible and unanswerable pocket-book, and read, sotto voce, figures which I took no note of, but from which I remember he deduced the important fact that, in proportion to population, death occurs more frequently in Massachusetts than in any Southern state, except Louisiana, where yellow fever specially prevails. In this Harper agreed with him that deaths were more frequent in New York than in any of the Southern states, except Maryland, Missouri, Kentucky, Louisiana, and Texas; more frequent, in fact, in New Jersey, in Pennsylvania, and in Ohio, than in Georgia, Florida, or Alabama.

"Leaving, therefore," said the captain, triumphantly, resting the logical forefinger of his right hand on the tip of the argumentative thumb of his left hand—"leaving, therefore, out Wisconsin and Louisiana, and comparing the bills of mortality in the remaining Southern states with those in the remaining Northern states, we find the difference decidedly in favour of the latter, so that, as Harper says, while the ratio of deaths is as only 1 to 74.60 of the living population in the Southern states, it is only 1 to 72.39 in the Northern.

I here ventured to ask, though already feeling my hand black-gloved with tar, and the feathers growing in an Horatian way over my back and shoulders, if the cotton-planters of the South were not rather improvident and reckless in exhausting their lands with repeated crops of the same plant?

Here the worthy and daring captain eyed me for a moment in silence, as if I were a creature of a higher hemisphere, and then replied, "Xacly; you have made a clean shot of it, and your bullet, stranger, has gone clean through the same hole as Harper's did, which often happens in good shooting. The older portions of Alabama are quite exhausted by the incessant crops of cotton taken off them, without rest, without fresh manure, or proper fallow time. The small planters take off the cream of the land; then, unable to wait or buy manures, then sail off West and South in search of virgin land, to waste, impoverish, and leave in the same manner."

"Like the sloth, captain," said I, "that clings to the tree till he has eaten the last green leaf, and then leaves it to die."

"Xacly, mister," continued the captain. "Wall, the richer men, with more dollars to dig into the ground, buy out these poor birds of passage, annex their vacant plantations, and add to their slave force. Harper and our other philanthropists regret this, because these richer men only invest their profits in more land and more negroes; so that in several of the Slave states the white population yearly decreases, and the unsafe and dangerous slave population increases."

Here I may remark that some few weeks after, at Boston, I read a speech in Harper's celebrated book of the Honourable C. Clay of Alabama, which quite corroborated all the captain had asserted. The honourable gentleman of the illustrious name said:

"In 1825, Madison county cast about three thousand votes, now she cannot cast exceeding two thousand three hundred. In traversing that county one will discover numerous farmhouses, once the abode of industrious and intelligent freemen, now occupied by slaves, or tenantless, deserted, and dilapidated; he will

observe fields, once fertile, now unfenced, abandoned, and covered with those evil harbingers, fox-tail and broom-sedge; he will see the moss growing on the walls of once thrifty villages, and will find "one only master grasps the whole domain' that once furnished happy homes for a dozen white families. Indeed, a country in its infancy, where, fifty years ago, scarcely a forest tree had been felled by the axe of the pioneer, is already exhibiting the painful signs of senility and decay apparent in Virginia and the Carolinas."

At this stage of the evening the captain suddenly threw up his arms and requested some threads of cotton from my note-book. Luckily, I had long been collecting statistics from all reliable English sources on this subject, and having some of them by me in my travelling note-books, I read a few of them to the captain, he and I assuming, for safety's sake, as much as possible the air of two bagsmen talking over their day's dealings.

I told the captain that, from my figures, we made out in England that the Southerners were 300,000 white masters and 3,500,000 slaves, while in the North there were 18,000,000 freemen to create wealth and originate labour. Within fifteen years no less than three millions of Irish and Germans alone had been added to those wonderful cotton-working Free states.

In 1859, out of 130,440,000*l.* worth of British exports, the cotton goods and yarn constituted 48,200,000*l.* worth—more than one-third—and of this vast sum the United States took 4,635,000*l.* To the United States, says one of our most reliable authorities, we are indebted for about three-fourths of the cotton used up by the more than 600,000 Lancashire cotton-workers. In fact, we buy more than half the cotton grown in America.

The captain here interrupted me to give a general sketch of the whole area of the cotton-growing country, and of all the processes the cotton went through from the time the negro picked the pod till the time it fluttered abroad on the banks of some African river as a Manchester print. The captain was quite pictorial; he grew eloquent about the beautiful plant with the large primrose-coloured flowers, the graceful leaf, and the bunches of snowy filament giving an alpine character to plantations scorching under a Southern climate. I saw the rows of sturdy blacks followed by the mounted overseer; I heard again the horn-blowing for dinner-time; I saw the field gangs strolling homeward to their whitewashed cabins, their heavy hoes on their sable shoulders; I heard the gin working; I saw the square bales bound with iron jolting down the dusty cuttings in the earth-banks of the Mississippi river; I recalled the great double-funneled steamer, with fires glowing, and broad black smoke-pennons flying, bearing them off to the burning hot Levee at New Orleans.

Again, I saw the bales roll out in dusty clouds; they had now grown fluffy at the edges, and white handfuls of cotton bunched out at the tears of the sacking. They are hauled on to the drags, and the negro hackmen, waving their whips in triumph, bear them to the great building where the cotton press is creaking and groaning. Every bale is to be crushed and squeezed into exactly half its present size, so as to go more compactly into the hold of the swift vessel that will skim over with them to England. The iron bands are unriveted; down descends the tremendous screw; in a moment the bale reissues, no longer a mere dishevelled bundle of loose cotton, but now a neat, hard, square parcel, even and compact.

I will not follow the cotton through all its Manchester persecutions, but will hurry it to Messrs. Tim Bobbin and Co., Wooden Shoe-lane, Manchester. In that tall, vast, buzzing packing-case of a house, with the long rows of dull windows and the columnar black chimney, we can leave it with the utmost confidence to come into print when and where Messrs. Tim Bobbin choose.

But now we thought it time to go to bed, for the black waiters were all dismally and reproachfully asleep, like a row of roosting crows, on a bench near the door leading to the barber's saloon. The ladies had one by one retired to rest, closing one by one like flowers at twilight. The card-players' lamps were going out, and the never sleeping steward was watching the lingering last rubber with "jealous eye askance."

At the door of nearly every berth there were boots—thrown, dashed down, or carefully deposited, according to the peculiar temporary mood or predominant temperament of the wearer, who, now asleep, lay probably dreaming of snowy cotton-fields, of the flames of Southern fratricidal war—some, I fear, of flapping lash and the gory "coffle-chain." As I and the captain shook hands and wished each other good night, a heavy snore now and then seemed to all but burst open the door of some sleeping berth. Another minute, and I was alone in the dark in my little white-and-gilt cabin. I closed the window that opened on the deck to keep out the heavy feverish air of the Mississippi river, and in a few minutes, with a short, but not the less heartfelt, prayer for the dear ones in England, I fell asleep, to dream of green spring meadows starry with primroses, and of the sweet purple April violets nodding under the freckled hazel roots of Downshire.

AN UGLY LIKENESS.

In Africa, the land of monsters, there are no animals more remarkable, and of which, till lately, less was really known, than those gigantic apes whose existence, and not flattering likeness to man, had been asserted and doubted till bones were brought over to England, which, on examination by competent naturalists, rendered the existence of some gigantic ape a certainty; and so much of the Gorilla as was then known was described in the first volume of this journal. But now we know much more about him. Only a few months since, the return of an American traveller from the equatorial part of Western

Africa loaded with the spoils of a chase of hairy four-handed savages instead of lions and elephants, has thrown a flood of light on this subject and cleared up almost all doubtful points, so that we are now as well informed concerning these man-apes of equatorial Africa as we were with regard to the hippopotamus and giraffe before they had been domesticated in our Zoological Gardens.

The unhealthy swamps on the shores of Africa south of the Guinea coast, and the country back towards the interior for a narrow strip of some sixty or seventy miles, is the home at once of the most degraded and fiercest of all human tribes, and of the apes that approximate most nearly to the human type. Not only have we there the fierce gorilla, the most powerful of the four-handed animals, but a strict vegetarian, and mischievous only for amusement, but also the fiercest of bipeds, animals called men, who are dependent on human flesh for their daily meals. The author, who describes to us the gorilla as the most hellish and fearful-looking monster that could be conceived, states that in the native African village he entered after bagging his first specimen of man-ape, he met a woman who "bore with her a piece of the thigh of a human body, just as we should go to the market and carry thence a steak." After being introduced to the authorities of the village, he was conducted to a house where he slept, and, on going out next morning, he noticed a pile of ribs, leg and arm bones, and skulls (all human), piled up at the back of the premises, this being the accumulation, we are led to suppose, of the waste of such food as ordinarily came to hand. Such was Mr. du Chaillu's introduction to Gorilla-land, and so low does human nature seem to have sunk where it makes its nearest approach to the brute.

Three species, all of very large dimensions, and each having some well-marked peculiarity of form and habits, have been added to the naturalist's list by the traveller we have just named. Of these the gorilla takes the first rank, although this and perhaps all of them have been vaguely alluded to in earlier descriptions of travellers before they were examined and their habits made out by the naturalist.

Up to the publication of Mr. du Chaillu's book, the chimpanzee of Western Africa, the orang-outang of Borneo, and the pongo from Batavia, were the only large apes of which any accurate account had been given, so that he at once doubles the stock of knowledge in this important department of natural history.

It may seem singular that animals which are certainly very common on and near the coast of Africa should have remained so long unknown to the multitude of persons who have for centuries traded in the immediate vicinity. But the swamps of a tropical river are not frequently visited out of curiosity, and had it not been that Mr. du Chaillu was born and bred in African malaria, it may be doubtful whether he would have returned to tell his tale.

The gorilla, in the judgment of Mr. du Chaillu, and, we believe, in the opinion of all who have seen the skin, the stuffed animal, or the drawings of the living animal, or who have carefully read the accounts that are given of him, would certainly bear away the palm of ugliness from all living creatures. Like all the monkey tribe, the fore extremities, or arms, are long and muscular in proportion to the hinder extremities, or legs, and the latter terminate with true hands, provided with opposing thumbs instead of feet and toes.*

Standing on its hinder extremities—which appears to be its usual posture when on the ground and not in actual motion—a large male gorilla attains a height of five feet nine inches, or perhaps occasionally more; but, in consequence of the vast size of the body and the unusual proportions, the animal looks to be much taller than he really is. The spread of the arms of such an individual is nine feet, and the circumference of the chest upwards of five feet. The hands are terrible claw-like weapons, with one blow of which the creature can tear out the bowels of a man, or break his arms. Both hands and arms possess immense muscular development. The feet, or rather *foot-hands*, are of corresponding size and strength, the great toe measuring six inches in circumference, this being also the size of the middle finger of the hand at the first joint. The fingers are all short, and the nails short, thick, and strong, and often worn, but they are shaped like those of man. The head is almost as wide as it is long, and nearly of human proportions; and the foot, although wider in proportion than ours, and distinctly hand-like, is still more like the human foot than that of the other apes. Owing to its weight and habits of feeding the animal does not seem often to inhabit or even climb trees.

The head of the gorilla does not approach very nearly even to the lowest negro or Australian type of the human head, either in the form of the skull or capacity of brain, for the skull recedes further back, the facial angle different, and the brain barely half the weight. This baboon-like character, the form of the face, and its hairy covering, the deep-set eyes, the muscular development of the cheeks, and the projecting canine teeth, all combine to render the animal extremely frightful. When meeting an enemy, "the grey eyes sparkle out with gloomy malignity, the features are contorted in hideous wrinkles, and the slight, sharply-cut lips, drawn up, reveal the long fangs and the powerful jaws, in which a human limb would be crushed as a biscuit." The vast paunch, swelled with berries and other vegetable food, protrudes before the animal in walking, and adds to the hideousness of its appearance, which is not improved by the iron-grey hair covering its black skin.

Gorillas are only met with in the darkest and

* All the apes are *four-handed*, and are thus equally distinguished from the human race, with their two hands and two feet, and from quadrupeds, or *four-footed* beings.

most impenetrable jungle, where they are found in pairs, the male accompanied by a single female. The male sits down on a rock, or against a tree, in the gloomiest corner, where the brightest sun could with difficulty penetrate, and the female feeds by its side, and gives the alarm by running off with loud and sudden cries and shrieks. In case of intrusion, when the female has departed, the male, after remaining still for a moment, with a savage frown on its face, slowly rises to his feet, and looking with glowing eyes at the intruder, begins to beat his breast, and, lifting up his round head, utters a frightful roar. This commences with several sharp barks, like an enraged or mad dog, and then follows a long deeply guttural rolling roar, continuing more than a minute. This roar, doubled and multiplied by the resounding echoes of the forest, fills the hunter's ears like the deep thunder of a coming storm, and is heard through the stillness of the forest to a great distance. The horror of the animal's appearance at such times is stated as beyond description, and must be fully appreciated, as it is not considered safe for the hunter to fire till he approaches very near. When aware of danger, and the gorilla determines to attack, "he advances by short stages, stopping occasionally to utter his diabolical roar and to beat his breast with his paws, which produce a dull reverberation as of an immense bass-drum. Sometimes, after standing for a while, he seats himself and beats his chest, looking fiercely at his adversary. When he advances, his walk is a waddle from side to side, his short hind legs being evidently somewhat inadequate to the proper support of the huge body. He balances himself by swinging his arms as sailors walk on shipboard, and the vast paunch, the round bullet head, joined awkwardly to the trunk, with scarce a vestige of neck, and the great muscular arms and deep cavernous breast, give to this waddle an ungainly horror, which adds to the ferocity of his appearance." Mr. du Chaillu states that he has had to wait for five minutes during this advance until the animal approaches to within from five to eight yards, at which distance alone it is safe to fire. A shot in the breast is sure to bring him down, and the mark is broad, but if the shot should fail to hit a vital part, or the gun miss fire, the chances of the hunter are but small, and if he runs he exposes himself to certain death.

The common walk of the gorilla when not enraged is not on his hind legs, but on all fours, and in this posture the arms are so long that the head and breast are raised considerably, and the hind legs in running are brought far beneath the body, while the leg and arm on the same side move together, giving the beast that curious kind of motion already alluded to as a waddle. The female escapes by running away, seldom attacking, and even the young rarely seem to take to trees when pursued, preferring to escape by running. Both young and old can, however, climb without difficulty.

The strength of the gorilla is enormous. A young one of two or three years old required four stout men to hold it, and even then in its struggles bit one severely. With its jaws the grown male can dent a musket-barrel, and with its arms break trees from four to six inches in diameter. In attacking it uses its arms; but in a close struggle no doubt its teeth come into action, for the jaws are of tremendous weight, the muscles large, and the canine teeth or tusks exceedingly powerful.

On several occasions the young of the gorilla has been taken. Once a male, and afterwards a female, each from two to three years old, was secured, and at another time an exceedingly young baby, which died almost immediately. The difficulty of keeping the young animals in any confinement that could be extemporised seems to have been very great, and their singular strength and ferocity, combined with a certain amount of almost diabolical cunning, were such as to induce all persons who had once come in their way to give them a wide berth.

Although induced to eat, there seemed no approach whatever to domestication or taming, and neither of the boy-gorillas survived its capture more than ten days. Morose and savage in the extreme, utterly fearless, and altogether untamable either by kindness or starvation, but little interest could be felt in the individual; but it was important to be able to study the nature of the juvenile Hercules, and every effort seems to have been made in vain to preserve one for a time alive. The cause of death was not determined, but seemed to be connected with the restless chafing of a highly excitable spirit, which could not bear either captivity or the sight of man, appearing to regard the latter, especially if negro, as its greatest natural enemy.

On the whole, it would seem that no animal yet described can be compared with the gorilla for unsightliness, fierceness, strength, and hatred, and perfect fearlessness of the human race. In spite of all this, however, its skeleton makes a far nearer approach to the human skeleton than that of any known animal living or extinct. The most essential difference is in the brain-capacity of the skull, for in all other respects the resemblance is so close as to amount to identity. Thus, the absolute height, the number of pairs of ribs, the number of vertebræ of the back, the form of the bones of the extremities (which are only relatively disproportionate), their dentition (the canine teeth only being greatly elongated in the male)—all these correspond almost exactly. Certainly this near approximation is not flattering, unless we regard it as showing how completely our animal structure is consistent with the most hateful animal development that can be conceived, and how entirely we are redeemed from being devils by that breathing into our nostrils the breath of intellectual existence and capacity by which man became a living soul.

Perhaps in all creation no greater miracle can be conceived than that crowning work which, selecting an animal the most unsightly, the fiercest, the most untamable, and the most

treacherous of all, as the foundation, has, with scarcely a change in the bodily framework, produced the noblest and most intelligent being, the lord of creation, of which we are impressively told that he was formed "in the image of God." What the law of development could do, or whatever else the law of production of species may be, seems to have terminated in the gorilla. Intellect, a moral sense, and a soul being superadded, the gorilla is converted into a man, and when we compare the lowest and most degraded men, such as the native tribes of Western Africa or of Australia, with these prototypes in bony framework, the distinction is just as great, and the gulf spanned just as wide, as if we take higher and more developed types for comparison. The stupid weak savage will still make a prey of the yet more stupid but enormously more powerful gorilla, for the one uses reason, and the other has only his instincts.

The chimpanzee already known to naturalists did not fall much under the observation of Mr. du Chaillu. Though untamable when fully grown, it is not fierce like the gorilla, and the young is easily tamed. This animal evades man whenever it can, and even the young can hardly be caught alive when they have once left the mother. The young chimpanzees are yellow or white, like the gorilla, but this colour changes to intense blackness with age. They are supposed to be very numerous, but they live in the dense woods.

The *bald troglodyte*, also called by Mr. du Chaillu, its first describer, *nshiego mbouvé*—a name which we commend to the reader's consideration, but shall decline again to write—differs from the gorilla in being smaller, milder, and much less strong, and in the habit of building for itself in the trees a kind of large umbrella-shaped dome or roof of branches, under which in rainy weather the animal sits in comfort when its less intelligent companions of the forest are suffering from the tropical downpour. Great ingenuity is described as being shown in the construction and tying together of these roofs, indicating intellectual powers far above those of the gorilla; but all the external peculiarities depart more widely than in that animal from the human type. Thus the arms are longer, the feet more like hands, the nose flatter, the mouth wider, the ears larger, the eyes more sunk, and the face more like that of a monkey. In point of height the present ranks among the largest of the apes, an old male of the *bald troglodyte* measuring four feet four inches, and thus equalling in size an ordinary female of the gorillas. The male of both is very much larger than the female.

The distinctive mark of this species is its bald head. The rest of the animal is covered with black hair over a black skin. It appears to be common enough, but they are difficult of approach. A young male that was caught was easily tamed, and lived for five months in captivity.

The *koolo-kamba* is an ape whose singular cry distinguishes it from its companion apes of the forest. In size it is next to the gorilla, but its forehead is much higher, the eyes wider apart, and the head altogether very much more human. The arms are long and very muscular, and the body is hairy, but the whole animal is far less unsightly and monstrous than the gorilla, and the extremities also are better proportioned. It seems to live much on trees, feeding entirely on vegetable matter.

Thus it appears that in a small tract of the most unhealthy part of the coast of Africa, not indeed uninhabited by man, but containing only such tribes as have the smallest intellectual development, and are least civilised, there are in the thick forest no less than three newly discovered species, in addition to one already known, of that curious family of large apes which approach nearest in size and form to ourselves. All of them are capable of walking upright on their hinder extremities, although these are more like hands than feet. All range from four to six feet in height when full-grown; they are all very powerful, and all have bodies very large in proportion to their height. All of them are quite black in the adult state and are covered more or less with hair, and all are strict vegetable feeders. None of them have tails. The canine teeth are very prominent in some of the species, but the great strength lies in the arms, the jaws, and the body. The voice is little known, except by the fierce roar of the gorilla, and the monotonous cry of the kooloo, but it has not in any case been recognised as articulate. These apes, with serpents and crocodiles, and a small sprinkling of elephants, hippopotami, leopards, and some large deer of various kinds, seem to be the natural inhabitants of the country. There are also insects in abundance, among which the ant holds the first rank.

And if, as we suppose, the earth is peopled with a view to ensure the greatest amount of good for all created beings, it is evident that in such a country these animals are the only ones adapted to the circumstances of existence. The men of such climates are of necessity low in the scale of creation, and were it not that they or their children would improve if removed to a better climate, they might take rank with the gorilla and the chimpanzee. It will probably be long before another traveller will be found to venture in Mr. du Chaillu's footsteps, and give us fresh details of the singular apes he discovered, and thus it is well to realise to ourselves as far as possible these results of his late expeditions.

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GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XLV.

TURNING from the Temple gate as soon as I had read the warning, I made the best of my way to Fleet-street, and there got a late hackney chariot and drove to the Hummums in Covent Garden. In those times a bed was always to be got there at any hour of the night, and the chamberlain, letting me in at his ready wicket, lighted the candle next in order on his shelf, and showed me straight into the bedroom next in order on his list. It was a sort of vault on the ground floor at the back, with a despotic monster of a four-post bedstead in it, straddling over the whole place, putting one of his arbitrary legs into the fireplace and another into the doorway, and squeezing the wretched little washing-stand in quite a Divinely Righteous manner.

As I had asked for a night-light, the chamberlain had brought me in, before he left me, the good old constitutional rushlight of those virtuous days—an object like the ghost of a walking-cane, which instantly broke its back if it were touched, which nothing could ever be lighted at, and which was placed in solitary confinement at the bottom of a high tin tower, perforated with round holes that made a staringly wide-awake pattern on the walls. When I had got into bed, and lay there footsore, weary, and wretched, I found that I could no more close my own eyes than I could close the eyes of this foolish Argus. And thus, in the gloom and death of the night, we stared at one another.

What a doleful night! How anxious, how dismal, how long! There was an inhospitable smell in the room, of cold soot and hot dust; and, as I looked up into the corners of the tester over my head, I thought what a number of blue-bottle flies from the butchers', and earwigs from the market, and grubs from the country, must be holding on up there, lying by for next summer. This led me to speculate whether any of them ever tumbled down, and then I fancied that I felt light falls on my face—a disagreeable turn of thought, suggesting other and more objectionable approaches up my back. When I had lain awake a little while, those extraordinary voices with which silence teems, began to make themselves audible. The closet whispered, the fireplace sighed, the little washing-stand ticked, and one guitar-string played occasionally in the chest of drawers. At about the same time the eyes on the wall acquired a new expression, and in every one of those staring rounds I saw written, DON'T GO HOME.

Whatever night-fancies and night-noises crowded on me, they never warded off this DON'T GO HOME. It plaited itself into whatever I thought of, as a bodily pain would have done. Not long before, I had read in the newspapers how a gentleman unknown had come to the Hummums in the night, and had gone to bed, and had destroyed himself, and had been found in the morning weltering in blood. It came into my head that he must have occupied this very vault of mine, and I got out of bed to assure myself that there were no red marks about; then opened the door to look out into the passages, and cheer myself with the companionship of a distant light, near which I knew the chamberlain to be dozing. But all this time, why I was not to go home, and what had happened at home, and when I should go home, and whether Provis was safe at home, were questions occupying my mind so busily, that one might have supposed there could be no room in it for any other theme. Even when I thought of Estella, and how we had parted that day for ever, and when I recalled all the circumstances of our parting, and all her looks and tones, and the action of her fingers while she knitted—even then I was pursuing, here and there and everywhere, the caution Don't go home. When at last I dozed, in sheer exhaustion of mind and body, it became a vast shadowy verb which I had to conjugate. Imperative mood, present tense: Do not thou go home, let him not go home, Let us not go home, do not ye or you go home, let not them go home. Then, potentially: I may not and I cannot go home; and I might not, could not, would not, and should not go home; until I felt that I was going distracted, and rolled over on the pillow, and looked at the staring rounds upon the wall again.

I had left directions that I was to be called at seven; for it was plain that I must see Wemmick before seeing any one else, and equally plain that this was a case in which his Walworth sentiments, only, could be taken. It was a relief to get out of the room where the night had been so miserable, and I needed no

second knocking at the door to startle me from my uneasy bed.

The Castle battlements arose upon my view at eight o'clock. The little servant happening to be entering the fortress with two hot rolls, I passed through the postern and crossed the drawbridge, in her company, and so came without announcement into the presence of Wemmick as he was making tea for himself and the Aged. An open door afforded a perspective view of the Aged in bed.

"Halloa, Mr. Pip!" said Wemmick. "You did come home, then?"

"Yes," I returned; "but I didn't go home."

"That's all right," said he, rubbing his hands. "I left a note for you at each of the Temple gates, on the chance. Which gate did you come to?"

I told him.

"I'll go round to the others in the course of the day and destroy the notes," said Wemmick; "it's a good rule never to leave documentary evidence if you can help it, because you don't know when it may be put in. I'm going to take a liberty with you.—*Would* you mind toasting this sausage for the Aged P.?"

I said I should be delighted to do it.

"Then you can go about your work, Mary Anne," said Wemmick to the little servant; "which leaves us to ourselves, don't you see, Mr. Pip?" he added, winking, as she disappeared.

I thanked him for his friendship and caution, and our discourse proceeded in a low tone, while I toasted the Aged's sausage and he buttered the crumb of the Aged's roll.

"Now, Mr. Pip, you know," said Wemmick, "you and I understand one another. We are in our private and personal capacities, and we have been engaged in a confidential transaction before to-day. Official sentiments are one thing. We are extra official."

I cordially assented. I was so very nervous, that I had already lighted the Aged's sausage like a torch, and been obliged to blow it out.

"I accidentally heard, yesterday morning," said Wemmick, "being in a certain place where I once took you—even between you and me, it's as well not to mention names when avoidable——"

"Much better not," said I. "I understand you."

"I heard there, by chance, yesterday morning," said Wemmick, "that a certain person not altogether of uncolonial pursuits, and not unpossessed of portable property—I don't know who it may really be—we won't name this person——"

"Not necessary," said I.

"—had made some little stir in a certain part of the world where a good many people go, not always in gratification of their own inclinations, and not quite irrespective of the government expense——"

In watching his face, I made quite a firework of the Aged's sausage, and greatly discomposed both my own attention and Wemmick's; for which I apologised.

"—by disappearing from such place, and being no more heard of thereabouts. From which," said Wemmick, "conjectures had been raised and theories formed. I also heard that you at your chambers in Garden-court, Temple, had been watched, and might be watched again."

"By whom?" said I.

"I wouldn't go into that," said Wemmick, evasively, "it might clash with official responsibilities. I heard it, as I have in my time heard other curious things in the same place. I don't tell it you on information received. I heard it."

He took the toasting-fork and sausage from me as he spoke, and set forth the Aged's breakfast neatly on a little tray. Previous to placing it before him, he went into the Aged's room with a clean white cloth, and tied the same under the old gentleman's chin, and propped him up, and put his nightcap on one side, and gave him quite a rakish air. Then he placed his breakfast before him with great care, and said, "All right, ain't you, Aged P.?" To which the cheerful Aged replied, "All right, John, my boy, all right!" As there seemed to be a tacit understanding that the Aged was not in a presentable state, and was therefore to be considered invisible, I made a pretence of being in complete ignorance of these proceedings.

"This watching of me at my chambers (which I have once had reason to suspect)," I said to Wemmick when he came back, "is inseparable from the person to whom you have adverted; is it?"

Wemmick looked very serious. "I couldn't undertake to say that, of my own knowledge. I mean, I couldn't undertake to say it was at first. But it either is, or it will be, or it's in great danger of being."

As I saw that he was restrained by fealty to Little Britain from saying as much as he could, and as I knew with thankfulness to him how far out of his way he went to say what he did, I could not press him. But I told him, after a little meditation over the fire, that I would like to ask him a question, subject to his answering or not answering, as he deemed right, and sure that his course would be right. He paused in his breakfast, and crossing his arms, and pinching his shirt-sleeves (his notion of in-door comfort was to sit without any coat), he nodded to me once, to put my question.

"You have heard of a man of bad character, whose true name is Compeyson?"

He answered with one other nod.

"Is he living?"

One other nod.

"Is he in London?"

He gave me one other nod, compressed the post-office exceedingly, gave me one last nod, and went on with his breakfast.

"Now," said Wemmick, "questioning being over;" which he emphasised and repeated for my guidance; "I come to what I did after hearing what I heard. I went to Garden-court to find you; not finding you, I went to Clarriker's to find Mr. Herbert."

"And him you found?" said I, with great anxiety.

"And him I found. Without mentioning any names or going into any details, I gave him to understand that if he was aware of anybody—Tom, Jack, or Richard—being about the chambers, or about the immediate neighbourhood, he had better get Tom, Jack, or Richard, out of the way while you were out of the way."

"He would be greatly puzzled what to do?"

"He *was* puzzled what to do; not the less, because I gave him my opinion that it was not safe to try to get Tom, Jack, or Richard, too far out of the way at present. Mr. Pip, I'll tell you something. Under existing circumstances there is no place like a great city when you are once in it. Don't break cover too soon. Lie close. Wait till things slacken, before you try the open, even for foreign air."

I thanked him for his valuable advice, and asked him what Herbert had done.

"Mr. Herbert," said Wemmick, "after being all of a heap for half an hour, struck out a plan. He mentioned to me as a secret, that he is courting a young lady who has, as no doubt you are aware, a bedridden Pa. Which Pa, having been in the Purser line of life, lies a-bed in a bow-window where he can see the ships sail up and down the river. You are acquainted with the young lady, most probably?"

"Not personally," said I.

The truth was, that she had objected to me as an expensive companion who did Herbert no good, and that when Herbert had first proposed to present me to her she had received the proposal with such very moderate warmth, that Herbert had felt himself obliged to confide the state of the case to me, with a view to the passage of a little time before I made her acquaintance. When I had begun to advance Herbert's prospects by stealth, I had been able to bear this with cheerful philosophy; he and his affianced, for their part, had naturally not been very anxious to introduce a third person into their interviews; and thus, although I was assured that I had risen in Clara's esteem, and although the young lady and I had long regularly interchanged messages and remembrances by Herbert, I had never seen her. However, I did not trouble Wemmick with these particulars.

"The house with the bow-window," said Wemmick, "being by the river-side, down the Pool there between Limehouse and Greenwich, and being kept, it seems, by a very respectable widow who has a furnished upper floor to let, Mr. Herbert put it to me, what did I think of that as a temporary tenement for Tom, Jack, or Richard? Now, I thought very well of it, for three reasons I'll give you. That is to say. Firstly. It's altogether out of all your beats, and is well away from the usual heap of streets great and small. Secondly. Without going near it yourself, you could always hear of the safety of Tom, Jack, or Richard, through Mr. Herbert. Thirdly. After a while and when it might be prudent, if you should want to slip Tom, Jack, or Richard, on board a foreign packet-boat, there he is—ready."

Much comforted by these considerations, I thanked Wemmick again and again, and begged him to proceed.

"Well, sir! Mr. Herbert threw himself into the business with a will, and by nine o'clock last night he housed Tom, Jack, or Richard—whichever it may be—you and I don't want to know—quite successfully. At the old lodgings it was understood that he was summoned to Dover, and in fact he was taken down the Dover road and cornered out of it. Now, another great advantage of all this, is, that it was done without you, and when, if any one was concerning himself about your movements, you must be known to be ever so many miles off and quite otherwise engaged. This diverts suspicion and confuses it; and for the same reason I recommended that even if you came back last night, you should not go home. It brings in more confusion, and you want confusion."

Wemmick, having finished his breakfast, here looked at his watch, and began to get his coat on.

"And now, Mr. Pip," said he, with his hands still in the sleeves, "I have probably done the most I can do; but if I can ever do more—from a Walworth point of view, and in a strictly private and personal capacity—I shall be glad to do it. Here's the address. There can be no harm in your going here to-night and seeing for yourself that all is well with Tom, Jack, or Richard, before you go home—which is another reason for your not going home last night. But after you have gone home, don't go back here. You are very welcome, I am sure, Mr. Pip;" his hands were now out of his sleeves, and I was shaking them; "and let me finally impress one important point upon you." He laid his hands upon my shoulders, and added in a solemn whisper: "Avail yourself of this evening to lay hold of his portable property. You don't know what may happen to him. Don't let anything happen to the portable property."

Quite despairing of making my mind clear to Wemmick on this point, I forbore to try.

"Time's up," said Wemmick, "and I must be off. If you had nothing more pressing to do than to keep here till dark, that's what I should advise. You look very much worried, and it would do you good to have a perfectly quiet day with the Aged—he'll be up presently—and a little bit of——you remember the pig?"

"Of course," said I.

"Well; and a little bit of *him*. That sausage you toasted was his, and he was in all respects a first-rater. Do try him, if it is only for old acquaintance' sake. Good-by, Aged Parent!" in a cheery shout.

"All right, John; all right, my boy!" piped the old man from within.

I soon fell asleep before Wemmick's fire, and the Aged and I enjoyed one another's society by falling asleep before it more or less all day. We had loin of pork for dinner, and greens grown on the estate, and I nodded at the Aged

with a good intention whenever I failed to do it accidentally. When it was quite dark, I left the Aged preparing the fire for toast; and I inferred from the number of teacups, as well as from his glances at the two little doors in the wall, that Miss Skiffins was expected.

CHAPTER XLVI.

EIGHT o'clock had struck before I got into the air that was scented, not disagreeably, by the chips and shavings of the long-shore boat-builders, and mast oar and block makers. All that water-side region of the upper and lower Pool below Bridge, was unknown ground to me, and when I struck down by the river, I found that the spot I wanted was not where I had supposed it to be, and was anything but easy to find. It was called Mill Pond Bank, Chinks's Basin; and I had no other guide to Chinks's Basin than the Old Green Copper Rope-Walk.

It matters not what stranded ships repairing in dry docks I lost myself among, what old hulls of ships in course of being knocked to pieces, what ooze and slime and other dregs of tide, what yards of ship-builders and ship-breakers, what rusty anchors blindly biting into the ground though for years off duty, what mountainous country of accumulated casks and timber, and how many rope-walks that were not the Old Green Copper. After several times falling short of my destination and as often overshooting it, I came unexpectedly round a corner, upon Mill Pond Bank. It was a fresh kind of place, all circumstances considered, where the wind from the river had room to turn itself round; and there were two or three trees in it, and there was the stump of a ruined windmill, and there was the Old Green Copper Rope-Walk—whose long and narrow vista I could trace in the moonlight, along a series of wooden frames set in the ground, that looked like superannuated haymaking-rakes which had grown old and lost most of their teeth.

Selecting from the few queer houses upon Mill Pond Bank, a house with a wooden front and three stories of bow-window (not bay-windows, which is another thing), I looked at the plate upon the door, and read there, Mrs. Whimple. That being the name I wanted, I knocked, and an elderly woman of a pleasant and thriving appearance responded. She was immediately deposed, however, by Herbert, who silently led me into the parlour and shut the door. It was an odd sensation to see his very familiar face established quite at home in that very unfamiliar room and region; and I found myself looking at him, much as I looked at the corner-cupboard with the glass and china, the shells upon the chimney-piece, and the coloured engravings on the wall, representing the death of Captain Cook, a ship-launch, and his Majesty King George Third in a state-coachman's wig, leather-breeches, and top-boots, on the terrace at Windsor.

"All is well, Handel," said Herbert, "and he is quite satisfied, though eager to see you. My dear girl is with her father; and if you'll wait till she comes down, I'll make you known to her, and then we'll go up-stairs.——*That's* her father!"

I had become aware of an alarming growling overhead, and had probably expressed the fact in my countenance.

"I am afraid he is a sad old rascal," said Herbert, smiling, "but I have never seen him. Don't you smell rum? He is always at it."

"At rum?" said I.

"Yes," returned Herbert, "and you may suppose how mild it makes his gout. He persists, too, in keeping all the provisions up-stairs in his room, and serving them out. He keeps them on shelves over his head, and *will* weigh them all. His room must be like a chandler's shop."

While he thus spoke, the growling noise became a prolonged roar, and then died away.

"What else can be the consequence," said Herbert, in explanation, "if he *will* cut the cheese? A man with the gout in his right hand—and everywhere else—can't expect to get through a Double Gloucester without hurting himself."

He seemed to have hurt himself very much, for he gave another furious roar.

"To have Provis for an upper lodger is quite a godsend to Mrs. Whimple," said Herbert, "for of course people in general won't stand that noise. A curious place, Handel; isn't it?"

It was a curious place, indeed; but remarkably well kept and clean.

"Mrs. Whimple," said Herbert, when I told him so, "is the best of housewives, and I really do not know what my Clara would do without her motherly help. For, Clara has no mother of her own, Handel, and no relation in the world but old Gruffandgrim."

"Surely that's not his name, Herbert?"

"No, no," said Herbert, "that's my name for him. His name is Mr. Barley. But what a blessing it is for the son of my father and mother to love a girl who has no relations, and who can never bother herself, or anybody else, about her family!"

Herbert had told me on former occasions, and now reminded me, that he first knew Miss Clara Barley when she was completing her education at an establishment at Hammersmith, and that on her being recalled home to nurse her father, he and she had confided their affection to the motherly Mrs. Whimple, by whom it had been fostered and regulated with equal kindness and discretion, ever since. It was understood that nothing of a tender nature could be confided to Old Barley, by reason of his being totally unequal to the consideration of any subject more psychological than Gout, Rum, and Purser's stores.

As we were thus conversing in a low tone while Old Barley's sustained growl vibrated in the beam that crossed the ceiling, the room door opened, and a very pretty slight dark-eyed girl of twenty or so, came in with a basket in her hand: whom Herbert tenderly relieved of the basket, and presented blushing, as "Clara." She really

was a most charming girl, and might have passed for a captive fairy whom that truculent Ogre, Old Barley, had pressed into his service.

"Look here," said Herbert, showing me the basket with a compassionate and tender smile after we had talked a little; "here's poor Clara's supper, served out every night. Here's her allowance of bread, and here's her slice of cheese, and here's her rum—which I drink. This is Mr. Barley's breakfast for to-morrow, served out to be cooked. Two mutton chops, three potatoes, some split peas, a little flour, two ounces of butter, a pinch of salt, and all this black pepper. It's stewed up together and taken hot, and it's a nice thing for the gout, I should think!"

There was something so natural and winning in Clara's resigned way of looking at these stores in detail, as Herbert pointed them out,—and something so confiding, loving, and innocent, in her modest manner of yielding herself to Herbert's embracing arm—and something so gentle in her, so much needing protection on Mill Pond Bank, by Chinks's Basin, and the Old Green Copper Rope-Walk, with Old Barley growling in the beam—that I would not have undone the engagement between her and Herbert, for all the money in the pocket-book I had never opened.

I was looking at her with pleasure and admiration, when suddenly the growl swelled into a roar again, and a frightful bumping noise was heard above, as if a giant with a wooden leg were trying to bore it through the ceiling to come at us. Upon this Clara said to Herbert, "Papa wants me, darling!" and ran away.

"There's an unconscionable old shark for you!" said Herbert. "What do you suppose he wants now, Handel?"

"I don't know," said I. "Something to drink?"

"That's it!" cried Herbert, as if I had made a guess of extraordinary merit. "He keeps his grog ready-mixed in a little tub on the table. Wait a moment, and you'll hear Clara lift him up to take some.—There he goes!" Another roar, with a prolonged shake at the end. "Now," said Herbert, as it was succeeded by silence, "he's drinking. Now," said Herbert, as the growl resounded in the beam once more, "he's down again on his back!"

Clara returning soon afterwards, Herbert accompanied me up-stairs to see our charge. As we passed Mr. Barley's door, he was heard hoarsely muttering within, in a strain that rose and fell like wind, the following Refrain; in which I substitute good wishes for something quite the reverse.

"Ahoy! Bless your eyes, here's old Bill Barley. Here's old Bill Barley, bless your eyes. Here's old Bill Barley on the flat of his back, by the Lord. Lying on the flat of his back, like a drifting old dead flounder, here's your old Bill Barley, bless your eyes. Ahoy! Bless you."

In this strain of consolation, Herbert informed me the invisible Barley would commune with himself by the day and night together; often, while it was light, having, at the same time, one eye at a telescope which was fitted on his bed for the convenience of sweeping the river.

In his two cabin rooms at the top of the house, which were fresh and airy, and in which Mr. Barley was less audible than below, I found Provis comfortably settled. He expressed no alarm, and seemed to feel none that was worth mentioning; but it struck me that he was softened—indefinably, for I could not have said how, and could never afterwards recal how, when I tried; but certainly.

The opportunity that the day's rest had given me for reflection, had resulted in my fully determining to say nothing to him respecting Compeyson. For anything I knew, his animosity towards the man might otherwise lead to his seeking him out and rushing on his own destruction. Therefore, when Herbert and I sat down with him by his fire, I asked him first of all whether he relied on Wemmick's judgment and sources of information?

"Ay, ay, dear boy!" he answered, with a grave nod, "Jaggers's knows."

"Then I have talked with Wemmick," said I, "and have come to tell you what caution he gave me, and what advice."

This I did accurately, with the reservation just mentioned; and I told him how Wemmick had heard, in Newgate prison (whether from officers or prisoners I could not say), that he was under some suspicion, and that my chambers had been watched; how Wemmick had recommended his keeping close for a time, and my keeping away from him; and what Wemmick had said about getting him abroad. I added, that of course, when the time came, I should go with him, or should follow close upon him, as might be safest in Wemmick's judgment. What was to follow that, I did not touch upon; neither indeed was I at all clear or comfortable about it in my own mind, now that I saw him in that softer condition, and in declared peril for my sake. As to altering my way of living, by enlarging my expenses, I put it to him whether in our present unsettled and difficult circumstances, it would not be simply ridiculous, if it were no worse?

He could not deny this, and indeed was very reasonable throughout. His coming back was a venture, he said, and he had always known it to be a venture. He would do nothing to make it a desperate venture, and he had very little fear of his safety with such good help.

Herbert, who had been looking at the fire and pondering, here said that something had come into his thoughts arising out of Wemmick's suggestion, which it might be worth while to pursue. "We are both good watermen, Handel, and could take him down the river ourselves when the right time comes. No boat would then be hired for the purpose, and no boatmen; that would save at least a chance of suspicion, and any chance is worth saving. Never mind the season; don't you think it might be a good thing if you began at once to keep a boat at the Temple stairs, and were in the habit of rowing

up and down the river? You fall into that habit, and then who notices or minds? Do it twenty times or fifty times, and there is nothing special in your doing it the twenty-first or fifty-first."

I liked this scheme, and Provis was quite elated by it. We agreed that it should be carried into execution, and that Provis should never recognise us if we came below Bridge and rowed past Mill Pond Bank. But we further agreed that he should pull down the blind in that part of his window which gave upon the east, whenever he saw us and all was right.

Our conference being now ended, and everything arranged, I rose to go; remarking to Herbert that he and I had better not go home together, and that I would take half an hour's start of him. "I don't like to leave you here," I said to Provis, "though I cannot doubt your being safer here than near me. Good-by!"

"Dear boy," he answered, clasping my hands, "I don't know when we may meet again, and I don't like Good-by. Say Good Night!"

"Good night! Herbert will go regularly between us, and when the time comes you may be certain I shall be ready. Good night, Good night!"

We thought it best that he should stay in his own rooms, and we left him on the landing outside his door, holding a light over the stair-rail to light us down stairs. Looking back at him, I thought of that first night of his return when our positions were reversed, and when I little supposed my heart could ever be as heavy and anxious at parting from him as it was now.

Old Barley was growling and swearing when we repassed his door, with no appearance of having ceased, or of meaning to cease. When we got to the foot of the stairs, I asked Herbert whether he had preserved the name of Provis? He replied, certainly not, and that the lodger was Mr. Campbell. He also explained that the utmost known of Mr. Campbell there, was, that he (Herbert) had Mr. Campbell consigned to him, and felt a strong personal interest in his being well cared for, and living a secluded life. So, when we went into the parlour where Mrs. Whimple and Clara were seated at work, I said nothing of my own interest in Mr. Campbell, but kept it to myself.

When I had taken leave of the pretty gentle dark-eyed girl, and the motherly woman who had not outlived her honest sympathy with a little affair of true love, I felt as if the old Green Copper Rope Walk had grown quite a different place. Old Barley might be as old as the hills, and might swear like a whole field of troopers, but there were redeeming youth and trust and hope enough in Chinks's Basin, to fill it to overflowing. And then I thought of Estella, and of our parting, and went home very sadly.

All things were as quiet in the Temple as ever I had seen them. The windows of the rooms on that side, lately occupied by Provis, were dark and still, and there was no lounger in Garden-court. I walked past the fountain twice or thrice before I descended the steps that were between me and my rooms, but I was quite alone. Herbert coming to my bedside when he came in—for I went straight to bed, dispirited and fatigued—made the same report. Opening one of the windows after that, he looked out into the moonlight, and told me that the pavement was as solemnly empty as the pavement of any Cathedral at that same hour.

Next day, I set myself to get the boat. It was soon done, and the boat was brought round to the Temple-stairs, and lay where I could reach her within a minute or two. Then, I began to go out, as for training and practice: sometimes alone, sometimes with Herbert. I was often out in cold, rain, and sleet, but nobody took much note of me after I had been out a few times. At first, I kept above Blackfriars Bridge; but, as the hours of the tides changed, I took towards London Bridge. It was Old London Bridge in those days, and at certain states of the tide there was a race and fall of water there which gave it a bad reputation. But I knew well enough how to "shoot" the bridge after seeing it done, and so began to row about among the shipping in the Pool, and down to Erith. The first time I passed Mill Pond Bank, Herbert and I were pulling a pair of oars; and, both in going and returning, we saw the blind towards the east come down. Herbert was rarely there less frequently than three times in a week, and he never brought me a single word of intelligence that was at all alarming. Still, I knew that there was cause for alarm, and I could not get rid of the notion of being watched. Once received, it is a haunting idea; how many undesigning persons I suspected of watching me it would be hard to calculate.

In short, I was always full of fears for the rash man who was in hiding. Herbert had sometimes said to me that he found it pleasant to stand at one of our windows after dark, when the tide was running down, and to think that it was flowing, with everything it bore, towards Clara. But I thought with dread that it was flowing towards Magwitch, and that any black mark on its surface might be his pursuers, going swiftly, silently, and surely, to take him.

SWEETS.

Throughout the whole of the great class of animals headed by man, from the elephant down to the shrew mouse, there is one sort of tooth—the sweet tooth—common to all. Even the canary-bird understands sugar, while as for the ants and the flies, they will die for it and in it. Whether or not it be distinguishable by the taste, some kind of sugar is known to exist in nearly every kind of food taken by animals, beginning with the mother's milk, which is always sweetened to the particular want of each sort of suckling.

So great is the enjoyment produced by this taste in many animals that, although low in the scale of wit, they soon begin to recognise and

show an affection for any person by whom they often have it indulged, and they find out with surprising accuracy what they must do to get more. It is thus that horses are taught to go through many of the wonderful performances exhibited at amphitheatres. The love of cattle for sweet fodder is most amusing; it is hardly possible to keep them out of a field in which some of the sweeter varieties of Indian corn or Chinese sugar grass is growing, should they have had one taste of its quality, and the use of sweetened food is one of the means by which cattle are induced to eat to the limits of repletion in order to produce that maximum of fat desired by agricultural societies. Of the delight taken by that eminent mammal—man—for sugar, nothing need be said.

The practice of sweetening food is far more ancient than the knowledge of actual sugar. It is almost certain that the Greeks and Romans knew sugar only as honey; and, as this had to be employed for nearly all sweetening of their food, bee-keeping was as great a business then, as sugar-baking is now.

That accounts for the frequent citation by ancient writers of names of places famous for the quantity and fineness of the honey they produced, as Hybla, Hymettus, Canaan, "a land flowing with milk and honey." At a later date cane honey became known to the Romans. Dioscorides, a writer in the first century, mentions that a kind of honey was found on canes which grew in India and Arabia which was called *sugar*, and which, we are informed by Pliny, was only used in medicine, as we use manna, though without the laxative properties of manna. Sugar appears to have been first introduced into Europe at the time of the Crusades, when it was used as a rare kind of sweetmeat; the art of boiling down the juice of the sugar cane not having any commercial importance until the middle of the fifteenth century. But the general domestic use of sugar dates only from the discovery of America, and the subsequent establishment of plantations of sugar canes in the West Indies.

Sugar belongs to a class of substances closely akin to one another, called in chemistry the glucic group. Glucic is only a Greek way of saying sweet. The members of his family are made of carbon, with the addition of oxygen and hydrogen in the proportions to form water. Sugar is charcoal and water in another shape, established by another way of blending the three elements. The names of the principal members of the sweet group in the order of the quantity of water they may be supposed to contain are, vegetable or woody fibre, gum tragacanth, starch, gum-arabic, cane sugar, fruit sugar, grape sugar, milk sugar, and inosite or the sugar of animal muscle. The kinds of sugar mentioned in the foregoing list will all ferment, and are called fermentable or true sugars. There is a class of sugars also characterised by a very sweet taste, which will not ferment, and which seem, moreover, to be somewhat different in constitution. Manna sugar and liquorice sugar are the most familiar examples. It must also be borne in mind, when considering the properties of all these varieties, that though called by one generic name, and nearly related in constitution, they are in each case perfectly distinct bodies, each with its own properties and its own way of composition.

Though the sweetness of all substances forming the food of man and animals is caused by the presence of one of these sugars, yet we know of other sweet compounds, some of them sweeter than sugar, that are anything but eatable: sugar of lead, for instance, very sweet, though nauseously metallic in its taste; glycerine also is sweet, and so is chloroform; while a solution of chloride of silver in hyposulphite of soda is probably the sweetest compound known; its excessive sweetness when a drop is placed on the tongue being almost intolerable.

Cane sugar, which is the sweetest of all true sugars, is contained in the juices of the sugar cane, in beetroot, in the sap of many kinds of palm and of the sugar maple; in the stalks of Indian corn, the juice of gourds; and from all these sources it is got for man's use as an article of trade, being identically the same substance in each case. It is also contained in some stage of their growth in most fruits, in the stalks of grasses, in the leaves of certain plants, as the red cabbage; in the roots of many others, as the carrot; in the sap of trees, as birch, hazel; and is, in fact, common in the plant world. The way of getting sugar from the above sources is in principle the same in all cases, and is so well known that we need not repeat it here. Cane sugar is nearly pure in the finer varieties of lump sugar, which, like snow, owes its dazzling whiteness to the innumerable refractions and reflexions of the light fallen upon it. Its sweetening power is very great; a property in part due to its great solubility in water, which will take up three times its own weight when cold, and almost any quantity when boiling. When a strong solution of sugar is allowed to congeal slowly it forms the large crystals known as sugar-candy, which, of course, differs from ordinary sugar in nothing but form. When heated to a temperature of three hundred and twenty degrees sugar melts, and on cooling solidifies to the glassy transparent substance known as barley-sugar. This clouds by keeping, because the sugar has been slowly assuming the crystalline form, a change that is the cause of that delicious crust which some of us recollect as encasing acid-drops or other transparent sweetmeat, after a long storage in the schoolroom desk. When a boiling saturated solution of sugar is poured on a cool plate, or in a mould, it solidifies on cooling to an opaque, concrete mass. These two forms of cane sugar are the foundation of all the arts of sweetmeat manufacture. When sugar is carefully heated to a temperature of about four hundred and fifteen degrees it loses water, and is changed into an intensely dark brown fusible matter called caramel, but more commonly known as burnt sugar. This substance is very

soluble in water, and is used extensively to colour wines and sauces, producing all tints from a light amber to an almost black, and having the advantage, when properly prepared, of being free from taste and smell. A solution of sugar will dissolve a large quantity of lime, and such a mixture, when containing but a small amount of lime, or even alkali, will act upon—a purer sugar does not—copper vessels.

The commonest forms of fruit sugar are honey and treacle. In the former it is associated with grape sugar, and in the latter with cane sugar. It is called fruit sugar from being the cause of the sweetness of most of the fruits of temperate climates, those of tropical climates being said to owe their sweetness generally to cane sugar. By some very recent experiments in France, it has been shown that the sweet principle, as it first appears in the fruit, is cane sugar, which is changed wholly or partially into fruit sugar by the process of ripening. Fruit sugar cannot be made to crystallise, and is, therefore, hardly to be met with in a solid form. When a solution of our household sugar is boiled for some time it is partly converted into fruit sugar, which has the property of preventing the crystallisation of a large quantity of the unchanged cane sugar. This accounts for the formation of molasses, there being formed during the long evaporation of the cane juice much fruit sugar, which subsequently drains away. Under the heat of the refining process we, for a like reason, get treacle as a thick uncrystallisable syrup, carrying, of course, much cane sugar with it in solution.

The change from cane into fruit sugar takes place more quickly when there is malic, tartaric, or almost any vegetable acid present; thus in making fruit preserves, the acid of the fruit, by boiling with the sugar, soon changes the whole of it into fruit sugar, so that on subsequent cooling there is no crystallisation as there would be if this change did not occur. Where preserves, jellies, honey, &c., are kept for some time they are apt to undergo the disagreeable change commonly known as candying. This is caused by the gradual conversion of the fruit sugar into grape sugar, the warty crystalline lumps of which, diffused through the mass, give rise to the peculiar change in taste and appearance. The change may generally be observed to have taken place on the surface of jams when the part below is quite unaffected. The crust of sugar that surrounds most dried fruits also comes by reason of the property fruit sugar has of passing, under certain circumstances, into grape sugar.

Grape sugar (so called because it was first got from dried grapes), though it is not used to nearly the same extent as the other two, is perhaps the most interesting, as it is the only one that is directly fermentable. The others must change into grape sugar before they will ferment, and the same change also takes place during digestion in the stomach. Nearly all the substances belonging to the before-mentioned sweet or glucic group can be more or less readily turned into grape sugar. Thus, when starch is boiled for a short time with dilute sulphuric acid, it assimilates the elements of water and is changed into grape sugar, the acid taking no part in the change, except giving the impulse to it, for that can be withdrawn unchanged on the completion of the process. Malt also contains a substance called diastase, which possesses to an astonishing degree the property of transforming starch into sugar. Let any one try the experiment of adding a little infusion of malt to a basin of hot and thick arrowroot or gruel, and allowing the mixture to stand for a few minutes in a warm place, it will be found that the previously pudding-like mixture has become quite thin and fluid from the transformation of the starch.

Again, when any form of vegetable fibre, such as rags, sawdust, or tow, has been digested for several hours with strong sulphuric acid, and the mixture, afterwards diluted with water, has been boiled for some time, the old rags will have undergone magical change, and will be sugar. A hundred parts of linen rags will yield one hundred and fifteen parts of sugar, the increase of weight being due to the elements of water absorbed during the change.

In France a great deal of grape sugar is made from starch, and is known as starch sugar. Much of this is used for increasing the strength of beer (at expense of quality), by adding it to the wort before fermentation. It is also said to be largely employed in France for purposes of adulteration.

Though grape sugar has the advantage of being thus easily manufactured, it is at disadvantage, since it has not so great a sweetening power as cane sugar, besides that it does not crystallise so easily, and is therefore more difficult to come at in a marketable form. Starch sugar, in its usual form, appears in large concrete lumps of a light brown colour, and of very slight crystalline texture; it has an agreeable taste, though its sweetening power is less than half that of cane sugar, and it is not so easily dissolved in water. There is need, therefore, that it be produced at a much cheaper rate than at present, if it is ever to be largely consumed for the same purposes as cane sugar.

Milk sugar is, of all the varieties of sugar, the least sweet, and is therefore little used, except for some chemical and medical purposes. It is manufactured in many localities in Switzerland by evaporating, after the curd has been separated, the waste whey to a syrupy state, when the sugar crystallises out. Milk sugar is found in the milk of all animals; human and asses' milk containing six parts in a hundred.

Though cane sugar so closely resembles other members of the glucic group, differing from them only by more or less of water or its elements, yet up to the present time all attempts of chemists to form cane sugar artificially have failed. When future researches shall have solved the problem of the real relation of these bodies to each other, there can be no doubt that some process will be discovered for the chemical production of such sugar as we put into our tea, but shall hardly be able to compete with nature in economy.

It will be seen from the foregoing facts and considerations that the sweetening power of any sample of sugar depends on the quantity of absolutely pure cane sugar it contains. The ordinary brown sugars contain, according to quality (not always price), from eighty-three to ninety-six per cent of pure sugar, the remainder consisting of water, fragments of cane fibre, grape sugar, and a small quantity of a vegetable substance resembling white of egg in nature, and which is the food of disgusting little insects which literally swarm in some samples of sugar, and can frequently be distinguished without difficulty by the naked eye. In some kinds of moist sugar the impurities occur in such quantity as not only to destroy its flavour but to render it unwholesome. The cheaper kinds of lump-sugar are in all cases purer than brown sugars, and lump-sugar, from its form, offers far less opportunity for adulteration, an advantage which belongs also to the soft sugar that is crystalline in its texture, and not so moist as to clot into brown lumps.

Sugar is not only a condiment; it is a most important article of diet, and aid to digestion. Though the use of sugar as an article of food seems mainly to supply the carbon used in breathing, yet it undoubtedly contributes also to the production of fat, for during the severe labour of gathering the sugar crop in the West Indies, in spite of the great exertion and fatigues, it is said that every negro on the plantation, every animal, even the very dogs, will fatten.

The conversion of starch into grape sugar also appears to be the first step in its digestion; and it is probable that the greater difficulty with which cellulose is converted into sugar is the cause of its indigestibility and uselessness as an article of food. Sugar also plays an important part in many processes of the animal system, and appears to be necessary to the production of bile. It has been detected by Lehman and Bernard in the blood of man, and in that of the cat, dog, and ox. Sugar also is supposed to be necessary to the process of incubation, where by its peculiar solvent action on the lime and phosphate of lime of the shell it is thought to assist in the formation of the bones of the chick, and though this idea has not yet been demonstrated, it appears highly probable, from the general occurrence of sugar in the egg. As an instance of the marvellous processes going forward in the human frame, I may mention that in the terrible disease called diabetes all the amylaceous food converted into sugar, instead of being assimilated by the system, as in health, passes away, the sufferer thus deriving no benefit from the food.

Sugar lies under a ban for injuring the teeth. What shall we say of this? The negroes employed on sugar plantations, who eat, perhaps, more sugar than any class of people, have almost proverbially fine white sound teeth, which they retain in old age. But on the other hand, in England, persons employed in the sugar refineries, who are from their occupation obliged constantly to be tasting sugar, lose their teeth from decay after a few years. A strong solution of pure sugar appears to have no action on teeth after extraction, even after many months, and even when already decayed the action on them is scarcely perceptible. But sugar, in combination with a small amount of lime, or alkali, has the property of dissolving phosphate of lime, a salt which is contained in large quantities by the bones and teeth; a circumstance which may explain in some measure the contradictory nature of the facts. Thus the inferior varieties of sugar and treacle, which always contain lime derived from the process of manufacture, and many kinds of confectionary into which lime enters as an ingredient, would be expected to have an injurious action on the teeth, especially if there should be a break anywhere in the outer coating of enamel. On the other hand, *fresh* honey and fruits, which contain a large per-centage of sugar, but in which it is not likely to occur with lime in combination, are so far above suspicion, that some fruits—as strawberries, plums, &c.—which contain much sugar, have even been recommended as aids to the securing of good teeth.

CHINESE SLAVES ADRIFT.

A BIT of muddy sand, a bluff point covered with trees of a real English green, a handsome pagoda, and at the foot of it a single house with a yard, inscribed by hands of departed Englishmen as the bowling-green of her Majesty's brig Acorn, are the notable features of the Pagoda anchorage, twelve miles below Foo-chow-foo, in the river Min. Round the bluff is a creek, with paddy-fields on one side, and on the other a muddy cliff. On the cliff is the establishment of Messrs. Yeh-sin (pronounced by the sailors Yellow Sam), general dealers in all things that ships may want. Hither I had come in the Queen, coasting steamer carrying the mail, which rode at anchor under the pagoda, in company with some fast-sailing American and Aberdeen tea-clippers, and two or three opium receiving-ships. Climbing the hill, I found on its top an American surgeon, serving as the bar-keeper, and residing there with no comrades but the Chinamen, or, as he called them, the long-tailed Ching-a-ring-tingus. The place, he said, was right enough as long as there were no typhoons. He'd been in one, and if there came another, he should not stop for a third. "I just saved my books and ran up the hill, when up came my house after me, and had nearly caught me, when it all went to smash just here. You belong to the Queen?"

"Yes; we start for Amoy to-morrow."

"And the mail closes to-night. I'm off."

And off he went, as if he had another house tumbling up at his heels.

Next day we were to start for our run down the coast. When the steam was blowing off and the anchor away, boats sped to us in crowds. Small sampans and large row-boats clustered alongside, holding on to the last

minute, as representatives of the different large firms whose flags they carried, and whose letters with the very latest commercial news were to be carried by the Queen. Each great house, scorning the small formality of the post-office, has its own bags of mails, and often gets its news before other men's letters are sorted. These large firms look with no friendly eye on the equal blessings of a regular mail. When information as to the opium market, the one great piece of news in China, which everybody asks about and which everybody knows about, and which is what everybody means by "information,"—when "information" was only got by irregular means along the coast, and very often only by the opium clippers of the great houses, a very handsome trade in buying and selling was accomplished even by the mildest man of business. A regular mail communication upsets all that little arrangement, unless the great houses can command a rate of speed in their own ships that will outstrip the mail. Otherwise, all the merchants have an equal chance, and huge fortunes are not so easily made in China now-a-days as of yore.

At length we were off. The river Min runs deep and rapid, between fertile fields and wooded hills, to the bar at its mouth, shallow and formidable, extending a long distance and right in the way of the entrance. The difficulty of following the channel across the bar, is aggravated by its being some distance from the land forming the entrance of the river, and consequently by the "marks," when it is at all thick weather, being invisible. Here we steamed by a poor bilged vessel, once a noble clipper, that they were trying to get up to the anchorage under jury canvas. She was the famous American clipper Flying Fish, that once sailed a race round the world with two other vessels (as Maury tells us), and now, leaving Foo-chow-foo with a splendid full freight of tea, had ended her career as a clipper at this miserable bar. She had come down the river safely, and was working out of the narrow channel, when she did what she had never done before—"missed stays;" there was no room to "wear," so to let go the anchor was her only chance. Here again, a strange accident occurred, as fatal as unexpected. The "shank painter," a chain securing the "flukes" of the anchor to the rail, jammed its end in rendering, as the weight of the anchor made it fly round the timber heads. So there the anchor hung; chain being used instead of rope, no one could cut it; and the good ship drifting round took the ground on the bar and drove ashore.

The little Queen, being a steamer, was not subject to a casualty of this kind, and the bright sunshine gleaming on the White Dogs Islands on our left, and the high land about Hai-tan on our right, led us to hope, as we rapidly cleared the dangers of the bar, for a quick and easy run. With a fine fair breeze, as we had now, the open sea route is preferred to the in-shore route; and, crowding every stitch of sail on the ship, we hurried on.

One of the peculiarities of navigation on the coast of China, particularly at certain seasons of the year, is rapid change of weather. The sea is as sudden in its changes as the winds: probably from the strong currents prevalent: and it does not take long to transform the short chopping sea incidental to a "fresh breeze," into deep wall-like waves, quick running and merciless. So, the better the weather, the more careful the good sailor, and the more it behoves him to pay attention to that safe and sure guide—his barometer. In all well-regulated ships the barometer is noted at sea or in harbour at the end of every four hours; but it sometimes happens that in the confusion and bustle of a last day in port—cargo, mails, baggage, stores, and sundries, all coming in at once—the careful reading of the barometer may have been overlooked.

Hardly were we well clear of the entrance of the Min, our ropes coiled down, and the crew piped to dinner, when we became aware on board our little ship that the barometer was very low indeed. It was of little use to inquire, now, when it had begun to go down; low down there it was; and notwithstanding the bright blue sky overhead, and the merrily dancing sea, we knew well what we had to look for. The distance between Foo-chow-foo and Hong-kong is not much more than four hundred miles, and Amoy is not quite half way between them. Our object would be to gain Amoy before the typhoon—if there were one coming—broke in its violence, for there the harbour is quite sheltered, and we could wait quietly the blowing over of the storm. It was not far to go for a steamer with a fair wind; but if the storm came on, as it probably would, within twelve hours, we should have a race for it. Of course we could fall back on the alternative, in any weather, of bringing our little ship to the wind, and "lying to" until the gale was over. Our first chance was to run for it; and we had not run long, before, as the evening drew in, the prediction of the barometer was verified. The bright blue sky disappeared. Black lurid clouds massed up to the eastward, and the veering and strengthening breeze moaned and whistled through our rigging. The sea, not bright and sparkling, but black and sullen, chased our stern no longer as in sport, but with a rushing subdued roar, that boded mischief. The fishing-boats, of which there is generally a large fleet upon all parts of the coast, were all standing in for the land, towards the various villages. We ourselves were making every preparation for what sailors call a "dirty night," when our attention was called by the look-out man to a white patch on the horizon. At first we took it for some small craft, but the sail was too white to belong to one of the fishing-boats, as they all use matting for sail-cloth. The shape of it, too, was unlike any of the strangely-shaped "rigs" that the Chinese coast boats have. It looked like the topsail of a ship close-reefed; but how it could be in that position, just showing above the water, was a mystery.

The order was given on board to "keep away a point or two, to steer for the sail,"

and we were soon rapidly nearing it. Every available spy-glass was directed towards this strange sail. It appeared, as we all watched it, to lollop up and down, as it were, with the jerk of the sea, according to no regular motion of a ship or boat. Suddenly it showed more clearly on the very top of a high wave.

"It is a ship capsized!" cried several at once; and we were soon near enough to make out distinctly that it was.

We had no time to spare in that state of the weather, for troubling ourselves much about anybody's business but our own: yet here there might be human lives at stake.

"Can you see any one on board? Is there any flag waving?"

"Yes, sir, I think I can make out a bit of colour in the rigging," replied the officer of the watch, who was intently studying the wreck through his glass.

Every moment, at the rate we were going, enabled us to make out the vessel better and better, and we now discovered her to be a large barque: all her masts standing, and a main-topsail set. The fore-topsail had evidently split, the rags blowing about in the breeze. She was right over on one side, the keel showing between every sea that passed her, and the water being nearly up to her hatchways on deck. In the mizen-rigging, upside-down, was a flag—the Peruvian ensign we at last made it out to be—and at the same time we discovered a black object standing on the upper part of the poop.

"It is a man!"

It was a man. So, the order was passed to "stand by below," ready to stop the engines. Not only one figure but three or four figures were now observed on the wreck, and passing under her stern, we saw that her name was the Bon Aventuro. In the next minute the Queen was rounded to, and a boat prepared for lowering.

In the mean time the wind had freshened greatly, and there was what Jack would call a "capful" for anybody. There was such a sea running as to render it unwise to risk any but a life-boat. For her, however, we soon had a crew, and in five minutes we were close to the capsized ship. With great difficulty, and after considerable manœuvring, we took advantage of a calm interval and got alongside the keel. We then had to jump quickly from the boat on to the green slippery copper of the vessel's bottom, and crawl up the side to the bulwarks, making our boat shove off directly and lay upon her oars. Clustered about the after-part of the vessel, hanging on to the rigging, and on anything by which they could support themselves, were a group of Chinamen, who welcomed us with the most frantic gesticulations of delight. They would let go whatever they were holding themselves fast by, to make "salaams" down to their very feet: greatly endangering their safety, considering the uncomfortable slope of the ship's deck. A hasty glance below, the hatchways being open, and the water rushing about in the hold, indicated the nature of the accident that had befallen the unlucky craft, misnamed Bon Aventuro. A great mass of sand was visible as the water washed about. Clearly, she had been struck by a squall; the ballast had shifted; and over she had gone. A further inspection, but a very rapid one—for the rising wind and sea warned us that we had no time to spare—showed us that all her boats were gone. As we afterwards learnt, they had afforded means of escape to the captain, crew, and all the other people save those whom we found. There was no time then for asking questions. Passing three or four lines along the ship's bottom to hold on by, and a longer one to our life-boat by the keel, we sent the Chinamen along as fast as we could: the boat being obliged to lay off, and the greatest watchfulness and care being exercised in handling her. She would hold but half the number of people we found on the wreck, so she was at once despatched with her cargo to the steamer, and while she was gone I jumped down into the cabin to look round. The dining-table and seats were in a confused mass to leeward; some arms, a broken water-keg or "breaker," a part of a compass, half a bag of bread, and a dozen other things, were lying about, and had evidently in the confusion of abandoning the ship been hastily taken up and thrown aside again. From the deck, hung the tell-tale compass, still indicating (having been jammed in its position when the ship heeled over) the course the ship had been steering when she capsized. Suddenly a faint noise as of a man in pain struck on my ear. Why had I not remembered that there might be some one alive down below, who had been hurt, or was sick perhaps, and had been unable to shift for himself when the rest escaped? I made towards the noise, which issued from one of the after state-rooms; walking on the side panels and over the doors of the lower cabins instead of upon the deck. The doors were all open, and in the second cabin from aft, I heard the groaning. "Here, here! Help!" said a faint voice as I reached the place.

In one of the bed-places was stretched the emaciated figure of a man, scantily covered with a great-coat, and a patched quilt on the bed.

"Good Heaven! I had no idea there was any one below," I exclaimed.

"It's too late—I'm dying!" said the poor fellow, gasping his words out with great difficulty, and falling back from the half-raised position that in the excitement of the moment he had had power to take.

I thought the poor fellow was gone. Of all ghastly objects ever beheld, this was one of the most dreadful. Neglect had aggravated the terrible effects of the disease from which he was suffering, and the poor yellow skeleton with its matted hair and grimy skin was horrible to look upon.

I hunted in the main cabin until I found in a corner a half-empty spirit bottle; a little drink from this revived him wonderfully.

"Thanks—thanks!" he said. "Hour after

hour of the last two days and nights has been to me like months and months. Every wash of the sea would sink the ship I thought, or the Chinese pirate boats would board us."

"Tell me when and how did this occur."

"We were bound from Whampoa to the West Indies, with emigration coolies on board; we were in ballast, and going to call on the coast at Swatow to load some freight; when a squall struck the ship in the night, and before any one below was aware, she was what you see her. I was the second mate, and the only Englishman on board. Directly the accident occurred, the captain and all hands took to the boats. It was every man for himself, you may be sure. Many were drowned. I have been down with fever and dysentery. I'm not long for this world; and you'd better go and leave me here."

"Nonsense, my friend!"

A confusion and noise on deck proclaimed the return of the life-boat, and she was rapidly loaded with eager and grateful Chinamen. The next task was to convey the sick man to the boat: which was by no means an easy one under the circumstances. At last, by contriving a stretcher from part of the cabin table, and using the greatest care and caution, we passed him into the life-boat, and left the Bon Aventuro to go down to the fishes with her colours flying.

In five minutes we were alongside the Queen, the boat was hooked on and run up, and the ship was going ahead full speed. The rescued Chinamen stood up in a row as soon as they were on board, and prostrated themselves, with their heads to the deck, to show their gratitude. They had reason to be doubly thankful. Not only had we rescued them from death, but the accident to their ship had rescued them from slavery.

The weather, while this was a doing, had been getting decidedly worse; had it been finer, we might have tried to take the capsized ship in tow; and if we had been able to get her into a port, the salvage money would have been worth having. Like many other good actions in the world, however, ours was its own reward, and we continued our course for Amoy: making every preparation for the typhoon, which was evidently coming, and trusting to our speed to arrive in port before the storm should break in its full violence. Night came on, dark and thick, and the wind and sea roared at us; but the direction of the wind was still in our favour, and, with reefed sails, the Queen ran like a race-horse to her winning-post. We mustered the rescued Chinamen on deck, and sending for one of our boatmen, by name Akow, to interpret, found that most of them had been kidnapped at Chang-chow (or Whampoa) and forcibly put on board the Bon Aventuro; that they were victims, in fact, of a regular slave-trade, carried on, not only under Peruvian colours, but by other nations that ought to know better.

"Well, Akow, what does this one say?—what's *his* name?" said we, after examining several who had pretty nearly the same story to tell. He belonged, we learnt, to Canton, his name Pang-a-shing. He had been induced to accompany a pretended friend, who said he could procure him six dollars a month, if he would enlist as a "brave" for the Western River. Under this pretence, he was taken in a boat to Chang-chow, where his companion said he wanted him to go as a coolie to Taluson (Spain). Refused, but was eventually forced, by a severe beating, to go on board a foreign vessel, but under what flag he did not know.

Another, called Ling-a-shun, lived outside the West Gate, Canton. Having nothing particular to do one day, he was buying some refreshment in the street, when two men, who were strangers to him, came up. One of them had a bundle, and engaged him for two hundred cash to carry it to the commissariat wharf. He did so, was induced to go on board ship for his money, and was thence taken to a floating depôt at Whampoa, where he was maltreated until he would consent to go abroad, and was accordingly sent with the rest.

Another, Leong-a-tsen by name, a hawker by trade, went to Whampoa, induced by an apparent friend, to set up in business there; was taken on board a coolie broker's boat, tied by the tail and thumbs, and beaten till he consented to go abroad as a coolie.

Chin-yun-tsing said he was an agricultural labourer. Lived alone, in a little hovel, which was entered in the night by four men, who carried him off.

Tseang-a-yeu, native of Ying-tih, by trade a smith, was told there was some iron to be sold cheap at Ting-kuan: set out for that place in a boat, but, passing Whampoa, was attacked by kidnappers, and compelled to consent to go abroad as a coolie in a foreign ship.

In some cases it appeared that women were employed as agents in this detestable traffic.

Ma-a-kong (one of the coolies) said he lived outside the little South Gate, Canton; was engaged as a servant by a woman, a neighbour of his, who took him in a boat to Whampoa, where he was put on board a broker's boat, beaten, and taken to a foreign ship.

Chin-a-kwang, Chin-yu-moo, Kwan-a-fut, and Lo-a-kang, described the way they were all kidnapped as follows:

A woman, with a child packed on her back, passed them; she designedly caused the child's bonnet to drop from its head; one of them picked it up and brought it to the woman. She expressed her sincere thanks, and offered the men some cakes (which must have been drugged) for their civility. They ate the cakes, and shortly afterwards became so stupified as to be obliged to sit down by the roadside. Two other men came up, and inquired what was the matter. The invalids incoherently requested to be carried to their homes, instead of which they were carried on board ship. Six men had been intoxicated and kidnapped, by means of these narcotic cakes. The rest of the coolies had each some equally abominable story to relate, before we dismissed them to the "between decks," to be made as comfortable as they could. Then, after seeing to the poor second mate, of whose recovery, however, very little hopes were en-

tertained, we turned all our attention to the weather and our ship.

The typhoon appeared to be working up in a direction at right angles to our course, and our object was to pass the track the centre of the storm would take, before it arrived at that point. The laws of storms are now so clearly defined, that one who runs may read, and we knew by them that "eight points from the direction of the wind would give us the bearing of the centre." Consequently, if the wind drew round so far as to be right abeam, the centre of the circular storm, or typhoon, would be right ahead of our course. As it was, the wind was aft, though not steady, and, consequently, the centre of the storm was abeam of us. Our plan was, therefore, to run for it, and get ahead of the centre before it passed our course, or else to turn back altogether at once and let it go by. As I said before, we had decided upon running. It was all hands upon deck during the whole of that night as we flew before the gale. The typhoon had not yet broken on us in its full force, but the sea had risen and towered over our stern in immense waves. We still kept sail on the ship, and were making, by our calculation, twelve or thirteen knots an hour. At daylight we hoped to be near our port, and anxiously did we consult the barometer, and watch the veering wind through every hour of that night. The first grey glimmer of day was breaking, when there was a glad shout.

"An island on the starboard bow."

It was Chapel Island. We knew its peculiar shape in a moment; we were running past the entrance to Amoy as hard as we could go; and if we had not seen the island, we should have had to retrace our course. How joyfully did we haul our ship up to the wind, though everything cracked again, and the sea broke over our decks, making us catch our breaths at the cold sousing!

The two small islands forming the entrance of the inlet or arm of the sea in which Amoy lies were visible ahead, the sea furiously breaking over and over them. A steady hand at the wheel, a good look-out ahead, and, with the huge sea tearing up on the rocks within a few yards of us on either side, we ran rapidly through the narrow channel, and, in another minute, were in smooth water. What became of the kidnapped Chinese I could not make out.

THE OLD STATUE.

I.

In the market-place of Ypres, three hundred years ago,
A crumbling statue, old and rent by many a lightning blow,
Stood—sad and stern, and grim and blank, upon its mossy base,
The woes of many centuries were frozen in its face.

It was a Cæsar some men said, and some said Charlemagne,
Yet no one knew when he it aped, began or ceased to reign,
Nor who it was, or what it was, could any rightly say,
For the date upon its pedestal was fretted quite away.

When blue and ghastly moonshine fell, severing the shadows dark,
And stars above were shining out with many a diamond spark,
It used to cast its giant shade across the market square,
And through the darkness and the shine it fixed its stony stare.

'Twas said that where its shadow fell, on a certain day and year,
An hour at least past midnight, when the moon was up and clear,
Near to that statue's mouldy base, deep hid beneath the ground,
A treasure vast of royal wealth, was certain to be found.

Slow round, as round a dial-plate, its sharp dark shadow passed,
On fountain and cathedral roof by turns eclipse it cast;
Before it fled the pale blue light, chased as man's life by Death,
And deep you heard the great clock tick, like a sleeping giant's breath.

II.

In that same market-place there lived an alchemist of fame,
A lean and yellow dark-eyed man, Hans Memling was his name,
In scarlet hood and blood-red robe, in crimson vest and gown,
For twenty years, the moonlight through, he'd sat and watched the town.

Like one flame lit he used to peer between the mullions there,
As yonder stars shot blessed light through the clear midnight air;
When chess-board-chequered, black and white, part silver and part jet,
The city lay in light and shade, barred with the moonbeams' net.

When gable-ends and pinnacles, and twisted chimney-stalks,
Rose thick around the market square, and its old cloistered walks,
When gurgoyles on the minster tower made faces at the moon,
And convent gardens were as bright as if it had been noon,—

Memling—the miser alchemist—then left his crimson vials,
His Arab books, his bottled toads, his sulphurous fiery trials,
His red-hot crucibles and dyes that turned from white to blue,
His silver trees that starry rose the crystal vases through.

His room was piled with ponderous tomes, thick-ribbed and silver-clasped,
The letters twined with crimson flowers, the covers golden-hasped,
With dripping stills and furnaces, whose doors were smouldered black,
With maps of stars and charts of seas lined with untraversed track.

In dusty corners of his room, black spiders mischief knit,
A skeleton, bound hand and foot, did ever by him sit,
Pale corpses, prisoned in glass, stood round his chamber barred,
Two mummies at his blistered door kept ever watch and ward.

The "Red man" he had long since bound—the "Dragon" he had chased,
No spell of Arab alchemist but he had long since traced,
They said he only stirred the lead and straight it turned to gold,
And so his wickedness and wealth increased a hundred-fold.

Slow round, as round a dial plate, the statue's shadow passed,
On fountain and cathedral roof by turns eclipse it cast,
Before it fled the pale blue light, chased as man's life by Death,
Deep, low you heard the great clock tick, like a sleeping giant's breath.

III.

The moonbeams in cascades of light, poured from the poplar's crown,
Rippling in silvery lustre the leafy columns down,
They roofed the town-hall fair and bright with bonny silver slates,
They even turned to argent pure the bars of the prison grates.

The maiden slumbering in her bed awoke that blessed night,
And thought her angel sisters three had come all veiled in light;
The wild-beast felon in his cell started and thought it day,
Cursing the torturer who, he dreamt, had chid him for delay.

The angel host of King and Saint, o'er the Minster's western door,
Shone radiant in the blessed light—so radiant ne'er before,
As now began the airy chimes in the cathedral tower,
To chant, as with a lingering grief, the dirges of the hour.

That day at sunset there had come a voice unto this man,
And said as plain as Devil-voice or friendly spirit can,
"Go, Memling, dig beneath the base of the statue in the square,
The *Secret of all Secrets* 's hid beneath the earth-heaps there."

He shook his fist at stars and moon, then shut his furnace up,
First draining off a magic draught from an Egyptian cup,
For he dreamt he saw his room piled full of solid bars of gold,
Great bags of jewels, diamond-blocks, spoil of the kings of old.

The fitting hour was just at hand, the alchemist arose,
Upon the eaves the rain-drop tears in ice-jags shining froze,
His starry lantern duly lit, with cold he crept and shook,
As with his pickaxe and his spade, his stealthy way he took.

The shadow marked the fitting place, King Saturn ruled the hour,
The Devil floating o'er his slave, smiled at his puny power;
Hans Memling plied his crowbar fast—the *thirteenth* blow he gave,
The ponderous statue fell and crushed the brains out of the knave.

Then clear and still the moonshine pure upon the lone square lay,
No shadow left to sully it, it spread as bright as day;
At dawn they found Hans Memling, crushed, dead-cold beneath the stone,
But what he saw, and what he found, has never yet been known.

CHILDREN OF ALL WORK.

Laughter of innocent children, gay, inconsequential talk that they fetch out of the lips of wisdom with their prattle, the romp at home, the run in the fresh air, the prayer at the mother's lap, and the soft sleep from twilight until sunrise, are, when they are blotted out, loss to the old as much as to the young. Sense of the joy and purity of life comes from the children as they dance and sing in the midst of the toiling crowd. But let the millions who toil in England pass before us in one great procession, and we shall find sad companies of eager, undergrown, unwholesome men, walking with none but pale and weak-eyed women, and with none but bruised and weary little children, stunted of growth, some even wearing spectacles, all silent as the grave. These parents and children, ignorant alike, accept their lot. The children are but what the parents were, and what the parents are the children are to be. So it was twenty years ago, and so it is now, where the law has not interfered for protection of the little child, wherever its forced labour can be made, and has by long usage been made, a means of gain to others.

For the education and for some safeguard against the overwork of children in many factories the law has taken thought. Branches of industry that were to be ruined by such thoughtfulness are now more prosperous than ever, and nobody complains that a penny has been lost by the removal of a ruinous strain on the powers of the young. Still, however, in some branches of industry instances occur in which children begin to work as early as three and four years of age; not unfrequently at five, and between five and six; while, in general, regular employment begins between seven and eight. The work is in trades at which young children are capable of working, and in which

there is no law hindering their cruel enslavement to parents or taskmasters who profit by the destruction for them of all that is life to a child, and all that is in a child the source of hope for womanhood and manhood. It is well if they are required to work only for ten hours a day; commonly the hours are eleven or twelve, in many instances their close labour is enforced for fifteen, sixteen, or even eighteen hours a day. Exchange of a word or smile is grudged them as so much taken from attention to the daily, weary task, and as the hours run on and the little frames fail with exhaustion, the last gasps of possible labour are extorted from them by help of the cane.

Young children—some of them infants—were employed in some of the details of lace-making at Nottingham and elsewhere, when the commission of inquiry into the manner of employing children in unregulated businesses made its report eighteen years ago. There has been no subsequent inquiry, but neither has there been any subsequent improvement. A pamphlet on the lace trade and Factory Act, written with special knowledge but a year ago, says, what we know must be true, that "the abuses complained of in 1842 are in full bloom in the present day;" that the "system of labour in the lace trade, found by Mr. Grainger in 1842, is practised with increased vigour and extortion at the present day;" that, in truth, matters are worse instead of better. There are five times as many steam-machines; the little children are worked as of old; but, under the unrelenting persistence of steam-power, work is really more severe than when done by hand. And it is to be observed that most of these large steam factories "are nothing but warrens of separate workshops. Let off room by room to petty individual manufacturers, their only advantage is to concentrate in one spot the vice and misery which, under the old system, were scattered over a wide space. The hands employed are, in all respects of age and sex, identical with those found to be employed in 1841. At this very day, women, with girls and boys of tender age, are still toil-worn to death in the twist lace factories, as 'winders,' 'doublers,' 'threaders,' and 'jackers-off.' And although in warp lace factories children of such tender years are not so worked, yet boys from eleven years of age are employed there watching machines in charge of men, and working the same hours, whether ten or twenty, in the day." These children are untaught, except sometimes at Sunday-school to which they go, when they require fresh air and rest, with jaded minds and bodies to a seventh day of work, and where they sit, "boys and girls of ten, eleven, and thirteen years of age, languishing in pale decay, far back upon the lowest forms, and vainly trying to fix their attention on the books before them. Poor children! they have no power of attention. Their wasted frames are exhausted beyond the limits of nature. Strength—full, buoyant, youthful strength—they have never known. Energies they have none. Patience alone they possess."

Print-works were, like lace-works and many other branches of industry by which children suffer, excluded from the operation of the Factory Act. It was argued that although the calico printers worked children longer and harder than the spinners, yet it would be ruinous to interfere with them, because while the simple fabric produced by the spinner or weaver is always saleable, and can be produced by steady labour all the year round, changes of fashion affect calico printing. The pattern that yields large profits in one month may be hardly saleable in the next, and saleable only at a loss the next after that. The printer is, therefore, sometimes idle for weeks, sometimes exposed to double strain of labour, and as the child is as necessary a part of the machinery of production as a linch-pin, it must bear as it can the pressure that falls equally upon all.

Children were found by the Children's Employment Commission entering the print-works as teerers, some between four and five years old, some between five and six, and many between six and seven. The teerer must stand by the block-printer with a sieve full of colour ready to be supplied to the block, before each stamp of the block upon the cloth. The teerer is often the block-printer's own child, and the hours of work said to be twelve, are taken not uniformly, but by a strain of overtime at the end of the week, to make up for the loss by the man's habit of idling and drinking on Monday and Tuesday. Of children examined, one, when only five years old, worked between thirteen and fourteen hours a day. A girl, not six, worked regularly twelve hours; another girl, six and a half, sometimes fourteen hours; another between six and seven, generally thirteen hours, and sometimes all night. One printer told how he had worked from Wednesday evening till Saturday morning, "and the boy with me all the time; I was knocked up, and the boy almost insensible." We read of a child of seven, worked by its father "from six in the morning till eleven at night for a week together at an average." Because children of tender years could earn money for their parents by employment of this sort, the day-schools were emptied, and childhood sent into slavery was left to grow up to the manhood and womanhood that has charge in those districts of the childhood of the present day.

The consequence of this report was a particular law passed in 'forty-five, to regulate the labour of children, young persons, and women employed in print-works. Children under eight were not to be employed at all; children under thirteen and females were not to be employed during the night-hours—between ten in the evening and six in the morning. A girl of eight may, therefore, still be worked from six in the morning until ten at night; a boy of thirteen may still be worked from Wednesday evening until Saturday morning. The same law included an education clause, requiring one hundred and fifty hours in the half-year of certified school attendance for an employed child under the age of thirteen. But there is nothing to

assure the competence of the schoolmaster who certifies, and the tale of hours is made up at odd times, in such a manner that very little benefit would come to the children even if there were some care to ensure their being fairly taught. As to this matter, a joint report of all the factory inspectors urged in vain the following opinion a few years ago: "There are some instances of the owners of print-works having provided good schools, and in such cases, and when the attendance of the children is carefully looked after, and they are not stinted to the legal minimum of attendance, such schooling may do good; but as regards the great majority of these children, this nominal school attendance has been found in practice a mischievous delusion, for it is a semblance of education without any reality. The children get no good; their attendance at school is at uncertain intervals, and the records of such very irregular attendance, required by the law to be made out by the teachers, can be very little relied upon. An amendment of this part of the Print-works Act is much wanted. There is nothing in the employment of the children in these works to prevent their labour being restricted, as in the factories, to half a day, with a regular attendance at school of three hours a day for five days in every week; so that the day's work might be done by two sets of children."

But even the partial regulation for protection of young children against undue extortion of labour in print-works does not extend to the lace trade, and to many other trades. These children become workers at any age between four and eight, up with the sun and never in bed before ten, bred with no sense of the love to parents that comes of the right use of a parent's influence and power, denied all recreation, even the natural stir of their limbs as they go through their long monotony of toil, want all that belongs to childhood. A lace-runner, who had worked at the trade for twenty-one years, and had the weak sight, the pains and the debility that come of a calling so pursued, said that after five or six years of the work, eyesight was commonly much injured. "Girls," she said, "begin about six or seven years, some as early as five or six; the hours depend greatly on the mistress; some work from about eight in the morning to ten at night; these are the common hours in Nottingham. The mistresses who employ children often work them very hard; has known children kept at it from six in the morning until ten at night, sometimes not going out of the room, but eating their meals as they sat at work. A man who employs many girls in Cheovil-street, used to sit in the room with his cane, and not allow any one to speak or look off if he could help. After sitting some time at lace-work, the fingers get stiff, and in cold weather are benumbed for want of circulation; this would cause the work to go on slowly, and then the children were beaten; has known children to drop and faint at their work; many go off in consumption." Another woman, who had been such a girl, and growing to be an employer, had under her children who began as early as five, but usually at seven or eight, said that "the children got very tired and sleepy towards the evening, and frequently complained that they could scarcely see. Never corrected them herself, finding that a little threatening was sufficient. The children occasionally became short-sighted; sometimes, especially towards night, they required spectacles." We quote only a witness or two from a strong body of witnesses bearing like testimony. Here is one, for example, "a married woman, unable, of course, to read and write, who had been a lace-runner ever since she was 'a little bit of a thing that could stand on two bricks to reach the frame,' works as a woman, generally from five in the morning until nine or ten at night; 'can't sit any longer, because she is a poor creature now.' Earns in this way, with hard work, half-a-crown a week. Her sight has suffered a great deal; this happens generally to runners; she cannot see what o'clock it is across her room; her eyes are getting worse. Almost all the children of the poor people in the town are employed in drawing, running, purling, &c. &c.; the common age to begin is six." That woman's earnings are below the average, of which excess is represented by nymph Sabrina, who had been a lace-runner since six years old, and being very quick at her work, earned ninepence a day, or three-farthings an hour. "Many," she said, "cannot earn more than a halfpenny an hour."

A woman who was employing about forty hands as cheveners, each a woman having two or four, or ten or twenty children under her, estimated the worth of a child's labour at about eighteenpence a week. She said, "Chevening causes short-sightedness; it also makes the eyes weak. Children when they begin are sometimes, but very rarely, obliged to use spectacles. They are generally very delicate in health, and often sick and ill. They are not allowed to talk at work. Finds that the children become very much tired towards the evening; they are partly asleep for hours before they leave off. The younger they are the more tired they become. To keep them to their work has heard that mistresses are obliged to give a cuff to one and the cane to another. Does not think it would be possible to get their children to work twelve or fourteen hours a day without the cane. These children have no time to go to school in the week days; they have no time to get exercise or recreation; they go from bed to work, and from work to bed. Should think they would be stupified on Sunday, and not likely to learn much at a school."

In one house the almost incredible fact was elicited, that the mother, wife of a joiner earning twenty-three shillings a week, and herself earning, when work was not slack, a shilling a day, had four little girls, of the ages of eight, six, four, and two, of which the three elder had all been employed as lace-workers, and the baby of two had already "tried and drawn a few threads out." Of the three elder, the first had begun to work at three years old, the second at

about the same age, the third, who had been a quick little creature, when she was *not quite two years old!*

Here the father of the four little children was in regular work, earning sixty pounds a year, the mother's earnings were at any rate ten pounds, and these mechanics, with more than the income upon which some curates support families, were thus denying health and joy, all use of the faculties, even a stretching of the limbs, to their sickly babies between two and eight years old, for the sake of the ten pounds a year more that could be drained out of their very blood by working them incessantly for twelve and sixteen hours a day.

"We look," says Mr. Senior, whose new book on Popular Education furnishes all the facts to which we are now calling attention—"We look with shame and indignation at the pictures of American slavery; but I firmly believe that the children on the worst managed plantations are less overworked, less tortured, better fed, and quite as well instructed as the unhappy infants whose early and long-continued labour occasions the fabulous cheapness of our hardware and our lace, and whose wages feed the intemperance of their parents."

Only a year ago, in the district of Willenhall, a chief bailiff, having occasion to go to his work before four in the morning, met a little girl not eight years old in the street, crying bitterly because she was shut out of the "pot bank." He said, "It is not nearly time" (six o'clock) "yet." But she answered, "I ought to have been there at three, but I slept too long. I was not home till ten last night."

The correspondent of a school inspector who tells this, adds, writing on a spring day last year, "I was at the infirmary this afternoon, to see some of our people, and asked the house-surgeon if he admitted many cases of disease arising from the sufferers being sent too early to work. And he said, 'Oh! constantly, we always expect such cases; there are two in the house now, one a lad of ten with a diseased spine. The children lose all stamina, and carrying a weight of clay on the head injures the spine. There are many cases of emaciation and distortion—distortion more commonly.' And then he added, 'A lad of sixteen came to me yesterday—I thought he was eight or nine.'"

Thousands of young children, from seven years old, work in South Staffordshire about the forge in the nailmaker's hovel all the long day long. And no material good comes really to any one of all this grinding of young life away. The goose that lays the golden eggs is killed and sold for drink. A long life of intelligent and healthy labour is lost to the country for the gain of weary work extorted from a weakly child.

About Wolverhampton, Willenhall, and elsewhere, there is also a custom of apprenticeship most painful in its working. A child of tender years is apprenticed by the parent, who receives the wages earned under the contract, and the apprenticeship, whenever it may begin, lasts till the age of twenty-one. It is enforced by the magistrates against the child whenever he resists a contract by which he is bound, though his assent to it was never asked. The apprentice, so bound, is his master's chattel, and while under age is inherited, in case of his master's death, by his master's heirs. Such an apprentice has been sold by one man to another for ten shillings. He is not seldom let out by a penniless owner, who receives his hire and pockets the excess over the contract money due to the parent. He is punished by blows and "clemming," or starvation. "I will clem your guts to fiddle-strings," is one of the forms of threat from master to apprentice. "The parents," says Mr. Horner, writing of Wolverhampton, "count the money; the employers estimate the work; the child must do it." Is it too much to ask that no child be apprenticed while it is under nine years old, or for more than eight years, and that it be bound by no contract not made for its own benefit? That a parent shall not sell or pawn his child's labour for means of buying drink? A pauper child cannot be beaten in hot blood or by any but one of two constituted authorities, and then it must be by one, if possible, always in the presence of the other. An apprentice of the sort to which we here refer is absolutely in his master's gripe. For example: A witness before the Children's Employment Commission, telling of a state of things that has never yet been amended, said that he "worked as a journeyman at Robert Jones's, locksmith, about three months ago. Robert Jones uses his apprentices shamefully; they are often half-starved; such victuals as they have pigs wouldn't eat—not unless something was put to sweeten it. They have water that grey peas have been boiled in for breakfast, with a small bit of bread after, but not half enough; the boys are always clammed; they have often been to his house to ask for a bit of pudding. Has seen Robert Jones beat the boys dreadful; generally beat them with a stick; sometimes give them punches in the face with his fist, till they bled shamefully. Good boys they were to work, too, as ever he saw; never impudent to the master; never turned out a word amiss to their master; the boys dare not tell anybody. The wife, Mrs. Jones, is just as bad as the master; she would lay hold of the hair of the boys before breakfast, and lug them as long as she could stand over them; she also punched them in the face with her fist, like a man fighting with another man; the boys never turned again; were always ready to go down on their knees to beg pardon, so frightened; the more they begged the worse they were beat." That is an extreme case. But where the masters and boys belong to the same class, debased by total want of education, and of all that is holy in home influences during youth, a certain average of hard brutality must needs prevail.

Now, as we before observed, the protection given to the children employed in factories where their condition never was so hard as this, and given against the strongest opposition from both thinkers and workers, has, as all now

admit, done no harm and much good. Nobody is ruined by it, and many men find it their interest, as it is their humane and generous wish, to make the education given to their young half-time workers, half-time learners, really good. By that one of the Factory Acts which enforces education of the hands in cotton-mills, as it passed the Commons, there was a power given to the inspectors which would have enabled them to secure efficiency of schoolmasters. The House of Lords changed the enabling into a permissive clause granting no powers at all, and making it, therefore, of no more use to a factory inspector than it would be to a Cham of Tartary. The consequence is that a large number of the schools which give certificates are not schools. "I have been," says Mr. Horner, "in many such schools, where I have seen rows of children doing absolutely nothing; and this is certified as school attendance, and, in statistical returns, such children are set down as being educated." Old men and dames who can barely read and write, sometimes a dame who can read, with a man who spares time to set writing copies upon slates, maimed factory hands converted into teachers by the thoughtless kindness of mill-owners—in cellars, in bedrooms among the beds, in kitchens where all household work is going on, receive forty, sixty, or eighty children. The inspector has no power to refuse a schoolmaster's certificate except on the ground that he cannot teach reading or writing; those are indefinite terms, and give, in fact, no power at all of interference.

But there are many good schools formed and sustained by our millowners, and although nothing can be said for the larger, and in one-half of the half-time school system to which we have referred, yet in the case of all the reasonably good schools there is a marked success. As we have said in a former number, when discussing half-time before, the children in the half-time schools actually learn more, understand what they learn better, and get sounder habits of study with more quickness of apprehension, than is usual among children who go to school every day for the usual six hours. At the same time their half day's factory work becomes the brisker and the better. Languid attention is a loss rather than a gain in education. That three hours a day of thorough schooling, for the rich as for the poor, are better than four, four better than five. Mr. Hammersley, the head-master of the Manchester School of Art, says, that in Manchester and its neighbourhood, he had in every case, with one exception, found the short-time schools giving the most satisfactory results. "I was able," he adds, "in these schools, to eliminate a large number of successful works, out of which to select the prize students, and the general character of the drawing was better, and in every case the drawing was executed with greater promptitude. When I examined the Rochdale School, these peculiarities were startlingly evident. The discipline was excellent, the regularity of action and the quickness of perception such as I was in no wise prepared for, and at the time I could not have resisted (even if I had wished to resist) the conviction, that this mainly arose from the feeling possessing the whole of the children, that time was valuable and opportunity passing." In every form of education, this confining of the study to the period of vigorous cheerful attention, seems to have the same result which we should have expected of it in a less degree, but may not have been prepared to expect in the form of emphatic evidence, that giving sound morning work a perpetual state of half holiday from the schoolmaster is a more royal road even to knowledge than incessant drudge. The vast importance of a full perception of this truth to the practical dealing with unsolved questions of national education is most obvious. The school-room has space for two different sets of young learners, as the field and factory may have two sets of young workers. Wherever the worth of the child's labour depends on painstaking, the half day's industry for wages may approach closely to the value of a whole day's work, while all that can be desired is yet given to the securing of another generation against some of those sharper miseries which are the plague of ignorance as fevers are the plague of filth.

ADVENTURES OF ALI MAHMUD.

Nothing surprises readers of Oriental stories, such as the Arabian Nights, more than the rapid changes of feeling exhibited by the chief actors, and the frequent inadequacy of the motives assigned to produce such changes. Thus, the tyrant suddenly relents on his hearing his intended victim recite some moving lines from a Persian poem, or some moral text from the Koran; the bad man casts his slough of cruelty and selfishness, and appears in the radiance of complete virtue, for no better reason than that he has listened to a good story or a witty saying. Justice is disarmed by an epigram; the burglar abandons his booty on accidentally "tasting the salt" of the householder; the genie is your friend or enemy according as you possess or lose some magic ring or lamp; and lovers and loved ones (but this, perhaps, is common to the whole world) are at the mercy of all kinds of vicissitudes, that change the current of a life in the turning of an eye. The East has been called the land of unbending conservatism; but it is also the land of violent revolutions, and this unstable element seems not only to affect the fate of thrones, but to modify the character of the various peoples. The Persians, in particular, are remarkable for their impulsive and fickle character, as any one may see in the wonderful collection of tales which has given to the West its chief impressions of the East; for the book beloved of our childhood is really more Persian than Arabian, despite its title, the manners depicted being those of the cultivated dwellers in Bagdad and Shiraz, not those of the solitary and sullen wanderers in the deserts of the great Red Sea peninsula.

The story which we are now proceeding to relate is a story of actual Persian life at the

present day; but it has many of the features of the Arabian Nights, setting the supernatural of course on one side. The chief characters are persons still living, or who were living very recently; though the names have been altered to avoid giving offence. The reader will observe in it one of those sudden revulsions to which we have already alluded; but the motive is noble, being based on the principles of charity and forgiveness.

Ali Mahmûd was a native of Tabriz, and was born of respectable parents. When he attained the age of twenty-five, his father, Haji Husein Rabahim, wished him to become a pilgrim, though he had already visited the shrines at Meshed Ali and Kerbella; so, having been supplied with a horse and all the necessary accoutrements, he was despatched with the great caravan leaving Persia for Mecca in the autumn of every year. The journey to the Holy City was successfully performed. After passing Hamadan on their homeward journey from Mecca, he and three others were lagging a little behind the caravan, when they were suddenly attacked by a party of Kirmanhah Kurds, cut off from succour, and carried away. The brigands, after plundering their captives of all they possessed, detained them as slaves; and the remainder of the pilgrims, not daring to go in search of their missing companions, proceeded onward to Tabriz, and there gave out a prodigious story, to the effect that the absent companions had been carried off by the Genii or Evil Spirits of the desert. This was the news with which Haji Husein Rabahim was met, when, with hundreds of his friends, mounted on richly-caparisoned horses, he rode out beyond the gates of the town for the purpose of welcoming his son home. "Your son," he was told, in answer to inquiries, when he had looked in vain for the features of Ali Mahmûd in the long cavalcade of dusty and sunburnt pilgrims—"your son was carried off by the Genii near Hamadan. He proved insincere to the words of the Prophet (may his name be exalted!), who thought fit to deliver him into the hands of the Evil Spirits." The blow fell with so sudden a shock on poor Haji that he was seized with a dizziness, and fell from his horse; and the animal, rearing at the same moment, dashed his hoof into the old man's skull. Two hours after, the remains of Haji Husein Rabahim were deposited in their last resting-place.

In the mean while, Ali Mahmûd remained in captivity and in fetters, until, one day, being allowed comparative liberty, he was sent out on to the plains to attend a herd of cattle. He had a horse under his charge, and, leaping on its back, he made a bold dash for freedom, galloped incessantly for many hours, and at length reached the town of Kirmanshah. Here he sold the horse, and, with the proceeds in his pocket, set out on foot for Teheran, where he learnt for the first time the lamentable fate that had overtaken his father, and was also informed that the prince governor of Tabriz had appropriated all the property of Haji Husein Rabahim after his death. Ali Mahmûd was mightily enraged against the prince; but, previous to taking any steps towards the recovery of the plunder, he was compelled by the Persian usage to go through the ceremony of mourning for the death of his parent. As soon, however, as the hired howlers had howled their appointed time (namely, eight-and-forty hours, allowing for necessary rest and refreshment), the son, winding a red pocket-handkerchief round his head, according to the custom of his country at the termination of the period of mourning, commanded the professional gentlemen to leave off crying: which they did with great alacrity. He was then free to devote himself to the absorbing question of recovering his property; and, having procured a scribe, he concocted a petition to the prime minister, setting forth the act of spoliation of which he complained. This he himself carried to the great man's receiving-room; but an awkward fate awaited him. The minister had no sooner read the petition than he wrote on it the following order to the chief of his Ferrâshes—officers who are entrusted with the double duty of going before illustrious persons on ceremonial occasions, and of administering the bastinado to culprits sentenced to that punishment—"Give the bearer one hundred sticks on the soles of the feet. He has accused a prince of the blood royal of eating money and property." Ali Mahmûd delivered the petition, got "the sticks," and limped away in great wrath.

Reduced almost to poverty, he led for several years a wandering and unsettled life; speculated in several ways; sometimes made money, and sometimes lost it; and at length found himself a ruined man, on the very verge of starvation. He had married, but his wife was dead, leaving him an only child, a little girl. After one of his unsuccessful expeditions in search of the means of life, he returned home, and found the child crying for food. He rushed forth in a state of desperation, and, lurking about a baker's shop till he found an opportunity, stole a loaf of bread, and carried it to his famishing offspring. Then he sat by the little girl's bedside, thinking what he should do to save her and himself from death. It was midnight; and the darkness and silence seemed to put evil suggestions into the head of Ali Mahmûd. His memory went back to the days when he had been the enforced companion of robbers, and he thought how ill he had prospered in comparison with them. He thought, too, of the flagrant injustice that had been perpetrated against him by the prince who had seized his hereditary property, and how well *that* dishonesty had turned out for the wrong-doer, and how ill for him. He chewed the cud of these bitter reminiscences till it seemed to him as if knavery were the only successful thing, and as if Heaven designed the honest to suffer the penalty of their virtue; and presently a project struck him. Some years previously, when he had been a vendor of tobacco, he had sold some of his commodity to one Hassan, a rice merchant, who, opening a large box in a private room of his house, paid him out of some money contained in a white canvas bag, of which

there were fifty in the box, and which Hassan told him contained each one hundred tomans, equal to fifty pounds of English money. Those bags now rose up in the mind of Ali Mahmûd, and drew him forth through the darkness on the perilous enterprise of their capture.

He made his way through the deserted streets, plotting how he should gain access to the house. All was dim and silent; the good Mussulmans of the city were in bed, and only a few prowling and hungry dogs were abroad. As these canine wanderers scattered at his approach, and ran snarling up the dark archways of obscure and winding thoroughfares, Ali Mahmûd might have thought, had his mind been free for such cogitations, how little reason the dogs had to shun his presence, and with how much greater fitness they might have hailed him as a fellow-outcast. But he pressed on resolutely towards the rice merchant's house, and, having reached the place and climbed the wall of the court-yard, took a general survey before setting to work. A slight inspection showed him that Hassan and the only other inmate of the dwelling, his unmarried daughter, were asleep in the rooms below. He made his way through a window, passed up the staircase, and entered the room that contained the money-chest. With an iron bar which he had brought from his home, he forced up the lid of the chest, and seized sixteen of the bags, containing altogether the sum of eight hundred pounds English. It was with difficulty that he could hold so many in his two hands; but he got to the stairhead somehow. Perhaps it was this embarrassment that awoke his conscience; but, whatever the cause, certain it is that his conscience began to trouble him when he had taken one or two steps down. He dropped four of the bags, and, with so much the less weight in his hands and on his mind, issued out into the court-yard. On reaching the tank in the middle of the yard, that troublesome conscience, flushed by its recent triumph, began to make fresh demands on him, and to exact a further concession; so, being resolved to meet those demands in a liberal and handsome spirit, he dropped eight of the bags of gold, and went on very much relieved, and even pleased at the thought of his own virtue. "Four hundred tomans," said he to himself, "are enough for my needs. With that sum I shall make more, and shall never again be a beggar. Hassan will see that thieves have a conscience."

At this moment, Ali Mahmûd observed towards the east the first soft blueness of approaching day. The street dogs had ceased howling, and from out a neighbouring palm-tree an early bird was shaking a few bright notes of morning song. The depredator saw there was no time to be lost. He began to unbar the gate, and was just about to draw it open when, from the minaret gallery of a mosque nigh at hand, the deep grave voice of the Muezzin, calling the people to morning prayers, dropped clear and strong through the luminous obscurity of dawn.

"Prayer is better than sleep! Prayer is better than sleep!" Ali Mahmûd heard the voice as it came floating down, distant and sweet, from the dim mid air; and he obeyed its solemn injunctions. Like a good Mussulman, who had been in his time to the Holy City, he at once threw aside all worldly thoughts, and bent his mind to his devotions. The four remaining bags were placed by the wall, and Ali knelt upon the pavement, absorbed in prayer and genuflexions.

But the same cry had called Hassan also to the duties of religion. Descending the stairs, that he might make his ablutions at the tank in the court-yard, he stumbled over the money-bags left there by Ali Mahmûd. Without a moment's pause, he rushed to the room which contained the strong-box, and the sight of the open lid confirmed his fears. Could the thieves be still in the house? thought he. He would first look into the court-yard. Thither he went, and there was Ali Mahmûd, still going through his prayers. "Thief!" exclaimed Hassan; "my money!" Ali Mahmûd made no response; he was thinking only of his devotions. The rice merchant was struck by this religious absorption of mind, and stood a little apart till the pious burglar should have made an end of his addresses.

When he had finished, Ali Mahmûd rose to his feet, and, again kneeling before Hassan, returned him his money, and began a recital of his life. Hassan was deeply touched; for he had known Ali's father, had performed with him the pilgrimage to Mecca, and was with him when he met his death. However, he dissembled his emotion, and replied, with as much sternness as he could assume, "You are a lying thief!" He then seized Ali Mahmûd, shut him up in the stable, and exclaimed, "There you shall stay till the darogha and his men" (police inspector and policemen) "come to fetch you to jail." And with those words he sallied forth, to seek—not an officer of justice, but—a molla, or priest. Returning with one of the holy men, he called his daughter from her room, brought the thief out of the stable, and ordered the molla to unite the two in wedlock.

"And they lived happily ever afterwards?" Well, let us hope so. At any rate, Ali Mahmûd is now a thriving merchant of Tabriz, and one of the chief importers of Manchester goods.

FRESH FISH.

A PLANT which shall grow with vigour in Europe, producing fibre twice as abundant, twice as strong, and twice as fine as cotton; a bird as good to eat as the turkey, or better, as rapid in growth, four times as prolific, and reared with a quarter of the trouble; a tree, to stand our English winters, with the timber of the oak, the foliage of the carob, the flower of the rose, and the fruit of the nectarine; all these are most desirable, and involve no contradiction to natural possibility. We have not got them yet; no more had we Jules Margottin roses and Keen's seedling strawberries a hundred years ago. We may get them one day; but we may have a long time to wait for them.

France has lately received from Guiana, South America, a living creature whose description sounds as fabulous as that of any of the above named requirements. The Jardin Zoologique d'Acclimatation is now possessed of a bird belonging to the stilt-legged family, and called the Agami (Psophia crepitans), which is to the poultry what the shepherd's dog is to the flock. Although not bigger than a hen, it will lead a flock of fowls, and even of sheep, to the fields, will make them obey it, keep order amongst them, hold watch over them all day long, prevent them from straggling, and bring them back to the farm in the evening, exactly as a dog takes care of his sheep. It will preside over the feeding of chickens and ducklings, never touching a morsel itself, and not allowing the strong and the full-grown to take their share until the little ones first have had their fill.

Here is an object to attract the crowd. But such a society can devote itself to more useful objects. Therefore is Mr. Frank Buckland right in desiring to interest friends abroad to send things over for experiment, no matter how humble or how common they may be in their native country, provided they are but useful. His Acclimatisation Society devotes itself energetically to fish.

Many of our domestic animals derive a great part of their value from their fecundity. Their annual offspring may be counted by tens, or by twenties, or by thirties, without taking account of eggs produced besides. This fecundity is very great, if compared with that of other species belonging to the same classes; but what is it compared with the fecundity of fishes? Comparative sterility. To count the eggs of fish is impossible; they can only be calculated approximately. The pike and the tench give several hundred thousand, the carp and the mackerel more than half a million, the plaice six millions, the sturgeon seven millions six hundred thousand, the turbot nine, and the cod eleven millions. Set a single pair of such fish to breed in an unstocked fish-pond, even were it the Mediterranean Sea, and they will give you a practical illustration of infinity.

For, another advantage is, that fish cost nothing to feed. As a race, they do not suffer from scanty provisions, but the contrary. Man gives what he can to his carp and his pike; Nature gives what she can to her whiting and her cod; but when the ordinary rations fail, as fail they must, further difficulty is cut short by the hungry claimants eating one another. So much the better for us. The survivors are all the more profitable and succulent in consequence of this natural selection. They thus add a compound interest of flesh to the skin and bone which was the capital with which they started in life.

The introduction, therefore, of a new kind of fish promises this great satisfaction—that the introducer may reasonably expect to see and enjoy the results of his difficult and costly attempt. The persons who first brought turkeys from America and silkworms from China, had scarcely an opportunity of deciding whether "turkey boil'd" and "turkey spoil'd" were a rhyme founded on reason, or of ascertaining their lady's preference for satin, velvet, or moire antique. But whoever will efficiently patronise one or more of the candidates we are about to nominate may reckon that, in the course of a very few years, Blackwall and Greenwich may adorn their feasts with the piscine novelty due to their efforts.

Fish-breeding and the introduction of foreign fishes has undoubtedly to contend with popular prejudice. Boccius's treatise, published in 1848, was regarded by many as the amusing dream of a visionary speculator. The fishermen Rémy and his associate Gehin, both now deceased, the first men in France who, after re-discovering, practically applied the artificial rearing of trout, were looked upon as crazed by their compassionate neighbours, who caused masses to be said for their restoration to sanity. And yet we have plenty of instances of the naturalisation of fish in foreign countries. In England, the grayling is believed to have been introduced by the monks. About the foreign origin of the vendace, now the pride of Dumfries-shire, there is still less hesitation. The carp is quite a travelled fish; it is not two centuries since it first visited Denmark. Whence England has it is uncertain. Cuvier believed it to be a native of Central Europe; but most living zoologists are of opinion that it was first domesticated—that is, bred in ponds—in Asia. Asia Minor is probably its native home, where it is found in several lakes, in immense quantities. The gold fish has made its way wherever there are civilised people to admire pretty things.

Those acquainted with marshy districts know that there are immense tracts (not so much in England as in less highly cultivated countries), that there are fens and sloughs, miles in extent, capable in their present state neither of grazing flesh nor of harbouring fish. In continental Europe, unsolid swamps of this kind are far from being so rare as is desirable, not to mention those that exist in the territories of our colonists and of our grandsons, the North Americans. The readiest way of reclaiming them, is to intersect them with a network of canals communicating with ponds or small lakes excavated at convenient distances; and with the earthy materials so obtained to consolidate the nascent meadow. The result is, both firm pasturage for cattle and clear open water tenantable by fish.

Fish of some kind will make their appearance there; for Nature abhors a vacuum. But bushels of sticklebacks, and waggon-loads of uneatable bream, such as swarm in the Norfolk broads, are of little alimentary usefulness to man. They reach his table indirectly, after being devoured by pike, and also by eels, in their youthful stages. As the best breeds of kine are sought to crop the mead, so might the best species of fish be made to scour the water-courses. In this arrangement there is no antagonism. A large country, or even a large

estate, is made up of various elements; pisciculture is the agriculture of the watery portion.

The principles of pisciculture are now so well established and understood, that, in France, besides those who have taken up the art seriously for profit, many persons pursue it as an amusement. The English society endeavours to carry out a like useful division of labour, by proposing that those members who happen to have facilities on their estates for experiments, and who are willing to aid the objects of the society, should undertake the charge of such subjects for experiment as may be offered to them by the society, periodically reporting progress to the council. Let us hope that the artificial rearing of fish will be undertaken by numerous competent amateurs. It is highly satisfactory to know that the Thames Angling Preservation Society have determined to establish a fish-hatching apparatus at Sunbury, backing their resolution by a liberal subscription; and that the accomplished and enthusiastic Secretary of the Acclimatisation Society, Mr. Buckland, has undertaken the practical working of the experiment.

But the friends of pisciculture, and of acclimatisation in general, must avoid making those sciences ridiculous by extravagant promises and visionary expectations which will be contradicted by the practical result. Fish-breeding is the art of multiplying fish, as agriculture is the art of multiplying the fruits of the earth; it similarly comprises the sowing, the sprouting, and the development of the germs up to their full maturity. The act of fishing is the harvest. To suppose that the whole art is comprised in the spawning of the fish and the hatching of the fry, is the error of the farmer who should consider his wheat-crop safe in barn as soon as the green blades appeared above ground. The poor fisherman of the Vosges, Rémy, did not fall into that mistake; he professed to re-stock the exhausted streams—nothing more—and he did it. His good sense was not led astray by his imagination. Fish-hatching establishments are excellent instruments for the introduction of species to localities where they do not yet exist. The government establishment at Huningue (on the French frontier, near Bâle, Switzerland) has hitherto answered that purpose well. It distributes eggs with intelligent liberality, and its methods of fecundation have the merit of easy application, and assures it a set of branch establishments in every expedient locality. But hatching is to little purpose, unless the feeding of the fry be well assured; and with that secured, some sort of river regulations or water-police must be maintained, unless all the trouble already taken is to be rendered unavailing by the greediness, the ill will, or the stupidity of men.

The object hitherto aimed at by French pisciculturists has been the multiplication of native species, especially trout, rather than the introduction of foreign fish. The English society likewise undertakes the spread of indigenous animals from parts of the United Kingdom where they are already known, to other localities where they are not known; an excellent idea which, if carried out, will disseminate over the country, first the grayling; then the gwyniad of the Welsh and Cumberland lakes, the fresh-water herring, a great boon to the poor, and the delicate vendace of Lochmaben. Salmon might be restored to every stream in the United Kingdom that is not absolutely overladen with an incubus of towns. The grand obstacles are the vested rights of water-mills, and the defective preservation of watery-game, especially with regard to their breeding seasons. A not too tyrannical legislative interference might apply the remedy to both evils.

A new fish once naturalised in any locality can be soon passed on, from pond to pond and from river to river, throughout the land. In France, a good beginning has been made by MM. Coste and Millet, who have gifted their country with the Umber-chevalier and other salmonidæ, the issue of eggs from the Lake of Geneva and other parts of Europe; from the Rhine, for instance, and the Danube. The name is explained by Izaak Walton, who saith, "The French which call chub un villain (a low-bred peasant), call the umber of the Lake Leman un umble chevalier (a lowly, or polite, and well-bred knight)." From the waters of the Spree (Prussia; a tributary of the Oder), M. Valenciennes has directly introduced the pike-perch, Perca lucioperca, the Cyprinus jeses, the German eel-pout, and the great Silurus glanis, which attains considerable weights by swallowing shoals of worthless roach and bream, and so converting them into savoury food.

These intra-European attempts have for their appropriate sequel the transport hither, by sea, of African and Asiatic fish. The gold-fish came from an equally great distance. The carp, already half-cosmopolite, has recently been transported with success to divers places, notably to the Cape of Good Hope, in company with tench, by the English, and to Martinique by the French.

The English society is now in want of a good new pond fish. The first favourite started was the lucioperca; but Dr. Günther, of the British Museum, a gentleman whose extensive knowledge of fish has obtained for him a European fame, gave his verdict against the pike-perch, highly recommending instead the Silurus glanis and the gourami.

The crime imputed to the poor lucioperca raises a smile: he is too voracious in his habits, and might prove detrimental to our waters. But are our waters the worse for the presence of the voracious perch and the still more voracious pike? It has been calculated that it takes more than five-and-twenty pounds' consumption of other fish to produce a perch of two pounds weight, and that a pike, to add two pounds to his weight, must eat sixty pounds of roach and bream, with a few of his own grandchildren by way of dessert. Notwithstanding which, the Scotch lochs, in which there are pike, produce finer and better trout than those where there are no pike. Is the innocence of the Silurus his

recommendation in this case? Surely no: his voracity is his merit. The Silurus is a hideous monster, such as threatens you in a nightmare dream—an organised Thames Tunnel, whose upper orifice is open to receive any number of passengers. A not very distant spot, where you will find the Silurus, is the lake of Morat, Switzerland, where it attains the weight of seventy pounds. Dead, he is capital meat, white, firm, well-flavoured; living, he is an empty sack, whom you can no more fill than you can the buckets of the Danaïds. He does not insist upon having either deep water, or warm water, or swift-running water, to thrive properly. Der Wels is his German name.

The president of the French society, M. Isidore Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, giving his ideas of the foreign fish to be invited and welcomed with civil entertainment, places first on the list his late father's favourite, the great barbel of the Nile, Cyprinus binny, or benny (its Arabic name), or Cyprinus lepidotus of Saint-Hilaire and the ancients. This and the oxyrhyucus were the only fish extensively worshipped in Egypt. An appreciation of its excellence is given by the proverbial Egyptian phrase, "Don't eat me if you know a better fish." At Syout and Kené, especially, there are men who gain their livelihood entirely by the binny fishery. The binny (usually half a yard long, though it is not rare to find individuals of double that size) is remarkable for the breadth and silvery whiteness of its scales. The Nile is only a few days' steaming from the Rhône and the vast ponds of the south of France; the Acclimatation Society has many members in Egypt; including the Viceroy and the princes of his family: therefore, French fish-fanciers live in hopes.

The second species which the French savant recommends to our attention is the Osphronemus olfax (the smeller fish) of Commerson, famous as the gourami, from the rivers of Eastern Asia, especially of China. This fish is still superior in size, and perhaps in quality, to the preceding. It is frequently more than a yard long; and, as its depth is very great in proportion to its other dimensions, it furnishes an abundance of food. Indeed, the outline of its shape resembles a fat pig without legs. Admiral Dupetit-Thouars saw specimens that weighed five-and-twenty pounds. Representing its alimentary qualities, there exists only one opinion. Lacépède reports it as remarkable for the goodness of its flesh as for its form and size; Cuvier calls it delicious, and even better flavoured than the turbot. Commerson, who describes it from personal experience, says, "I have never eaten a more exquisite fish, either fresh water or marine, than the gourami." A recent author, Reisser, speaking also from his own knowledge, is of the same opinion, adding, "it is a wholesome as well as abundant food."

The introduction of the gourami to Europe has been proposed on several occasions. The fish well deserves that some attempt, even if uncertain and expensive, should be made to procure it. At the beginning of the present century, Péron and Lesueur tried to bring it to France from the Mauritius; unfortunately, their gouramis, which were in considerable numbers and in excellent health, were all killed at once by the stupidity of a sailor. The gourami has not yet been landed (or watered?) in Europe alive. The latest adventurer expired within sight of the French coast. A fresh attempt is contemplated by M. Liénard, of Mauritius; and while that gentleman is endeavouring to make the gourami a European fish, the English society is carrying out a well-considered plan to procure it an Australian settlement at Sydney. We may therefore anticipate that, before very long, from one source or another, Mr. Lloyd, the intelligent aquarian dealer, will have little gouramis to offer for sale.

May we now call the society's attention to other pretenders to the rank and state of a good new pond fish? These have the recommendations of being found in waters quite as cold as our own.

The inhabitants of the shores of Lake Leman believe that they are possessed of a fish which is peculiar to those waters, and is found nowhere else in the world. A similar idea respecting the peculiarity of their own local fish is entertained in the vicinity of other Swiss and Savoisian lakes. The Geneva fish (which is an excellent, abundant, white-fleshed, silver-scaled fish, without the slightest muddy flavour, and certainly one of the very best of fresh-water fish) is sometimes written the "fera;" but in the carte of tables d'hôte, both at Vevay and Geneva, it is spelled "ferrat," which is also the more common printed form of the word. So much for its trivial name. The reader now will naturally ask, "But what is the ferrat? What is its place and title in scientific zoology?"

It appears that there is a genus or sub-genus of fishes, called in Swiss-French the Lavaret. If Mr. Darwin wants an illustration of his "Divergence of Character," we recommend him to glance at the lavarets. They are very nearly related to the ombres or umbers of the Continent, and the grayling which we have in England. They appear to be a connecting link between the carp and the salmon families. Artedi united the umbers and the lavarets under the generic denomination of Coregonus (from κορη, the pupil of the eye, and γωνια, an angle), because their pupils are angular. Lavarets are said to be found in the North Atlantic Ocean, in the Baltic, and in the Lakes of Geneva, where they are called ferrats. That the very same species should be found in a deep briny ocean, in a shallow brackish sea, and in an excessively deep fresh-water lake, whence it does not migrate, would hardly seem probable. Yet Cuvier thinks that Coregonus oxyrhyncus (sharp-beaked) is the same species as the Coregonus lavaretus (the ferrat), and the houting of the Dutch and Flemings. The Atlantic and the Baltic lavarets live in the deeps, and quit the open seas when the herrings' spawning time commences, for the sake

of feeding on their roe. When their own time comes, towards the close of summer and the beginning of autumn, they draw near to the coast, and frequent the mouths of the most quick-running streams. The female, followed by the male, rubs herself against the pebbles, to be more easily relieved of her eggs.

The ferrat, then (or "lavaret," a name which seems to be derived from the extreme cleanliness of the body), is the Coregonus lavaretus of Lacépède, and the Salmo lavaretus of Linnæus. Pennant considered the gwyniad of Wales and of the Cumberland lakes the same as the ferrat of the Lake of Geneva.

The present writer has never seen a gwyniad, but the figures of it are much more herring-shaped, and less deep and square built, than the ferrat, which weighs from two to four pounds. These fish die immediately they are taken out of the water. In places where the catch is abundant, they are salted and smoked. Their food is insects, the larvæ of dragon-flies, and such-like. In the Lake of Geneva, between Rolle and Morges, where they are called "gravans," or "gravanches," their nose is more pointed, their flavour inferior, and their dimensions usually smaller. During eleven months of the year the ferrats remain constantly in the deeps. They are only caught at the close of summer, with the help of a net and a lantern, by night. Whether the ferrat be a distinct species from the gwyniad, or only a local variety, it is equally worthy of the attention of the Acclimatisation Society. The French society has lately stocked the rivers of the department of the Lower Alps with seven hundred and forty thousand of its eggs.

In the Lake of Neuchâtel, there are lavarets which are called "palées" and "bondelles." A great many are salted and sent to a distance, like sardines.

The ferrat has become naturalised in Lake Maduit and several other Pomeranian lakes, whither it was transported from the Lac du Bourget, by the orders of Frederick the Great, and where it thrives and multiplies abundantly. Its flesh, white and savoury, without any small bones, affords a most delicate article of food. The favourite resorts of the great marene are deep waters with a bottom of sand or clay, where it congregates in immense shoals, mounting to the surface in autumn to deposit its eggs amongst the beds of water-weeds that line the shallows. It does not begin to breed until it is five or six years old. In the winter it is caught beneath the ice with nets, whose meshes are large enough to allow the little ones to escape. Surely this is a good new pond fish; and if it has been acclimatised in Pomerania, it may be acclimatised in England. Will Mr. Buckland patronise the grand marene? As the Prussians treat us so civilly, perhaps they will send us Pomeranian spawn; or will it be better to apply to the fountain-head—to our ally—who has annexed both the Lac du Bourget and its little sister, the Lake of Aigue-Belette?

Again: a very acceptable species would be the blue umber, l'ombre bleu, or Bésole, Coregonus Wartmanni, so named after a physician of St. Gall, who described it with great exactitude. It has a crescent-shaped tail, a blunt conical nose, no teeth, equal jaws, a straight lateral line marked with a series of black points, a blue general tint without spots, yellow fins edged with blue; length, from eighteen inches to two feet. Wartman's coregon is found in several Swiss lakes, and especially in the Lake of Constance, where the fishermen look upon it as the fishermen of the north regard the herring. All summer long, from twenty to fifty boats are employed in this fishery, and during the season several millions of fish are taken. Those that are not eaten fresh, are salted, and sent to France and Germany. Wartman's coregon feeds on insects, worms, and the remains of vegetables. It spawns at the commencement of winter. It mostly swims at a considerable depth, and only rises to the surface during heavy rains or thunder-storms. When the cold sets in, it retreats to the bottom. Methinks Wartman's blue umber deserves to be thought of.

A concluding word touching two of the Swiss fishes, the most desirable to naturalise in the ponds and lakes of the United Kingdom: the only point about which the learned are agreed is their culinary aptitudes; as to their specific distinctions, doctors differ. Professor W. von Rapp, of Tübingen, who has examined and collected the fishes of the Lake of Constance, who has visited Neuchâtel and Geneva, with the object of examining and collecting the fish there, with the special purpose of comparing them with those of the Lake of Constance; who, for many years, has been occupied with the study of fish, and particularly of sea-fish; who was the instructor of Dr. Günther, of the British Museum,—Professor von Rapp states that the ferrat of Geneva is also found in the Lake of Constance, and is there called *Sandfelchen*, and that the ferrat is different from the Salmo lavaretus. He says that Salmo lavaretus, Coregonus lavaretus, and Salmo Wartmanni, are synonyms for the same fish, the *Blaufelchen*, which is even better than the ferrat, being, in fact, the very best fish of the Lake of Constance, although it suffers much from carriage. The younger fishes of this species (about seven inches long) are called *Gangfische*.

The fish which in the Lake of Neuchâtel is called *La palée*, and by Cuvier, Coregonus palea, is not different from the Blaufelchen of the Lake of Constance. The professor, however, remarks that, at Neuchâtel, two sorts of palée are distinguished—the black and the white; that perhaps these are really two separate species, and that only one of them is the real Blaufelchen, the cream of the cream amongst fresh-water fish.

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GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XLVII.

SOME weeks passed without bringing any change. We waited for Wemmick, and he made no sign. If I had never known him out of Little Britain, and had never enjoyed the privilege of being on a familiar footing at the Castle, I might have doubted him; not so for a moment, knowing him as I did.

My worldly affairs began to wear a gloomy appearance, and I was pressed for money by more than one creditor. Even I myself began to know the want of money (I mean of ready money in my own pocket), and to relieve it by converting some easily spared articles of jewellery into cash. But I had quite determined that it would be a heartless fraud to take more money from my patron in the existing state of my uncertain thoughts and plans. Therefore, I had sent him the unopened pocket-book by Herbert, to hold in his own keeping, and I felt a kind of satisfaction—whether it was a false kind or a true, I hardly know—in not having profited by his generosity since his revelation of himself.

As the time wore on, an impression settled heavily upon me that Estella was married. Fearful of having it confirmed, though it was all but a conviction, I avoided the newspapers, and begged Herbert (to whom I had confided the circumstances of our last interview) never to speak of her to me. Why I hoarded up this last wretched little rag of the robe of hope that was rent and given to the winds, how do I know! Why did you who read this, commit that not dissimilar inconsistency of your own last year, last month, last week?

It was an unhappy life that I lived, and its one dominant anxiety, towering over all its other anxieties like a high mountain above a range of mountains, never disappeared from my view. Still, no new cause for fear arose. Let me start from my bed as I would, with the terror fresh upon me that he was discovered; let me sit listening as I would, with dread, for Herbert's returning step at night, lest it should be fleeter than ordinary, and winged with evil news; for all that, and much more to like purpose, the round of things went on. Condemned to inaction and a state of constant restlessness and suspense, I rowed about in my boat, and waited, waited, waited, as I best could.

There were states of the tide when, having been down the river, I could not get back through the eddy-chafed arches and starlings of old London Bridge; then, I left my boat at a wharf near the Custom House, to be brought up afterwards to the Temple stairs. I was not averse to doing this, as it served to make me and my boat a commoner incident among the water-side people there. From this slight occasion, sprang two meetings that I have now to tell of.

One afternoon, late in the month of February, I came ashore at the wharf at dusk. I had pulled down as far as Greenwich with the ebb tide, and had turned with the tide. It had been a fine bright day, but had become foggy as the sun dropped, and I had had to feel my way back among the shipping, pretty carefully. Both in going and returning I had seen the signal in his window, All well.

As it was a raw evening and I was cold, I thought I would comfort myself with dinner at once; and as I had hours of dejection and solitude before me if I went home to the Temple, I thought I would afterwards go to the play. The theatre where Mr. Wopsle had achieved his questionable triumph, was in that water-side neighbourhood (it is nowhere now), and to that theatre I resolved to go. I was aware that Mr. Wopsle had not succeeded in reviving the Drama, but, on the contrary, had rather partaken of its decline. He had been ominously heard of, through the playbills, as a faithful Black, in connexion with a little girl of noble birth, and a monkey. And Herbert had seen him as a predatory Tartar of comic propensities, with a face like a red brick, and an outrageous hat all over bells.

I dined at what Herbert and I used to call a Geographical chop-house—where there were maps of the world in porter-pot rims on every half-yard of the tablecloths, and charts of gravy on every one of the knives—to this day there is scarcely a single chop-house in the Lord Mayor's dominions which is not Geographical—and wore out the time in dozing over crumbs, staring at gas, and baking in a hot blast of dinners. By-and-by, I roused myself and went to the play.

There, I found a virtuous boatswain in his Majesty's service—a most excellent man, though I could have wished his trousers not quite so tight in some places and not quite so loose in others—who knocked all the little men's

hats over their eyes, though he was very generous and brave, and who wouldn't hear of anybody's paying taxes, though he was very patriotic. He had a bag of money in his pocket, like a pudding in the cloth, and on that property married a young person in bed-furniture, with great rejoicings; the whole population of Portsmouth (nine in number at the last Census) turning out on the beach, to rub their own hands and shake everybody else's, and sing "Fill, fill!" A certain dark-complexioned Swab, however, who wouldn't fill, or do anything else that was proposed to him, and whose heart was openly stated (by the boatswain) to be as black as his figure-head, proposed to two other Swabs to get all mankind into difficulties; which was so effectually done (the Swab family having considerable political influence) that it took half the evening to set things right, and then it was only brought about through an honest little grocer with a white hat, black gaiters, and red nose, getting into a clock, with a gridiron, and listening, and coming out, and knocking everybody down from behind with the gridiron whom he couldn't confute with what he had overheard. This led to Mr. Wopsle's (who had never been heard of before) coming in with a star and garter on, as a plenipotentiary of great power direct from the Admiralty, to say that the Swabs were all to go to prison on the spot, and that he had brought the boatswain down the Union Jack, as a slight acknowledgment of his public services. The boatswain, unmanned for the first time, respectfully dried his eyes on the Jack, and then cheering up and addressing Mr. Wopsle as Your Honour, solicited permission to take him by the fin. Mr. Wopsle conceding his fin with a gracious dignity, was immediately shoved into a dusty corner while everybody danced a hornpipe; and, from that corner, surveying the public with a discontented eye, became aware of me.

The second piece was the last new grand comic Christmas pantomime, in the first scene of which, it pained me to suspect that I detected Mr. Wopsle with red worsted legs under a highly magnified phosphoric countenance and a shock of red curtain-fringe for his hair, engaged in the manufacture of thunderbolts in a mine, and displaying great cowardice when his gigantic master came home (very hoarse) to dinner. But he presently presented himself under worthier circumstances; for, the Genius of Youthful Love being in want of assistance—on account of the parental brutality of an ignorant farmer who opposed the choice of his daughter's heart, by purposely falling upon the object in a flour sack, out of the first-floor window—summoned a sententious Enchanter; and he, coming up from the antipodes rather unsteadily, after an apparently violent journey, proved to be Mr. Wopsle in a high-crowned hat, with a necromantic work in one volume under his arm. The business of this enchanter on earth, being principally to be talked at, sung at, butted at, danced at, and flashed at with fires of various colours, he had a good deal of time on his hands. And I observed with great surprise, that he devoted it to staring in my direction as if he were lost in amazement.

There was something so remarkable in the increasing glare of Mr. Wopsle's eye, and he seemed to be turning so many things over in his mind and to grow so confused, that I could not make it out. I sat thinking of it, long after he had ascended to the clouds in a large watch-case, and still I could not make it out. I was still thinking of it when I came out of the theatre an hour afterwards, and found him waiting for me near the door.

"How do you do?" said I, shaking hands with him as we turned down the street together. "I saw that you saw me."

"Saw you, Mr. Pip!" he returned. "Yes, of course I saw you. But who else was there!"

"Who else?"

"It is the strangest thing," said Mr. Wopsle, drifting into his lost look again; "and yet I could swear to him."

Becoming alarmed, I entreated Mr. Wopsle to explain his meaning.

"Whether I should have noticed him at first but for your being there," said Mr. Wopsle, going on in the same lost way, "I can't be positive; yet I think I should."

Involuntarily I looked round me, as I was accustomed to look round me when I went home; for these mysterious words gave me a chill.

"Oh! He can't be in sight," said Mr. Wopsle. "He went out, before I went off. I saw him go."

Having the reason that I had, for being suspicious, I even suspected this poor actor. I mistrusted a design to entrap me into some admission. Therefore, I glanced at him as we walked on together, but said nothing.

"I had a ridiculous fancy that he must be with you, Mr. Pip, till I saw that you were quite unconscious of him, sitting behind you there, like a ghost."

My former chill crept over me again, but I was resolved not to speak yet, for it was quite consistent with his words that he might be set on to induce me to connect these references with Provis. Of course I was perfectly sure and safe that Provis had not been there.

"I dare say you wonder at me, Mr. Pip; indeed I see you do. But it is so very strange! You'll hardly believe what I am going to tell you. I could hardly believe it myself, if you told me."

"Indeed?" said I.

"No, indeed. Mr. Pip, you remember in old times a certain Christmas Day, when you were quite a child, and I dined at Gargery's, and some soldiers came to the door to get a pair of handcuffs mended?"

"I remember it very well."

"And you remember that there was a chase after two convicts, and that we joined in it, and that Gargery took you on his back, and that I took the lead and you kept up with me as well as you could?"

"I remember it all very well." Better than he thought—except the last clause.

"And you remember that we came up with the two in a ditch, and that there was a scuffle between them, and that one of them had been severely handled and much mauled about the face, by the other?"

"I see it all before me."

"And that the soldiers lighted torches, and put the two in the centre, and that we went on to see the last of them, over the black marshes, with the torchlight shining on their faces—I am particular about that; with the torchlight shining on their faces, when there was an outer ring of dark night all about us?"

"Yes," said I. "I remember all that."

"Then, Mr. Pip, one of those two prisoners sat behind you to-night. I saw him over your shoulder."

"Steady!" I thought. I asked him then, "Which of the two do you suppose you saw?"

"The one who had been mauled," he answered readily, "and I'll swear I saw him! The more I think of him, the more certain I am of him."

"This is very curious!" said I, with the best assumption I could put on, of its being nothing more to me. "Very curious indeed!"

I cannot exaggerate the enhanced disquiet into which this conversation threw me, or the special and peculiar terror I felt at Compeyson's having been behind me "like a ghost." For, if he had ever been out of my thoughts for a few moments together since the hiding had begun, it was in those very moments when he was closest to me; and to think that I should be so unconscious and off my guard after all my care, was as if I had shut an avenue of a hundred doors to keep him out, and then had found him at my elbow. I could not doubt either that he was there, because I was there, and that however slight an appearance of danger there might be about us, danger was always near and active.

I put such questions to Mr. Wopsle as, When did the man come in? He could not tell me that; he saw me, and over my shoulder he saw the man. It was not until he had seen him for some time that he began to identify him; but he had from the first vaguely associated him with me, and known him as somehow belonging to me in the old village time. How was he dressed? Prosperously, but not noticeably otherwise; he thought, in black. Was his face at all disfigured? No, he believed not. I believed not, too, for, although in my brooding state I had taken no especial notice of the people behind me, I thought it likely that a face at all disfigured would have attracted my attention.

When Mr. Wopsle had imparted to me all that he could recal or I extract, and when I had treated him to a little appropriate refreshment after the fatigues of the evening, we parted. It was between twelve and one o'clock when I reached the Temple, and the gates were shut. No one was near me when I went in and went home.

Herbert had come in, and we held a very serious council by the fire. But there was nothing to be done, saving to communicate to Wemmick what I had that night found out, and to remind him that we waited for his hint. As I thought that I might compromise him if I went too often to the Castle, I made this communication by letter. I wrote it before I went to bed, and went out and posted it; and again no one was near me. Herbert and I agreed that we could do nothing else but be very cautious. And we were very cautious indeed—more cautious than before, if that were possible—and I for my part never went near Chinks's Basin, except when I rowed by, and then I only looked at Mill Pond Bank as I looked at anything else.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE second of the two meetings referred to in the last chapter, occurred about a week after the first. I had again left my boat at the wharf below Bridge; the time was an hour earlier in the afternoon; and, undecided where to dine, I had strolled up into Cheapside, and was strolling along it, surely the most unsettled person in all the busy concourse, when a large hand was laid upon my shoulder, by some one overtaking me. It was Mr. Jaggers's hand, and he passed it through my arm.

"As we are going in the same direction, Pip, we may walk together. Where are you bound for?"

"For the Temple, I think," said I.

"Don't you know?" said Mr. Jaggers.

"Well," I returned, glad for once to get the better of him in cross-examination, "I do *not* know, for I have not made up my mind."

"You are going to dine?" said Mr. Jaggers. "You don't mind admitting that, I suppose?"

"No," I returned, "I don't mind admitting that."

"And are not engaged?"

"I don't mind admitting also, that I am not engaged."

"Then," said Mr. Jaggers, "come and dine with me."

I was going to excuse myself, when he added, "Wemmick's coming." So I changed my excuse into an acceptance—the few words I had uttered serving for the beginning of either—and we went along Cheapside and slanted off to Little Britain, while the lights were springing up brilliantly in the shop-windows, and the street lamp-lighters, scarcely finding ground enough to plant their ladders on in the midst of the afternoon's bustle, were skipping up and down and running in and out, opening more red eyes in the gathering fog than my rushlight tower at the Hummums had opened white eyes in the ghostly wall.

At the office in Little Britain there was the usual letter-writing, hand-washing, candle-snuffing, and safe-locking, that closed the business of the day. As I stood idle by Mr. Jaggers's fire, its rising and falling flame made the two casts on the shelf look as if they were playing a diabolical game at bo-peep with me; while the pair of coarse fat office candles that

dimly lighted Mr. Jaggers as he wrote in a corner, were decorated with dirty winding-sheets, as if in remembrance of a host of hanged clients.

We went to Gerrard-street, all three together, in a hackney-coach: and as soon as we got there, dinner was served. Although I should not have thought of making, in that place, the most distant reference by so much as a look to Wemmick's Walworth sentiments, yet I should have had no objection to catching his eye now and then in a friendly way. But it was not to be done. He turned his eyes on Mr. Jaggers whenever he raised them from the table, and was as dry and distant to me as if there were twin Wemmicks and this was the wrong one.

"Did you send that note of Miss Havisham's to Mr. Pip, Wemmick?" Mr. Jaggers asked, soon after we began dinner.

"No, sir," returned Wemmick; "it was going by post, when you brought Mr. Pip into the office. Here it is." He handed it to his principal, instead of to me.

"It's a note of two lines, Pip," said Mr. Jaggers, handing it on, "sent up to me by Miss Havisham, on account of her not being sure of your address. She tells me that she wants to see you on a little matter of business you mentioned to her. You'll go down?"

"Yes," said I, casting my eyes over the note, which was exactly in those terms.

"When do you think of going down?"

"I have an impending engagement," said I, glancing at Wemmick, who was putting fish into the post-office, "that renders me rather uncertain of my time. At once, I think."

"If Mr. Pip has the intention of going at once," said Wemmick to Mr. Jaggers, "he needn't write an answer, you know."

Receiving this as an intimation that it was best not to delay, I settled that I would go to-morrow, and said so. Wemmick drank a glass of wine and looked with a grimly satisfied air at Mr. Jaggers, but not at me.

"So, Pip! our friend the Spider," said Mr. Jaggers, "has played his cards. He has won the pool."

It was as much as I could do to assent.

"Hah! He is a promising fellow—in his way—but he may not have it all his own way. The stronger will win in the end, but the stronger has to be found out first. If he should turn to, and beat her——"

"Surely," I interrupted, with a burning face and heart, "you do not seriously think that he is scoundrel enough for that, Mr. Jaggers?"

"I didn't say so, Pip. I am putting a case. If he should turn to and beat her, he may possibly get the strength on his side; if it should be a question of intellect, he certainly will not. It would be chance work to give an opinion how a fellow of that sort will turn out in such circumstances, because it's a toss-up between two results."

"May I ask what they are?"

"A fellow like our friend the Spider," answered Mr. Jaggers, "either beats, or cringes. He may cringe and growl, or cringe and not growl; but he either beats or cringes. Ask Wemmick *his* opinion."

"Either beats or cringes," said Wemmick, not at all addressing himself to me.

"So here's to Mrs. Bentley Drummle," said Mr. Jaggers, taking a decanter of choicer wine from his dumb-waiter, and filling for each of us and for himself, "and may the question of supremacy be settled to the lady's satisfaction! To the satisfaction of the lady *and* the gentleman, it never will be. Now, Molly, Molly, Molly, Molly, how slow you are to-day!"

She was at his elbow when he addressed her, putting a dish upon the table. As she withdrew her hands from it, she fell back a step or two, nervously muttering some excuse, and a certain action of her fingers as she spoke arrested my attention.

"What's the matter?" said Mr. Jaggers.

"Nothing. Only the subject we were speaking of," said I, "was rather painful to me."

The action of her fingers was like the action of knitting. She stood looking at her master, not understanding whether she was free to go, or whether he had more to say to her and would call her back if she did go. Her look was very intent. Surely, I had seen exactly such eyes and such hands, on a memorable occasion very lately!

He dismissed her, and she glided out of the room. But she remained before me, as plainly as if she were still there. I looked at those hands, I looked at those eyes, I looked at that flowing hair; and I compared them with other hands, other eyes, other hair, that I knew of, and with what those might be after twenty years of a brutal husband and a stormy life. I looked again at those hands and eyes of the housekeeper, and thought of the inexplicable feeling that had come over me when I last walked—not alone—in the ruined garden, and through the deserted brewery. I thought how the same feeling had come back when I saw a face looking at me, and a hand waving to me, from a stage-coach window; and how it had come back again and had flashed about me like Lightning, when I had passed in a carriage—not alone—through a sudden glare of light in a dark street. I thought how one link of association had helped that identification in the theatre, and how such a link, wanting before, had been riveted for me now, when I had passed by a chance swift from Estella's name to the fingers with their knitting action, and the attentive eyes. And I felt absolutely certain that this woman was Estella's mother.

Mr. Jaggers had seen me with Estella, and was not likely to have missed the sentiments I had been at no pains to conceal. He nodded when I said the subject was painful to me, clapped me on the back, put round the wine again, and went on with his dinner.

Only twice more, did the housekeeper reappear, and then her stay in the room was very short, and Mr. Jaggers was sharp with her.

But her hands were Estella's hands, and her eyes were Estella's eyes, and if she had reappeared a hundred times I could have been neither more sure nor less sure that my conviction was the truth.

It was a dull evening, for Wemmick drew his wine when it came round, quite as a matter of business—just as he might have drawn his salary when that came round—and with his eyes on his chief, sat in a state of perpetual readiness for cross-examination. As to the quantity of wine, his post-office was as indifferent and ready as any other post-office for its quantity of letters. From my point of view, he was the wrong twin all the time, and only externally like the Wemmick of Walworth.

We took our leave early, and left together. Even when we were groping among Mr. Jaggers's stock of boots for our hats, I felt that the right twin was on his way back; and we had not gone half a dozen yards down Gerrard-street in the Walworth direction before I found that I was walking arm-in-arm with the right twin, and that the wrong twin had evaporated into the evening air.

"Well!" said Wemmick, "that's over. He's a wonderful man, without his living likeness; but I feel that I have to screw myself up when I dine with him—and I dine more comfortably, unscrewed."

I felt that this was a good statement of the case, and told him so.

"Wouldn't say it to anybody but yourself," he answered. "I know that what is said between you and me, goes no further."

I asked him if he had ever seen Miss Havisham's adopted daughter, Mrs. Bentley Drummle? He said no. To avoid being too abrupt, I then spoke of the Aged, and of Miss Skiffins. He looked rather sly when I mentioned Miss Skiffins, and stopped in the street to blow his nose with a roll of the head and a flourish, not quite free from latent boastfulness.

"Wemmick," said I, "do you remember telling me before I first went to Mr. Jaggers's private house, to notice that housekeeper?"

"Did I?" he replied. "Ah, I dare say I did. Deuce take me," he added, suddenly, "I know I did. I find I am not quite unscrewed yet."

"A wild beast tamed, you called her," said I.

"And what do *you* call her?" said he.

"The same. How did Mr. Jaggers tame her, Wemmick?"

"That's his secret. She has been with him many a long year."

"I wish you would tell me her story. I feel a particular interest in being acquainted with it. You know that what is said between you and me goes no further."

"Well!" Wemmick replied, "I don't know her story—that is, I don't know all of it. But what I do know, I'll tell you. We are in our private and personal capacities, of course."

"Of course."

"A score of years ago, that woman was tried at the Old Bailey for murder, and was acquitted. She was a very handsome young woman, and I believe had some gipsy blood in her. Anyhow, it was hot enough when it was up, as you may suppose."

"But she was acquitted."

"Mr. Jaggers was for her," pursued Wemmick, with a look full of meaning, "and worked the case in a way quite astonishing. It was a desperate case, and it was comparatively early days with him then, and he worked it to general admiration; in fact, it may almost be said to have made him. He worked it himself at the police-office, day after day for many days, contending against even a committal; and at the trial where he couldn't work it himself, sat under Counsel, and—every one knew—put in all the salt and pepper. The murdered person was a woman; a woman, a good ten years older, very much larger, and very much stronger. It was a case of jealousy. They both led tramping lives, and this woman in Gerrard-street here had been married very young, over the broomstick (as we say), to a tramping man, and was a perfect fury in point of jealousy. The murdered woman—more a match for the man, certainly, in point of years—was found dead in a barn near Hounslow Heath. There had been a violent struggle, perhaps a fight. She was bruised and scratched and torn, and had been held by the throat at last and choked. Now, there was no reasonable evidence to implicate any person but this woman, and, on the improbabilities of her having been able to do it, Mr. Jaggers principally rested his case. You may be sure," said Wemmick, touching me on the sleeve, "that he never dwelt upon the strength of her hands then, though he sometimes does now."

I had told Wemmick of his showing us her wrists, that day of the dinner party.

"Well, sir!" Wemmick went on; "it happened—happened, don't you see?—that this woman was so very artfully dressed from the time of her apprehension, that she looked much slighter than she really was; in particular, her sleeves are always remembered to have been so skilfully contrived, that her arms had quite a delicate look. She had only a bruise or two about her—nothing for a tramp—but the backs of her hands were lacerated, and the question was, was it with finger-nails? Now, Mr. Jaggers showed that she had struggled through a great lot of brambles which were not as high as her face; but which she could not have got through and kept her hands out of; and bits of those brambles were actually found in her skin and put in evidence, as well as the fact that the brambles in question were found on examination to have been broken through, and to have little shreds of her dress and little spots of blood upon them here and there. But the boldest point he made, was this. It was attempted to be set up in proof of her jealousy, that she was under strong suspicion of having, at about the time of the murder, frantically destroyed her child by this man—some three years old—to revenge herself upon him. Mr. Jaggers worked that, in this way. 'We say these are not marks of finger-nails, but marks of brambles, and we show you the

brambles. You say they are marks of finger-nails, and you set up the hypothesis that she destroyed her child. You must accept all consequences of that hypothesis. For anything we know, she may have destroyed her child, and the child in clinging to her may have scratched her hands. What then? You are not trying her for the murder of her child; why don't you? As to this case, if you *will* have scratches, we say that, for anything we know, you may have accounted for them, assuming for the sake of argument that you have not invented them?' To sum up, sir," said Wemmick, "Mr. Jaggers was altogether too many for the Jury, and they gave in."

"Has she been in his service ever since?"

"Yes; but not only that," said Wemmick. "She went into his service immediately after her acquittal, tamed as she is now. She has since been taught one thing and another in the way of her duties, but she was tamed from the beginning."

"Do you remember the sex of the child?"

"Said to have been a girl."

"You have nothing more to say to me to-night?"

"Nothing. I got your letter and destroyed it. Nothing."

We exchanged a cordial Good Night, and I went home, with new matter for my thoughts, though with no relief from the old.

RECENT DISCOVERIES CONCERNING LIGHT.

In the year 1666 the young Mr. Isaac Newton, then an unknown Bachelor of Arts of the University of Cambridge, little more than twenty-three years of age, first made the discovery of the compound nature of white light, and he described this discovery a few years afterwards, in a letter to a friend, as "in my judgment the oddest, if not the most considerable detection which hath hitherto been made in the operations of nature."

Let us pause here a moment to explain clearly what this "detection" or discovery amounted to, premising that one of its first fruits had already appeared (in 1669) in the construction of a reflecting telescope. Before the publication of Newton's researches in 1671, the sources and nature of coloured, as distinguished from white light had not even been the subject of a rational conjecture. Dr. Barrow, the latest and best authority, had described white, as being "that which discharges a copious light equally clear in every direction." "Black," he goes on to state, "is that which does not emit light at all, or which does it very sparingly. Red is that which emits a light more clear than usual, but interrupted by shady interstices. Blue is that which discharges a rarefied light, as in bodies which consist of white and black particles, arranged alternately. Green is nearly allied to blue. Yellow is a mixture of much white and a little red; and purple consists of a great deal of blue, mixed with a small portion of red." By causing a ray of the sun's light to pass first through a round aperture in a shutter and then through a prism of glass, and afterwards receiving the image on a screen in a darkened room, Newton found that its shape was no longer round, but oblong, and he seems to have been the first to notice that it consisted of variously coloured light. Every part of the ray had been turned or bent aside, as was known to be the result when light passes from one medium—such as air—into another of different density, like glass; but the image showed that the white light was, in fact, made up of a mixture of red, yellow, and blue rays, of which the red were least bent and the blue most, the yellow occupying the middle place.

It was further noticed that the coloured image of the sun thus obtained, while retaining the breadth that it would have had, if not broken up into colours, was now five times as long, and by allowing each colour in succession to pass through a round hole, similar to the first, and then through a second prism into another chamber, also darkened, it was found that the coloured image was now, as before, bent aside, but was not altered again in shape. It was remarked, too, that in the second, as in the first bending or refraction, red rays were not so much bent by the prism as the yellow, and the yellow not so much as the blue. It was hence concluded that each ray of white light coming from the sun, was made up of rays of several colours—red, yellow, and blue being the chief—that these simple colours were all more or less, but each differently, bent in passing from one transparent body to another, and that, having been once decomposed, the various colours were not susceptible of further change.

Newton afterwards, by various other experiments, fully satisfied both himself and all his contemporaries, that this view of the compound nature of light was correct, and that, in fact, all the marvellous beauties and effects of colour are produced by the different proportion in which the colour rays that together form white light are absorbed, transmitted, or reflected by various substances before they reach the eye. The delicate pink reflected from a snowy mountain at sunset is due to the slight excess of blue and yellow rays absorbed by vapour when the sun's light passes aslant through a vast thickness of air; the yellow of the buttercup results from the structure of the petals of the flower which happen to absorb blue and red light but reflect the remaining rays, and the exquisite blue of the ocean and sky result from the absorption of red and yellow rays in clear dry air and the reflexion or transmission of the rest, the constant alteration observed in these respects being caused by the frequent change that takes place in the air in reference to visible moisture.

By very careful observations made with fine prisms, assisted by other optical contrivances, Dr. Wollaston first, and afterwards M. Fraunhofer, of Munich, discovered that the oblong image of coloured light obtained by decomposing

the sun's rays was systematically crossed by dark lines in various places. These lines always, however, occupy the same relative position when the coloured image (which is usually called the prismatic spectrum) is obtained from sun light; while the light, either from fixed stars or from artificial sources, gives a spectrum either without lines or crossed by lines occupying different positions. In every case the position and number of the lines are found to be invariably the same when the light has been obtained from the same source. The light from the moon or planets being reflected sun light, exhibits a spectrum crossed by the same lines as those of the usual solar spectrum.

For a long time there seemed no means of accounting for these singular interruptions in the beautiful image obtained by decomposing sun light into its elements. Why should there be, in this image or spectrum, dark portions having no apparent reference to the various shades of colour, but indicating a partial and imperfect state in the pencil of rays itself as it emerged from the luminous body? If the light from the body of the sun were given off pure, and were received in the same state, one can hardly imagine that interruptions in the spectrum could occur. If, however, owing to the passage of these rays through some coloured medium or atmosphere before they reached the earth, they were deprived of a portion of their effect, the place of the rays thus removed might be expected to be marked by some such blanks as we see. But if the absorption, or partial absorption of light or colour was limited to our atmosphere, there should be no difference in the spectra obtained from the sun and star light, whereas experiment shows that such difference does exist. Whatever lines are due to absorption while passing through the air must clearly be common to all kinds of light received from the heavenly bodies, and we are thus apparently forced to the conclusion that dark spaces, not common to sun and star spectra, are produced by a loss of certain parts of a pencil of rays before it finally emerges into space. In other words, we are led to the assumption that the light of the sun proceeds from the nucleus or central body of the sun in groups of glorious and perfect and intensely bright rays of pure white light which are shorn of at least some portion of their brilliancy even before they enter the measureless space around. Of the light thus diminished only a few pencils—few at least in proportion to the whole number given off—are interrupted by and penetrate our atmosphere, lighting up the surface of the earth, while the rest either serve to illuminate other planets or are lost in the starry waste. The rays received on the earth are, of course, deficient both in the part absorbed by the sun's atmosphere and also in that part absorbed by the atmosphere of the earth. The amount of the latter we can pretty well estimate, and what remains must belong to the former.

Making use of the strong and very pure light obtained by burning lime in a jet of mixed gases (known as the Drummond light), and passing a pencil of rays of such light through a prism, a complete spectrum may be thrown on a screen; but if instead of this, a light is used affected by the combustion of some substance that colours flame, the spectrum thrown on the screen is no longer complete, but consists of one or more coloured bands, each in its place, all the rest of the image being dark. Whatever the state of the substance may be that is burnt, the colours are found to depend only on its ultimate particles or elements. Thus common salt (which is a combination of the gas chlorine and the metal sodium) when burnt, gives a yellow colour to flame, in which the human face looks ghastly in the extreme. In the spectrum it shows a single vivid yellow band due to the combustion of the metal, and in like manner every other combination in which the same metal exists, will always produce the same result; so that, by the presence or absence of the particular band of colour that belongs to sodium, the presence of that metal can be detected with the most perfect certainty. What is true of sodium, is true, in like manner, of calcium, strontium, and other such substances; also of copper and other metals, each of which communicates a colour to flame, and exhibits coloured bands in the spectrum.

If an alloy of metals be burnt, the colours and bands of the different component metals are detected, and if colours and bands are found in the spectrum, derived from coloured flame not belonging to any known substance, it becomes certain that there exists and is present in the flame some substance hitherto unknown.

The prismatic spectrum, and a knowledge of the various colours and dark bands of which it is made up, and the various changes which it exhibits under the action of differently composed lights, thus becomes, in the hands of the accurate experimenter of the present day, a means of effecting minute and accurate chemical analysis, but it has been found capable of doing much more even than this.

The *presence* of a particular band of colour in a spectrum obtained from coloured flame, proves the existence of a certain metal or other elementary substance in intense combustion; but what does the *absence* of a particular band mean, or, in other words, to what are owing the dark lines originally discovered in the solar spectrum by Wollaston and Fraunhofer? To answer this query requires a little further inquiry. It might be thought, as we have already hinted, that the material known to give a band of colour in the part of the solar spectrum, crossed by a dark band, was absent from the source of light; but this is not necessarily the case, for if a lime light is burnt, and a continuous spectrum thus formed, and we burn a little salt between the light and the prism, the place where the sodium band would be if there were no lime light, instead of becoming brighter, is immediately marked by a dark line. To be satisfied of this, we have only to take away the lime light when the bright yellow sodium band is at once beautifully shown. A dark band, then, is

produced in the place of the coloured band belonging to the combustion of some element at the moment when an exceedingly intense light, such as that emitted by the burning lime, is made to pass through a much less intense light coloured by the burning of that element. This particular line is, in fact, only dark by contrast with greater light. The ray of intense white light that would have passed into the prism and been decomposed into its colours is modified by the exceedingly fainter rays of yellow light through which the white light passes.

Exactly as it is with the sodium in common salt, so would it be, and so must it be, with other substances. If the white light passes through the coloured flame, then that part of the complete spectrum that would have been coloured if there had been no intense light shining behind it, are simply dark when this greater light is present—a result that could hardly have been anticipated, though not incapable of explanation according to that theory of light, which assumes light to consist of waves rather than of substantial and material emanations.

We are now in a position to advance the required step, and apply what has been discovered to explain the cause of those dark lines that we know to exist in the solar spectrum. By actual experiment, the positions of nearly a hundred dark lines in the spectrum have been identified with those colour rays resulting from the combustion of some metals well known and easily procurable on the earth, a prismatic spectrum crossed by those particular lines already marked by Fraunhofer being obtained in the spectrum arising from the decomposition of the Drummond light when that light is allowed to shine through flames produced by burning the metals in question. Since these lines are characteristic of the metals, there can only be one conclusion, which may be thus expressed: *The light from the sun is emitted from a central nucleus of intense brightness, and shines through a clouded atmosphere of coloured flame containing a number of metals identical with those on our earth.*

For if the sun's atmosphere alone shone, its nucleus being dark, the light, however intense, would be made up of the colours produced by the burning of the metals, and would give bright lines where there are now dark ones. It is only because the light from the nucleus is so surpassingly brighter than that of the coloured flame that forms the sun's atmosphere that these shaded lines, which are really faint lines of colour, can be at all discovered.

What would have been Newton's feelings had it been given to him to contemplate this marvellous deduction from his discovery of the composition of light? By analysis of light, we obtain a degree of accuracy in investigations concerning the presence or absence of particular substances beyond all comparison greater than had hitherto been thought possible. But we also analyse by the same means the actual material of the solar atmosphere, and we may look forward even to compare the light of the fixed stars with that obtained from the sun, and thus decide also as to their atmospheres of flame.

The distances of these bodies are indeed so great as to defy anything like a correct conception, although we may state it in words and figures. But the light that takes years to reach us seems to pass unscathed through all that vast space that intervenes; and even if it should appear that there are interruptions produced by a thin ether, through which all light passes, we may still expect to compare results. Thus, if there be in the light any of these dark lines that belong to an interrupting atmosphere, we shall be able to discover by actual observation whether these lines are or are not identical with those produced by known vapours on the earth or sun. We may even learn whether the matter of which our system is composed is the same as other matter distributed through space, or whether there may be in the infinite distance new elements and combinations of which we can know nothing.

Newton, indeed, as we have said, could not look forward to this gradual working out of the discovery he originated. In itself one of the most elegant and complete explanations of the source of so much that is beautiful in nature, his prismatic spectrum has in modern hands laid the foundation of a new science, and has in the most unexpected manner offered its aid to chemistry just at the point where chemical analysis seemed to fail.

In the most delicate, the most difficult, and the most obscure of those processes of chemistry, where infinite caution is always necessary to avoid a false conclusion, the observer in physical science steps in with accurate measurement and almost unerring power to suggest a means of comparison whose certainty is only paralleled by its perfect simplicity.

Two new metals have been already detected by examining the coloured flame obtained by burning the residuum after evaporating certain mineral waters. Both these are alkaline metals resembling in their properties sodium and potassium; and their existence once made known by this new analysis, they have since been obtained in small quantities by more ordinary methods for further examination. It may be expected that other instances will be detected in a similar way before long.

We owe to two German chemists the recognition of the value and importance of this method of analysis, and some of the ingenious contrivances required to effect it. They are both eminent in their respective departments of science, and are still labouring in the same field. Professors Kirchhoff and Bunsen, of Heidelberg, will ever be remembered as among those who have made a distinct advance in experimental science.

The step made by Newton in discovering the compound nature of light seemed at the time to close the whole subject; and even when the dark bands in the spectrum were noticed, they seemed so likely to be the consequence of partial absorption in our own atmosphere, that

for a long time they suggested no further investigation. But they were not for that reason neglected; on the contrary, their position was marked with extreme care, and the existence and place of upwards of six hundred of them was gradually but surely determined. Their absolute invariability in the case of ordinary light seemed, as already observed, to disconnect them from us and render a satisfactory explanation impossible; and it was not for many years, and until close attention had been directed to other points in the physical history of the sun, that they seemed likely to reward the patient investigator. Other solar phenomena were more attractive. The curiously shifting, yet in one sense permanent, spots occasionally obscuring the sun's face were found to multiply and thicken periodically; and after many years these periodical changes were found to agree with similar changes and magnetic irregularities in the earth, both sets of phenomena going through certain revolutions in an irregular cycle of five or six years. Observations made during total eclipses of the sun next showed that there exists a very extensive solar atmosphere having a distinct colour, through which the solar light passes, and thus we are brought round by a different path to the curious fact already stated, that the brilliant white light of the central body or nucleus of the sun has to penetrate a cloudy and changing atmosphere containing certain known metals in combustion before it ultimately emerges into space. Wonderful, indeed, are these conclusions, and most strange is it that there should exist means available to us of determining so many facts regarding the intimate constitution of distant bodies in the heavens. Astronomers long ago succeeded in weighing the earth and the sun; in measuring the girth, and determining the shape of the heavenly bodies, in fixing the time of revolution of each round its axis, and of the secondary round the primary bodies, and in proving an absolute movement in space of the sun, with all its attendant planets and their satellites. Now, men are busy inquiring into the actual composition of the sun, and how far its elements correspond with those we meet with here on earth. Some day it may be the lot of a future family of the human race to discover yet more of the mutual relation of all matter, and learn what is the limit, if any exists, of those influences which bind creation together, and make one vast and measureless unit of all that exists in the universe.

THE LAST LEWISES.

A WELL-BELOVED.

On the frieze of worthies who have glorified these last two centuries may be made out distinctly the figures of no less than *two* fat Regents. *We* can point with a just pride to our First Gentleman of Europe, and unrivalled Adonis of fifty; and our French neighbours, competing with us in that line of article, can lay their finger on an antecedent Regent who was fat also, dreadfully partial to the ladies, coarse and unmannerly; in fact, conspicuous for all the first-gentlemanly qualities.

About the time, then, that a poor old grand monarch, gasping on his death-bed, discovered the hollowness of that trick to cheat him of his crows'-feet and wrinkles, and that majesty was indeed, but in a wholly different sense, "of the age of all the world,"—about this time, the lamps being lighted, and the fiddles striking up cheerfully in the orchestra, the curtain rolls upwards briskly, and the new piece, with the new actors, begins. The original First Gentleman is the first figure that comes down to the front.

Would we know what manner of people were the fine ladies and gentlemen of these prime Bourbon days? Then let us put our eyes to the glass of this most curious raree-show. What a scene and what figures! One in the centre, to whom the rest do Ko-too; short, corpulent, with great round cheeks and inflamed countenance, a squint, an ungainly walk, a hoarse rough voice—this is the fat Regent. He had a great square face; and, when he opened his mouth, rows of white carnivorous tusks flashed out, very unpleasant to look on. Fat Regent the First loved the table to the full as much as fat Regent the Second, and feasted enormously. He loved his bottle also very dearly, and got drunk in a strictly gentlemanly way upon Tockaï (so the partial parent spells it) and champagne. But the terrible orgies—lasting from five o'clock in the evening until late next morning, where he collected the vilest elements, affectionately styled by him his "roués," and to which society he did not scruple to introduce his daughter—have, perhaps, most of all contributed to the reputation of this model First Gentleman. Dusty, travel-stained couriers arrive with pressing despatches; but the doors are barred, and business must wait until his highness has slept off his last debauch.

It is that notorious old Duchess "Douairière," reigning princess of scandal-mongers, who furnishes us with the best and most copious details. The terrible old lady positively scares us with her vile stories, and though her editors have been hard at work "deodorising" her letters, some delightful bits remain behind, very wicked, and I fear very entertaining. She was proud of her child; and tells of his artless frolics with an appalling unction, and a smirk of maternal affection. She grins and chatters over his vices, and mumbles out how he graduated in iniquity at the early age of thirteen. She is angry, and chides him for that free life of his; but it is because he shows such bad taste and indifference in the matter of good looks. And yet a panegyrist of this old harridan speaks in touching language of her "solid piety," and of the "grandeur of her sentiments," which, panegyrist fears, "made of her *only too perfect an exemplar* for the common run of women to hope to imitate."

Suddenly there comes bounding on the stage, into the very heart of this polluted atmosphere, a pretty boy, full of life and gaiety. He has

the richest brown hair, tossing in curls on his shoulders, the most brilliant black eyes, and the handsomest figure in the world. The court ladies soon found out that he had a pretty hand, and a most elegant leg, and, we may be sure, contrived to let him know it. It was discovered, with admiration, that he put his hat on exactly as the late king did, and no one put on a hat like the late king. They said he danced "like an angel." A hundred little traits are recorded of his amiability, his naïveté, his taste for innocent amusement. He wept when his governess was taken from him, calling her his "dear maman," presenting her with jewels of some six thousand pounds' value. He was shrewd and clever, and actually wrote—or had written for him—a little geographical treatise on "The Rivers of Europe." This the courtiers voted a prodigy of genius. He was smart. "Lord, how ugly he is!" said the lively youth, as a rather plain-featured prelate was presented to him. The bishop looked at him sourly and walked away, saying, "What an ill-bred boy!" and it began to be whispered that in Master Louis a spice of malice was showing itself.

There were serious questions abroad and at home then pressing; the finances in frightful disorder; the navy in a state of dry rot, moral and physical; but the court was absorbed with far more important matter. What was Universal Dry Rot to the exciting question of the Cap and the Crossing of the Floor with which men's minds were now agitated? Was the President of the Parliament to take off his cap? Who were entitled to this salute? Who had the right of going round by the benches, and who that of crossing the floor diagonally? These famous questions very justly made a great noise at the time. The two governors of the king taking him out to drive one day, fell into a hot dispute about their places in the carriage; and it being found impossible to arrange this affair, the drive had to be given up. The life-guardsmen and gendarmerie presently fell out about *their* order of riding with the king's carriage, and the dispute could only be settled by nicely allotting the right of the hind wheel to the gentlemen of the guard, and the fore wheel to the gendarmes. Those nice impalpable refinements about the "familiar entry" and the "bedroom entry," the "grand entry" and the "first entry;" the confounding of which degrees was matter of life and death. Noodle, who had the familiar entry and could actually see the king as he lay in bed, was more beatified than Doodle, who had only the first entry, and could see the king up and in his dressing-gown. This butterfly spawn—they were not men or women—were fretting and breaking their hearts for promotion from one rank to the other; but the man to whom royalty, stepping into its sheets, handed the bed-chamber candlestick was trebly blessed, and went next day frantically proclaiming his triumph, and made others burst with envy. Only the other day we heard of some young Bourbons gravely holding "pourparler" over the grand question of a flag—was it to be the old white flag or the tricolor? and there results a noble yielding of the point on one side, and what is called a "Fusion!" Poor fools, and with no flagstaff to fly it from! This playing with bits of ribbon, and fleurs-de-lys, and flags and such toys, runs in the family. They are all chips, not of the old block, for there is no old block to get chips off, but of the old bending rotten reed.

In what a corrupt hothouse is the young royal lily reared! The air is heavy with unwholesome scents; through which pierces a sharp reeking vapour from the festering mass underneath. It is a sewer painted and gilded over; it is corruption glorified. There is an old Church legend of an angel leading a youth, and their meeting a dead dog in the last stage of decomposition, the odour of which made the youth nearly faint, but affected the angel not at all; and of their falling in with by-and-by a fine and elegant young man in gorgeous raiment, and breathing round him clouds of musk; on which the angel turned sick in his turn, revolting from the odour of vice which overbore the musk. This quaint apologue is a type of this age. How shall the bright handsome youth with the flowing curls—who still says his prayers and confesses—pass through untainted? The stairs, the galleries, the saloons are packed close with fauns and satyrs in beautiful snowy bag-wigs, in the bleu de roi coats overlaid with gold and flaps, in lace ruffles and swords—the most elegant creatures in the world, only their hairy limbs and cloven hoofs are hidden carefully in those blushing silk hose. Packed closely, too, with sweetly-powdered wood-nymphs and Eastern odalisques, brilliant in the glow of the rouge-pot, behooped, beflowered, bepatched. Exquisite dainty bits of Sèvres porcelain; but, alack! cracked all of them. Ever so slightly, the little faint lines crossing faintly, but still cracked. Here are the famous peaches, all at three sous, of younger Dumas; choice fruit, with the slightest little discoloration on one side. There was no uncomfortable strait-lacing, no cramping moral shackles. It was the gayest, liveliest, wittiest, prettiest, and I fear—in fact, I am sure—the freest society in the universe.

In those days it was an eternal jokery. Those old clumsy weapons of reason, and argument, and syllogism, and good sense, as applied to serious matters and affairs of state, were never so much as dreamt of; such rusty weapons were powerless. But the quip, the quatrain, the mot, and the calembourg, fell in light showers, and were worth the whole Ars Logica. And it must be confessed that the little sparkling, hissing trifles thus turned, by the ladies chiefly, are, for neatness and pungency, of the very highest order. The fine ladies fell out with one another, and spat at each other little rhymed personalities, which were handed round the court and enjoyed. Little personal imperfections, such as madame's "skinny throat," and madame's suspected "tendresse" for her bottle, were all fair game. The beautiful ladies, unhappily, "se grisaient"—exceeded in their cups—rather often, and awkward

accidents were the results. A poor lady, one of the belles of the day, strayed out of the staid cloisters of sobriety in the company of some of the elegant gentlemen of the court, and in that helpless state was nearly blown up with fireworks, and dreadfully burnt at the hands of these playful spirits. Gentlemen pretended to be short-sighted in chapel, and would kneel down *on* some old duchess, taking her for a prie-Dieu. Songs and epigrams were of course the fruit of these pranks. Still the young king stepped lightly over the silken nets and the golden gins and snares hidden with flowers, and flung himself into hunting and fowling with a positive fury. He was a Royal Young Meadows, singing, by anticipation,

——who cared a jot,
For he envied them not,
While he had his dog and his gun!

To which objects of affection let there be added also, his wife, on whom he doted, as boy-husbands dote.

I fear very much that this virtuous lady was (innocently) at the bottom of the mischief that followed. She was too austere, too rigid a paragon. She repelled his fondness coldly, and thought "most loving mere folly." Therefore she had soon to sing "Heigh-ho the holly!" With the Lurleïs and water-nymphs singing and waving their long arms, and growing bolder every day, she could not have been too careful. The vile crew about him found him in a moment of irritation, chilled by her austerity, and artful Mephistopheles Richelieu, their accredited agent, is at hand with a bait. Down goes the light paling of virtue and decency: the first of the four sisters is installed as titular sultana, and the whole court rejoices. Alas! for the youth with the flowing brown locks, who was so pious, and cared not a jot while he had his dog and his gun. These pastimes were now found insipid. "Je n'aime pas les plaisirs innocens," said a fine lady whom her careful husband had taken down to the country. The reign of Sardanapalus the Second has begun. It is no longer succession of ministries of men in power, but of sultanas. Mothers educate and beautify their daughters with a view to this proud distinction, closing their eyes in peace and happiness if they have seen them thus provided for. From a royal king he becomes a royal sultan, and from a royal sultan a royal Swine. How loathsome, how sickening the details! We turn away our eyes, blushing, from that rout of painted brazen creatures, and are thankful that we have no such degrading era to soil our history, not even the days of that lax person with the little dog who was but too indulgently called the Merry Monarch.

Our dramatic situation stands out effectively: that scene round the sick-bed at Metz, when Sardanapalus had roused himself to go to the wars. Among the camp equipages lumbered along a huge berline containing the painted ladies of the royal suite, at whom the soldiers jeered and sang insulting songs even under the royal windows. Was this not degrading enough for Bourbon majesty? And soon after Sardanapalus falls sick. The scene, I say, is splendidly dramatic. The royal roué in the centre tossing miserably on his bed in fever, moaning, now bled in the foot, now purged, now bled again, and wholly given up to the experiments of ignorant quacks. The painted ladies and their esquires and agents are creeping about on tiptoe, whispering, plotting, counterplotting, and trembling, while their arch-emissary Richelieu keeps the door fast against all comers who may whisper danger—even against the princes. One forces his way in boldly with "Lacquey, do you dare to stop me?" and at the breach enters too a tall stern figure, in the purple and lace and the gold cross of a prelate, who, stooping to the king, breathes the word "Confession." It was Fitzjames, Bishop of Soissons. Now was about to be played an embodiment of the old legend which sings how, when Great Nameless was sick, Great Nameless would enter a monastic order, but when he got well, he was anything in the world (rather *out* of the world) but monastic. Sardanapalus is impatient, and will not believe in danger, like most of his name and kind. Time enough to-morrow. Stern prelate persists. His majesty can begin to-day and finish to-morrow. The light ladies are gasping outside, and one breaks in and rushes to his pillow. "Go away, go away," says Sardanapalus, half crying, "we have been very wrong;" and presently feeling a strange sensation, he roars loudly for a confessor and faints off. The confession is made, and as a first point the stern bishop sends notice, "by order of his majesty," to the ladies to pack up and be gone forthwith. They hang down their eyes and look at each other, but their esquire Richelieu steps forward. "Mesdames," he says, "if you have only courage to remain, and brave the order wrung from a sick man, I will take it all on myself." "Ah! is it so?" said the stern prelate, turning on him with flashing eyes. "Then let the churches be shut, so that the disgrace may be more conspicuous, and the reparation due to an outraged Lord more complete!" The ladies were cowed, they and their champion, and slunk away. But the stern bishop was not done with them yet: "Sire, the canons of the Church forbid us to administer the Viaticum while these persons are in the city. Your majesty is at the point of death. There is no time to lose."

The wretched creatures were literally hooted from the town. Then was the communion administered. "Oh," snivels Sardanapalus, "what an unworthy king I have been!" Yet one more sacrifice is demanded by the stern prelate, who calls in the whole world, and tells them that his majesty has charged them to say how sincerely he repents of these awful scandals, &c. The crowd murmurs, "He is killing our king," and scowls fiercely at the priest. But I confess, looking back to that scene—to the figure of the stern prelate doing his duty fearlessly and almost harshly, in the midst of that crew of valets, lords, and dukes, who were lower even then valets—we feel it is the only wholesome bit of fresh air

that has come to us from that reign. Had he no suspicion, this by-and-by bishop, of what was to come? I suspect he knew the piecrust character of this repentance. Sardanapalus gets well (as did the horned gentleman who would be a monk), grows sulky and moody, and wears his new penitential dress but ill. By-and-by he gives a cold cheek to the queen, and lets her know that her conjugal attentions are boring him. He returns to Paris to a populace drunken with joy, and who christen him the Well-Beloved: and on that very evening is on his knees before the old sinful shrine! O good Bishop Fitzjames, not by any degree too stern; though exiled through an unworthy spite, you shall take with you a consciousness of having done your duty.

This most Christian Sardanapalus was later induced to show himself at that famous fight at Fontenoy, where with a dull insensibility he would keep himself on an exposed hill. It was the day of the "terrible English column," whose "rolling fire," a courtier writes, "was really infernal;" and of that Irish brigade who fought so desperately. "It was a glorious sight," writes another enraptured loyalist, "to see the king and dauphin *writing upon* a drum, surrounded by the conquerors, the conquered, the dead, and the dying. It was the last flickering up of anything like spirit in the breast of Sardanapalus; for he was now to receive the tap of the pantomime wand, and become a Right Royal Porker.

Henceforth how shall it be with that poor France under direction of this courtesan camarilla? While they were busy with their right of the Cushion and the Cap, and the presentation of the Pompadour at court, and such wretched mummeries, that fair and beautiful country was falling into frightful disorder. Everything went wrong—money, trade, morals, fighting on sea and land—excepting taxes. But the ministry of the fine ladies could not see beyond the palace gardens. They had heard, indeed, of labourers and industrious farmers, who were far down in the country districts, and made up the population; but they were not officially cognisant of them. If there were such in being, let them pay taxes, and thus tangibly substantiate their existence. Was not Paris France, and Paris again the king's palace? Everywhere the national honour was disgraced. Those heavy moral English islanders beat their armies, beat their "marine," stripped them of those beautiful colonies and settlements far off in the East. It reads comically to see how fleet after fleet was fitted out and sent away, only to be sunk, battered, and captured by those incorrigible English. The grand scented Counts with the sonorous names who commanded, usually fell out amongst each other; inferior captains appointed by the ministers, lost the battle to spite superior captains appointed by the Pompadour; and when the rough English admirals, the Pococks, Hawkes, and Kempenfeldts of that school hove in sight in the offing, the craven courtiers pretended to mistake the signal, and were seen crowding all sail in retreat. Crossing to Italy in the well-appointed vessels which sail from Marseilles, we shall see many of these heroes pointing fiercely at smoke, and looking down on us from medallions as we dine. You may be sure the British lion, as he sips his soup in the saloons, has his joke at these commodores. Still there was a brave man or two among them who fought us ship to ship, and, it must not be concealed, beat us too. A tout seigneur, tout honneur. Alack! it was this principle that ruined everything in France. Seigneurs got it all: there was none for the brave.

Meantime, royal Louis waxes old, and that court miasma thickens. We may not lift the veil which hangs over those later days. Things come about, not to be named, nor so much as hinted at. All things become demoralised, and strange rumours fly abroad. Now, a child or two has been stolen, and it is said that the Well-Beloved has been ordered baths of children's blood. Now, there were mysterious deaths, suspected poisonings in cups of coffee, and half a dozen persons of quality die unaccountably within a week of each other. Now, it is known that the loose seigneurs send out press-gangs who range the streets, and carry off young women. There is no order, no justice, no morals, no money. No justice, certainly; else that vile marquis, who stripped the young girl and gashed her over with a penknife, and filled up the gashes with melted sealing-wax; and then, flying to his country seat, collected the young ladies of his village at a ball, and poisoned them out of pure devilishness with cantharides pills; otherwise, I say, this wretch would not have been let off with a fine of fifty francs. As we approach the end, horrors accumulate. The pages of the Memoirs are smeared with hideous spots. Old Heliogabalus, worn out, usé, moody, deaf, not able to mount his horse without a stool, casting about with those bleared eyes for some stimulant, still totters in the centre. Grown now to be a puppet, he is helpless among them all. He writes orders for money, and the bearers come back to him to tell how the treasurer has bade them go to the devil. "But the king says I am to be paid." "Well, let *him* pay you, then!" Presently Heliogabalus falls sick. Let us hurry to the end quickly, and get out into the open air.

There was a pet marquis who fell down dead at a whist party, who, it was said, would die exactly six months before the king; an event which preyed upon the royal Heliogabalus. They tell how actually before the six months were out, foul Small-pox came in and seized the old sinner in his malignant grasp. It was an appropriate disease. An English physician, named Sutton, offered his skill, but was kept out until the last minute by the jealousy of the royal quacks. Again was the old drama of the Great Nameless turning monk renewed, and the bishops and priests sent for. There were to be the sacraments administered; and again was the battle of the light lady to be fought

out over the sick-bed. Once more did a simple curé struggle to the room, and protest firmly that the king *must* be told of his danger. "You shall be flung from the window," said one of the unholy crew about the bed, "at the first word." "If I am not killed by the fall," said the courageous priest, "I shall enter by the door again." At last it was done, the confession made, Viaticum administered; and then the Crew, seeing the game was up, fled. Fled! not one remained of the whole company of demireps and noble valets; while miserable Heliogabalus writhed and tossed in his fiery bed, and roared and shrieked to God for mercy, and bathed himself in holy water, and called himself the greatest sinner in the world. Then the black spots of gangrene broke out all over him, and his flesh literally rotted from his bones, and he raved and shrieked on for mercy. In all this horrid scene I see one glimpse of light, which shows me four figures kneeling by him always, never quitting him night or day: the three outraged, insulted, angelic daughters, and a faithful priest.

Is it not awful, terrible, this end of Heliogabalus the Well-Beloved? We may hope, we may charitably pray, but we fear. That frightful agony, as he passed out of the threshold of his life, may have done something; but there stands against him, immutable, the old warning, coming true almost always, that trees must lie—even royal oaks—as they fall. This vile nightmare of a drama is done at last. Hearken how the dirge rises, the priests sing Dies iræ as the procession moves on to Saint-Denis. Hearken, too, how the populace howls and spits and insults the body, and sing vile songs as it passes. It is very terrible! Requiescat in pace! Now the black folds of the curtain have come down, let us hurry away and see the new king.

PEACOCKS.

Amongst the multitude that raised their voices against last year's drenching summer—and everything with a voice complained, excepting ducks and cabmen—the loudest in objurgation was the Peacock. No living animal, not even the finest lady, had greater reason to complain; for it is only when the sun shines brightest that Juno's bird can display his magnificent plumage to the greatest advantage. The fine lady has other opportunities besides the flower-show and the race-course, but the Peacock depends entirely upon out-of-door opportunities; June and July are blanks to him unless he can stalk abroad in full meridian blaze, dazzling all eyes with the splendour of his array.

"The Peacock," says Pliny, in his dissertation on "Foules" in general, "far surpasseth all the rest of this kind, as well for beauty as also for the wit and understanding that he hath; but principally for the pride and glory he takes in himself. For, perceiving at any time that he is praised and wel liked, he spreadeth his taile round, shewing and setting out his colours to the most, which shine again like precious stones: and namely when he turns them against the sun, as his manner is; for so he giveth them a more radiant and glittering lustre. And for the same purpose also with his taile representing fish shels, he gives a certain shadow to the rest of his feathers, which seem the brighter when they be a little shadowed: and withall, he sets all those eyes of his feathers together in a ranke, and gathereth them round, knowing full well that he is the more looked on for them; and therein he taketh no small joy and pleasure. On the other side, when he hath lost this taile, which usually he moulteth every yere when trees shed their leaves, until such times as trees blossom new, and his taile be grown again, he hath no delight to come abroad, but, as if he were ashamed or mourned, seeketh corners to hide himselfe in."

I have been waiting for a bright day, to say something about this seasonable bird, and almost feared that, to do so, I should be obliged to emigrate to some clime where the sun does not "disdain to shine;" but my patience is at last rewarded: "Somer," as the Saxon poet says, "ys ycomen in," and even as I write I see a Peacock flaunting on the gravel-walk before my study-window. That I do not hear him is the best possible sign of fine weather, there being no surer indication of the reverse than his prophetic scream. That scream is one of the bitter drops in the Peacock's cup of joy. It was on account of his untunable voice, according to the fabulist, that he made his complaint to Juno. "Goddess!" he cried, "not without reason do I murmur against my destiny: the voice which you have bestowed on me displeases all nature." And the learned Aldrovandus is of the same opinion. "The Peacock," he says, "though he be a most beautiful bird to behold, yet that pleasure of the eyes is compensated with many an ungrateful stroke upon the ears, which are often afflicted with the odious noise of his horrid (Tartareus) voice. Whereby, of the common people in Italy it is said to have the feathers of an angel, but the voice of a devil and the guts of a thief." There is also another drawback on the Peacock's claim to unqualified admiration, even to his own, in the ugliness of his feet, the cause of which dispensation we learn in a curious Rabbinico-Mussulman legend, told in the Mantic Uktaïr, or Language of Birds (a mystical work by the Persian poet, Ferriduddeen Attar, translated by M. Garcin de Tassy). This legend informs us that Satan was introduced into the terrestrial paradise, under the form of a serpent with seven heads, through the agency of the Peacock; and that the proud bird was, in consequence, expelled from Eden, and deprived thenceforth of the joys of the Sidra and the Tuba, the two trees which confer immortality and perpetual happiness. The Peacock itself makes confession of its transgression in the following terms: "In order to form me the painter of the invisible world (the Deity) gave his pencil to the Jinns. Although I am the Gabriel of birds, my lot has been much inferior to that of the archangel, for, having contracted a friendship with the serpent in the ter-

restrial paradise, I was ignominiously driven out into solitude, deprived of my elevated rank, and punished by the ugliness of my feet. But I still retain the hope of being released from my obscure abode and restored to the eternal mansions." The deep regret of the Peacock at the deformity of its feet, and the cause of the painful transformation, is also expressed by the Persian poet, Azz-uddeen Elmocadessi, in an allegorical poem on flowers and birds.

"Although the Peacock," says Buffon, "has for a long time been naturalised in Europe, it is not originally a native of this quarter of the globe. The East Indies, the clime which produces the sapphire, the ruby, and the topaz, is the place of its birth." Alexander the Great first saw the Peacock on the banks of the Indus, and was so struck by its beauty that he prohibited his followers from killing it, under the heaviest penalties. From India the Peacock passed into Western Asia, and thence to the island of Samos, and the parts of Greece where, during the period of its rarity, it was shown by the Athenians as an object of curiosity, and people flocked to see it from all the neighbouring cities. From Greece the Peacock travelled westward, till it reached as far as Sweden, where its plumage became a good deal altered, and from the shores of Europe it was conveyed to America, faring well everywhere, save in one country only, but that from a political cause, for in Switzerland, after a certain period, every effort was used to exterminate it, out of hatred to the Dukes of Austria, whose crest it was, and against whom the Swiss had revolted.

As of yore, it is in the East that the Peacock most abounds, and is most highly prized. From Guzarat to Bengal, from Lahore to Cape Comorin, on the coast of Malabar, in Ceylon, Siam, Camboje, Java, Borneo, and the Philippine Islands, the Peacock extends his reign, and wherever the Hindu religion prevails is esteemed a sacred bird. Vigne, in his Travels in Kashmir, when at Kerutpor, on the Sutlej, thus speaks of the Peacock's sacred character; "On the summit of the bank that rose near the grove (of mango-trees) was an elegant Hindu temple, approached by one of the grandest flights of stone steps I have ever seen. Around it the alluvium was broken and divided into hillocks and pinnacles, by the effect of the rains, and on every pinnacle sat a wild Peacock, who, doubly protected by his own divine character and the acknowledged sanctity of the place, displayed his gorgeous colours to the setting sun, with as much unconcern as if he had been lording it over his companions in an English farm-yard." In many parts of the Deccan the Peacocks fill the temples themselves, but in Africa, also, they seem at one time to have been invested with religious attributes. Witness Andrew Battle, who, on his voyage to Brazil in 1589, was taken prisoner by the Portuguese and sent to Angola. Speaking of a chief called Shillimbansa, uncle to the King of Angola, whose death occurred while he was there, he says: "The old lord was buried in the middle of the towne, and had an hundred tame Peacocks kept upon his grave; which Peacocks he gave to his wokero, and they were called 'Angels Wokero,' that is, Devils' or Idols' Birds, and were anointed as holy things." That Peacocks were numerous in that part of Africa in Battle's time, we have this testimony: "Heer we found great store of wild Peacocks flying up and downe the trees, in as great abundance as other birds."

The Peacock is the "Mohr" of the Mahrattas, according to Colonel Sykes, who describes the wild bird as abundant in the dense woods of the Ghauts; and Colonel Williamson, in his account of Peacock-shooting in India, states that he has seen about the passes in the Jungletery district surprising quantities of pea-fowl. "Whole woods were covered with their beautiful plumage, to which the rising sun imparted additional brilliancy. Small patches of plain amongst the long grass, most of them cultivated with mustard, then in bloom, which induced the birds to feed, increased the beauty of the scene. I speak within bounds when I assert that there could not be fewer than twelve or fifteen hundred pea-fowl, of various sizes, within sight of the spot where I stood for nearly an hour." Of their numbers and their extraordinary beauty, in Ceylon, Sir James Emerson Tennent also speaks in his admirable volumes. "As we emerge," he says, "from the deep shade, and approach the park-like openings on the verge of the low country, quantities of pea-fowl are to be found either feeding on the seeds and fallen nuts among the low grass, or sunning themselves on the branches of the surrounding trees. Nothing to be met with in English demesnes can give an adequate idea of the size and magnificence of this matchless bird, when seen in his native solitudes. Here he generally selects some projecting branch, from which his plumage may hang free of the foliage, and if there be a dead or leafless bough, he is certain to choose it for his resting-place, whence he droops his wings and suspends his gorgeous train, or spreads it in the morning sun to drive off the damps and dews of night. In some of the unfrequented portions of the eastern province, to which Europeans rarely resort, and where the pea-fowl is unmolested by the natives, their number is so extraordinary, that, regarded as game, it ceases to be sport to destroy them; and their cries at early dawn are so tumultuous and incessant as to banish sleep, and amount to an actual inconvenience." The great size of the Eastern Peacock is also mentioned by Sir John Bowring, in his visit to Siam: "Of enormous size, and with plumage of singular lustre, he may be seen on the top of a tall tree, gathering the females around him by his inharmonious cries." Peacocks are great favourites in Persia. Morier speaks of them as numerous in the royal gardens of Teheran; and Tavernier, who saw plenty of them in that country, says that the way in which they are caught is by carrying lights to the trees where they roost, and having painted representations of the bird presented to them at the same time. "When they put out the neck to look at the

figure, the sportsman slips a noose over the head, and secures his game." The inhabitants of the mountainous regions of India catch the Peacock with a bird-lime prepared from the juice of two sorts of trees (Ficus religiosa and F. indica), boiled with oils into a consistence which proves sufficiently tenacious to entrap them.

Buffon says that the Peacock is not a bird indigenous to China, but if that country be the "Cathay" of Sir John Maundeville (which is doubtful, Tartary being more likely the region meant), it was imported long ago; the ladies there, according to his account, delighting in the Peacock's plumage to complete their head-dresses. Nor was it in far Cathay alone, that ingenuity devised the artificial Peacock. In the Three hundred and fifty-seventh Night of the famous Arabian Entertainments, mention is made of a wondrous Peacock of gold, endowed with magical powers. "And while the King was sitting on the throne of his dominions, on a certain day, during one of these festivals, there came in unto him three sages: with one of them was a Peacock of gold; and with the second, a trumpet of brass; and with the third, a horse of ivory and ebony: whereupon the King said to them, 'What are these things, and what is their use?' The owner of the Peacock answered, 'The use of this Peacock is, that whenever an hour of the night or day passeth, it will flap its wings, and utter a cry.'" "In the Breslau edition," adds Lane, in a note to this passage, "the Peacock is described as being in the middle of a basin of silver, and surrounded by four-and-twenty young ones of gold; and the owner of it explains that at the expiration of each hour, the Peacock would peck one of its young ones; then, at the end of another hour, a second of them; and so on; and that at the termination of the month, it would open its beak, and that the new moon would be seen in it." The uses of the trumpet are then explained to the Persian king, who wishes trial of it, and being satisfied of its value as well as that of the Peacock, he desires the sages who own them to ask of him what they will, and they request, each of them, one of the king's daughters in marriage. "Whereupon the king bestowed upon them two of his daughters;" thinking himself, doubtless, very lucky in having got his girls off his hands so easily.

The most gorgeous Peacocks ever fashioned by the hand of man were those that gave their name to the throne of the greatest of all the Great Moguls. All Oriental travellers advert to this wonder of Delhi. The throne had been seven years in finishing, and the expense of the jewels, according to Dow, in his work on Hindostan, only amounted to twelve hundred and fifty thousand pounds of our money. Dow underrates the value of the jewels, of which the Koh-i-noor was the most resplendent: they have been estimated at six millions and a half sterling. "It was afterwards distinguished by the name of 'Tuckt Taôus,' or 'The Peacock Throne,' from having the figures of two Peacocks standing behind it, with their tails spread, which were studded with jewels of various colours to represent the life. Between the Peacocks stood a Parrot of the ordinary size, cut out of one emerald."

The most celebrated of all the vows of chivalry were those that were called "The Vow of the Peacock,"* or of "The Pheasant." These noble birds—for so they qualified them—perfectly represented, by the splendour and variety of their colours, the majesty of kings during the middle ages, when, superbly arrayed, they held what was called "Tinel," or full court, corresponding with the "Drawing-room" of modern times. The flesh of the Peacock (or of the Pheasant), according to the old romances, was the peculiar diet of valiant knights and heart-stricken lovers, and its plumage was considered by the Provençal ladies the richest ornament with which they could deck the crowns they bestowed on the Troubadours, as rewards for the poetical talent displayed by them in singing the praises of love and valour. According to Matthew Paris, the figure of a Peacock was frequently set up for knights to practise on in jousting, and in tournaments the gorgeous bird was often a conspicuous prize. But it was on the day when a solemn vow was made that the Peacock (or Pheasant) became the great object of admiration, and whether it appeared at the banquet given on these occasions roasted or in its natural state, it always wore its full plumage, and was brought in with great pomp by a bevy of ladies, in a large vessel of gold or silver, before all the assembled chivalry. It was presented to each in turn, and each made his vow to the bird, after which it was set upon a table to be divided amongst all present, and the skill of the carver consisted in the apportionment of a slice to every one. There is a very old romance, in the collection of manuscripts in the Imperial library of Paris, bearing the title of "The Vow of the Peacock, and the Return of the Peacock," by which we learn that the ladies made a point of choosing one of the bravest of the assembly to go with them when they carried the Peacock to the knight who was esteemed the most renowned in arms; this knight it was who placed the dish before him whom he thought most worthy, and then cut up the bird for distribution.

But the most authentic form of this kind of vow is given in the Chronicle of Olivier de la Marche, in describing the events which happened at the court of Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, in the year fourteen hundred and fifty-three. He at that time proposed to join a crusade against Constantinople meditated by the King of France, and the vow which was taken in consequence ran partly as follows: "I vow first to God, my Creator, and to the glorious Virgin Mary, his mother, then to the ladies, and to the Pheasant" (or, as it might have been, "Peacock"), "that if it be the pleasure of the most Christian and most virtuous Prince, the King" (of France—it is the Duke himself who

* No one whose recollections of the Royal Academy Exhibition carry him back to the year 1835, can fail to recal to memory Maclise's magnificent picture on this subject, now, I believe, in the possession of the Earl of Chesterfield.

says this), "to take the cross, and expose his body for the defence of Christendom, and resist the damnable attempts of the Great Turk and the infidels; and if there be no just impediment of my body, I will serve in person and with all my power," &c. After the Duke of Burgundy came the Count of Charolois (subsequently Charles the Rash, who was killed at Nancy), the Duke of Cleves, and the rest of the nobles and knights assembled, the greater part of whom made vows which were as absurd as they were sincere. They characterise so completely the hyperbolical engagements of that chivalry which Cervantes "smiled away," that a place for them here may be preserved.

The Seigneur du Pont vowed that he never would go to bed on a Saturday until the accomplishment of his vow. The Sire de Hautbourdin declared that he would never desist from his enterprise until he had "the Turk" in his power, dead or alive. The Sire de Hennequin would never eat anything on a Friday that had been killed until he found himself face to face with the foe, and attacking, at the peril of his life, the banner of the Grand Turk. Philippe Pot vowed never to sit at meat on a Tuesday, or wear armour on his right arm during the expedition; but the Duke of Burgundy objected to the latter part of this vow, and said that he must go fully armed. Erard and Chrétien de Digoine, of the noble house of Damas, vowed together to do their best to overthrow the first banner of the enemy that they saw; and Chrétien promised, besides, to undertake feats of arms in three different Christian kingdoms on his way back. Antoine and Philippe, Bastards of Burgundy (titles in which they rejoiced), demanded to be the first of the vanguard, and promised to carry on a banderol an image of Our Lady. Antoine de Tournay vowed to deliver a sword-stroke on the crown of the infidel king. Jean de Chassa never to turn the head of his horse until he saw a Turkish banner taken. Antoine Raulin made a hedge of his vow, promising to serve, provided his father would allow him to do so, and pay his expenses! Perhaps it was somewhat to his surprise (I won't say against his desire) that his old father, Nicholas Raulin, stood up immediately and engaged to send his son and eighty gentlemen besides, paying the whole cost out of his own pocket. Hugues de Longueval vowed that, after he had once set out (not a moment before), he would drink no wine till he had drawn blood from some infidel, and that he would remain two years with the crusade, unless Constantinople were taken before that time. Guillaume de Vandrey engaged not to return without bringing back a prisoner. Louis de Chevalant never to wear hat or cap when once within four leagues of the infidels, and fight with some Turk armed with a single gauntlet. Guillaume de Montigny vowed to wear one piece of armour day and night (I hope it was not an inconvenient one in lying down), never to drink wine on a Saturday, and on that day always to wear a shirt of sackcloth (so that he had a great mind to make himself uncomfortable). Some vowed to engage in regular stand-up fights; others not to return till they had knocked a Turk over, with his heels in the air; each strove to outdo the other in the absurdity of his vows; and, finally, Jean de Rebreniettes, squire-carver to the Bastard of Burgundy, gave a comic air to the whole business by vowing that, if his ladye-love proved inflexible before he went to the crusade, he would, on his return, marry the first lady he met with who had a fortune of twenty thousand crowns!

As a matter of course the heralds, who, in their mystic science, made increment of everything, did not forget the Peacock. The first on record who wore it as a crest was a member of the illustrious family of Montmorency, whose proud title was that of "the oldest Christian baron;" and Duchesne, in his Genealogy of the House of Montmorency, states the reason why. After observing that the Peacock appears on the seal of Mathieu de Montmorency, in the year 1229, and adducing the authority of a herald of the time of Philippe le Bel, who declares that the Montmorencys of that period bore upon their helmets a "Peacock in pride," M. Duchesne continues as follows: "This crest seems to have been held as a type of sublimity, of power, and of greatness; seeing that the ancients only awarded the Peacock to the gods, to emperors, kings, and the greatest persons on earth. Peradventure this was done to show that those persons most elevated in dignity above others ought carefully to provide for, and with an infinity of eyes watch over their welfare. Thus we read that Jupiter wishing to assemble the rest of the gods in council, put on a robe made of the feathers of the Peacock. Juno cherished the Peacock above all other birds, and the Samians, who kept a number of them in her temple, engraved it on their coins, as a sign that they were made her peculiar protection. The crown of victory which was given to the best combatants in the Isle of the Blessed was made of Peacocks' wings, and the Emperor Honorius adorned the crest of his helmet with this beautiful bird. The same was also presented to Maximian Augustus, at the period of his adolescence, to decorate the casque he wore, all radiant with gold and precious stones. And Pope Paul the First sent to King Pepin a sword, in token of a true benediction, accompanied it by a mantle of Peacocks' feathers. Many have opined that the Peacock was the emblem of Renown, which is painted covered with feathers, supported by wings, and strewn all over with eyes and ears, to see and understand everything, and fly everywhere impelled by the breath of glory. Others have written that the Peacock represents the generous man, whose province it is to excite meaner ones to emulations, by the rewards he bestows." This last definition of honest Duchesne, as applied to Peacocks, is somewhat vague, but at all events, whatever good qualities they were supposed to have, were symbolically transferred to the House of Montmorency. In proof of

their descent from the oldest Christian baron, the Irish viscounts, Montmorency and Frankfort de Montmorency, have a Peacock for their crest; so have the Duke of Rutland and Lord Manners, the Duke of Newcastle, Lord Harborough, and Lord Yarborough; and three separate feathers of the Peacock's plume, issuing from a cap of maintenance, form the crest of the Earl of Sefton. I remember, too, seeing the Peacock in pride above the arms of the late Sir Matthew Tierney, the physician, full opportunity for seeing it being afforded by the frequent appearance of his yellow chariot, as it drew up before his patients' doors at Brighton. There are many living who bear the name of Peacock, and the blazon of some amongst them may probably be that of which we read in Gwyllim's "Display of Heraldry," as follows: "Sable, three Peacocks in their Pride, *argent*, a chief embattled *or*, is borne by the name of Peacock, and was granted to Simon Peacock of Bramhall, in the county palatine of Durham, 10th November, 1688:" a period of English history when one would think the "Fountain of Honour," King James, with the news in his ears of Dutch William's landing at Torbay, had something to think of besides Peacocks! But, indeed, there was something in his position just then very near akin to the bird in question, the realm being dismantled, and himself—

"A very, very—Peacock,"

though the legitimate rhyme would have fitted him as well as Hamlet's uncle.

Modern cookery neglects the Peacock, though pea-fowl, when young, make their appearance at this season at table; but in the olden time, the full-grown bird was as much esteemed for its flesh as admired for its plumage. The orator Hortensius was the first who ate the Peacock at Rome, in a solemn feast which he made when he was consecrated high priest, and the example set by him was so widely followed by the luxurious dinner-givers of the Eternal City—amongst them Marcus Aufidius Lurco, who, says Pliny, "first devised to feed them fat," spending sixty thousand sestraces on the experiment—that the dish soon became one of the most expensive. Peacocks, however, observes Latham, must have been plentiful notwithstanding, or the Emperor Vitellius—that cruel, worthless glutton—could not have procured sufficient for his large dish, called "The Buckler of Minerva," which, history says, was filled with the livers of Scari (the Parrot-fish, one of the Labridæ), the tongues of Flamingoes, and the brains of Pheasants and Peacocks. Eaten in this way, the Peacock only bore a part in an enormous and most costly macedoine; but during the middle ages, a royal banquet was rarely spread where it did not figure as one of the chief dishes. Fabian, describing the coronation feast of King Henry the Sixth, on the sixth of November, fourteen hundred and twenty-nine, mentions in the second course, a "Pecok enhakyll," which Strutt takes to be the Peacock "brought to the table with the feathers of the tail" (he means the wing-coverts) "as though extended." The phrase employed in carving the stately creature was appropriate. Amongst "the goodlye termes of kervynge," I find it set down as an instruction to the "kerver," to "disfygure that Peecocke," and in all probability the instruction was literally obeyed. There was rare disfigurement, no doubt, at the marriage of Roger Rockley, eldest son of Sir Thomas Rockley, of Rockley, Worsborough, Yorkshire, with Elizabeth Nevile, daughter of Sir John Nevile, of Chevet, in the same county, on the fourteenth of January, fifteen hundred and nine, when such feasting and junketing took place as was seldom equalled, and, perhaps, never exeeded. On this occasion the first course at dinner consisted—not to speak of meaner things—of "Brawn with musterd, served with Malmsey;" "a Roe roasted for standard" (a large dish); "a young lamb whole roasted;" "Swans, two of a dish;" and "Peacocks, two of a dish;" and "for night," says the narrative, "there was, first a Play, and straight after the play a Mask, and when the Mask was done then the Banckett, which were one hundred and ten dishes, and all of meat: and then all the Gentlemen and Ladys danced; and this continued from the Sunday to the Saturday afternoon." These ladies and gentlemen certainly did not dance on empty stomachs, nor was it the custom to do so when balls were heralded by feasts where

> O'er Capon, Heronshaw, and Crane,
> And princely Peacock's gilded train,
> And o'er the Boar's head garnish'd brave,
> And Cygnets from St. Mary's wave,
> O'er Ptarmigan and Venison
> The priest did say his benison.

The French have a proverb, not altogether well applied, which says it is the sauce that makes you eat the fish, and some such idea must have been in the mind of that epicure of whom Wildford, in The City Madam, speaks, when inveighing against the profuse feasting in the city. "Men," he exclaims, "may talk of their country and court gluttony, their thirty pounds for buttered eggs, their pies of carps' tongues, their pheasants drench'd with ambergrise; their carcasses of three fat wethers bruised for gravy, to make sauce for a single Peacock: but their feasts were fasts compared with the cities." That the Peacock is all the better for being served with some kind of sauce may, I think, be inferred, from what Willoughby relates of it. "Its flesh," he tells us, "is esteemed harder, colder, drier, and of more difficult concoction, than that of hens;" but if not over tender it has this useful property, "that being boiled or roast, it will not putrifie, but keep a year or more uncorrupt,"—a thing, he adds, "commonly believed, and proved by an experiment made by Saint Augustine," who (in his twenty-first Book of the City of God, chap. ii.) writes thus: "Who but God the Creator of all things gave to Peacock's flesh a faculty of not putrifying; which thing at first hearing seeming to me incredible, it hapned that, at Carthage, there was set before me a roasted Peacock; of

the brawn of whose breast we caused to be kept so much as we thought convenient, which being produced after so many days as any other roasted flesh would corrupt in, did not at all offend our nose. Being laid up again, after more than thirty days it was found the same as before, and likewise the same after a year, save that it was somewhat drier, and a little more contracted or shrunk." The flesh of Peacocks may be capital diet for Manks or Pudney, or any other famous pedestrian—though I rather imagine they would prefer rump-steaks with the gravy in them — but "let them abstain," advises Aldrovandus, "from eating thereof who lead a sedentary or idle life, using no exercise." Willoughby, however, does not hold with those who think Peacock's flesh difficult of digestion; "in my opinion," he says, "and to my palate, the flesh of young Peacocks is very tender, delicate and well-tasted, purely white, and deservedly held by the Romans of old in high esteem and price, nothing inferior to that of Hens or Partridges." Gervase Markham is altogether of a different opinion. In The Way to Get Wealth (London, 1660), a chapter is devoted to "Peacocks, Peahens, their Increase and Ordering," as follows: "Peacocks, howsoever our old writers are pleased to deceive themselves in their praises, are birds more to delight the eye by looking on them than for a particular profit; the best commodity arising from them being the cleansing and keeping the yard" (what a nice yard!) "free from venomous things, as Toads, Newts, and such like, which is their daily food: whence it comes, that their flesh is very unwholesome, and used in great banquets more for the rararnesse than the nourishment, for it is mostly certain, roast a Peacock or Peahen never so dry, then set it up and look on it the next day, and it will be blood raw, as if it had not been roasted at all." A more reliable writer than Markham, who has already been quoted in these pages (Sir J. E. Tennent), says: "Their flesh is excellent when served up hot, though it is said to be indigestible; but when cold it contracts a red and disagreeable tinge." Willoughby, following Aldrovandus, is of opinion that the Peacock's life is prolonged to a hundred years; Buffon says, five-and-twenty, which is quite long enough to make him a tough old bird, and under all the circumstances, setting one thing against another, I, for my own part, would rather look at a Peacock than eat him. The monarch, respecting whom Broderip, in his Leaves from the Note-Book of a Naturalist, tells the following story, might have been less scrupulous:

"The King of Dahomey, the steps of whose throne are formed of the skulls of his enemies, and who commands an army of plump well-fed Amazons" (of whom we have heard a good deal lately), "had never seen a Peacock. The Zoological Society, longing for an African elephant, sent over to his Majesty a gift of peafowl, the cocks having been first shorn of their back feathers; for the feathers springing from the back arrange themselves into that magnificent iridescent circle, and are supported by the caudal feathers, when Juno's bird shines out in all his splendour, and, as the nursery-maids term it, 'spreads his tail.' But why dock the Peacocks? Because if they had been sent with their trains on, they would have presented such a ragged appearance to the royal eyes, after being cooped up on their voyage—to say nothing of the irritation to the system of the birds themselves. From their bedraggled and begrimed plumage, or of the accidents of pitch and tar—that the King might well have questioned the faith of those who had filled his mind with the glories of this recipient of the eyes of Argus, and his blood-drinker might have been called into action. No, the train-feathers were most wisely cut, and, with the birds, a well executed drawing of a Peacock in all its glory was sent, and his majesty was informed that when they moulted and the new feathers came to perfection, the effect would be similar to the drawing, but very superior."

It appears that the venture was perfectly successful, but I am rather inclined to think that these identical Peacocks, or their immediate progeny, were included in the "grand custom," which a native missionary recently described as consisting of "more than two thousand human beings (who were slaughtered), and about as many females and young children, besides enormous numbers of deer, turkeys, buzzards, and *other fowl*."

THE BYRONS OF NEWSTEAD.

Newstead Priory, lately advertised for sale, is said to have had the first of the Plantagenet kings for its founder so soon after the murder of Archbishop à Becket, that it is supposed to have been an expiatory offering. It may actually have been

——repentant Henry's pride;

for its possessions were extensive enough to constitute a principality. The little colony of Black Canons of St. Augustine came to dwell among these forest wilds, and they were often visited in their priory by royal hunters who came to enjoy the chase in Sherwood. Their ale and larder were excellent, and they seem to have been always the favourites of kings until the time of the royal Bluebeard, who chased the monks themselves from their fair domains. Architecturally, too, it was remarkable, especially for that graceful fragment, the western front of the church, which is still the most conspicuous and picturesque ornament of the ruined priory and has perhaps no rival in England, save St. Mary's Abbey at York, in the elegance of its character, and its architectural value as a specimen of the transition from the Early English to that Decorated style which began to prevail late in the reign of Edward the First. Whether the foundation of the priory did or did not, in fact, date from an earlier period than the year 1170, the Second Henry, at all events, extended and amply confirmed the possessions of the monks of Newstead by his foundation-charter, so that in the words of Byron:

One holy Henry reared the Gothic walls
And bade the pious inmates rest in peace;
Another Henry the kind gift recals
And bids devotion's hallowed echoes cease;

for it shared the general fate of monasteries under Henry the Eighth. How transitory does Newstead in its whole duration as a religious house appear when compared with the steadfast and enduring oaks amidst which it rose, and which were still vigorous when it fell! Still more transitory was its ownership by ancestors of Lord Byron's, and twice, since he succeeded to it, has Newstead passed to strangers.

On the dissolution, the priory and all its possessions in lands and tithes were bestowed on Sir John Byron, Lieutenant of Sherwood Forest, grand-nephew of the knightly "Byron with the long beard," who fought beside Richmond at Bosworth. There is an anecdote relating to the sons of the first lay owner of Newstead (it is recorded by Burke on the faith of its tradition in the Byron family), which affords an example of the strange fatality supposed by the noble poet, even in his time, to attend the Byrons. Each of the sons married, and their wives are described as models of female excellence; but the elder son, having married beneath his own rank, John, the younger son, became the object of his father's preference. The elder son, when going out to hunt one day, fell from his horse in a fit, and died immediately. The younger son ultimately succeeded to the inheritance, but only to experience a life of sorrow. His beautiful wife, whom he dearly loved, was deprived of reason at the birth of her daughter (Margaret, who afterwards became the wife of Colonel Hutchinson, the regicide), and within a few minutes of her death, Sir John, who is said to have become conscious of the event by some mysterious spiritual sympathy, also expired. A chivalrous loyalty seems to have distinguished the race; and the family, as well as their newly acquired house of Newstead, suffered greatly in the stern contests of the Rebellion, in the course of which Richard, who became second Lord Byron on the death, in 1652, of his brother (Sir John, created Baron Byron of Rochdale in 1643), defended Newark for King Charles.

Yet, if we may trust Horace Walpole, who ("with great delight," as he says) visited Newstead a century ago (1760), the domestic buildings of the monastery, which seem to have been incorporated with the dwelling of the lay owners, were not then in ruin. "It is," he says, "the very abbey . . . . the hall entire, the refectory entire, the cloister untouched. . . . . The park, which is still charming, has not been so much unprofaned: the present lord has lost large sums, and paid part in old oaks; five thousand pounds' worth of which have been cut near the house. . . . The refectory, now the great drawing-room, is full of Byrons, and the vaulted roof* remains."

But the owner mentioned by Walpole as "the present lord"—namely William, fifth lord, who had succeeded, in 1736, and was the grand-uncle and immediate predecessor of the noble poet—suffered the buildings as well as the estate to fall into deplorable decay. The refectory was full of hay, and there was hardly a chamber of which the roof did not admit the rain. He not only cut down the oaks (the noble and spreading tree which stands alone before the entrance to the park from the Nottingham and Mansfield road is almost a solitary relic), but sold all the deer of the park, which is said to have sheltered two thousand seven hundred head. This was probably the topic upon which his fatal duel with Mr. Chaworth arose. A club of Nottinghamshire gentlemen had dined at the Star and Garter Tavern, in Pall-mall. "There had been," says Horace Walpole, "a dispute whether Lord Byron, who took no care of his game, or Mr. Chaworth, who was active in the association, had most game on their manor. The company, however, had apprehended no consequences, and parted at eight o'clock; but Lord Byron, stepping into an empty chamber, and sending the drawer for Mr. Chaworth, or calling him thither himself, took the candle from the waiter, and bidding Mr. Chaworth defend himself, drew his sword. Mr. Chaworth, who was an excellent fencer, ran Lord Byron through the sleeve of his coat, and then received a wound fourteen inches deep into his body. He was carried to his house in Berkeley-street, made his will with the greatest composure, and dictated a paper which, they say, allows it was a fair duel, and died at nine this morning."*

Lord Byron was tried by his peers, and found guilty of manslaughter. He passed the latter years of his strange life in austere and almost savage seclusion, dreaded and unpopular; surrounded nevertheless by a colony of crickets, which on the day of his death, says tradition, were seen to leave the house in such numbers that a person could not cross the hall without treading on them, as if they chose that time to leave a falling dynasty, as the rats escape before the fall of a house or the sinking of a ship. This old lord died at Newstead without issue, on the 19th of May, 1798, when the youthful heir of his title and estates was roaming like a young Highlander in Scotland.

In the following autumn, when George Noel Gordon Byron was in his eleventh year, his mother brought him from Aberdeen to take possession of Newstead, and he then, for the first time, saw "its woods stretching out to receive him." Of the state in which he found the mansion, some idea is given by his college friend, Mr. Charles Skinner Matthews, who in describing (in 1809) his recent visit, says: "Of the abbey church only one end remains; and the old kitchen with a long range

* The room here referred to appears to have been the dormitory, the refectory of the monks having been converted by Colonel Wildman into the dining-hall; and the fine roof is not vaulted, but is of oak, in which stucco ornaments of seventeenth-century style have been inserted between the timbers. "The Byrons" have vanished.

* January 27, 1765.

of apartments is reduced to a heap of rubbish. Leading from the abbey to the modern part of the habitation, is a noble room seventy feet in length, and twenty-three in breadth, but every part of the house displays neglect and decay, save those which the present lord has lately fitted up."

The lay owners seem to have established themselves in the monastic buildings as they stood at the dissolution of religious houses, and to have altered them so little that the whole aspect of the priory spoke less

Of the baron than the monk.

The church, however, was allowed to fall into ruin, and only the buildings that were suitable for residence were preserved; but the domestic architecture of the monks has been so far combined with the additions dictated by the more elegant requirements of modern times, that the feature of Newstead which to a stranger seems the most characteristic is the transformation of a monastery into an inhabited mansion. The picturesque cloisters, with the vaulted chapter-house, now the domestic chapel, the low-arched dining-room, formerly the prior's chamber, and the fine crypt, now known as the servants' hall, are the most antique portions of monastic architecture that have been incorporated with the house.

It was not Lord Byron's fate to see the domestic buildings of the monastery restored and preserved as they have since been, or to leave many permanent traces of his ownership at Newstead; but it was his destiny to surround the spot with poetic associations which will be more enduring than its walls. At Newstead, when

The boy was sprung to manhood,

Lord Byron lived; here he wrote many of his lesser poems. Near Newstead is the "gentle hill" on which, in his pathetic Dream, he

——saw two beings in the hues of youth
Standing;

and it was while living at Newstead that he saw the face

——which made
The starlight of his boyhood—

Mary Chaworth, the granddaughter of his predecessor's victim.

One memorial of his boyhood's home at Newstead is, however, still green and flourishing, namely, the oak which he planted near the house soon after his arrival. His name, too, has been attached to a spring that rises near a group of yews, which were probably old before his ancestors had a name in history.

Byron took up his residence at Newstead in September, 1808, and there celebrated his coming of age (on the 22nd of the following January) by such festivities as his narrow means and limited society could furnish. Besides "the ritual roasting" of an ox, a ball was given in honour of the day. Nor were these the only revels of his "hours of idleness" at Newstead that startled the owls and woke the long silent echoes of the cloister. In the same year (1809), when contemplating a long absence from England, he assembled round him a party of young college friends for a sort of festive farewell, and in a letter (written many years afterwards), in speaking of his friendship for Mr. Matthews, Byron himself describes their unhallowed doings:

"We went down to Newstead together, where I had got a famous cellar, and monks' dresses from a masquerade warehouse. We were a company of some seven or eight, with an occasional neighbour or so for visitors, and used to sit up late in our friars' dresses, drinking Burgundy, claret, champagne, and what not, out of the skull-cup* and all sorts of glasses, and buffooning all round the house in our conventual garments. Matthews always denominated me the abbot."

"The place," says Byron in a letter to Moore, after returning, in July, 1811, from his Eastern tour, "is worth seeing as a ruin, and I can assure you there *was* some fun there even in my time; but that is past. The ghosts, however, and the gothics, and the waters, and the desolation, make it very lively still." He peopled the gloomy and romantic pile with shadowy as well as substantial inhabitants; and it seems to have been during his visit to Newstead in 1814 that he himself actually fancied he saw the ghost of the Black Friar which was said to have haunted the priory from the time of the Dissolution:

"——a monk array'd
In cowl and beads and dusky garb appear'd,
Now in the moonlight, and now lapsed in shade,
With steps that trod as heavy, yet unheard:
* * * *
He moved as shadowy as the sisters weird,
But slowly——"

This is the apparition that seems to have been a sort of evil genius of the Byrons.

Hardly less shadowy appears the life and the brief dominion of the noble poet himself. Writing to his mother, in 1809, he says:

"Newstead and I stand or fall together. I have now lived on the spot, I have fixed my heart upon it, and no pressure, present or future, shall induce me to barter the last vestige of our inheritance. I have that pride within me which will enable me to support difficulties. I can endure privations, but could I obtain in exchange for Newstead Abbey the first fortune in the country, I would reject the proposition."

Nevertheless, three years afterwards, Newstead was put up for sale, but only 90,000*l.* being offered, a private contract for its sale at 140,000*l.* was afterwards made. This contract, however, was not completed, and in September, 1814, Lord Byron wrote: "I have got back Newstead." But in 1815 (on the 2nd January) he married, and on the 25th of April, 1816, at the age of twenty-eight, took a last leave of his native country. In 1818, Newstead was purchased by Colonel Wildman (the purchase-money did not exceed 100,000*l.*); and his noble school-fellow expressed to him his satisfaction that the place which had cost him "more than

* The skull found in digging within the priory, which had been polished and mounted in silver for a drinking-cup, and is now among the Byron relics at Newstead. It is of a dark colour, mottled, and resembling tortoiseshell.

words to part with," had fallen into the hands of one who was likely to raise the venerable building to something like its former splendour. The much larger amount of the purchase-money on the recent sale is, of course, significant of the improvement which everything at Newstead underwent in the hands of the late owner, who not only planted largely and increased the value of the estate generally, but marked his possession of a higher and artistic taste by his care and improvement of the domestic buildings of the romantic old pile.

On the 16th July, 1824, the remains of Byron were brought from beyond the "Edens of the Eastern wave" to his last resting-place beside the remains of his mother in the family vault of the little village church of Hucknall, near Newstead.

The rooms that the poet inhabited, and the very furniture he used, are preserved as he left them, plain and sombre, but more attractive to the visitor than the new and luxurious halls of Newstead in all their modern splendour. The life-like portrait of the noble poet, by Phillips, adorns the drawing-room, and a few less important objects—personal relics, such as the little bronze candlesticks of his writing-table and the collar of "Boatswain," his favourite dog—are still preserved upon the spot. The library is more in keeping with the historical shadows of Newstead Priory than any other room, and the books (which have been sold in bulk to the new owner of the estate) remain as Colonel Wildman left them; but the collection does not appear to include any that belonged to Byron. Heavy tapestries, old cabinets, and quaint portraits, collected by the late owner, and carved ceilings of seventeenth-century date, give a very antique aspect to most of the bedrooms in the abbey; but the private apartments, as lately used by Colonel and Mrs. Wildman, enriched as they are by historical portraits and more recent works of art, are of a more cheerful character; and in the noble drawing-room and dining-hall, into which the old refectory and dormitory have been respectively converted, one forgets the former destination of the walls amidst objects that speak *more* "of the baron than the monk."

The adjacent lake—known as "The Eagle Pond"—shares in the romance which surrounds everything at Newstead. When the lake was drained in the time of the noble poet's immediate predecessor, commonly called "the wicked lord," the workmen fished up from its deepest part a fine brass eagle, mounted as a reading-desk on a pedestal, and, as Colonel Wildman always said, two candlesticks also, all which articles had doubtless formed part of the ornaments of the priory church, and had been concealed in the lake by the monks on the threatened spoliation of monasteries—the brethren probably hoping that they might some day return to recover their possessions. But, after remaining submerged for nearly two centuries and a half, the eagle was raised, sold to a dealer at Nottingham, rescued by a worthy dignitary of Southwell, and presented early in the present century to that noble collegiate church, the choir of which it now adorns. Strange to say, the hollow globe on which the figure of the bird stands was found to contain deeds and muniments of the monastery, about one of which—a general pardon granted by Henry the Fifth—something disparaging the monks has been ignorantly written. Two chests, supposed to be filled with the plate and valuables of the monastery, are stated also to have been seen when the lake was drained, but not raised, as the water was hastily re-admitted. It was again drained after Colonel Wildman's purchase, when old people who professed to have laboured in vain to raise the chests on the former draining, were allowed to make a new search; but the chests were not found, and a man having been suffocated in the mud, no further trial was allowed to be made.

Of Sherwood Forest itself few portions remain uncleared around Newstead Priory, and the greenwood is not what it was when inhabited by the red deer and haunted by the outlaw; but scathed oaks stand like sentinels on the ancient domain of forest, and waving woods form a sylvan framework round the old historic walls, isolating the spot, with all its memories, from the jarring world. Among all the scenes consecrated by the piety of former days, or associated with the memory of worth and valour, it would be difficult to find a place where the genius loci makes its presence more strongly felt: it accompanies the visitor through the chambers and corridors of Newstead; and the very winds that murmur through its spreading woods, that fill its empty chambers with the music of the waterfall, or sigh in its antique cloisters, seem to bring some old memory to mind.

NAVAL AND MILITARY TRADITIONS IN AMERICA.

Not far to the west of that quiet, unpretending *white* freestone house in Washington, under the roof of which honest Abe Lincoln, formerly the Illinois boatman, and now the President of many millions of free (and before the fatal war) happy people, stand two old-fashioned brick buildings, the one, one hundred and fifty-nine feet long by fifty-seven deep, the other, sixty feet deep by one hundred and thirty feet long. These buildings, girded with trees and flowering shrubs, belong respectively to the Army and Navy Departments of the United States government.

The best ideal of national happiness is that of a nation that has no government because it requires none; where the wisest and best men should govern, and where caste, rank, and wealth should have no claims of ruling in the place of virtue and intellect. I do not by any means say that America, fast as she progresses, has yet got far on that desirable but very long and narrow ideal road, but certainly there is no country where the interference and meddling restrictions of a governing oligarchy strike you less than in America. Army you see none; no jealous bayonets unmeaningly guard public buildings from the people to whom they belong, and who would never dream of injuring what they pay for

and what no one dare prevent them from enjoying.

The Americans have but one palace; there it is, that plain white Ionic building, much smaller and less pretentious than half the Inigo Jones's mansions that stud our green English parks. It is truly a pleasant house, and stands in a pleasant spot at the head of Central Avenue, near the Potomac, and that ungraciously, half-finished monument to Washington—a great man, who needs no monument. That wicket still leads past the back windows and through the grounds; there are no claims of divine right or divine wrong here; those paths are open to every doctor's boy who chooses to run whistling through. There urchins go to snatch stolen pleasures at surreptitious marbles. Within those plain rooms the President grasps the hands of all that come with hands hard from rail-splitting and barge-rowing, yet with honester and cleaner hands than those of half the statesmen or kings of Europe.

If you want to see the old water-logged officers, fast growing senile, of America, you must not go, however, to the National Admiralty, but to Old Point Comfort, or to the Sulphur Springs, for Saratoga now is a little "rowdy." You can get to Old Point from Baltimore by one of the Norfolk steamers. It gives a great zest and piquancy to the bathing there, the chance of a shark biting you in two before you can splutter back to shore. The captains also now and then turn up at the White Mountains, Lake George, Lake Minnipissiogee, or Niagara; but, after all, the sea-shore is the true lounge of "the old salt."

I have seen them on the harbour terraces at Charlestown, enjoying a sou'-west wind on their honest faces, and telling stories of how a British admiral was once beaten off by the harbour forts. Ten to one but a grandson will be swimming a little schooner near, and trying all he can do (closely watched, though, by the family Newfoundland dog) to drown himself beyond all hope of salvage. The sun on a passing clipper sail—a sea-gull wheeling white against the blue—the wave washing thin and green over the landing-place stones, that seem so many square emeralds—all delight the old American officer, who is as brave and wary as old Nestor. See him at a "clam bake," or a sea-side pic-nic, and hear how he talks of the old Shannon and Chesapeake days, when we Englishers got as good as we gave. If he is younger, be sure he is (as all sailors are all over the world) a gallant old beau and a lover of horses—both tastes, I suppose, arising from the same love of contrariety common to perverse man—he has been half his life at sea, debarred from the society of ladies, and far away from a stable.

The nation whose yachts have beaten ours, and whose privateer schooners, even in the last war, in shape, power, and swiftness, were models to the whole world, who build, in fact, "higher bred" and smarter vessels than we do, have no less than seven naval stations, or dockyards, in the States, where they build, equip, and repair (but not re-make) the winged castles that are to guard the vast seaboard from Portland to New Orleans, to garrison that great blue rolling moat that God has put between them and all enemies of universal freedom. Here, with Carolina cedar and Carolina pine, with Californian redwood and northern fir, the Americans could, if they but raised their axes, fill all the seas of Europe with their armed navies.

The first dockyard of this ever-growing country that I will mention, because it is, perhaps, the most northern, is that of Portsmouth, in New Hampshire, which, though the smallest of the United States establishments, has a good floating dock, and is tended by hardy, sinewy workmen, who do not drive the chisel and smite with the mallet less vigorously because the New Hampshire climate is bracing and toughening.

Then comes Charlestown, the station of Boston harbour, where the store dock will receive the largest-class vessels. This Charlestown is the place held by our troops in the old war after that victory so fatal to us, at the earth redoubt on Bunker's Hill, just above Charlestown. It was looking down from the grand memorial column standing on that hill, from where the brave men in green frocks and leather hunting shirts once retreated after their ominous and obstinate defence, that I first saw this dockyard, its sheds, and its enclosures; but I was so far above them that they looked blue and toylike and I could hear no mallets ring, or axes split and chip. First-class frigates and ships of the line are built here; but I do not find that the iron-plated vessels are much in favour yet with the Naval Department at Washington. No nation is quicker in seizing on improvements, on the new, in fact, if it is better than the old, but I could not find that iron had any hopes as yet of superseding wood in America. Iron has no doubt, they say, great and newly ascertained advantages for defence and durability, but we have not yet seen it tried in a great "all fired war," and for all we know it may have on real, not government trial, many fatal disadvantages. Besides, the Americans are (we all know) behindhand with Europe in taxes and national debt, secret-service money, and bribery at elections, and cannot be expected to always understand what is really advantageous to them.

The next depôt is that at Brooklyn, one of the suburbs of New York. The granite dock there is worthy of the Pharaohs; though the landing-places, &c., of the city in general are mere mean shaky structures on piles, and give the whole water front of the town a shabby and impoverished look.

The Brooklyn dockyard, on the impulse of necessity, could pour forth vessels as fast as Rome created them when Scipio required ships to tame Carthage, or as Athens, when the Lacedemonians began to grow threatening in the Ægean. Let the desire of conquest once fill the brain, and pervert and harden the heart of America, and she would be one of the most dreadful scourges the world has known since that last Conqueror perished for expiation, like a starved eagle, at St. Helena.

And here, à propos of Brooklyn, let me tell a story not the least appropriate, but still giving an amusing characteristic of that hateful pest of American cities—the *rowdy*. A quiet old naval officer, newly arrived at New York from the Southern States, was walking past that curious striped church in New York, generally known as "the Holy Zebra," when he saw a rowdy in his shirt sleeves, rocking and smoking ruminatingly at the door of an oyster cellar. He looked civil, so the commodore thought he would ask him the way to Brooklyn, whither he was bound on government and naval business.

"I want to go to Brooklyn——" began slowly and civilly the grave old officer. The rowdy stared hard, yet with eyes far too cunning for surprise, and chewing his cigar, which he did not remove from his filthy brown mouth, growled,

"*Then why the devil don't you go to Brooklyn?*"

Could one of the "Blood Tubs" or "Plug-Uglies" of Baltimore have given an answer more worthy of rowdy Chesterfield, if there is such a book?

Now the bright and all but ever blue sky over New York sea grows fainter and dreamier to me, and so do the netting masses of rigging and the miles of leafless trees. Now masts and acres of canvas, white, yellow, umber, and smoked-salmon colour, and black funnels vomiting clouds white and pure as heaven's, fade, as I spur my memory on to the Navy Yard at Washington, now seething with preparations for the ghastly war that has just broken forth.

This navy yard on the banks of the beautiful Potomac—on the fair river where the great Washington once unstrung the mental bow and deigned for a time to forget the world he guarded, while he shot canvas-back ducks with his rifle, or snared that famous delicacy, the sheep's-head fish, with his coloured and treacherous flies. It is in sight of the bran-new and glaring city, with the fine public buildings, the hot and dusty sketches of streets, and the vast Capitol radiant in its marble suit of mail. This station is not employed as a rendezvous for ships, and although, says an American authority, large and well-furnished with materials and facilities for building and equipping ships in cases of emergency, "is chiefly used as an arsenal for the storing of munitions and implements of naval warfare." There are the sails that are to shine as dragon-wings in the eyes of the South, and there the shot that are to fly horribly, borne on swift fire, to the hearts of the rebellious slaveholders.

The naval station at Philadelphia is worthy of that dignified city—half-German, half-Quaker. It is there the Pennsylvania—at the time it was launched, the largest ship in the world—was built. Now that the staunch people of this fine state have, with one voice, offered to march down at any moment one hundred thousand armed men to protect Washington, we may expect this station to be soon ringing with the notes of preparation, more especially if the Southerners make the war a piratical one, and burn and murder all Union men their vessels fall in with. May Heaven avert from this beautiful city, whose marble-faced houses seem so lustrous and magnificent to the stranger, the miseries of this dreadful and unholy war.

Why Baltimore is not a station I do not know, but the next depôt I have to mention is the largest of all—that of Gosport, in Virginia. Virginia is famous for training up her sons as naval officers, and this station of hers possesses the advantage of having one of the finest harbours in the world, Norfolk harbour, where, in all seasons and all weathers, the largest ships can be repaired, housed, and docked. This is the great naval rendezvous of America, and its spacious granite dock gives it a magnificence that new countries are not always able to give to their national works.

The southernmost station and nearest to the Gulf of Mexico, is Pensacola, an outpost depôt, not large, yet of incalculable importance. Spain, France, and England have each cast a longing eye on this magazine from its advantages for attack and defence. It is a tower of vantage, that is available for all the commerce of the Gulf; it might be turned into a wasp-nest of privateers; it is healthy; it might become a second Carthage. On looking over this summary, it will be at once evident that even allowing for San Francisco, that in this war the North has the advantage of two-thirds of the naval dockyards, arsenals, stations, depôts. I shall show presently that the North has also the chief military schools, the bulk of the army, the climate, and, above all, the moral and physical stamina.

When the Prince of Wales visited New York, there were drawn up on the battery five brigades of the New York militia, mustering in all some seven thousand men, who astonished the officers of the suite by their steady military bearing and the perfection of their discipline. The Seventh Regiment is the special pride of New York, and of this fine body of men Mr. Woods, the Times correspondent, said, "It is undoubtedly a most perfect body of soldiers, equal in all the minute technicalities of discipline to our very best line regiments." Nor is the Boston militia inferior. Some of them wear the quaint old George III. dress, and they execute their movements with steady solid precision equal to the English regiments of the line.

Addiscombe and Woolwich find quite their match in West Point, that beautiful hill-fort on the Hudson, which figured so importantly in the War of Independence. A few hours up that beautiful river, that the Dutchmen first navigated, and the traveller from New York arrives at this military academy, which has been established now some sixty years. It has this great advantage over Woolwich and Addiscombe, that there is no large town or city near with its thousand temptations and all its honeyed allurements to vice and misery. Here, too, is scenery of great beauty, and spots of historical interest, for it is here that Arnold would have surrendered his trust to the English had not Washington have caught André at Tarrytown and put the traitor to death.

Every American officer serves, in youth, his

initiatory five years on West Point. Here he learns all sorts of drill, gunnery, and mathematics, engineering, and all that is necessary to make him a theoretically perfect officer. Education here is entirely gratuitous. The only necessity it involves is eight years of paid service to be devoted to the government. Some leave at the end of their service, but the majority enter the regular army of the United States, the officers of which, it is said, are the most deeply and widely educated officers in the world. There is a rumour that the school is not what it was, but this may be a mere slander against Colonel Delafield, the commandant. It was at this school that that admirable painter, Leslie, taught drawing.

I visited nearly every State in America without ever seeing a soldier of the regular army, not even a useless sentinel, or a vagrant officer on his way to duty at an outpost fort. I met plenty of colonels in hotel smoking-rooms, but they were militia colonels; the blue uniforms and the white facings I did not see at all. America has no millions to waste on keeping idle soldiers in time of peace, and, in time of war, every man who could bear arms would take up his rifle. But America has no colonies, and each State defends itself.

The small American army is, in fact, not kept to support rich men's sons, and to clothe idle young noblemen, but for real use on the frontiers. The men go to the forts in Texas, to keep back the Comanchee horsemen, or to the prairies round the Red River to watch the Indians, to assist travellers, and to protect the fir traders and the buffalo hunters. There is little honour to be got in the service, and but small opportunity to bring out all the high mathematics taught at West Point. There is no large war to stretch the wings of one's ambition, but much swamp-fever, much privation, and much thankless fatigue. To have no night in which sleep may not be broken by an Indian's whoop; to have to arbitrate between drunken Indians and quarrelsome trappers; to bear tropical heat and long winters of snow, for some thousand dollars a year—are not such inducements as make a duke's son enter our English regiments.

It is not the ambitious, the restless, and the insatiable who enter the American army; but men who wish for adventure, and who like command; for in America there is no influential class, as with us, to invariably throw their influence into the scale of war. War is too expensive a luxury for the American nation, and the great and admirable method of instituting an expensive profession, the expenses of which are paid by the masses, to support rich men's sons, has not yet been dreamt of by the American philosopher.

In the present disastrous war, many of the military traditions of the War of Independence will be revived. The legends of the days of leather hunting-shirts and fringed mocassins—of "the Green Mountain Boys"—of "Marian's" regiment, and of the brave men who fell on Bunker's Hill and at Brandywine, will be recalled to rouse the North and to consecrate the standards dusty with so long and so holy a peace.

If the North is wise, it will keep the war away from its own frontiers, and at once carry the sword into the enemy's country. The South shed the first blood—the South committed the first act of desecration. The North denies that it is declaring war to intolerantly force abolition on the South; but the North says that it is determined to allow no State to leave the Union, or to break the solemn compact once agreed to.

The only quality that renders an American unfitted for military service is his proud incapacity for obedience. He hates uniform as he hates livery, and he does not acknowledge the divine right of generals. His mind is not receptive of pipeclay; he detests those small punctilious exactions which in the English army seem almost intended merely to ruffle the temper and break the spirit of the men. He will march, fight, and bear fatigue with any one, but he does not like to have to perform menial services that should only be required from "helps."

The result is, that of all the volunteer corps in America the most popular is the Zouave regiment of Chicago. The easy, showy dress—the guerilla warfare—the individual action—the free agency of the Zouave drill, which is almost acrobatic, delight the Americans. Moses Adams, a popular Southern writer, who has cleverly sketched their cat-like manœuvres, says of them in his humorous bad spelling, "They run into batle on the flats of their stomaks, and fire off their guns with the bottom of their insteps."

Our old captains, during the last war, used to laugh (even when taken prisoners) at the licence practised by the sailors on board a French man-of-war, the jangling of voices, the fuss and distracting noise of every one giving orders and advice at the same moment. Such, I am inclined to think from stories I have heard, were sometimes the scenes witnessed in the American camp during the more dangerous moments of the Mexican war. Republicans are by nature impatient of control, and so are volunteers, however brave and disciplined they may be. At moments when the one great clear-minded man should see all and direct all, I fear that this excitable race are sometimes apt to assume too large a share in the war council, and to become factious when perfect unity is more than usually necessary.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

Will be concluded in the Number for Saturday, 3rd August,
And on SATURDAY, 10th AUGUST,

Will be commenced (to be completed in six months)

A STRANGE STORY,

By SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

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ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

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GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XLIX.

PUTTING Miss Havisham's note in my pocket, that it might serve as my credentials for so soon reappearing at Satis House, in case her waywardness should lead her to express any surprise at seeing me, I went down again by the coach next day. But I alighted at the Half-way House, and breakfasted there, and walked the rest of the distance; for I sought to get into the town quietly, by the unfrequented ways, and to leave it in the same manner.

The best light of the day was gone when I passed along the quiet echoing courts behind the High-street. The nooks of ruin where the old monks had once had their refectories and gardens, and where the strong walls were now pressed into the service of humble sheds and stables, were almost as silent as the old monks in their graves. The cathedral chimes had at once a sadder and a more remote sound to me, as I hurried on avoiding observation, than they had ever had before; so, the swell of the old organ was borne to my ears like funeral music; and the rooks, as they hovered about the grey tower and swung in the bare high trees of the priory-garden, seemed to call to me that the place was changed, and that Estella was gone out of it for ever.

An elderly woman whom I had seen before as one of the servants who lived in the supplementary house across the back court-yard, opened the gate. The lighted candle stood in the dark passage within, as of old, and I took it up and ascended the staircase alone. Miss Havisham was not in her own room, but was in the larger room across the landing. Looking in at the door, after knocking in vain, I saw her sitting on the hearth in a ragged chair, close before, and lost in the contemplation of, the ashy fire.

Doing as I had often done, I went in, and stood, touching the old chimney-piece, where she could see me when she raised her eyes. There was an air of utter loneliness upon her that would have moved me to pity though she had wilfully done me a deeper injury than I could charge her with. As I stood compassionating her, and thinking how in the progress of time I too had come to be a part of the wrecked fortunes of that house, her eyes rested on me. She stared, and said in a low voice, "Is it real!"

"It is I, Pip. Mr. Jaggers gave me your note yesterday, and I have lost no time."

"Thank you. Thank you."

As I brought another of the ragged chairs to the hearth and sat down, I remarked a new expression on her face, as if she were afraid of me.

"I want," she said, "to pursue that subject you mentioned to me when you were last here, and to show you that I am not all stone. But perhaps you can never believe, now, that there is anything human in my heart?"

When I said some reassuring words, she stretched out her tremulous right hand, as though she were going to touch me; but she recalled it again before I understood the action, or knew how to receive it.

"You said, speaking for your friend, that you could tell me how to do something useful and good. Something that you would like done, is it not?"

"Something that I would like done, very very much."

"What is it?"

I began explaining to her that secret history of the partnership. I had not got far into it, when I judged from her look that she was thinking in a discursive way of me, rather than of what I said. It seemed to be so, for when I stopped speaking, many moments passed before she showed that she was conscious of the fact.

"Do you break off," she asked then, with her former air of being afraid of me, "because you hate me too much to bear to speak to me?"

"No, no," I answered, "how can you think so, Miss Havisham! I stopped because I thought you were not following what I said."

"Perhaps I was not," she answered, putting a hand to her head. "Begin again, and let me look at something else. Stay! Now tell me."

She set her hands upon her stick in the resolute way that sometimes was habitual to her, and looked at the fire with a strong expression of forcing herself to attend. I went on with my explanation, and told her how I had hoped to complete the transaction out of my means, but how in this I was disappointed. That part of the subject (I reminded her) involved matters which could form no part of my explanation, for they were the weighty secrets of another.

"So!" said she, assenting with her head, but

not looking at me. "And how much money is wanting to complete the purchase?"

I was rather afraid of stating it, for it sounded a large sum. "Nine hundred pounds."

"If I give you the money for this purpose, will you keep my secret as you have kept your own?"

"Quite as faithfully."

"And your mind will be more at rest?"

"Much more at rest."

"Are you very unhappy now?"

She asked this question, still without looking at me, but in an unwonted tone of sympathy. I could not reply at the moment, for my voice failed me. She put her left arm across the crutched head of her stick, and softly laid her forehead on it.

"I am far from happy, Miss Havisham; but I have other causes of disquiet than any you know of. They are the secrets I have mentioned."

After a little while, she raised her head and looked at the fire again.

"It is noble in you to tell me that you have other causes of unhappiness. Is it true?"

"Too true."

"Can I only serve you, Pip, by serving your friend? Regarding that as done, is there nothing I can do for you yourself?"

"Nothing. I thank you for the question. I thank you even more for the tone of the question. But there is nothing."

She presently rose from her seat, and looked about the blighted room for the means of writing. There were none there, and she took from her pocket a yellow set of ivory tablets, mounted in tarnished gold, and wrote upon them with a pencil in a case of tarnished gold that hung from her neck.

"You are still on friendly terms with Mr. Jaggers?"

"Quite. I dined with him yesterday."

"This is an authority to him to pay you that money, to lay out at your irresponsible discretion for your friend. I keep no money here, but if you would rather Mr. Jaggers knew nothing of the matter, I will send it to you."

"Thank you, Miss Havisham; I have not the least objection to receiving it from him."

She read me what she had written, and it was direct and clear, and evidently intended to absolve me from any suspicion of profiting by the receipt of the money. I took the tablets from her hand, and it trembled again, and it trembled more as she took off the chain to which the pencil was attached, and put it in mine. All this she did without looking at me.

"My name is on the first leaf. If you can ever write under my name, 'I forgive her,' though ever so long after my broken heart is dust—pray do it!"

"O Miss Havisham," said I, "I can do it now. There have been sore mistakes, and my life has been a blind and thankless one, and I want forgiveness and direction far too much to be bitter with you."

She turned her face to me for the first time since she had averted it, and, to my amazement, I may even add to my terror, dropped on her knees at my feet; with her folded hands raised to me in the manner in which, when her poor heart was young and fresh and whole, they must often have been raised to Heaven from her mother's side.

To see her with her white hair and her worn face kneeling at my feet, gave me a shock through all my frame. I entreated her to rise, and got my arms about her to help her up; but she only pressed that hand of mine which was nearest to her grasp, and hung her head over it and wept. I had never seen her shed a tear before, and, in the hope that the relief might do her good, I bent over her without speaking. She was not kneeling now, but was down upon the ground.

"O!" she cried, despairingly. "What have I done! What have I done!"

"If you mean, Miss Havisham, what have you done to injure me, let me answer. Very little. I should have loved her under any circumstances.—Is she married?"

"Yes."

It was a needless question, for a new desolation in the desolate house had told me so.

"What have I done! What have I done!" She wrung her hands, and crushed her white hair, and returned to this cry, over and over again. "What have I done!"

I knew not how to answer, or how to comfort her. That she had done a grievous thing in taking an impressionable child to mould into the form that her wild resentment, spurned affection, and wounded pride, found vengeance in, I knew full well. But that, in shutting out the light of day, she had shut out infinitely more; that, in seclusion, she had secluded herself from a thousand natural and healing influences; that, her mind, brooding solitary, had grown diseased, as all minds do and must and will that reverse the appointed order of their Maker; I knew equally well. And could I look upon her without compassion, seeing her punishment in the ruin she was, in her profound unfitness for this earth on which she was placed, in the vanity of sorrow which had become a master mania, like the vanity of penitence, the vanity of remorse, the vanity of unworthiness, and other monstrous vanities that have been curses in this world?

"Until you spoke to her the other day, and until I saw in you a looking-glass that showed me what I once felt myself, I did not know what I had done. What have I done! What have I done!" And so again, twenty, fifty times over, What had she done!

"Miss Havisham," I said, when her cry died away, "you may dismiss me from your mind and conscience. But Estella is a different case, and if you can ever undo any scrap of what you have done amiss in keeping a part of her right nature away from her, it will be better to do that, than to bemoan the past through a hundred years."

"Yes, yes, I know it. But, Pip—my Dear!" There was an earnest womanly compassion for me in her new affection. "My dear! Believe this: when she first came to me, I meant to save her from misery like my own. At first I meant no more."

"Well, well!" said I. "I hope so."

"But as she grew, and promised to be very beautiful, I gradually did worse, and with my praises, and with my jewels, and with my teachings, and with this figure of myself always before her a warning to back and point my lessons, I stole her heart away and put ice in its place."

"Better," I could not help saying, "to have left her a natural heart, even to be bruised or broken."

With that, Miss Havisham looked distractedly at me for a while, and then burst out again, What had she done!

"If you knew all my story," she pleaded, "you would have some compassion for me and a better understanding of me."

"Miss Havisham," I answered, as delicately as I could, "I believe I may say that I do know your story, and have known it ever since I first left this neighbourhood. It has inspired me with great commiseration, and I hope I understand it and its influences. Does what has passed between us give me any excuse for asking you a question relative to Estella? Not as she is, but as she was when she first came here?"

She was seated on the ground, with her arms on the ragged chair, and her head leaning on them. She looked full at me when I said this, and replied, "Go on."

"Whose child was Estella?"

She shook her head.

"You don't know?"

She shook her head again.

"But Mr. Jaggers brought her here, or sent her here?"

"Brought her here."

"Will you tell me how that came about?"

She answered in a low whisper and with great caution: "I had been shut up in these rooms a long time (I don't know how long; you know what time the clocks keep here), when I told him that I wanted a little girl to rear and love, and save from my fate. I had first seen him when I sent for him to lay this place waste for me; having read of him in the newspapers, before I and the world parted. He told me that he would look about him for such an orphan child. One night he brought her here asleep, and I called her Estella."

"Might I ask her age then?"

"Two or three. She herself knows nothing, but that she was left an orphan and I adopted her."

So convinced I was of that woman's being her mother, that I wanted no evidence to establish the fact in my own mind. But to any mind, I thought, the connexion here was clear and straight.

What more could I hope to do by prolonging the interview? I had succeeded on behalf of Herbert, Miss Havisham had told me all she knew of Estella, I had said and done what I could to ease her mind. No matter with what other words we parted; we parted.

Twilight was closing in when I went down stairs into the natural air. I called to the woman who had opened the gate when I entered, that I would not trouble her just yet, but would walk round the place before leaving. For I had a presentiment that I should never be there again, and I felt that the dying light was suited to my last view of it.

By the wilderness of casks that I had walked on long ago, and on which the rain of years had fallen since, rotting them in many places, and leaving miniature swamps and pools of water upon those that stood on end, I made my way to the ruined garden. I went all round it; round by the corner where Herbert and I had fought our battle; round by the paths where Estella and I had walked. So cold, so lonely, so dreary all!

Taking the brewery on my way back, I raised the rusty latch of a little door at the garden end of it, and walked through. I was going out at the opposite door—not easy to open now, for the damp wood had started and swelled, and the hinges were yielding, and the threshold was encumbered with a growth of fungus—when I turned my head to look back. A childish association revived with wonderful force in the moment of the slight action, and I fancied that I saw Miss Havisham hanging to the beam. So strong was the impression, that I stood under the beam shuddering from head to foot before I knew it was a fancy—though to be sure I was there in an instant.

The mournfulness of the place and time, and the great terror of this illusion, though it was but momentary, caused me to feel an indescribable awe as I came out between the open wooden gates where I had once wrung my hair after Estella had wrung my heart. Passing on into the front court-yard, I hesitated whether to call the woman to let me out at the locked gate of which she had the key, or first to go upstairs and assure myself that Miss Havisham was as safe and well as I had left her. I took the latter course and went up.

I looked into the room where I had left her, and I saw her seated in the ragged chair upon the hearth close to the fire, with her back towards me. In the moment when I was withdrawing my head to go quietly away, I saw a great flaming light spring up. In the same moment I saw her running at me, shrieking, with a whirl of fire blazing all about her, and soaring at least as many feet above her head as she was high.

I had a double-caped great-coat on, and over my arm another thick coat. That I got them off, closed with her, threw her down, and got them over her; that I dragged the great cloth from the table for the same purpose, and with it dragged down the heap of rottenness in the midst, and all the ugly things that sheltered there; that we were on the ground struggling like desperate enemies, and that the closer I covered her, the

more wildly she shrieked and tried to free herself; that this occurred I knew through the result, but not through anything I felt, or thought, or knew I did. I knew nothing until I knew that we were on the floor by the great table, and that patches of tinder yet alight were floating in the smoky air, which, a moment ago, had been her faded bridal dress.

Then I looked round and saw the disturbed beetles and spiders running away over the floor, and the servants coming in with breathless cries at the door. I still held her forcibly down with all my strength, like a prisoner who might escape; and I doubt if I even knew who she was, or why we had struggled, or that she had been in flames, or that the flames were out, until I saw the patches of tinder that had been her garments, no longer alight but falling in a black shower around us.

She was insensible, and I was afraid to have her moved, or even touched. Assistance was sent for and I held her until it came, as if I unreasonably fancied (I think I did) that if I let her go, the fire would break out again and consume her. When I got up, on the surgeon's coming to her with other aid, I was astonished to see that both my hands were burnt; for I had no knowledge of it through the sense of feeling.

On examination it was pronounced that she had received serious hurts, but that they of themselves were far from hopeless; the danger lay, however, mainly in the nervous shock. By the surgeon's directions, her bed was carried into that room and laid upon the great table: which happened to be well suited to the dressing of her injuries. When I saw her again an hour afterwards, she lay indeed where I had seen her strike her stick, and had heard her say that she would lie one day.

Though every vestige of her dress was burnt, as they told me, she still had something of her old ghastly bridal appearance; for, they had covered her to the throat with white cotton-wool, and as she lay with a white sheet loosely overlying that, the phantom air of something that had been and was changed, was still upon her.

I found, on questioning the servants, that Estella was in Paris, and I got a promise from the surgeon that he would write to her by the next post. Miss Havisham's family I took upon myself; intending to communicate with Mr. Matthew Pocket only, and leave him to do as he liked about informing the rest. This I did next day, through Herbert, as soon as I returned to town.

There was a stage that evening when she spoke collectedly of what had happened, though with a certain terrible vivacity. Towards midnight she began to wander in her speech, and after that it gradually set in that she said innumerable times in a low solemn voice, "What have I done!" And then, "When she first came, I meant to save her from misery like mine." And then, "Take the pencil and write under my name, 'I forgive her!'" She never changed the order of these three sentences, but she sometimes left out a word in one or other of them; never putting in another word, but always leaving a blank and going on to the next word.

As I could do no service there, and as I had, nearer home, that pressing reason for anxiety and fear which even her wanderings could not drive out of my mind, I decided in the course of the night that I would return by the early morning coach: walking on a mile or so, and being taken up clear of the town. At about six o'clock of the morning, therefore, I leaned over her and touched her lips with mine, just as they said, not stopping for being touched, "Take the pencil and write under my name, 'I forgive her.'"

It was the first and the last time that I ever touched her in that way. And I never saw her more.

CHAPTER L.

My hands had been dressed twice or thrice in the night, and again in the morning. My left arm was a good deal burned to the elbow, and, less severely, as high as the shoulder; it was very painful, but the flames had set in that direction, and I felt thankful it was no worse. My right hand was not so badly burnt but that I could move the fingers. It was bandaged, of course, but much less inconveniently than my left hand and arm; those I carried in a sling; and I could only wear my coat like a cloak, loose over my shoulders and fastened at the neck. My hair had been caught by the fire, but not my head or face.

When Herbert had been down to Hammersmith and seen his father, he came back to me at our chambers, and devoted the day to attending on me. He was the kindest of nurses, and at stated times took off the bandages, and steeped them in the cooling liquid that was kept ready, and put them on again, with a patient tenderness that I was deeply grateful for.

At first, as I lay quiet on the sofa, I found it painfully difficult, I might say impossible, to get rid of the impression of the glare of the flames, their hurry and noise, and the fierce burning smell. If I dozed for a minute, I was awakened by Miss Havisham's cries, and by her running at me with all that height of fire above her head. This pain of the mind was much harder to strive against than any bodily pain I suffered; and Herbert, seeing that, did his utmost to hold my attention engaged.

Neither of us spoke of the boat, but we both thought of it. That was made apparent by our avoidance of the subject, and by our agreeing—without agreement—to make my recovery of the use of my hands, a question of so many hours, not of so many weeks.

My first question when I saw Herbert had been, of course, whether all was well down the river? As he replied in the affirmative, with perfect confidence and cheerfulness, we did not resume the subject until the day was wearing away. But then, as Herbert changed the bandages, more by the light of the fire than by the outer light, he went back to it spontaneously.

"I sat with Provis last night, Handel, two good hours."

"Where was Clara?"

"Dear little thing!" said Herbert. "She was up and down with Gruffandgrim all the evening. He was perpetually pegging at the floor the moment she left his sight. I doubt if he can hold out long, though. What with rum and pepper—and pepper and rum—I should think his pegging must be nearly over."

"And then you will be married, Herbert?"

"How can I take care of the dear child otherwise?—Lay your arm out upon the back of the sofa, my dear boy, and I'll sit down here, and get the bandage off so gradually that you shall not know when it comes. I was speaking of Provis. Do you know, Handel, he improves?"

"I said to you I thought he was softened, when I last saw him."

"So you did. And so he is. He was very communicative last night, and told me more of his life. You remember his breaking off here about some woman that he had had great trouble with.—Did I hurt you?"

I had started, but not under his touch. His words had given me a start.

"I had forgotten that, Herbert, but I remember it now you speak of it."

"Well! He went into that part of his life, and a dark wild part it is. Shall I tell you? Or would it worry you just now?"

"Tell me by all means. Every word!"

Herbert bent forward to look at me more nearly, as if my reply had been rather more hurried or more eager than he could quite account for. "Your head is cool?" he said, touching it.

"Quite," said I. "Tell me what Provis said, my dear Herbert."

"It seems," said Herbert, "—there's a bandage off most charmingly, and now comes the cool one—makes you shrink at first, my poor dear fellow, don't it? but it will be comfortable presently—it seems that the woman was a young woman, and a jealous woman, and a revengeful woman; revengeful, Handel, to the last degree."

"To what last degree?"

"Murder.—Does it strike too cold on that sensitive place?"

"I don't feel it. How did she murder? Whom did she murder?"

"Why, the deed may not have merited quite so terrible a name," said Herbert, "but she was tried for it, and Mr. Jaggers defended her, and the reputation of that defence first made his name known to Provis. It was another and a stronger woman who was the victim, and there had been a struggle—in a barn. Who began it, or how fair it was, or how unfair, may be doubtful; but how it ended, is certainly not doubtful, for the victim was found throttled."

"Was the woman brought in guilty?"

"No; she was acquitted.—My poor Handel, I hurt you!"

"It is impossible to be gentler, Herbert. Yes? What else?"

"This acquitted young woman and Provis," said Herbert, "had a little child: a little child of whom Provis was exceedingly fond. On the evening of the very night when the object of her jealousy was strangled, as I tell you, the young woman presented herself before Provis for one moment, and swore that she would destroy the child (which was in her possession), and he should never see it again; then she vanished. —There's the worst arm comfortably in the sling once more, and now there remains but the right hand, which is a far easier job. I can do it better by this light than by a stronger, for my hand is steadiest when I don't see the poor blistered patches too distinctly.—You don't think your breathing is affected, my dear boy? You seem to breathe quickly."

"Perhaps I do, Herbert. Did the woman keep her oath?"

"There comes the darkest part of Provis's life. She did."

"That is, he says she did."

"Why, of course, my dear boy," returned Herbert, in a tone of surprise, and again bending forward to get a nearer look at me. "He says it all. I have no other information."

"No, to be sure."

"Now, whether," pursued Herbert, "he had used the child's mother ill, or whether he had used the child's mother well, Provis doesn't say; but she had shared some four or five years of the wretched life he described to us at this fireside, and he seems to have felt pity for her, and forbearance towards her. Therefore, fearing he should be called upon to depose about this destroyed child, and so be the cause of her death, he hid himself (much as he grieved for the child), kept himself dark, as he says, out of the way and out of the trial, and was only vaguely talked of as a certain man called Abel, out of whom the jealousy arose. After the acquittal she disappeared, and thus he lost the child and the child's mother."

"I want to ask——"

"A moment, my dear boy," said Herbert, "and I have done. That evil genius, Compeyson, the worst of scoundrels among many scoundrels, knowing of his keeping out of the way at that time, and of his reasons for doing so, of course afterwards held the knowledge over his head as a means of keeping him poorer, and working him harder. It was clear last night that this barbed the point of Provis's hatred."

"I want to know," said I, "and particularly, Herbert, whether he told you when this happened?"

"Particularly? Let me remember, then, what he said as to that. His expression was, 'a round score o' year ago, and a'most directly after I took up wi' Compeyson.' How old were you when you came upon him in the little churchyard?"

"I think in my seventh year."

"Ay. It had happened some three or four years then, he said, and you brought into his mind the little girl so tragically lost, who would have been about your age."

"Herbert," said I after a short silence, in a hurried way, "can you see me best by the light of the window, or the light of the fire?"

"By the firelight," answered Herbert, coming close again.

"Look at me."

"I do look at you, my dear boy."

"Touch me."

"I do touch you, my dear boy."

"You are not afraid that I am in any fever, or that my head is much disordered by the accident of last night?"

"N-no, my dear boy," said Herbert, after taking time to examine me. "You are rather excited, but you are quite yourself."

"I know I am quite myself. And the man we have in hiding down the river, is Estella's Father."

A TWO-YEAR OLD COLONY.

FAITH in the youngest child, is a family failing. Mother Britannia has a large family of colonies, some of them old enough to be established in the world as independent heads of households; but at present she is more than a little proud of her youngest daughter, whose birthday is in this present month. She was born in the London Gazette on the third of June, two years ago.

By official proclamation, bearing that date, Moreton Bay was taken as a new colony, named Queensland, out of the northern territory of New South Wales, just as Port Phillip had been taken, as a new colony named Victoria, from its southern territory eight years before. On the tenth of December, Sir George Bowen, the governor, arrived at Brisbane, the new colonial capital, and proclaimed Moreton Bay a colony under the new name, which was, he said, "entirely the happy thought and inspiration of her Majesty herself." On the tenth of December, then, only a year and a half ago, this last-born of the colonies began to run alone.

Among all disputants as to the direction in which we may look for new supplies of cotton, the claim of Queensland almost alone passes unquestioned. The colony lies partly within the tropics, but the average climate is about that of Madeira; the whole territory, when its boundaries are finally determined (as they are not yet), will probably be about three times as large as France. The settled districts are already as large as the mother country, meaning thereby not Great Britain only, but Great Britain and Ireland. Our last quarter of the year is Queensland spring, our spring is Queensland autumn, and the winter there begins on our Midsummer-day. There is magnificent timber and much coal; the vine and olive grow there; so do maize, cotton, and sugar-cane; wheat, oranges, and nutmegs. On the coast are pearls. There is also a fishery for the dugong, which yields a valuable oil, good meat like veal or pork, and very marketable bones for the turner, solid as ivory. But of all this great land of plenty, the population is at present only about thirty thousand, which is less by seven thousand than that of the English Ipswich, after which one of the Queensland settlements is named.

There is, perhaps, no part of the Australian continent so well watered and supplied with navigable rivers as this Queensland. There is Clarence River, navigable for vessels of two hundred and fifty tons, fifty miles up. The Richmond, though only a hundred miles from source to mouth, has three hundred miles of navigable water on the main river and its various branches or arms. There are the rivers watering a strip of boundary that Queensland claims but New South Wales at present holds. There is the Tweed, up which small vessels penetrate twenty or thirty miles, on behalf of the colonial cedar trade. There are the Arrowsmith and the Logan; there is the Brisbane River navigated by large steam-boats for sixty-five miles; the Pine, the Black Swan, and the Mary Rivers, the Boyne, the Fitzroy, and so forth; and all these rivers are fed by a network of little streams that fertilise the land.

Then there is Moreton Bay, which, until lately, gave its name to the whole region. That was discovered ninety-one years ago by Captain Cook, and nine years afterwards was examined by Captain Flinders, who overlooked the mouth of Brisbane River, hidden by two flat islands. He had previously anchored four-and-twenty hours in Shoal Bay, into which the Clarence River flows, and supposed that he saw only a shoal bay, with gloomy mangrove-trees upon its shores. The Clarence River was accidentally discovered by some sawyers, in search of cedar, only twenty-three years ago. Brisbane and the Boyne Rivers had been also fallen upon by accident, fifteen years earlier. The Australian rivers, in fact, bring down much earth, and form their mouths in such a way that from the deck of a vessel on the coast they are often not to be detected. Moreton Bay is made not by a reach of land, but by three islands, so disposed as to form a sort of inland sea, sixty miles long, and about twenty wide, studded with islands, especially towards the south, where it narrows into a mere river.

A suggestive hint of the fertility of the soil in the southern or least tropical parts of the Queensland, is given by the Rev. Dr. Lang, of Sydney, a member of the parliament of New South Wales, who has been an active and effectual promoter of the secession both of Victoria and Queensland, and who is the author of a new book on Queensland, from which we derive the best part of our information. In a garden near Grafton, on Clarence River, his attention was attracted by a young peach-tree, about eight feet high, covered with blossom. The tree had grown from a stone planted on the preceding January, only eight months before. Dr. Lang does not like to find in such a region settlements called Deptford or Casino. He has a rhyme as well as a reason against it. "I like," he says:

"I like the native names, as Paramatta,
And Illawarra, and Woolloomoolloo.
Toongabbee, Mittagong, and Coolingatta,
And Yurumbon, and Coodgiegang, Meroo,
Euranarina, Jackwa, Bulkomatta,
Nandowra, Tumbarumba, Woogaroo;
The Wollondilly and the Wingycarribbee.
The Warragumby, Daby, and Bungarribbee."

Soon after the discovery of Brisbane River, a penal settlement was formed there, which abided on the spot till transportation to New South Wales altogether ceased, and the district was thrown open to free emigration a score of years ago. Nothing was left as a substantial memorial of convict labour. The overseers having an allowance for every acre of land cleared of timber, cleared the few cypress pines from the sand-hills of Moreton Island at a very profitable rate. They built a wharf towards the mouth of Brisbane River, and, when it was built, found that a mud flat between it and deep water made it impossible for any vessel to come alongside. They drained a swamp at very great cost, considering that it would make the right land for growing rice. Then, instead of sowing the grain in its natural state of paddy, they got a lot of manufactured rice from Sydney, and sowed that. As it was no more disposed to yield a rice crop than pearl barley, or hot-water-gruel would yield barley or oats if sown in an English field, they reported that the settlement had not a soil and climate suitable for rice cultivation.

The "city of Brisbane," with seven thousand inhabitants, has a mayor and corporation, an Anglican bishop, churches, and chapels of various denominations, some handsome houses and shops in its chief street, called Queen-street, an Exchange-room, two newspapers (the Moreton Bay Courier and the Queensland Guardian), besides the Government Gazette, four Branch Banks and a Savings Bank, a Botanic Garden, a School of Arts, a Library and Reading-Room, a Club-house, an Hospital, a Government-house, and a large Jail. But the region in which English life is making for itself a new centre of wealth and industry, suggests from a neighbouring hill-top only one of the grand solitudes of nature. Lofty mountain ranges close the distant scene on every side except that towards the sea. Within the landscape are detached hills, and there is the winding river that appears and disappears as it runs under the dark forest that lies large over the land, with the majestic Moreton Bay pine overtopping all the other trees.

The town of Queensland second in importance to Brisbane, is Ipswich, with a population of four thousand five hundred, fifty miles distant, where the Bremer flows into the Brisbane River. Between Brisbane and Ipswich there is a steamer daily. Inland, behind Brisbane and Ipswich, are the sheep and cattle stations of the Darling Downs, on streams or creeks that come down from the western slopes of the coast range, and meander to the river Condamine. The Darling Downs reach a height of about two thousand feet, and are cool enough now and then to show ice in the winter. At one end of the Downs is the rising town of Warwick, on the Condamine, which is just getting its mayor and corporation. It lies in the midst of the finest land, with excellent water and extensive pastures. The scenery is beautiful. The town of Drayton, at the other end of the Downs, is not so well placed, its choice having been Hobson's, when it was established on the only ground its settlers could get from the squatters. A place of heights and hollows, deficient both in good land and in water supply, and, although it thrives enough to raise among its four hundred inhabitants a newspaper—The Darling Downs Gazette—its short-comings of site caused the establishment of the new town of Toowoomba, in better country, four miles off. This is already in importance the third town in the colony, and is four times as populous as Drayton. Toowoomba has even put in a bold claim to be made the capital of Queensland.

Sir George Bowen, on his first visit to Darling Downs, probably the most beautiful and fertile region in all the Australias, replied to the congratulations of the Drayton people in words worth repeating. "I wish," he said, "to avail myself of this opportunity to state publicly, that my recent journey over the Darling Downs has filled me with surprise and admiration. Even before I left England I knew by report the rich natural resources and the picturesque beauty of this district, the scenery of which vividly recals to my mind the general aspect of the classic plains of Thessaly. But I confess that I was not fully prepared for so wonderfully rapid an advance in all that can promote and adorn civilisation; an advance which has taken place during the fourth part of an average lifetime. Not only have I seen vast hordes of horses and cattle, and countless flocks of sheep, overspreading the valleys and forests, which, within the memory of persons who have yet scarcely attained to the age of manhood, were tenanted only by wild animals and by a few wandering tribes of savages; not only have I travelled over roads beyond all comparison superior to the means of communication which existed less than a century ago in many parts of the United Kingdom; not only have I beheld flourishing towns arising in spots where, hardly twenty years back, the foot of a white man had never yet trodden the primeval wilderness; not only have I admired these and other proofs of material progress, but I have also found in the houses of the long chain of settlers who have entertained me with such cordial hospitality, all the comforts and most of the luxuries and refinements of the houses of country gentlemen in England. The wonderful advance of this portion of the colony during the last ten years is due to no sudden and fortuitous discovery of the precious metals; it is derived wholly from the blessing of Providence on the skill and energy of its inhabitants in subduing and replenishing the earth. Assuredly, I have observed during the past week very remarkable illustrations of the proverbial genius of the Anglo-Saxon race for the noble and truly imperial art of colonisation." The districts of which we have been speaking represent now the centre of activity in Queensland. North of Moreton Bay, and chief among lesser settlements, are Wide Bay, Port Curtis, and Rockhampton.

Wide Bay is at the mouth of the Mary River, and about thirty miles up the river is Maryborough, with a population of eight hundred,

chief town of the settlement. Behind it lies an unlimited grazing country, and on the river-banks are some millions of acres fit not only for growing grain, but also sugar, cotton, and tobacco. Coal, iron, copper, and gold have been found. Pine and cedar are among the timber. There is pearl in the bay; there are turtles; and there is the dugong fishery. But, thanks to a warm subtropical climate, with fine growing showers throughout the year, the soil is said to be a paradise for agriculture, producing not only European green-peas and potatoes, but peaches, oranges, grapes, pines, and guavas. Three crops of maize eighty or a hundred bushels to the acre, have been got from the same ground within a twelvemonth. The Maryborough people have been establishing among themselves a Cotton-growing Association. Mr. Bazley, of Manchester, a good practical authority, has found samples of this Queensland cotton to be very fine, and worth about forty pounds an acre, the yield being six hundred pounds an acre from two crops a year, "Judging," he says, "by what is done in the United States, a man with his family in Queensland could cultivate ten acres of land, which would yield four hundred pounds a year, a very high rate of profit."

Further north is Port Curtis, just under the tropic of Capricorn. The harbour formed by Facing Island is completely land-locked, and could be entered by the Great Eastern at any time of tide. It is said to be one of the most magnificent ports in the South Seas, and the worthy site of a great city of the future. Its city of the present is the town of Gladstone, which, together with Happy Valley, a mile inland, at present contains only about five hundred inhabitants. It was Mr. Gladstone, our present Chancellor of the Exchequer, by whom this settlement was first projected, and to whose name it will be a few centuries hence a substantial monument in the form of one of the first cities of the South. The ground is more broken, though not less fertile than at Wide Bay. There are floods and droughts, with a climate less even and reliable. Gold has been found a hundred miles from Gladstone, in quantity enough to breed an evanescent mania, but it is possible that the mineral wealth of the district will hereafter be found to aid in its advance.

Rockhampton, in the Fitzroy River, lies under the line of the tropic. It contains nearly a thousand inhabitants, most of them in wooden buildings, some in tents. Inland there are vast plains, forming an immense sheep-walk. But for raising here of sugar, rice, or cotton, Dr. Lang —who is the best historiographer of the whole region once known as New South Wales—thinks that the continuous field labour under a tropical sun could best be carried on by help of Asiatic labour. For the raising, however, of Sea Island cotton here and elsewhere in Queensland (and that is the best sort raised in the cotton states of America), the labour of Europeans might suffice, the greater difficulty being with the production of inferior sorts. It is the Sea Island cotton that thrives best in Queensland.

Of the whole colony of Queensland it is found that even to two hundred miles within the tropics, and probably to the northernmost point, sheep thrive, and suffer no deterioration of the wool. The Queensland yield of wool is considerably below that of Victoria, being two pounds and a quarter instead of three pounds, to a fleece, but this is nearly compensated for by the superiority of quality. The free supply of rain causes not only abundance but variety of natural growth. Dr. Leichhardt found, along only thirty paces of a cattle track near Ipswich, seventeen different species of grass in seed at the same time, not reckoning any grasses that were past their seed-time, or not yet arrived at it. The general allowance of grazing ground to each sheep in New South Wales is over three acres; three sheep to ten acres. But, when Moreton Bay was a penal settlement, the officer in charge of government stock kept six thousand sheep in good condition for a year and a half upon only five thousand acres of land—less than an acre apiece. The Queensland squatters have acquired much wealth. When it was proposed in the first parliament of Queensland that the governor's salary, which the British Secretary of State had fixed at two thousand five hundred a year, should be raised to four thousand, the honourable member who proposed the addition said that two thousand five hundred a year was only equal to the income of a second-rate squatter with twenty or twenty-five thousand sheep.

The land regulations of Queensland were modified by four acts passed during the last session. One of these was to destroy the business of men called "run jobbers," who hunted up good possible runs, marked them, and tendered for as many of them as they could get, for the sake, not of stocking them, but of selling their rights at an advance of price. It is now required that all runs shall be occupied and stocked to the extent of a fourth of their capability within twelve months from the date of lease, on penalty of double rent, and, after another six months' delay, of forfeiture. Other new acts encourage with special advantages the pioneer squatter, whose rent for the first four years is not to exceed ten shillings a square mile, in blocks of twenty-five miles; for the next five years to be not less than a pound or more than two pounds; and in the last five years of the fourteen years' lease, not to exceed two pounds fifteen. But it is the new Land Sales Act that concerns the greater number of the emigrants. By this act, "Agricultural reserves are to be proclaimed and set apart for cultivation in each of the chief settlements, and an agricultural area of not less than ten thousand acres around every town containing more than five hundred inhabitants." The settler, then, having chosen his farm of not less than forty nor more than three hundred and twenty acres, pays the land agent at the rate of a pound an acre, on conditions of occupation and improving cultivation. If he do not begin to fulfil these conditions within six months, the contract is cancelled and his money is returned

to him less ten per cent. The settler may also lease for five years (within the limit of three hundred and twenty acres) land adjoining that he has bought, paying a rent of sixpence an acre, on condition of fencing within eighteen months, and with the prior right of purchase while the lease lasts. The act also awards premiums for cotton growing, namely, a ten-pound land order for every three hundred pounds weight in bale, of good cleaned Sea Island cotton, during three years from the date of the act's passing, and a land order of five pounds per bale for the following two years.

There is also a liberal government scheme for the favouring of immigration, which gives to every adult male or female immigrant, coming direct from Europe (whether Englishman, Frenchman, or German) to the colony, upon his arrival for the first time, and not at government expense, a land order for eighteen pounds, and after two years' residence a further land order for twelve pounds. But the immigrant, if a man, must be under forty, if a woman, under five-and-thirty, unless bringing five children or more, or coming out as the relation of a colonist. Two children of one family, between the ages of four and fourteen, receive on arrival one land order between them. Thus, an immigrant who has arrived in Queensland with a wife and four children, having paid passage out, will immediately receive land orders to the value of seventy-two pounds, and in two years will be entitled to order for another forty-eight pounds' worth of land, representing altogether a farm of one hundred and twenty acres. He may buy with the land orders whatever ground he may choose for himself from the agricultural reserves, or tender them as cash at any of the government land sales, for any other class of lots he may prefer.

One honourable bit of Queensland history we must not pass unmentioned, and that also is a matter of no trifling moment to the settler. The first parliament of Queensland voted out of its slender resources ten thousand pounds for the establishment of primary and grammar schools. A telegraphic line also is being set up for the connexion of the capital of Queensland with the capitals of all other Australian colonies.

AWAKENING DISCOURSES.

How to prevent people from going to sleep in church was one of the problems of the middle ages, and it was solved in part by the use of anecdotes and tales for the enlivenment of sermons. A collection of such tales was made in the fourteenth century, under the title "Gesta Romanorum"—Deeds of the Romans. It is hard to say whether Pierre Bercheur of Poitou, or anybody else in any other country, made the first collection. Differing more or less in different copies and in different countries, there was that old collection, everywhere substantially alike, everywhere popular. It was simply a compilation of good stories, or stories considered to be good, under such titles as the compiler gives to the successive sections of a hymn-book for aid in selection: Of following Reason —of Good Inspiration—of Love—of too much Pride—of Sinners, and so forth; each story usually beginning with the name of some Roman emperor who had nothing to do with it, perhaps of an emperor unknown to any of the histories, and closing with a moral application. This, like the rest, was written for delivery. It interpreted the characters and incidents into a religious lesson, and, as the tales come down to us, it still opens always with the priestly address, "My beloved."

Thus: An avaricious carpenter stored away money in a hollow tree trunk, which he always kept by his fireside. But the sea one night flooded him and swept his trunk away to a city where a generous man lived, keeping open house. He finding the trunk, took it home, as wood that might be useful; and one cold day, when he was entertaining pilgrims, he began to chop it up for the fire, when out rolled the gold pieces. Being an honest man, he put them by in a safe place till he should find their owner. Meanwhile, the carpenter travelled from place to place in search of his hoard, and at last came to the generous man's house, and the generous man, understanding that the money had been his guest's, proposed to find out whether it was meant that he should restore it. Then the generous man made three cakes. The first he filled with earth, the second with dead men's bones, the third with gold out of the trunk. And he said to the carpenter, "Friend, we will divide these cakes, choose which you will have." The carpenter weighed them. Finding the one with earth in it heaviest he chose that; "and if I want more, worthy host," he added, "I will have this," laying his hand on the cake full of bones. The host then saw clearly that to that wretched man the gold was not to be restored. Opening, therefore, the cake of gold, he said to the carpenter, "You varlet! Here is your own gold. But, as you preferred earth and dead men's bones, I know that you are not worthy to have it back again." So the generous man immediately gave all the carpenter's money to the poor, and drove the carpenter himself away in great affliction.

This experiment would not occur to a detective officer in the present day on anybody's claiming restoration of lost property. But the bearings of it, lie in the application: "My beloved, the carpenter is my worldly-minded man; the trunk of the tree denotes the human heart, filled with the riches of this life; the host is a wise confessor; the cake of earth is the world, that of the bones of dead men is the flesh, and that of gold is the kingdom of heaven."

It would not be too much to say that the moral here is a little obscure and confused. In many others of the set it is as violently come by. But for the stories, not for the interpretations of them, the book of Deeds of the Romans was most popular. They were a gathering of the good things of the middle ages, or of that sort of good thing.

"Then for your lordship's quips and quick jests," says Sir Giles Goosecap, in a play of Elizabeth's day, "why Gesta Romanorum were nothing to them." The collection includes the Bond story and the tale of the Three Caskets joined into one in the plot of the Merchant of Venice. Gower, Chaucer, and other old poets, borrowed tales from the collection for fresh telling in verse. One of the tales was even, in much later time, transformed by Parnell into his poem of the Hermit.

What we now propose is, without being at all antiquarian, and disregarding the set morals appended, to amuse ourselves with some of these stock tales that entertained our forefathers five hundred years ago.

Not a few of them are oddly inconsequential. Here, for example, is one that seems to consist of two different halves badly joined. There reigned some ime in Rome a wise and mighty emperor, named Anselm, who died leaving three sons, all of whom he had loved very much. Before his death he called them to him, separately, and to the first he said, "My dear and well-beloved son, I have spent all that I had in my war with the King of Egypt; nothing remains to me but a precious tree that stands in the middle of my empire. I give to thee all that is under the earth and above the earth of the same tree." "O my revered father," quoth he, "I thank you much." To the second son the king said the same, except that he bequeathed him all that is great and small of the same tree; and to the third son he said the same, except that he bequeathed him all that is wet and dry of the same tree. So after their father's death the three brothers met at the tree, and they all claimed it. But the third son said, "Let us not strive together. Hereby dwells a king full of reason. Let us abide by his judgment." His brethren said the counsel was good, and they all went to the King of Reason. The king said that the will must stand; and turning to the elder brother, said, "You must be bled in the arm." By all means. When that was done, he said, "Dig up your father, and bring me a bone out of his breast." The bone of the father was brought and soaked in the blood of the son, then taken out and dried, and when it was dried it was washed, and when it was washed the blood vanished clean away. So was done and so happened with the blood of the second son. So was done with the blood of the third son; but when it came to the washing of the bone, the blood and the bone clave together so that they could not be parted. Then the King of Reason said that the youngest was the only lawful son of his father, and gave him the whole inheritance. Great was the king's wisdom!

So great was wisdom in the noble emperor named Alexander, who made a law for the good of the poor, that nobody who ate plaice should turn the fish in his plate on pain of death. The plaice being white side uppermost, when the white side was eaten the black side was to be left. Whoever turned the fish, and ate the black side of it, was doomed to death. But to alleviate the harshness of the sentence, he must have three wishes granted him; three wishes, whatever they might be, except his life. Now there came to court one day, an earl and his son, who did not know of this law, and the earl being very hungry and liking his fish, when he had eaten the white side of a plaice turned it to eat the black. He was at once seized and condemned to die. But the son entreated the emperor that he might die in place of his father. "Certainly," said the emperor. "So that one dies for the offence, I am content." "And the three wishes before death are mine?" "Ask what you will," replied the emperor, "no man shall say you nay." "First, I wish to marry your fair daughter." The emperor, who would not be himself a breaker of the law, granted that wish, and the earl's son was married to his daughter. "What next?" "Next, I wish for all your treasure." The emperor, who would not be a breaker of the law, gave all his treasure to the earl's son, who immediately scattered it among the poor. "And next?" "That my lord will immediately cause to be put out, the eyes of all that saw my father eat the black side of the plaice." Then nobody could be found who would stand forth as witness against the earl. Whereupon said the youth, "My lord, why shall my father die, or I for him, when there is no man to accuse him of anything?" So, the son saved his own father, and made for himself a father-in-law of the emperor.

Another story is the source of Schiller's ballad of Fidolin, "the Road to the Iron Foundry." There is a count for an emperor, a page for a nephew, and jealousy is the bad breath. The rest agrees almost exactly, although Schiller found the tale, not in the printed Gesta, but still living in Alsatian tradition. The mighty emperor was named Martin, and he had, say the Gesta, great love for his brother's son, named Fulgentius, whom the emperor's uncle, who was steward of the empire, envied. Wherefore the steward told the emperor falsely, how his nephew had defamed him to his subjects by saying that "his breath stank so, as to kill the man who served him with the cup."

"And does it stink so?"

"My lord," quoth the steward, "I never perceived a sweeter breath in my days than yours is."

Then said the emperor,

"I pray thee, good friend, give me proof of what you tell against my nephew."

"Note him to-morrow when he serves you with the cup," answered the steward, "and you shall see him, because of your breath, turn away his face."

"I will so note him," said the emperor.

Then went the wicked steward to Fulgentius, and taking him aside, said,

"Dear friend, you are a near kinsman, and will let me, for love, tell you of a fault whereof my lord the emperor often complains. He thinks even of putting you away for it."

"Tell me," said the youth, "and let me be ruled by you. It may be a fault I can amend."

"Your breath, the emperor says, stinks so sorely, that when you hand the cup to him, his drink does him no good."

"And does it stink so?"

"Truly," quoth the steward, "it stinketh greatly and foul."

Fulgentius was advised, therefore, to avert his face when he next offered the cup, and did so. But when the emperor perceived the avoiding of his head, he smote this young Fulgentius on the breast with his foot, and chased him from his sight. Then he called the steward to him and said,

"How may I rid me of this varlet?"

"Easily enough," said the steward; "for three miles away there are brickmakers, who daily make a great fire to burn bricks, and also they make lime. Send to them word this night that they cast into their furnace and burn the first man who comes to them to-morrow and asks whether they have done as my lord commanded them. And this night bid Fulgentius go thither betimes in the morning with that question."

So it was done. But Fulgentius on his way to the brickmakers in the morning, heard a bell ring to service, wherefore he went in to pray, and after praying slept so soundly, that not one of the priests could awaken him. And in the afternoon the steward, finding the youth gone many hours since, and willing to pleasure himself by hearing of his death, went to the workmen, and said,

"Sirs, have you done as my lord commanded you, or no?"

The brickmakers replied, "Not yet, but it shall be done," and lifted him to put him in the fire.

Then the steward cried that the emperor's command had been "to put Fulgentius to death."

"His message," they answered, "said not so, but that whoever first asked us, as you have asked, should be cast into the fire and burnt to ashes."

Afterwards came Fulgentius, and was told in reply to the same question,

"Yes; before thee came the steward, and on him we have fulfilled the emperor's command. There remains of him only the dry bones."

The emperor was angry when he saw Fulgentius return alive, but a few questions and answers opened his eyes to the wicked fraud that had been practised on him.

Another story. When Emperor Leo reigned, he loved, above all things, beautiful faces. So he built a temple, in which he set three beautiful stone images of women, and commanded that they should be worshipped. One figure stretched out its hand towards the people, with upon the forefinger a gold ring, inscribed, "My finger is generous." Another had a golden beard, and the label, "I have a beard; if any one be beardless, let him come to me and I will give him one." The third had a golden cloak, and bore the inscription, "I fear no one." A law was made that it was death to take ring, beard, or cloak. Yet there came a man who took all three, and then was himself taken. In justification, he said:

"My lord, suffer me to speak. One image held out the ring to me, as if inviting me to take; and when I went closer, and read, 'My finger is generous,' of course I took what was offered. The statue with a beard was made by a man whom I have seen and know to be beardless. It is not fit that the creature be more than the creator, so I was about to take, when I read that, if any man was beardless (as you see I am), the image would give. As for the gold cloak, gold being a metal is cold, and the stone of the image is cold, and cold upon cold in winter-time would be cruel addition, while in summer the gold cloak would be too heavy. So I took the cloak away, as was but reasonable, and it was the more right to do so, as the stone was inscribed, 'I fear nobody,' and needed to be humbled when it made itself equal even to flesh and blood."

"That is your justification," said the emperor. "Nevertheless, you shall be hanged."

There was a good deal of need in the old days for such encouragement as the following story gives. In the reign of Otho there was a priest of so bad character, that one of his parishioners always absented himself from mass when he officiated. One festival day, therefore, he was walking in the meadows, absent from the church, when he became oppressed with thirst, and drinking of a brook that did not refresh him, began to seek for the fresher water of the fountain head, when a majestic old man appeared, and, pointing to the source of the brook, asked why the parishioner was not at mass? The man answered,

"Truly, master, our priest leads such an execrable life, that he can, I am sure, bring us no blessing."

"It may be that he is bad," said the old man, "but look at the water-spring from which this brook descends."

He looked, and saw that all the water flowed out of the mouth of a dead dog.

"You have drunk of this and not been refreshed," said the old man. "Drink again."

The man drank again, with a shudder, and instantly recovered from his drought.

"Never was more delicious water!" he exclaimed, with joy.

"So receive, then, the waters of life, even from the mouth of a worthless minister."

In this story there was emblem in the dog, for, says the interpretation, in the dog there are four things: a medicinal tongue, a distinguishing nose, an unshaken faith, and unremitting watchfulness.

One story more. Nobody now reads Parnell; we may therefore take the tale on which he built his poem of the Hermit.

Once upon a time, there was a hermit worshipping in his cave by day and by night. Near his cell was a shepherd, who one day slept at his work, so that a robber came and carried off his sheep. The shepherd awoke and raged, but the

lord of the shepherd raged still more, and caused that shepherd to be put to death. "O Heaven," said the hermit, "seest thou this? The innocent suffer for the guilty. If you permit this, why do I stay here? I will go out into the world, and do as others do." He went out, therefore, and there was sent an angel from heaven, in the form of a man, who crossed his path, and said, "My friend, whither are you going?" He answered, "To the city before us?" "I am a messenger from heaven," said the angel, "come to walk with you. Let us proceed upon our way." They proceeded, therefore, together, and when they had entered the city asked a night's shelter at the house of a soldier, who received them cheerfully, and entertained them nobly. After supper, their bedchamber was richly prepared, and the angel and the hermit went to rest. But in the night the angel rose and strangled the sleeping infant of their host. "Is this," thought the hermit, "an angel who makes such return to a man who gave us freely the best that he had?" Yet the hermit was afraid to speak.

In the morning both arose and went forward to another city, where they were honourably entertained by an inhabitant, who had a golden cup that he prized greatly. This, the angel stole. The hermit doubted, but he dared not speak.

On the morrow they went on, and as they walked came to a river, over which a bridge was thrown. Midway on the bridge, a poor pilgrim was met, who, being asked by the angel, courteously pointed out the way to the next city. Then the angel seized him by the shoulders and threw him over into the stream.

"It is an angel of darkness!" said the hermit to himself. "What evil had this poor man done that he is drowned?"

In the evening they reached another city, and sought shelter where it was refused. "For the love of Heaven," said the angel, "give us shelter, lest we fall a prey to the wild beasts." "You may sleep with the pigs, if you will," said the man. "If better may not be, we will sleep there," and in the morning the angel, calling the churlish man, gave him the gold cup for his recompense. "This," said the hermit to himself, "can be none other than Satan." Then turning to his fellow-traveller, he said to him, "I will walk with you no more. I commend you to God." "Be it so," said the angel. "Hear me, and then we will part. The innocent shepherd died in innocence, and went to bliss. Had he lived, he would have been guilty of crime. The robber will die in his sin; the owner of the flock, by alms and good works, will atone his error. As for the child of the hospitable soldier that you saw me strangle, the soldier, before the child was born, lived for Heaven, and did works of charity. His child being born, he lived for that only, and denied himself and his goods to the poor. The child is now with the angels, and the father is again a devout Christian. The cup I stole, tempted one who had been an abstemious man to excess. Now that the cup is gone, he is again temperate. The pilgrim whom I cast into the river, had he proceeded further, would have fallen into mortal sin. I gave him death while yet he could pass into the heavenly glory. As to the man who gave us the sty for a lodging, he had his reward in the gold of this world. There is no other reward but sorrow for him in the life to come. Put a guard, then, hermit, on thy tongue, and judge no more the ways of Him who knoweth all."

The hermit then fell at the angel's feet, entreating pardon, and went back to his cell: assured that justice rules, though men are blind.

DAY-DREAMS.

I, OFTEN lying lonely, over seas,
At ope of day, soft-couch'd in foreign land,
Dream a green dream of England; where young trees
Make murmur, and the amber-stripèd bees
To search the woodbine through, a busy band,
Come floating at the casement, while new taun'd
And tedded hay sends fresh on morning breeze
Incense of sunny fields, through curtains fann'd
With invitations faint to Far-away.
So dreaming, half-awake, at ope of day,
Dream I of daisy greens, and village pales,
And the white winking of the warmèd may
In blossomy hedge, and brown oak-leavèd dales,
And little children dear, at dewy play,
Till all my heart grows young and glad as they;
And sweet thoughts come and go, like scented gales
Through an open window when the month is gay.

But often, wandering lonely, over seas,
At shut of day, in unfamiliar land,
What time the serious light is on the leas,
To me there comes a sighing after ease
Much wanted, and an aching wish to stand
Knee-deep in English grass, and have at hand
A little churchyard cool, with native trees,
And grassy mounds thick laced with ozier band,
Wherein to rest at last, nor farther stray.
So, sad of heart, muse I, at shut of day,
On safe and quiet England; till thought ails
To an inward groaning deep, for fields fed grey
With twilight, copses throng'd with nightingales,
Home-gardens, full of rest, where never may
Come loud intrusion; and, what chiefly fails
My sick desire, old friendships fled away.
I am much vext with loss. Kind Memory lay
My head upon thy lap, and tell me tales
Of the good old time, when all was pure and gay!

MY YOUNG REMEMBRANCE.

I AM barely a middle-aged man; yet I have a distinct recollection of Thirty Years Ago. Looking back to that period—say to the years 1830-31—I find so many and such strange alterations in this native London of mine, that I am tempted to recal a few of the old characteristics of those old times, for the edification of young ladies and gentlemen who, having been born ten or fifteen years later than the era I speak of, know little else than the London of the present moment. Strange to say, my reveries on the metropolis as it was in the last days of George the Fourth, and the early days of William Ditto, have been prompted by a neighbourhood which appears to me to have

undergone no change whatever since that epoch, and indeed has undergone but little since it was built, nearly two hundred years ago. It was the dingy district called Soho that took my memory back Thirty Years, and made me think how much has passed away, how much sprung up, during that lapse of time. As long as memory lasts, that desert of brick and mortar will be suggestive to my mind of the days when Grey and Russell were fighting the battle of the Reform Bill; and I shall never thread its mazes without seeing a little wraith of myself, as I then was, going on before me, knowing nothing of Reform Bills or Administrations, but passively receiving the mental photographs of surrounding things which I am now endeavouring to reproduce in pen and ink.

For me, life dawns over Soho-square and its adjacent territory. Certain grey, glimmering, and almost spectral prefigurements of that dawn there may, perhaps, be, hinting at a western suburb, leafy with trees that are now usurped by houses; but I suspect all such glimpses, as being probably nothing but reflexions of what I have heard related. The authentic dawn, as far as my own recollection is concerned, breaks over that Square and its tributary streets, whereunto I was conveyed, one black March evening in the year 1830, in a hackney-coach. How well I remember being carried out of the firelight, and lifted into the great, dusky, yawning, mouldy cavern on wheels which was to rumble me off to the unknown region of Soho! How well, too, do I remember the house to which I was taken, and the effect it had on me! Soho was originally an aristocratic neighbourhood, though the fashion has now swept far away westward. The Square was built about the year 1681, and has had, among its eminent inhabitants, the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth (one of Charles the Second's natural sons—the Absalom of Dryden's poem); Gilbert Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury; Sir Cloudesley Shovel, who perished with his fleet on the Scilly Isles; Horace Walpole's friend, General Conway; George Colman the Elder; Sir Joseph Banks, &c. In Gerrard-street, not far off, lived Dryden, and, many years afterwards, Edmund Burke; in Greek-street, as late as 1804, dwelt Sir Thomas Lawrence; in Carlisle-street, the Earls of Carlisle had their town mansion up to 1756; in Dean-street, Hayman and Harlowe, the painters, had houses; in Frith-street died Hazlitt. The district is still respectable, though no longer splendid; but it has acquired an aspect inconceivably dolorous and depressing, and is flanked by the disreputable purlieus of St. Giles's and Seven Dials. However, the houses in Soho-square and in the best streets adjoining are large, stately, and austere, with something of a gloomy magnificence about them, as if they lived in the mournful memory of better days, and drew a certain consolation from grizzling over their faded grandeur. The house of which I speak was really spacious, and to my childish eyes seemed vast. On first entering it, I was dimly and vaguely impressed by a long suite of rooms opening out of one another, along which I glanced as down an arcade, and felt awe-struck, until, recognising in a little chaos of newly-unpacked goods a vessel in which I had been accustomed to see my infantine food cooked, I took heart, and was content. Other memories of that house remain to me. I have to this day an intense perception of its cupboards, which were as rooms, and which appear to me, at this distance of time, to have been perpetually haunted by ghosts of orange marmalade and other conserves;—I say "ghosts," because I recollect no bodily presence of those delicacies, but only an abiding odour. The broad, high, wainscoted staircase also dwells in my mind; but most of all the old-fashioned window-seats. I had a prodigious idea of the capacity of those window-seats; and once, coveting, for some strange whim, a ladder as high as the house, which I had seen some workmen use, I made a request for its purchase, stating that, when done with for the day, I would dispose of it on a particular window-seat where I was accustomed to lay out my toys. I likewise offered to stable a Shetland pony in the same retreat, and had the most entire faith in my ability to groom and tether him there if I could only possess him; but Fate denied me the opportunity.

From the altitude of that window-seat I contemplated Life, as Life developed itself Thirty Years Ago. Upon looking back, I find that to my infant senses it chiefly took the shape of street hawkers and street exhibitions. The hawkers were much the same then as they are now, excepting that they generally wore knee-breeches and velveteen, in the manner of Bill Sikes, and had (I think) a more lofty and independent disregard of the claims of grammar and pronunciation than their successors have—which I note as showing the demoralising effects of education. The street exhibitions differed in many respects, and were distinguished by an amazing dreariness and gloom. I remember no acrobats, and believe them to be a comparatively modern importation, as far as the streets are concerned: but there were men and girls on stilts, stalking along like shadows in the evening. The conjurors, I suspect, excelled chiefly in what may be called fraudulent frauds, such as promising, for threepence more, to send a pack of cards round the ring "so fast you can't see 'em;" which was a feat easy of accomplishment in its negative feature, but in no respect satisfactory. Punch-and-Judy undoubtedly flourished; but I confess with shame and grief that I never could see much fun in that ancient drama. Puppet-shows abounded at that time, and were very lamentable. The hospitals and the lunatic asylums seemed to turn out their lame and blind and deaf and witless, to make London hideous by their demented antics. There was one poor fellow who blew a pipe and drummed upon a tabor, to a set of forlorn dolls suspended to a string attached to a spring-board which he worked with his foot, causing the figures to revolve, heels overhead, in a monotonous and ghastly fashion. Child as I was, I used to be

oppressed by this exhibition, which seemed to me indescribably miserable and sad. The crazy stammerings of the pipe and tabor—the crazy looks of the poor fellow himself (who ought to have been taken care of in some asylum, instead of being left to battle with savage street boys, from whom he would sometimes fly, making goblin outcries of fear and wrath)—and the ugly dolls themselves, looking like a deputation from the rag-and-bone shops, instinct with a kind of jerking and galvanic life,—all this often made me shrink in the avenues of Soho at the time I am writing about. Another dismal entertainment was also common — performing monkeys, in the never-varying red coat, and always accompanied (as they are now, though, thank Heaven! they are going out of fashion) by the most doleful and whining of organs. The bear in She Stoops to Conquer would dance to "none but the genteelest of tunes:" monkeys, I suppose, will dance to none but the most melancholy. I always know when a street monkey is coming, by the music he carries with him; and I am much mistaken if the organs appropriated to this line of business at the present moment are not the very same which harassed my young soul in the days of '30-31.

It is a strange, dreamy habit of my mind that, when I enter a neighbourhood with which I was familiar years ago, but which I have not recently visited, everything seems to bear a sort of ghostly similitude to the vanished time. I do not often track the labyrinth of Soho now; but, going there the other day, I almost fancied myself back again in the dim Past. In one of the streets lying off from the Square, I came across a withered old man with a guitar, who appeared to me like the Rip Van Winkle of street musicians, only half awake from a sleep of Thirty Years. I look at the grimy brick-and-mortar, at the dingy shops, at the desolate area-rails; and I see no change. Do they ever repaint and beautify in this region? I doubt it. Have the natives any knowledge of alterations in the fashion? I suspect not. The women wear no crinoline and no hats; the men, in the matter of natural decoration, stick to the old bottle-brush form of whisker which was considered quite "the thing" in the days of the Fourth George and William. In the course of an hour's stroll I saw not a single beard and moustache. Towards Seven Dials, the stock in the shop-windows is marvellously antiquated. Here, for instance, in this print-shop, I find a set of insipidly romantic plates from the Annals of my young days, and a portrait of the First Gentleman in Europe, in his wig and cravat as he lived. Some loyal inhabitant of Soho, who wishes to be up to the time, will probably buy that portrait, and, with pardonable vanity, invite his friends to see it. And yet what a while ago it seems to me since, in this shadowy province, I heard the bells ringing (I beg your pardon—I mean tolling) for the death of that pattern for kings, husbands, and gentlemen! I pass on with a sense of unreality, and make my way into the Square. Yes, here are the houses I gazed up at; here are the gravel-walks I trotted along; here are the trees; here is the statue of that other First Gentleman and model king, Charles the Second. The statue and the pedestal now strike me as being diminutive in height, whereas in my imagination they had towered sublime with an altitude they do not really possess. I recollect that Thirty Years Ago this statue was the occasion of much anguish to the mind of the gardener, who used frequently to find the monarch's head ignominiously crowned with an old and battered hat, placed there by rude boys who had no respect for royalty. This worthy man had repeatedly to climb the projections of the pedestal, and with a rake dislodge the squalid adornment, so that Majesty might once more look respectable in the eyes of passers-by. Of the Square in those days I may note another peculiarity. Its floral productions were limited, if I am not greatly mistaken, to mignionette and French marigolds. At least, I have a distinct recollection of those two flowers, and have no recollection of any other; and to this day I have nothing to do but to sniff a sprig of mignionette to bring back the place and the time with singular vividness. Strange magic of the sense of smell! Standing on the very site of those early recollections, looking at the unaltered house-fronts, and seeing all things as they were then, I have not so keen a perception of the old days as when, in a totally different spot, I inhale the breath of one poor flowering stalk, and find in it the breath of the Past. In this one case I simply *recollect* bygone things; in the other, childhood itself comes back, and the dead live once more.

Has nothing changed since that time, except myself? Yes, much. Those years, 1830-31, would seem antediluvian to the smart young fellows of twenty who have been born and bred in the days of railroads and electric telegraphs. Railroads were just beginning in the north, and the south knew them not. It was in 1830 that Huskisson was killed at the opening of the Manchester and Liverpool line, the first ever constructed. People talked about the rail as a wonder, or depreciated it as a dangerous innovation; and any one who had actually travelled in that way was a man who could command his listeners, and was privileged to bore them by unlimited repetitions of his experiences. The stage-coach, with its four dashing horses, its driver with a flower in his mouth, and its guard with trumpet and pistols, was still a feature of the streets. Omnibuses were just beginning; Shillibeer started them in that very year 1830, with three horses each. Of cabs there were not many, and they were called "cabriolets," except by the vulgar, who have now carried their point. They were made in the fashion of gentlemen's cabriolets, only that they were provided with a sort of pouch at the right side, where the driver officiated, causing the vehicle to sway a good deal in that direction. You sat with your face to the opening, as in a modern Hansom, and could draw a curtain before you if

it came on to rain. The worst of it was, that you were placed in perplexing association with the driver, who was often a ruffian. I believe, however, that the drivers of those days knew their way about London; which is more than can be said of their successors. I have, indeed, been forced by grievous experience into the belief that the existing cabmen are all raw from the country; that they have only vague ideas of the bearing of Temple Bar; and that they are perplexed in their minds as to whether the Bank lies in the direction of Paddington or of Peckham-rise. But the oddest vehicles Thirty Years Ago were the hackney-coaches, of which I have already spoken. They were broken-down gentlemen's carriages, drawn by broken-down gentlemen's horses, two to each carriage, and were miracles of slowness and discomfort. The coachman looked as decayed as that which he drove, and was a strange lumbering mystery of coats and capes. His very whip was old, and came down feebly on the feeble beasts he guided. If you progressed at the rate of three miles an hour, you considered yourself lucky; and all the way the crazy windows chattered with imbecile garrulity, and the springs kept protesting that they were too old for work. With the introduction of more convenient cabs, these musty anatomies gradually disappeared; but they were lingering about the town in some numbers as late as 1840, and one or two even held possession of the streets at a still more recent period.

Then, "the New Police" really *were* new at the time of which I write. They began duty in September, 1829; but the "Charlies" maintained their ground for some time after. I have often heard them coming up that long Soho street in the dead of the night, calling the hour and the state of the weather, and have felt the safer for their wakeful presence. At a distance, the cry was slumberous and lulling, and it was pleasant to hear it growing in power as the old fellow came slowly on, swinging his ancient lantern, and projecting his voice out of the recesses of his multitudinous wrappings; but just under the window it was not so agreeable, sounding too sharp, menacing, and imperative. Does it not seem as if I were writing of the middle ages? Does it not appear incredible that at that time Old London Bridge was standing; that the Haymarket was really a market for hay (I remember seeing the carts there till they were removed in 1831); that the anti-Popish inscription was yet remaining on the Monument (that, too, was removed in 1831); that, four days before the death of George the Gentleman, a man stood in the pillory in the Old Bailey for perjury, though he was the last sufferer in that way that London has ever seen; that the postal system was in a state which we should now regard as savage; and that all England was in a fever of apprehension lest the agitation for Reform should lead to revolution and civil war? On the last-named subject my personal recollections are vivid. The talk was of riots; of the military being under arms; of the shops being shut up in the daytime. William the Fourth, from having been highly popular at the commencement of his reign, when he appeared to favour Reform, became the very reverse when it was thought he had sided with the Tories. The walls used to be chalked over with the phrase "Silly Billy;" while the amiable Queen Adelaide was frequently alluded to as "Addlehead." There is no reason now-a-days why the very poor joke should not be stated. For, her admirable conduct, and the simple, reasonable, and beautiful directions which she left touching her funeral, will embalm her memory for all time, and be remembered when the poor quibble on her name shall be forgotten. But Thirty Years Ago party feeling ran high, and was often unjust, simply because it was unthinking. It was an era when the mob had not ceased to be a dangerous element in the body politic. On the Reform Bill passing, there was something like a compulsory illumination; and I remember a general exhibition of candles in the windows, and the prevalence of considerable doubt and uneasiness as to whether that concession to public opinion would be deemed sufficient. The newspaper writing of that period would be thought vulgar now. Personality was its leading characteristic; violence its main strength. The Times of 1831-2 would not bear a comparison with the penny press of to-day.

From politics I turn to lighter matters. We have seen some strange variations of fashion since the era of the Reform Bill. Cravats after the manner of George the Fourth—dress coats with enormous collars coming up to the base of the skull, and generally buttoned across the chest—hair curled so as to look as much like a First Gentleman's wig as possible, and trousers rigorously strapped down over the boots—such was the male attire. The ladies wore the waists of their dresses under the arms, and favoured caps and bonnets of such prodigious size and elaboration, that they seemed to have been built up like pieces of architecture, or the set scenes in a play. We should think both the ladies and the gentlemen "Guys" if we saw them now. When they met at an evening party, they were (I conceive) somewhat sedate and formal. No polka, no schottische, no varsoviana then; and but little waltzing in steady-going families. Mammas and aunts could not readily forget Byron's audacious poem on the most graceful of dances; and so it found but a grudging place, or no place at all. The quadrille was the staple measure, and, being in its nature somewhat stiff and mechanical, appeared to develop in its patrons an air of amazing frigidity. The gentlemen at that time used to wear dancing-pumps, and seemed to execute the figures with an oppressive sense of their shoes. I rather think they went in dread of the old ladies in turbans who sat on the sofas at the sides of the room, with an aspect remorselessly critical; but this may be open to discussion. Another feature of those old-world parties was very trying. Some one was sure to sing "The Sea," and to become offensively patriotic under the inspiration of the words and melody; and then some one else would languish

over poor James Augustine Wade's "Meet Me by Moonlight alone." Those were the two great songs of the time; though I ought to add a third—"Cherry Ripe"—which, having been made popular by Madame Vestris, brought an air of pastoral freshness into London streets, till use destroyed it.

How rapidly the stream of change has flowed since then! Surely, I ought to be grey-headed for recollecting such antiquated facts. Yet I could recollect others, but that I fear to tire all fast young readers. Let me conclude, then, by taking one of those readers down to the spot we now call Trafalgar-square. What does he see? The "King's Mews" standing where the National Gallery now stands; and in the open space, where the column and the fountains are, a squalid heap of odds and ends, with a large booth in the middle, dignified by the name of "The Pavilion of the Gigantic Whale," on account of a Bartlemy Fair exhibition inside. There, young gentleman! be thankful for the age you live in, and don't revile the fountains any more.

DIALS FOR THE SEA.

Captain Charles James C. Perry—formerly master mariner, with twenty years of seafaring experience in the East and West India trades, and late Member of the Legislative Assembly of Victoria—has lately invented an instrument that will enable sailors to ascertain the true course of a ship, bearings and distances of a lighthouse rock or point of coast, and generally to know how with certainty to steer clear of any object, shifting or stationary, visible within a distance of seven miles, the greatest distance at which a ship's lights can be seen in the night. The first person to add Perry's Dial to a ship's instruments, was Captain Seymour, of her Majesty's ship Pylorus, lately in Australian waters. We have never willingly missed any opportunity of calling attention to the sore need of every help that can be given towards lessening the frightful number of the shipwrecks and accidents at sea. Shipping companies and shipowners may at once inquire for themselves into the exact merits of Perry's Dial, and perhaps, some day, it will obtain attention from the Admiralty as it is, or more probably from the Navy Department as it is hereafter to be constituted.

Three in five of the worst mishaps at sea come of collisions. By collision, a hundred and ninety-nine lives were destroyed suddenly in the Favourite, off the Lizard. By collision, four hundred persons suddenly perished in the Arctic. Husbands and fathers are left solitary men, their wives and little ones all swallowed by the sea. Wives and children ashore, while they are rejoicing in calm weather for love of the housefather who moves in peril of the deep, are suddenly made widows and orphans by a terrible disaster, of which the cause was, perhaps, only a wrong figure in calculation. On the coast of the United Kingdom, fifty or sixty ships are sunk every year by collision, and there are two or three hundred seriously damaged. On the seas at large, nearly a thousand ships are sunk or crippled seriously by collision every year. If both vessels that strike together become total wrecks, they go to swell the sad, mysterious list of "missing ships," whereof there are fifty a year from among those that sail out of British ports alone. It has been found also—and this is a point of great importance in the question of prevention—that "by far the larger number of collisions take place in the open sea, and in clear, bright weather."

A ship at night carries a light at her masthead, a green light on the starboard-side of her hull, and a red light on the port. It is not easy to know from shore the exact direction in which a single speck of light visible several miles away at sea is moving. It is still less easy from on board another moving vessel. According as the green or the red light is seen under the light at the masthead we may know which side of the vessel is presented to us, but not within very wide limits how it is presented, and it is only within these wide limits that we may know, therefore, the direction in which she steers. One has only to sketch on paper the hull of a ship sailing, say due northward, and represent all the positions in which the hull of an approaching vessel would present the same coloured light to view, to find that such a ship may be steering south, or may be steering even west-north-west, and may be steering towards any point between those two extremes. It is because of these uncertainties, uncertainties that can be and are overcome by the science of some commanders, but of some (and a few) only, that a seaman is never quite happy when he has to pass close to another ship at night, until the passing is well settled by the event. It may be, and it generally is the case, that if the two ships hold to their course, they would pass within not less than a mile of one another. But, if one could be only sure of that!

The object of Perry's Dial is to enable any ship's officer, whether mathematician or not, to apply such principles of trigonometry as will enable him to answer the important question by two easy and simple observations taken at a few minutes' interval, and neither of them necessarily occupying a whole minute.

There is a certain Rule of the Road at sea; a good and necessary rule, although it is said hitherto to have caused more collisions than it has prevented. It is contained in Section 296 of the Merchant Shipping Act, and this it will be well to give in its own words, parting off and printing in italics the proviso hitherto practically a dead letter—as a thousand of the dead might tell us, could they speak:

"Whenever any ship, whether a steam or sailing ship, proceeding in one direction meets another ship, whether a steam or sailing ship, proceeding in another direction, [*so that if both ships were to continue their respective courses they would pass so near as to involve any risk of collision,*] the helms of both ships shall be put to port, so as to pass on the port side of each other; and this rule shall be obeyed by all steam-

ships and by all sailing ships whether on the port or starboard tack, and whether close-hauled or not, unless the circumstances of the case are such as to render a departure from the rule necessary, in order to avoid immediate danger, and subject also to the proviso that due regard shall be had to the dangers of navigation, and, as regards sailing ships on the starboard tack close-hauled, to the keeping such ships under command."

The law is now read, even in public inquiries, as if that passage which we have bracketed were not contained in it. Assuredly, it is quite obvious that this rule is of immense value, and will tend only to prevent collision, if it be obeyed only when it is meant to be obeyed, that is to say, when there is risk, and that not instant risk, of a collision by the close passing of ships if they continue their respective courses. Practically, the fact is that only one ship's officer in a thousand can tell when if he holds his course, and if the approaching ship shall do the same, there being no risk of collision, there is no need to port the helm. Moreover, the one man in a thousand cannot calculate upon the other vessel's course being maintained, upon her not porting her helm because it is not necessary. This being the case, the custom is for a man to make sure that he shall be, in case of misfortune, found at least on the safe side of the law. It would go hard, if collision occurred, with the master of a vessel who had not ported his helm. And so it happens, that because captains do not act upon the first condition of the law in knowing when their course is safe, they very often, in their doubt, and dread of being found offenders against the rule of the road, port their helm when by so doing they can only run into each other's way. There can be shown at least one case in which immediately before the stroke of ruin order has been given on board the vessel being run down to port the helm, when by so doing she was actually turned to meet the full shock of a collision at a time when an opposite order would have turned her tail aside, and, by a very close shave, enabled her to slip out of danger.

It was the consideration of this, says Mr. Perry, that set him upon the devising of his Dial. Three consecutive cases of collision on the coast of Australia, those of the Lady Bird and Champion, of the White Swan and Burra Burra, and of the Storm Bird and Queen, proved to be cases in which the ships would have been perfectly safe as they were—in one case not crossing each other's paths at all, in the two other cases one crossing a mile or two behind the other—but in which terrible disaster was run into by porting the helm in obedience to half only of the letter of the law. It was especially by these three accidents that Mr. Perry's wits were set to work. It was worthy of remark that not only had the officers of these six ships altered their courses because they were ignorant of their safety, but after they had altered they maintained them because they were ignorant of their danger, ignorant although the lights were rapidly approaching and when collision became imminent. In each case, it is said, the Dial would at once have told them what it, on the peril of their lives, behoved them all to know.

Perry's Dial—it is to be known by the tremendous name of "Patent Anti-Collision Dial and Shipwreck Preventor"—is simply an instrument that saves calculation. The author's private and pet name for it is "Elucidating Trigonometrical Formula." Of such instruments it is said sometimes that they save science and tend to beget ignorant and rash reliance on machinery instead of wit. But, although there is no problem in nautical astronomy easier than the finding of the latitude, we can't succeed in it exactly without help of the quadrant; we use the sextant as a measuring instrument when we desire to find the exact longitude. The ship's compass measures exactly the angle of her head with the magnetic meridian. Then why not add to these an exact measure of the relation of the ship's course to that of a vessel nearing her.

Again, the most scientific of masters does not stay on deck all night. The watch in which the chance of collision is greatest, usually falls to one of his mates, and upon another vessel's light appearing, the immediate knowledge of her course, and action upon that knowledge within five or ten minutes, is what is required for perfect safety. But even supposing the captain to be an Admirable Crichton, it is by no means every mate who would rouse him up whenever there appeared a speck of light on the horizon.

The use of the dial consists in an adjustment that does not occupy a minute, made immediately after sighting a ship's light, and a second, equally quick, observation made after a short interval of time. The length of time that will elapse between the seeing of the lights and the ships' meeting, will depend, of course, upon the power of the light itself, upon the joint speed of the two ships, and upon the angle at which they approach each other.

The lights used by British sailing vessels and steamers are prescribed by law. They are a white light at the masthead, visible—the limit is of their power, but they are powerful enough—at a distance of six or seven miles, and coloured side lights—red on the port side, green on the starboard side—visible three miles off. Foreign vessels, when in British waters, generally use these lights; but elsewhere their mark is a single white light at the bowsprit end, visible five or six miles off.

Then as to the joint speed. We will suppose that two swift steamers are approaching each other in a straight line, at a joint speed of twenty-four knots. They would take fifteen minutes to meet from a distance of six miles. The whole results attainable by use of the dial could be assured in five minutes, and the proper precautions, therefore, could be taken while the steamers were still four miles apart. In the case of foreign ships, with the bowsprit light visible, say only five miles off (which re-

presents its least power), exact knowledge of the ships' courses and of the manner in which they would meet or pass each other, if left to their own way, could be had while they were still three miles apart.

But ships do not commonly meet in straight lines, neither do both usually happen to be travelling at extreme rates. Their paths cross at various angles, wind and weather often retard one of the vessels, sometimes both. The Lady Bird and Champion, both fast steamers, under full steam and sail, were about twenty minutes in sight of each other's lights before the collision, although they were approaching one another nearly in a straight line.

But to every hundred collisions that occur in the night-time in clear weather, we must add forty-five that occur during the day, when the men on both ships can actually see their coming danger. The air, perhaps, helps to deceive, but most eyes on board a ship are misled in estimate of the exact course of another vessel that approaches with a slanting course. Strange vessels are so common, distant passing is so common, and, as compared with every-day experience, collisions are so rare, that when they do come, they are apt to come suddenly, and be quite unexpected. The man at the wheel is often the first to give alarm. Now, habitual use of the dial, costing but a couple of detached minutes for each object, would at once show the relation of each ship's course, to anything visible upon the face of the waters, not to ships only, but to rocks, shoals, lighthouses, and points of land.

The manner of using the dial and its mathematical principle should be described rather in a Nautical Magazine than in a popular journal. It is a circular brass instrument, marked with compass bearings and mile circles, and furnished with perforations on which the observer marks the position of the two ships at the time of the two observations. This is represented in the case of the observed ship by a couple of pegs, in the case of the observing ship by the centre of the plate for the first position, and a peg for the second. When the pegs are placed, a couple of rulers laid along the lines thus indicated, represent the two ships' courses. The dial is as applicable in a crowded channel for observing simultaneously many ships' courses, as for out at sea in marking only one. Distance and speed have in every case to be estimated, and enter only as probable amounts into the calculation; but as to these points, within bounds of sanity, very great errors do not affect the truth of the result. They do not falsify the courses in the least, though where the ships would meet if left to themselves is where their paths cross, they may lead to a wrong, but never dangerously wrong, impression of the time of meeting or the point of crossing.

In the case of lighthouses, or fixed objects, Perry's Dial enables mariners to estimate not only their bearings, but also their distances, within a tenth of a mile. In four years, between two and three thousand ships and steamers have been reported at Lloyd's as lost on rocks, shoals, and coasts, through errors in navigation alone. Thus the Orion sighted Port Patrick Lights for more than an hour before she was wrecked on the adjacent coast, through miscalculation of distance; and when the Tyne was for two hours in sight of the Portland Lights, the captain at no time knew his true distance from them, and was stranded at last under St. Alban's Head.

There is a lack of the testimony of practical sailors to the simplicity and certainty of the instrument of which we have endeavoured to explain the value; but the instrument is new: its nature and use were first made public in "A brief Treatise on Collisions at Sea and Shipwrecks," published last year, by Captain Perry, at Melbourne, and knowledge of the invention only now arrives in England. Its trial is to come here, where we trust it will have full consideration, and find favour according to its merits.

THE MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR.

PORTMANTEAU IN HAND.

Is there any person who has ever jumped into a cab, with his portmanteau in his hand and his face set towards the Straits of Dover, who does not prick up his ears at the prospect of any proposal which shall in some sort mitigate the miseries of the Douane? But if this light and comparatively unencumbered personage takes an interest in this subject, what will be that of those husbands and fathers who read this page? for they, and they alone, can fully understand the real difficulties of travelling. 'Tis not alone the carpet-bag, good reader, nor customary load of railway-wrapper; no, nor the light portmanteau in the hold that can give the traveller a real and powerful interest in the subject of this present document. The proprietors of such light gear know nothing of the horrors of the Douane; but let that pass, they will marry one day and take a continental tour, and then, and not till then, they will know all about it.

To understand fully the necessity there is for some great change in the administration of the Custom-house system, it is absolutely necessary that a gentleman should be travelling with a lady, well provided with luggage, while it is desirable that he should have, besides, two or three children, with their playthings, and a maid-servant who does not approve of the Continent. The weather should be intensely and witheringly cold, the party should arrive at their destination late in the evening, they should have picked up so many objects in the course of their travels that their boxes are all crammed till only by the most artful packing can the lids be made to close, and they should have borrowed of a friend abroad, an immense imperial which used to fit on to the back of a travelling-carriage, and which, being constructed on a slanting principle to go under the rumble, is unable to stand alone, and is always falling heavily backwards on official toes, whose owners avenge themselves by having it opened.

He, to whom these impedimenta appertain, knows the full wretchedness of that shivering

delay at the end of a journey while he stands in the large bare room of the Paris terminus waiting for his luggage to be searched.

We have already made one great move towards mitigating the difficulties of travelling in organising the system of registering our luggage through from one great town to another. Time was when the agonised voyager, with his brain reeling and his stomach revolving at the moment of his reaching the pier of Calais, or that of Dover, was compelled to open his boxes with one hand while he beat his breast in the torment of sickness with the other; and sometimes he would even have to go through the searching process on the pier itself, unsheltered from the pitiless blast. All this is altered now. Much has been done, but something remains yet to be achieved, and the Minister of the Interior would gladly inaugurate his entry into office by facilitating yet more our personal communication with the Continent.

There are some, perhaps, who might imagine that the Minister was about to propose the doing away with the Custom-house search altogether, and letting it go the way of the passports. This, however, is not his intention. A man certainly *might* inquire whether that search, as at present conducted, is of much use, and whether, tiresome and inconvenient as it is, it is not, in great measure, a mere form? When the officer commences his search, what is his usual manner of proceeding? When he has, after some consideration, fixed upon the most guilty looking of our portmanteaus, and has directed it to be opened, what does he do? He slightly lifts up the two spotless shirts which lie at the top, and having satisfied himself that we are possessed of that amount of clean linen, he desists, and the remainder of our baggage, on the strength of those shirts, is allowed to go through with such glory that it really forces the conviction on our mind that your genuine smuggler invariably travels without "a change." There is certainly another class of officer, whose search is of a different type, and who, unconvinced by the shirts, proceeds to press heartily with his hand what lies beneath those articles; but, after all, he is quite satisfied if the substratum is soft and springy; and what is such a search as this good for? Does he expect the smuggled article to squeak on pressure like a toy dog? Are all contraband things hard and knobby? Do they all offer resistance to a fond and gentle pressure? Surely Brussels lace and French cambric are neither knobby nor hard.

We will not, however, go into this question of the utility of the Custom-house search. The time may come when it shall be done away with, just as the time may come when there shall be no more indirect taxation. But it is not yet. The proposal of the Minister of the Interior is a very simple one, and involves no such sweeping alteration as that abolishing of the Douane altogether, which would afford the traveller so much pleasure, but which is, for the present at least, impossible.

What the writer would suggest, then, is this To carry one step further the system of registering the baggage which is to be transported from one country to another, and to let it be examined before it is sent off rather than on its arrival. This is all; let the search take place at the commencement of the journey instead of at its termination. If the traveller is going from London to Paris, let the examination of his baggage be made by a representative of the French Custom-house in London before he sets off; while if, on the other hand, he is travelling from Paris to London, it should be searched by an English official before it is put into the van.

The advantage of this plan over the present system would, as far as the comfort of the traveller is concerned, be very great. He would go through this ordeal when he is fresh and in good condition, instead of at a time when he is totally exhausted in mind and body; an additional and distressing source of delay when he has arrived at his journey's end would be done away with; and he would perform his voyage with the delightful feeling that he "had got it over," and we all know—all who have ever had a tooth out, or made a morning call—that that sensation is one of the most blissful to which humanity is subject.

Of course this arrangement could not—any more than the luggage-registration does—meet every case. It would be impossible to have the Customs of the different European nations represented at every railway station; but at the great central termini—at London, Paris, Brussels, Marseilles—these officials might be in readiness, and that would meet the difficulty to so great an extent, that what remained undone would be nothing compared to the gain we should have achieved.

The practical working of this system would be simple enough. When the examiner has made his search—more or less rigorous, as the case might be—he would fix his seal upon the package, and it would be at once transferred to the van, to be opened no more till it reaches its destination, as is the case already with registered luggage. No parcel taken up at some place on the road could be smuggled through, for the plain reason that it would want the seal. To imitate that seal would be the same offence as to imitate a railway ticket—simple forgery.

An experiment might be tried to begin with, at London and Paris only. We should want here, at first, representatives of the French and Belgian Custom-houses, whilst in Paris it would be desirable to have a larger staff, and Italy, Germany, Switzerland, Belgium, and England, should have their Douaniers at the termini of the different railway lines which lead to those countries from Paris.

Were this system adopted, what a load would be removed from our minds as we recline on the cushions of the railway carriage, or yearn in anguish at the steamer's bulwarks. The bewildering cries of porters, of hotel touters, and commissionnaires awaiting us at our journey's end, would be a simple nuisance, and not one that is complicated with the Douanier's visit into

an amalgamation of unhappiness which is altogether intolerable.

Yes, were this arrangement once carried out, a great portion of the trouble and annoyance inseparable from a journey to the other side of the Channel would be removed. With this magic seal upon his luggage, and his bunch of keys reposing in peace within the recesses of his pocket, the traveller would be able better to support all the different troubles which locomotive flesh is heir to. "It is true," he would say to himself, "that I am very sick, or very hot, or very cold; I am utterly exhausted and worn out; I have been cheated by the cabmen; I have been subjected to extortion by commissionnaires; my hands are black, so is my face, so is my linen; I shall never feel fresh or wholesome, nor will my clothes ever feel easy on me, again; I am swollen and distorted; my wife is by no means the good-looking person I imagined her to be yesterday; my children are stained, and damp, and common; and Eliza, my servant, is passing through a country that is new to her, and is not taking the slightest interest in anything, and wears a look of injury that is fast maddening me—yes, all these things are so, and I feel that they always will be so, and I am very unhappy and uncomfortable indeed, *but*, thank goodness—yes, a thousand and a million times thank goodness—that my bulgy portmanteau, which can only be locked by putting it into a corner and kneeling upon it, and the children's bath, and Eliza's corded box, have not got to pass through a Douanier's examination, for upon all these things the government stamp has been impressed, and THE CUSTOM-HOUSE SEARCH IS OVER.

THE KING OF THE PIGEONS.

ON the banks of the Bhagiratha there is a city called Patatipulta, and in it there dwelt a king endowed with every princely virtue; his name was Sudarsana. He had two sons, but they were inattentive to learning, and unread in the sacred books, and ever following wrong courses.

One day he heard some one recite the following verses: "The resolver of many doubts, the exhibition of many objects, the eye of all—is learning: he who hath it not is blind." The king thereupon made many reflections, and inquired of himself how his sons might be made accomplished.

Having come to the end of his reflections, he called an assembly of learned men, and said:

"O pundits, be it heard: is any now so learned who is able, by instruction in books of policy, to effect the new birth of my sons, ever following wrong courses, and unread in the learned writings?"

Upon this, a great pundit named Vishnu Sarman said:

"O king, these princes, sprung from a great family, are capable of being made to understand policy by me; any labour bestowed upon a worthless thing cannot be productive of fruit: even by a hundred efforts a crane cannot be made to talk like a parrot. But in this family, offspring without virtuous principle is never born. In the period of six months, therefore, I will make your majesty's sons versed in policy.

To this the rajah replied courteously and with much deference, after which he gave his sons in charge to Vishnu Sarman, who, as the princes sat at ease on the terrace of the palace, said pleasantly:

"For the amusement of your highnesses I will relate a story."

The sons of the rajah said,

"Sir, let it be told."

Vishnu Sarman said,

"Attend now:

"ACQUISITION OF FRIENDS.

"Those without means and without wealth, if wise and very friendly, speedily effect their purpose.

"On the banks of the Godavery there stood a silk-cotton-tree, where birds from all quarters and countries roost for the night.

"Now once upon a time, night being ended, as the divinity the moon, the friend of the lotuses, was reclining on the summit of the western mountains, where a crow named Light-Falling, being awake, espied a fowler, snare in hand, approaching, like a second angel of death. Afterwards, the fowler having scattered grains of rice, spread a net, and ran and concealed himself.

"At that moment the king of the Pigeons, called Speckled-Neck, with his retinue gliding in the air, noticed these grains of rice. He said to the other pigeons, who were greedy of the grains:

"'This is a lonely forest: how do the grains of rice come here? Let it be seen into a little. I do not regard this as fortunate; if we are greedy of the grains of rice, we may become like the Traveller, and the Tiger, and the Golden Bracelet.'

"'What was that?' said all the pigeons.

"Speckled-Neck related the following story:

One day, whilst feeding in the southern forest I saw an old Tiger, who having bathed with Kusa grass on his paw on the brink of a pond was calling out,

"Ho, ho! traveller, come and take this bracelet of gold."

Whereupon a certain traveller passing by, thought within himself,

"This is good luck. We ought never to undertake a doubtful matter, for even if we obtain a thing we desire from an odious quarter no good comes with it. I will therefore examine a little."

He then said to the Tiger,

"Where is the bracelet?"

The Tiger put out his paw and displayed it.

"But," said the traveller, "who may dare to put any trust in thee?"

The Tiger said,

"Harken, O traveller! Formerly, indeed, in the state of youth I was very mischievous. Because I slaughtered many cows, Brahmins, and men, my children all died, and my wife also. I am now without a family. A certain religious person exhorted me to practise the virtue of liberality. By his advice I am now generous and merciful; I practise ablutions; I am besides very old—my teeth and claws are decayed; surely you may trust me. It is written, 'Sacrifice, sacred study, almsgiving, pious austerity, truth, fortitude, patience, disinterestedness, are the eightfold course of duty. The first four of these are sometimes practised for ostentation, but the last four can only dwell in the magnanimous breast.' I am now so free from selfishness, that I am willing to give to any one a bracelet of gold. And yet the old saying, 'The tiger devours men,' is still believed. I have studied religious books. Listen to what is written: 'As rain on parched ground, so is food to the famishing. As life is dear to oneself, so are those of all beings.' Thou art in distress, therefore I am anxious to give to thee, for it is written, 'Nourish the poor, and bestow not a gift upon the rich.' Therefore fear not, bathe in this lake, and after that take this bracelet of gold."

The traveller took confidence and entered the lake to bathe, but immediately fell into a great quagmire, out of which he could not escape.

The Tiger, seeing him in the mud, said:

"Ha! ha! thou art in a great slough, I will lift thee out."

Whereupon he slowly drew near, and, the traveller being seized by the Tiger, reflected:

"It was not well done in me to place confidence in a Tiger."

While thus reflecting, he was killed and devoured. Wherefore said Speckled-Neck:

"An act not thoroughly deliberated upon ought not to be done."

But one of the pigeons, after listening impatiently, said haughtily:

"All meat and drink on the face of the earth is beset with causes of apprehension. When then ought one to act? or how is life to be supported? Surely in eating there is no need of permission?"

Having heard this, all the pigeons alighted; for covetousness is the cause of sin.

They were presently caught in the net, and then all the birds began to abuse him at whose suggestion they had fallen into trouble; but Speckled-Neck, the king, hearing this, said:

"It is not his fault. Even a friend becomes an aggravation of descending calamities, as the leg of the mother at milking time becomes a post for the tying of the calf. He is a friend who can rescue from misfortune, not he who rails at a plan for the salvation of those in jeopardy. Wherefore, with one accord, let us all take hold of the net and fly away."

The birds, all rising at once under the net, flew away with it, and having got out of sight of the fowler, they said:

"Master, what is now proper to be done?"

Speckled-Neck, the king, replied:

"My friend, Hiranyaka, king of the Mice, dwells in a charming wood on the banks of the Gandaki; by the force of his teeth he will cut our snare."

So they all went to the burrow of Hiranyaka, who being an old Mouse, skilled in the science of policy, and foreseeing danger before it arrived, dwelt in a hole with a hundred outlets. He was startled at the descent of the pigeons and the net, and stood silent. Speckled-Neck called out:

"Friend Hiranyaka, will you not speak to us?"

Upon which the king of the Mice, recognising his friend's voice, rushed forward in haste.

"Oh, how happy am I that my dear friend Speckled-Neck is come!" But when he saw the pigeons all caught in the snare, he quickly ran to gnaw the bonds of his friend Speckled-Neck, but Speckled-Neck said to him:

"Not so, friend; first cut the bonds of these my dependents."

"I am weak," said Hiranyaka, "and my teeth are brittle, how then can I gnaw their bonds? I will first set thee free, and then, to the best of my ability, I will cut the bonds of the others also."

But Speckled-Neck said:

"My friend, I am unable to endure the distress of those under my protection. A wise man should resign riches, and even life, for the sake of others; a sacrifice for the sake of good is the best thing, since death must inevitably come."

Hiranyaka, on hearing this, was delighted, and his hair erect with joy. He exclaimed:

"Noble friend! By this tenderness for thy dependents the sovereignty even of the three regions of the universe is suited to thee!"

When he had said this, he gnawed all their bonds asunder and set all the pigeons free. Then Hiranyaka, having performed the rites of hospitality and embraced them, he dismissed them. Speckled-Neck and his companions departed for those countries where his inclinations led him, and Hiranyaka to his hole.

Then the crow, Light-Falling, who had been a spectator of the whole transaction, exclaimed, with astonishment, "Ho! Hiranyaka, thou art to be praised. Henceforth I desire also to form a friendship with thee; thou must therefore favour me with thy friendship."

When Hiranyaka heard this, he called out (still keeping within his hole),

"Halloa! who art thou?"

"I am a crow," said the other, "named Light-Falling."

"Then," said Hiranyaka, laughing, "what friendship can there be with thee? for I am the food, you are the eater; how can intimacy subsist between us? Friendship between the food and the feeder is assuredly a cause of misfortune. A Deer, who had been caught in a snare through the artifice of a Jackal, was rescued by a Crow."

"How was that?" said the Crow.

Hiranyaka related:

"In South Behar there is a forest named Champakavaté, in which a Deer and a Crow lived a long time in great friendship. As the Deer, cheerful and plump, was roaming at his pleasure, he was seen by a certain Jackal. Having eyed him, the Jackal thought within himself,

"'Ah, how shall I feast on this delicate flesh? It may be, if I can but gain his confidence.' He having thus designed, drew near, and said: 'Friend, health be with thee.'

"'Who art thou?' said the Deer.

"'I am Little Wit, the jackal. Here in this forest, like one dead, without friend or relation, I live alone, but now, having found thee a friend, I have again entered the land of the living. Now will I be wholly thy attendant.'

"'Be it so,' said the Deer.

"Afterwards, when the Sun, the divinity crowned with light, had set behind the western mountain, the Deer and the Jackal went together to the Deer's dwelling-place. The Crow, the Deer's friend, lived above it in the branches of a great champall-tree. The Crow's name was Intelligence.

"On seeing them, he asked, 'Friend Deer, who is this second?'

"'He is a Jackal,' said the Deer, 'come seeking our friendship.'

"'Friend,' said the crow Intelligence, 'confidence all of a sudden in a new comer is improper. It was not well done of thee; for house room ought not to be given to one who is unknown as to family and character, for through trusting in the cat the vulture Jaradgarva was put to death.'

"'How was that?' said the Deer and the Jackal at once.

"The Crow related:

On the bank of the river Bhagirathi, on the mountain called Vulture Peak, there grew a large wave-leaf fig-tree. In the hollow trunk of it there lived a vulture, who, through the hardships of fortune, had well-nigh lost his claws and his eyes. The birds who lodged in the same tree for pity's sake contributed each a little from his own store for his support, and in return he took care of the young birds. Now, there was a cat named Long-Ear, who came one day to prey on the young birds. The nestlings set up a scream on seeing him, being overwhelmed with terror.

The Vulture called out,

"Who is there?"

Long-Ear then perceiving the Vulture, said to himself,

"Alas, I am undone! However, only so long as danger is at a distance ought it to be dreaded, but when a man sees danger at hand he should act in a becoming manner. By reason of extreme nearness it is now no longer possible for me to fly from it; therefore, let it be as fate will have it. I will go near the Vulture." Having thus reflected and thus resolved, he approached and said, "Master, I salute thee!"

"Who art thou?" said the Vulture.

"I am a cat," replied Long-Ear.

"Get thee to a distance," said the Vulture, "otherwise thou shalt be put to death by me."

Long-Ear replied,

"Let my speech be first heard, and afterwards, if thou seest fit, put me to death. I am ready to be killed if I am worthy of death."

"Of what profession art thou?" said the Vulture.

"Here, on the banks of the Ganges," the cat Long-Ear replied, "I abide, performing daily ablutions, eating no flesh, and practising according to the usage of the religious student. The birds, objects of your love, are for ever extolling your manifold excellences, therefore am I come hither to hear the law from you who know the law and are advanced in years; and do you so understand your duty as to be ready to kill me, your guest? For is it not declared that hospitality must be exercised even to an enemy arrived at the house? The tree does not withdraw shadow from the wood-cutter. A guest is made up of all the gods."

The Vulture observed,

"Thou art a cat. Cats relish flesh. Young birds dwell here, therefore I speak thus."

On hearing this, the Cat, having touched the ground, rubbed both ears, and said,

"The arduous task of the lunar penance has been attempted by me, who have heard the sacred Scripture, and am free from passion; for the writings of divine authority harmonise in this sentiment, that abstinence from injury is a paramount duty."

The Cat made many other wise observations, and having by his beautiful sentiments gained the confidence of the Vulture, he was allowed to remain in the hollow trunk of the tree. But day by day he caught young birds, and brought them into his lodgings to devour them. The lamenting and disconsolate parents whose offspring had been eaten made inquiries. On hearing these rumours, the Cat slipped out of the tree and escaped. But the birds finding the bones of their young ones here and there in the hollow of the tree, set upon the Vulture and killed him, believing that *he* had eaten the young birds.

"'Recollecting this story it was that caused me to say that one ought not to give house room to one that was unknown.'

"'All very well,' replied the jackal Little-Wit; 'but I would remark that on the day when this Deer first saw your honour, he was as unknown to you as I am now: the inquiry, Is this one of our tribe or a stranger? is the calculation of a narrow-minded man; but to one of a noble man the earth itself is but one family.'

"The Crow (Intelligence by name) was but half satisfied. 'However,' said he, 'let it be so.'

"'Yes,' said the Deer, 'let us all remain

together, for no one is the friend or the enemy of any one; by behaviour alone are friends and enemies produced.'

"Early the next morning they all went to the place they liked best. One day the Jackal said, in a whisper:

"'Friend Deer, in one part of the forest I have seen a field full of corn, and I am come to lead thee to it.'

"The Deer went, and for some days fed upon the corn. At last the owner of the field having watched, set a snare for the Deer. The next day the Deer, going as usual, was caught in the snare. By-and-by the Jackal coming to the spot, thought within himself, when he saw the Deer in a snare,

"'Ah, ah! our deep-laid plot is successful; for the bones of him being cut up, and smeared with blood and flesh, will be for my share.'

"The Deer seeing him, called out joyfully:

"'In good time art thou come. Sever these bonds with thy teeth and release me.'

"The Jackal examined the snare again and again, and thought to himself:

"'The Deer is quite fast in the snare.'

"Then he said aloud: 'The snares, O my friend, are made of sinews, how can I on this day, a Sunday, touch them with my teeth? Such a thought be far from us both, my friend; but to-morrow morning, whatever may be suggested by thee shall be done.'

"Meanwhile the old crow Intelligence, seeing that the Deer had not returned in the evening, went to seek for him, and finding him in this sad plight, he said:

"'Friend, what is this?'

"'This,' said the Deer, 'comes from my having slighted the counsel of a friend.'

"'But where is the Jackal?' said the Crow.

"'He stands there,' said the Deer, 'watching for my flesh.'

"'I said as much,' observed the Crow. Then the Crow, fetching a long-drawn sigh, ejaculated: 'O deceitful wretch! What has been done by thee, agent of wickedness? What mighty achievement is it in this world to circumvent hoping and confiding friends, who have been talked over by honeyed words, and charmed by pretended services? O Goddess Earth! how canst thou bear the treacherous man who practises evil on an unsuspecting and pure-minded benefactor!'

"The next morning the owner of the field came, staff in hand, and was seen from afar by the Crow. The Crow then said:

"'Friend Deer, do thou, filling thy belly with wind and stiffening thy legs, appear as one dead. Lie still; and when I make a noise, start up quickly and run away.'

"The Deer did as the Crow desired him, and the owner of the field perceiving him, said, with his eyes expanding for joy:

"'Ah! he has died of himself.'

"So saying, he unfastened the snare, and began to bundle his nets together. The Crow called out, and the Deer starting up quickly, ran away at full speed. The farmer flung his staff after him, which, hitting the Jackal, killed him. For thus it is written, Within three years, three months, three days, or three fortnights, a man reaps even in this world the fruit of his vices or virtues.

"It was recollecting this story which caused me to say to thee that there can be no friendship betwixt food and the feeder.

"The Crow having listened, replied:

"'Even if I were to devour thee, thou art not sufficient for a meal; in thee living, I live also. I am as harmless as Speckled-Neck. Thou mayst place confidence in those animals whose deeds are innocent; for the mind of a good man, when he is moved to anger, undergoes no change: the waters of the ocean cannot be heated by a torch of straw.'

"'Thou art unsteady,' said Hiranyaka, 'and with one who is unsteady, friendship may on no account be formed. Water, though well warmed, nevertheless quenches the fire that warmed it.'

"'I have listened to all you say,' said the crow Light-Falling, 'nevertheless, I am absolutely determined to have thee for my friend, or else I will lie down before thy door and die of fasting. For though one of evil character, like a pot of clay, may be easily broken but is reunited with difficulty, a good person, like a vessel of gold, though difficult to break, may be quickly joined again. Even upon an interruption of friendship, the principles of the good undergo no change. When the stalks of a lotus are broken the fibres remain connected. Purity, liberality, heroism, participation in joy and sorrow, rectitude, attachment, and truthfulness are the qualities of a friend. What friend besides yourself am I likely to find endowed with all these qualities?'

"Upon hearing this discourse, and much more to the same effect, the heart of Hiranyaka was moved. He came forth out of his hole, and said:

"'I am refreshed by the nectar of your discourse. Let it be as you will have it.'

"Saying this, Hiranyaka having formed a friendship, and regaled the Crow with the choicest of provisions, entered his hole. The Crow also departed to his own place.

"After this, some time passed away in making presents of food to one another, in inquiries after each other's health, and in confidential discourse. One day the Crow said to Hiranyaka that he found it difficult to procure food for himself in that neighbourhood, and therefore requested the Mouse to remove elsewhere. To this Hiranyaka demurred; but after a debate, in which each uttered many wise sayings, the good-natured Hiranyaka yielded, and only asked whither the Crow wished to go.

"On this the Crow said:

"'In the forest of Dandaka there is a pool called White-as-Camphor, where dwells a dear friend of mine, acquired long ago—a Tortoise of innate virtue, named Manthara; he would regale me with the choicest fish and other food.'

"Hiranyaka said, 'What would become of me if I were to remain behind? Take me, then, with thee.'

"Thereupon they began their journey together, happy in discoursing on a variety of agreeable subjects.

"Whilst they were yet at a distance the Tortoise discerned them, and arose and went to meet them. Having performed the duties due to a guest to the Crow, he extended the right of hospitality to the Mouse also.

"'Friend Manthara,' said the Crow, 'pay special attention to this stranger, for he is loaded with virtuous deeds. He is an ocean of kindness. His name is Hiranyaka, the prince of Mice. I question whether the Serpent King Anatu were able with his two thousand tongues to do justice to his worth.' Thereupon he related the story of the Pigeons.

"Manthara respectfully saluted Hiranyaka; and, after they had eaten and were refreshed, he begged the Mouse to tell his history.

"Hiranyaka then narrated how he was born in a college of religious mendicants, where one mendicant of peculiar sanctity resided. His dish, on which the faithful placed their gifts, was always well supplied, and Hiranyaka was accustomed to steal his food every day, and formed a hoard likewise. Indeed, Hiranyaka confessed that covetousness was his natural besetting sin. He was so cunning and active that for a long time he was not found out. But one day the mendicant discovered the Mouse in the act of leaping up to his dish, and by watching he discovered also the Mouse's hoard. Taking a spade the mendicant dug out the hole, and seized his hoard. Upon which Hiranyaka became weak and thin, and made many wise reflections on the loss of wealth; but after a while he began to reflect on the misery of thieving, and the evils of covetousness. His reflections were admirable, but are too numerous to mention. After a time, laying these wise thoughts to heart, he came to see the great gain of contentment. All misfortunes are the lot of him whose mind is not contented. Whoever has a contented mind has all riches. To him whose foot is enclosed in a shoe, is it not as though the earth were carpeted with leather? All has been read by him, heard by him, followed by him who having cast Hope behind his back places no reliance on Expectation. Having reflected a great deal, he resolved to retire to an uninhabited forest, to reduce himself to the strictest necessaries, and to be removed far from the scene of his reduced fortunes, for he owned that the loss of his hoard had been felt by him as a great calamity. 'Afterwards,' said he, in conclusion, 'I was favoured by this friend with an uninterrupted succession of kindness, and now I have in addition the good fortune of having your honour the Tortoise for a friend.'

"The Tortoise then made many observations, filled with the profoundest wisdom, on the subjects of Riches and Content. At length, fearing that he might have fatigued his listeners, he proposed that they should all live together in friendship, and pass their time in amusing conversation.

"In this manner did they, feeding and roving at their own pleasure, live at ease and contented. After a while a Deer, pursued by the hunters, came to them for refuge, and was admitted to their friendship. Adverse circumstances arose, they changed their place of abode, and Manthara, the wise Tortoise, through excess of caution and disregarding the words of his friends, fell into the hands of a hunter, who picked him up and tied him to his bow, saying, 'I am a lucky fellow;' but his three friends, oppressed with sorrow, followed him at a distance. Hiranyaka, especially, was troubled and greatly lamented; but after he had lamented he hit upon a stratagem, which they all joined to execute, by means of which Manthara the Tortoise was delivered from the hunter. The four friends, then free from danger, went on their journey, and arriving happily at their station, led the rest of their life together."

This is the story of the Acquisition of Friends told by Vishnu Sarman for the instruction of the rajah's sons, who heard it with delight and profit.

The above is taken from a choice Sanscrit work called Hytopadesa. It is a collection of the wisest aphorisms, linked together and illustrated by stories like those we have quoted. The aphorisms are so numerous, and some of them so profound, that they present an embarrassment of riches. Some of the stories and aphorisms, however, would hardly be received among Europeans. Throughout, contempt and depreciation of women are remarkable. The Hytopadesa was first published in English many years ago by an enthusiastic publisher named Stephen Austein, who had lived at Hertford, and who ruined himself for the sake of his devotion to Eastern wisdom. Little is yet known of the work. Whether in its original form it would ever be popular we do not know; but we see an announcement that Messrs. Smith and Elder are about to publish an abridgment of the Hytopadesa, or the Salutary Counsels of Vishnu Sarman.

NEW WORK
By SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS
Will be concluded in the Number for Saturday, 3rd August.
And, on SATURDAY, 10th AUGUST,
Will be commenced (to be completed in six months)
A STRANGE STORY,
BY THE
AUTHOR OF "MY NOVEL," "RIENZI," &c. &c.

The right of Translating Articles from ALL THE YEAR ROUND *is reserved by the Authors.*

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"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR."—SHAKESPEARE.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER LI.

WHAT purpose I had in view when I was hot on tracing out and proving Estella's parentage, I cannot say. It will presently be seen that the question was not before me in a distinct shape, until it was put before me by a wiser head than my own.

But when Herbert and I had held our momentous conversation, I was seized with a feverish conviction that I ought to hunt the matter down—that I ought not to let it rest, but that I ought to see Mr. Jaggers, and come at the bare truth. I really do not know whether I felt that I did this for Estella's sake, or whether I was glad to transfer to the man in whose preservation I was so much concerned, some rays of the romantic interest that had so long surrounded her. Perhaps the latter possibility may be the nearer to the truth.

Any way, I could scarcely be withheld from going out to Gerrard-street that night. Herbert's representations that if I did, I should probably be laid up and stricken useless, when our fugitive's safety would depend upon me, alone restrained my impatience. On the understanding, again and again reiterated, that come what would, I was to go to Mr. Jaggers to-morrow, I at length submitted to keep quiet, and to have my hurts looked after, and to stay at home. Early next morning we went out together, and at the corner of Giltspur-street by Smithfield, I left Herbert to go his way into the City, and took my way to Little Britain.

There were periodical occasions when Mr. Jaggers and Wemmick went over the office accounts, and checked off the vouchers, and put all things straight. On those occasions Wemmick took his books and papers into Mr. Jaggers's room, and one of the up-stairs clerks came down into the outer office. Finding such clerk on Wemmick's post that morning, I knew what was going on; but I was not sorry to have Mr. Jaggers and Wemmick together, as Wemmick would then hear for himself that I said nothing to compromise him.

My appearance with my arm bandaged and my coat loose over my shoulders, favoured my object. Although I had sent Mr. Jaggers a brief account of the accident as soon as I had arrived in town, yet I had to give him all the details now; and the speciality of the occasion caused our talk to be less dry and hard, and less strictly regulated by the rules of evidence, than it had been before. While I described the disaster, Mr. Jaggers stood, according to his wont, before the fire. Wemmick leaned back in his chair, staring at me, with his hands in the pockets of his trousers, and his pen put horizontally into the post. The two brutal casts, always inseparable in my mind from the official proceedings, seemed to be congestively considering whether they didn't smell fire at the present moment.

My narrative finished, and their questions exhausted, I then produced Miss Havisham's authority to receive the nine hundred pounds for Herbert. Mr. Jaggers's eyes retired a little deeper into his head when I handed him the tablets, but he presently handed them over to Wemmick, with instructions to draw the cheque for his signature. While that was in course of being done, I looked on at Wemmick as he wrote, and Mr. Jaggers, poising and swaying himself on his well-polished boots, looked on at me. "I am sorry, Pip," said he, as I put the cheque in my pocket, when he had signed it, "that we do nothing for *you*."

"Miss Havisham was good enough to ask me," I returned, "whether she could do nothing for me, and I told her No."

"Everybody should know his own business," said Mr. Jaggers. And I saw Wemmick's lips form the words "portable property."

"I should *not* have told her No, if I had been you," said Mr. Jaggers; "but every man ought to know his own business best."

"Every man's business," said Wemmick, rather reproachfully towards me, "is portable property."

As I thought the time was now come for pursuing the theme I had at heart, I said, turning on Mr. Jaggers:

"I did ask something of Miss Havisham, however, sir. I asked her to give me some information relative to her adopted daughter, and she gave me all she possessed."

"Did she?" said Mr. Jaggers, bending forward to look at his boots and then straightening himself. "Hah! I don't think I should have done so, if I had been Miss Havisham. But *she* ought to know her own business best."

"I know more of the history of Miss Havisham's adopted child, than Miss Havisham herself does, sir. I know her mother."

Mr. Jaggers looked at me inquiringly, and repeated "Mother?"

"I have seen her mother within these three days."

"Yes?" said Mr. Jaggers.

"And so have you, sir. And you have seen her still more recently."

"Yes?" said Mr. Jaggers.

"Perhaps I know more of Estella's history than even you do," said I. "I know her father too."

A certain stop that Mr. Jaggers came to in his manner—he was too self-possessed to change his manner, but he could not help its being brought to an indefinably attentive stop—assured me that he did not know who her father was. This I had strongly suspected from Provis's account (as Herbert had delivered it) of his having kept himself dark; which I pieced on to the fact that he himself was not Mr. Jaggers's client until some four years later, and when he could have no reason for claiming his identity. But I could not be sure of this unconsciousness on Mr. Jaggers's part before, though I was quite sure of it now.

"So! You know the young lady's father, Pip?" said Mr. Jaggers.

"Yes," I replied, "And his name is Provis—from New South Wales."

Even Mr. Jaggers started when I said those words. It was the slightest start that could escape a man, the most carefully repressed and the soonest checked, but he did start, though he made it a part of the action of taking out his pocket-handkerchief. How Wemmick received the announcement I am unable to say, for I was afraid to look at him just then, lest Mr. Jaggers's sharpness should detect that there had been some communication unknown to him between us.

"And on what evidence, Pip?" asked Mr. Jaggers, very coolly, as he paused with his handkerchief half way to his nose, "does Provis make this claim?"

"He does not make it," said I, "and has never made it, and has no knowledge or belief that his daughter is in existence."

For once, the powerful pocket-handkerchief failed. My reply was so unexpected that Mr. Jaggers put the handkerchief back into his pocket without completing the usual performance, folded his arms, and looked with stern attention at me, though with an immovable face.

Then I told him all I knew, and how I knew it, with the one reservation that I left him to infer that I knew from Miss Havisham what I in fact knew from Wemmick. I was very careful indeed as to that. Nor did I look towards Wemmick until I had finished all I had to tell, and had been for some time silently meeting Mr. Jaggers's look. When I did at last turn my eyes in Wemmick's direction, I found that he had unposted his pen, and was intent upon the table before him.

"Hah!" said Mr. Jaggers at last, as he moved towards the papers on the table. "—What item was it you were at, Wemmick, when Mr. Pip came in?"

But I could not submit to be thrown off in that way, and I made a passionate, almost an indignant, appeal to him to be more frank and manly with me. I reminded him of the false hopes into which I had lapsed, the length of time they had lasted, and the discovery I had made; and I hinted at the danger that weighed upon my spirits. I represented myself as being surely worthy of some little confidence from him, in return for the confidence I had just now imparted. I said that I did not blame him, or suspect him, or mistrust him, but I wanted assurance of the truth from him. And if he asked me why I wanted it and why I thought I had any right to it, I would tell him, little as he cared for such poor dreams, that I had loved Estella dearly and long, and that, although I had lost her and must live a bereaved life, whatever concerned her was still nearer and dearer to me than anything else in the world. And seeing that Mr. Jaggers stood quite still and silent, and apparently quite obdurate, under this appeal, I turned to Wemmick, and said, "Wemmick, I know you to be a man with a gentle heart. I have seen your pleasant home, and your old father, and all the innocent cheerful playful ways with which you refresh your business life. And I entreat you to say a word for me to Mr. Jaggers, and to represent to him that, all circumstances considered, he ought to be more open with me!"

I have never seen two men look more oddly at one another than Mr. Jaggers and Wemmick did after this apostrophe. At first, a misgiving crossed me that Wemmick would be instantly dismissed from his employment; but it melted as I saw Mr. Jaggers relax into something like a smile, and Wemmick become bolder.

"What's all this?" said Mr. Jaggers. "You with an old father, and you with pleasant and playful ways?"

"Well!" returned Wemmick. "If I don't bring 'em here, what does it matter?"

"Pip," said Mr. Jaggers, laying his hand upon my arm, and smiling openly, "this man must be the most cunning impostor in all London."

"Not a bit of it," returned Wemmick, growing bolder and bolder. "I think you're another."

Again they exchanged their former odd looks, each apparently still distrustful that the other was taking him in.

"*You* with a pleasant home?" said Mr. Jaggers.

"Since it don't interfere with business," returned Wemmick, "let it be so. Now, I look at you, sir, I shouldn't wonder if *you* might be planning and contriving to have a pleasant home of your own, one of these days, when you're tired of this work."

Mr. Jaggers nodded his head retrospectively two or three times, and actually drew a sigh. "Pip," said he, "we won't talk about 'poor

dreams;' you know more about such things than I, having much fresher experience of that kind. But about this other matter. I'll put a case to you. Mind! I admit nothing."

He waited for me to declare that I quite understood that he expressly said that he admitted nothing.

"Now, Pip," said Mr. Jaggers, "put this case. Put the case that a woman, under such circumstances as you have mentioned, held her child concealed, and was obliged to communicate the fact to her legal adviser, on his representing to her that he must know, with an eye to the latitude of his defence, how the fact stood about that child. Put the case that at the same time he held a trust to find a child for an eccentric rich lady to adopt and bring up."

"I follow you, sir."

"Put the case that he lived in an atmosphere of evil, and that all he saw of children, was, their being generated in great numbers for certain destruction. Put the case that he often saw children solemnly tried at a criminal bar, where they were held up to be seen; put the case that he habitually knew of their being imprisoned, whipped, transported, neglected, cast out, qualified in all ways for the hangman, and growing up to be hanged. Put the case that pretty nigh all the children he saw in his daily business life, he had reason to look upon as so much spawn, to develop into the fish that were to come to his net—to be prosecuted, defended, forsworn, made orphans, be-devilled somehow."

"I follow you, sir."

"Put the case, Pip, that here was one pretty little child out of the heap, who could be saved; whom the father believed dead, and dared make no stir about; as to whom, over the mother, the legal adviser had this power: 'I know what you did, and how you did it. You came so and so, this was your manner of attack and this the manner of resistance, you went so and so, you did such and such things to divert suspicion. I have tracked you through it all, and I tell it you all. Part with the child, unless it should be necessary to produce it to clear you, and then it shall be produced. Give the child into my hands, and I will do my best to bring you off. If you are saved, your child is saved too; if you are lost, your child is still saved.' Put the case that this was done, and that the woman was cleared."

"I understand you perfectly."

"But that I make no admissions?"

"That you make no admissions." And Wemmick repeated, "No admissions."

"Put the case, Pip, that passion and the terror of death had a little shaken the woman's intellects, and that when she was set at liberty, she was scared out of the ways of the world and went to him to be sheltered. Put the case that he took her in, and that he kept down the old wild violent nature whenever he saw an inkling of its breaking out, by asserting his power over her in the old way. Do you comprehend the imaginary case?"

"Quite."

"Put the case that the child grew up, and was married for money. That the mother was still living. That the father was still living. That the mother and father unknown to one another, were dwelling within so many miles, furlongs, yards if you like, of one another. That the secret was still a secret, except that you had got wind of it. Put that last case to yourself very carefully."

"I do."

"I ask Wemmick to put it to *him*self very carefully."

And Wemmick said, "I do."

"For whose sake would you reveal the secret? For the father's? I think he would not be much the better for the mother. For the mother's? I think if she had done such a deed she would be safer where she was. For the daughter's? I think it would hardly serve her, to establish her parentage for the information of her husband, and to drag her back to disgrace after an escape of twenty years, pretty secure to last for life. But add the case that you had loved her, Pip, and had made her the subject of those 'poor dreams' which have, at one time or another, been in the heads of more men than you think likely, then I tell you that you had better—and would much sooner when you had thought well of it—chop off that bandaged left hand of yours with your bandaged right hand, and then pass the chopper on to Wemmick there, to cut *that* off, too."

I looked at Wemmick, whose face was very grave. He gravely touched his lips with his forefinger. I did the same. Mr. Jaggers did the same. "Now, Wemmick," said the latter then, resuming his usual manner, "what item was it you were at, when Mr. Pip came in?"

Standing by for a little, while they were at work, I observed that the odd looks they had cast at one another were repeated several times: with this difference now, that each of them seemed suspicious, not to say conscious, of having shown himself in a weak and unprofessional light to the other. For this reason, I suppose, they were now inflexible with one another; Mr. Jaggers being highly dictatorial, and Wemmick obstinately justifying himself whenever there was the smallest point in abeyance for a moment. I had never seen them on such ill terms; for generally they got on very well indeed together.

But they were both happily relieved by the opportune appearance of Mike, the client with the fur cap and the habit of wiping his nose on his sleeve, whom I had seen on the very first day of my appearance within those walls. This individual, who, either in his own person or in that of some member of his family, seemed to be always in trouble (which in that place meant Newgate), called to announce that his eldest daughter was taken up on suspicion of shoplifting. As he imparted this melancholy circumstance to Wemmick, Mr. Jaggers standing magisterially before the fire and taking no share in the proceedings, Mike's eye happened to twinkle with a tear.

"What are you about?" demanded Wemmick, with the utmost indignation. "What do you come snivelling here for?"

"I didn't go to do it, Mr. Wemmick."

"You did," said Wemmick. "How dare you? You're not in a fit state to come here, if you can't come here without spluttering like a bad pen. What do you mean by it?"

"A man can't help his feelings, Mr. Wemmick," pleaded Mike.

"His what?" demanded Wemmick, quite savagely. "Say that again!"

"Now, look here my man," said Mr. Jaggers, advancing a step, and pointing to the door. "Get out of this office. I'll have no feelings here. Get out."

"It serves you right," said Wemmick. "Get out."

So the unfortunate Mike very humbly withdrew, and Mr. Jaggers and Wemmick appeared to have re-established their good understanding, and went to work again with an air of refreshment upon them as if they had just had lunch.

CHAPTER LII.

From Little Britain I went, with my cheque in my pocket, to Miss Skiffins's brother, the accountant; and Miss Skiffins's brother, the accountant, going straight to Clarriker's and bringing Clarriker to me, I had the great satisfaction of completing that arrangement. It was the only good thing I had done, and the only completed thing I had done, since I was first apprised of my great expectations.

Clarriker informing me on that occasion that the affairs of the House were steadily progressing, that he would now be able to establish a small branch-house in the East which was much wanted for the extension of the business, and that Herbert in his new partnership capacity would go out and take charge of it, I found that I must have prepared for a separation from my friend, even though my own affairs had been more settled. And now indeed I felt as if my last anchor were loosening its hold, and I should soon be driving with the winds and waves.

But there was recompense in the joy with which Herbert came home of a night and told me of these changes, little imagining that he told me no news, and sketched airy pictures of himself conducting Clara Barley to the land of the Arabian Nights, and of me going out to join them (with a caravan of camels, I believe), and of our all going up the Nile and seeing wonders. Without being sanguine as to my own part in these bright plans, I felt that Herbert's way was clearing fast, and that old Bill Barley had but to stick to his pepper and rum, and his daughter would soon be happily provided for.

We had now got into the month of March. My left arm, though it presented no bad symptoms, took in the natural course so long to heal that I was still unable to get a coat on. My right hand was tolerably restored;—disfigured, but fairly serviceable.

On a Monday morning, when Herbert and I were at breakfast, I received the following letter from Wemmick by the post.

"Walworth. Burn this as soon as read. Early in the week, or say Wednesday, you might do what you know of if you felt disposed to try it. Now burn."

When I had shown this to Herbert and had put it in the fire—but not before we had both got it by heart—we considered what to do. For, of course my being disabled could now be no longer kept out of view.

"I have thought it over, again and again," said Herbert, "and I think I know a better course than taking a Thames waterman. Take Startop. A good fellow, a skilled hand, fond of us, and enthusiastic and honourable."

I had thought of him, more than once.

"But how much would you tell him, Herbert?"

"It is necessary to tell him very little. Let him suppose it a mere freak, but a secret one, until the morning comes: then let him know that there is urgent reason for your getting Provis aboard and away. You go with him?"

"No doubt."

"Where?"

It had seemed to me, in the many anxious considerations I had given the point, almost indifferent what port we made for—Hamburg, Rotterdam, Antwerp—the place signified little, so that he was got out of England. Any foreign steamer that fell in our way and would take us up, would do. I had always proposed to myself to get him well down the river in the boat: certainly well beyond Gravesend which was a critical place for search or inquiry if suspicion were afoot. As foreign steamers would leave London at about the time of high-water, our plan would be to get down the river by a previous ebb-tide, and lie by in some quiet spot until we could pull off to one. The time when one would be due where we lay, wherever that might be, could be calculated pretty nearly, if we made inquiries beforehand.

Herbert assented to all this, and we went out immediately after breakfast to pursue our investigations. We found that a steamer for Hamburg was likely to suit our purpose best, and we directed our thoughts chiefly to that vessel. But we noted down what other foreign steamers would leave London with the same tide, and we satisfied ourselves that we knew the build and colour of each. We then separated for a few hours; I, to get at once such passports as were necessary; Herbert, to see Startop at his lodgings. We both did what we had to do without any hindrance, and when we met again at one o'clock reported it done. I, for my part, was prepared with passports; Herbert had seen Startop, and he was more than ready to join.

Those two should pull a pair of oars, we settled, and I would steer; our charge would be sitter, and keep quiet; as speed was not our object, we should make way enough. We arranged that Herbert should not come home to

dinner before going to Mill Pond Bank that evening; that he should not go there at all, to-morrow evening, Tuesday; that he should prepare Provis to come down to some Stairs hard by the house, on Wednesday, when he saw us approach, and not sooner; that all the arrangements with him should be concluded that Monday night; and that he should be communicated with no more in any way, until we took him on board.

These precautions well understood by both of us, I went home.

On opening the outer door of our chambers with my key, I found a letter in the box, directed to me; a very dirty letter, though not ill-written. It had been delivered by hand (of course since I left home), and its contents were these:

"If you are not afraid to come to the old marshes to-night or to-morrow night at Nine, and to come to the little sluice-house by the limekiln, you had better come. If you want information regarding *your uncle Provis*, you had much better come and tell no one and lose no time. *You must come alone.* Bring this with you."

I had had load enough upon my mind before the receipt of this strange letter. What to do now, I could not tell. And the worst was, that I must decide quickly, or I should miss the afternoon coach, which would take me down in time for to-night. To-morrow night I could not think of going, for it would be too close upon the time of the flight. And again, for anything I knew, the proffered information might have some important bearing on the flight itself.

If I had had ample time for consideration, I believe I should still have gone. Having hardly any time for consideration—my watch showing me that the coach started within half an hour—I resolved to go. I should certainly not have gone, but for the reference to my Uncle Provis; that, coming on Wemmick's letter and the morning's busy preparation, turned the scale.

It is so difficult to become clearly possessed of the contents of almost any letter, in a violent hurry, that I had to read this mysterious epistle again, twice, before its injunction to me to be secret got mechanically into my mind. Yielding to it in the same mechanical kind of way, I left a note in pencil for Herbert, telling him that as I should be so soon going away, I knew not for how long, I had decided to hurry down and back, to ascertain for myself how Miss Havisham was faring. I had then barely time to get my great-coat, lock up the chambers, and make for the coach-office by the short by-ways. If I had taken a hackney-chariot and gone by the streets, I should have missed my aim; going as I did, I caught the coach just as it came out of the yard. I was the only inside passenger, jolting away knee-deep in straw, when I came to myself.

For, I really had not been myself since the receipt of the letter; it had so bewildered me ensuing on the hurry of the morning. The morning hurry and flutter had been great, for, long and anxiously as I had waited for Wemmick, his hint had come like a surprise at last. And now I began to wonder at myself for being in the coach, and to doubt whether I had sufficient reason for being there, and to consider whether I should get out presently and go back, and to argue against ever heeding an anonymous communication, and, in short, to pass through all those phases of contradiction and indecision to which I suppose very few hurried people are strangers. Still, the reference to Provis by name, mastered everything. I reasoned as I had reasoned already without knowing it—if that be reasoning—in case any harm should befal him through my not going, how could I ever forgive myself!

It was dark before we got down, and the journey seemed long and dreary to me who could see little of it inside, and who could not go outside in my disabled state. Avoiding the Blue Boar, I put up at an inn of minor reputation down the town, and ordered some dinner. While it was preparing, I went to Satis House and inquired for Miss Havisham; she was still very ill, though considered something better.

My inn had once been a part of an ancient ecclesiastical house, and I dined in a little octagonal common-room, like a font. As I was not able to cut my dinner, the old landlord with a shining bald head did it for me. This bringing us into conversation, he was so good as to entertain me with my own story—of course with the popular feature that Pumblechook was my earliest benefactor and the founder of my fortunes.

"Do you know the young man?" said I.

"Know him!" repeated the landlord. "Ever since he was no height at all."

"Does he ever come back to this neighbourhood?"

"Ay, he comes back," said the landlord, "to his great friends now and again, and gives the cold shoulder to the man that made him."

"What man is that?"

"Him that I speak of," said the landlord. "Mr. Pumblechook."

"Is he ungrateful to no one else?"

"No doubt he would be, if he could," returned the landlord, "but he can't. And why? Because Pumblechook done everything for him."

"Does Pumblechook say so?"

"Say so!" replied the landlord. "He han't no call to say so."

"But does he say so?"

"It would turn a man's blood to white wine winegar to hear him tell of it, sir," said the landlord.

I thought, "Yet Joe, dear Joe, *you* never tell of it. Long-suffering and loving Joe, *you* never complain. Nor you, sweet-tempered Biddy!"

"Your appetite's been touched like, by your accident," said the landlord, glancing at the

bandaged arm under my coat. "Try a tenderer bit."

"No, thank you," I replied, turning from the table to brood over the fire. "I can eat no more. Please take it away."

I had never been struck at so keenly, for my thanklessness to Joe, as through the brazen impostor Pumblechook. The falser he, the truer Joe; the meaner he, the nobler Joe.

My heart was deeply and most deservedly humbled as I mused over the fire for an hour or more. The striking of the clock aroused me, but not from my dejection or remorse, and I got up and had my coat fastened round my neck, and went out I had previously sought in my pockets for the letter, that I might refer to it again, but could not find it, and was uneasy to think that it must have been dropped in the straw of the coach. I knew very well, however, that the appointed place was the little sluice-house by the limekiln on the marshes, and the hour nine. Towards the marshes I now went straight, having no time to spare.

FRIAR BACON.

THERE are two very different ways by which we acquire knowledge, and the more intelligent and thoughtful men in all ages have been divided into corresponding groups; each man following and recommending, by example and precept, that method which his own instincts have found most satisfactory. A little consideration will show how natural and how complete this separation is; for, while some of us obtain ideas and take interest in studying those objects which are perceptible only by the senses, others dwell almost entirely on the nature and powers of the intellect, the qualities of the mind, and ideas derived only from thought and reflection. The acute and subtle mind of the more intellectual of the Eastern people sees things in a light entirely different from that which we call practical, and which characterises the Western, and especially the Saxon races. The Greeks afford the most striking examples of the former kind of intellect, and perhaps our own, the Anglo-Saxon race, carries to extremes the more material tendency of the opposite kind.

It is, however, unquestionable that an undue devotion to either method prevents the due advance of either moral or physical science. Among the ancient Greeks there were frequent brilliant exceptions to the peculiarly unpractical and subtle intellect that has always characterised that people, and no one seems to have combined with it, accurate knowledge, deep reflection, and acute logical demonstration, so thoroughly as Aristotle did.

For ages there was not only no improvement on what Aristotle did and taught, but knowledge was actually lost in the vague, and at last mischievous, worship of this wonderful man and the systems he put forth. Thus the very excellence of his intellect and the extent to which he advanced knowledge and directed thought, served ultimately to clog independent exertion, and kept men who might otherwise have done good work in the narrow path supposed to have been indicated by him.

Shortly before the discovery of printing, Europe seemed buried in a deep sleep of the intellect, except, indeed, that the fine arts remained, exercising their vast and wholesome influence: humanising the feelings of society, and keeping alive, to some extent, a habit of observation. But at that time the habit of watching nature and studying the appearances of natural things with a view to learn their causes was altogether dormant. There were no naturalists, no experimenters, and no inquirers after physical truths. The few men who studied were churchmen, and school divinity was the only subject taught. Even the Greek language, in which alone could be fitly studied the works of Aristotle himself, was entirely neglected, and formal logic was the only means and the only object of education; the Latin language being everywhere in use for teaching and for all literature.

To rouse Europe from this deep sleep, it was necessary to discover and point out the way to conduct the minds of cultivated men out of the tangled maze in which they had been wandering. No one could of himself move the mighty engine that was to complete the task of improvement, but the time had come when one man would be rendered capable of guiding and influencing ten thousand. When once, by the discovery of printing, a way had been opened for this result, it became comparatively easy to awaken a spirit and determination in the few that would again react on the masses, and lead ultimately to important results little anticipated even by those to whom these results were chiefly due. Men's minds were then ready to be excited, and listened greedily to the voice that addressed them. Thus it was, that out of an obscure corner of England proceeded the germ of a philosophy which in time altogether replaced and overturned the so-called philosophy of the middle ages.

It is now six hundred years ago that there was born in our island the very remarkable man who performed this work, and first lighted the torch of modern science. The name of this man was ROGER BACON.

Bacon is said to have come of good and ancient family, at Ilchester, in the county of Somerset, and was certainly brought up amongst, and became the associate of, all the most eminent men of his day. Like almost all men of learning at that time, he was an ecclesiastic, and at an early age he became a Franciscan monk.

In the thirteenth century the University of Paris had the reputation of being the principal seat of knowledge, and to this place Bacon repaired, after completing a course of studies at Oxford. Education at that time at Oxford included chiefly instruction in languages and logic, departments which have always been there regarded as of primary importance. At Paris, Bacon found that "though there never was so great

an appearance of knowledge, nor so great an application to so many sciences in so many countries as there had been for forty years past, yet there never was so great ignorance, and such a variety of errors as then." At this time Aristotle, known only by bad Latin translations, was the idol before which all the learning and science of the day was made to bow, and illustrations of his writings were almost the only literary works undertaken.

Bacon was strongly impressed with the sense that this study of words without objects was but "loss of time and occasion of error—a mere multiplying of ignorance, amusing students and the ignorant with the shadow of knowledge without any substance." On his return to Oxford, having already attained a very high reputation as one of the ablest and most indefatigable inquirers after knowledge that the world had produced, and satisfied that the only way to improve and advance science was by actual experiment, he set about various trials, constructed different instruments, and investigated phenomena with great earnestness. Within the compass of twenty years he spent upwards of two thousand pounds in experiments for the improvement of useful knowledge—a sum of money then regarded as so enormous, as of itself to justify the belief that recourse had been had to unlawful arts and magic both to raise and employ that amount. Under colour of this suspicion, Bacon was prevented from reading lectures to the young students in the University, and was ultimately subjected to close confinement, in which he was almost starved. It appears, however, that he had attracted this attention, and was regarded as a dangerous character by his ecclesiastical superiors, quite as much for his freedom in accusing the clergy of ignorance and immorality, as from his costly scientific labours and their ill-understood results.

In the year 1266, when Friar Bacon was in the flower of his age, appeared that Great Work, on which his chief reputation rests. It is in some respects a complete system of science, based on principles of free inquiry and useful experiment. It appears to have been originally composed at the request of Pope Clement IV. before he ascended the papal chair; but was kept back, owing to persecution, till the friend and patron of the author was able to support him.

The fifth and sixth parts of this remarkable work form the germ and nucleus of all modern experimental philosophy. In them we find it stated that there are two methods of obtaining knowledge—one by argument or reason, and the other by trial or experiment. "Experimental philosophy," he adds, has three great prerogatives beyond all other sciences: it examines their conclusions by experience, it discovers truths which could not be found out otherwise, and it enables us by independent means to arrive at the secret processes of nature." Each of these remarks is illustrated in the Great Work by a variety of examples. Chemistry, optics, and astronomy are shown to be all of them sciences in which great results can be obtained only by experiment, and Bacon even goes so far as to suggest that many marvellous appearances that had often been found to excite astonishment, and had been regarded as true miracles, had for their main object to cover and conceal the wonderful effects of natural causes from the knowledge of the vulgar. Much greater and more extraordinary things, says Roger Bacon, have been performed by the power of wisdom than by the force of arms, and "many dangers and the effusion of much blood may be prevented if prelates and princes would promote study and the searching out the secrets of nature and art."

Although persecuted by his contemporaries, Friar Bacon maintained great equability of mind, and not only revised and augmented what he had formerly written, but prepared a new treatise, On the Means of avoiding the Infirmities of Old Age; and we are told that "the hope of having justice done him after death enabled him to bear the miseries of life, while his confidence of future fame lessened the sense of present calumnies." His last work, prepared after liberation from confinement, was A Compendium of Theology, and he died at a very advanced age, within a few years after the close of the thirteenth century.

Magic was the agency by which Bacon—the *Doctor Mirabilis*, or "Wonderful Doctor," of his contemporaries—was said to work. The magic of that experimental science which he advocated, has since produced almost all the results which he could only suggest as possible. Thus he states that "a vessel may be so constructed, and oars therein so disposed, as to make more way with one man in her than another vessel fully manned." Who cannot recognise the steamer of our own day in this vessel? "It is possible," he says again, "to make a chariot which, without any assistance of animals, shall move with irresistible force." The steam-locomotive is clearly this carriage. Here again is an account of the balloon, with some modifications not yet perfected. "An instrument for flying, so that a man sitting in the middle thereof, and steering with a kind of rudder, may manage what is contrived to answer the end of wings, so as to divide and pass through the air." Perhaps, also, it would be difficult in a few words to give a more accurate description than the following of Bramah's hydrostatic press, now largely used for important engineering works. Bacon foretels it as "a machine of very small size, capable of raising and sinking the greatest weights."

In optics, Bacon distinctly describes the camera obscura, and the use of ordinary magnifying glasses for various purposes. It is even possible that he preceded Galileo in the discovery of the telescope. He found out the use of gunpowder, and other chemical compositions of importance, and he was particularly well informed in the geography and astronomy of his day. On the whole, there cannot be a question that, as Bacon advocated, so did he conscien-

tiously and thoroughly practise, experimental philosophy in every principal department of science and learning.

The influence of a man so honest, so learned, and so energetic, produced enduring results. From his day to the present there has been a constant succession of men whose great love for Truth has incited them to an earnest, vigorous, and incessant pursuit after it; and Friar Bacon, who preceded Lord Bacon by more than three centuries, seems to have anticipated the important principles on which his distinguished namesake founded a new method of philosophy. We need hardly remind the reader that the promulgation of Lord Bacon's method was the signal for that wonderful advance of experimental philosophy that took place immediately after his death, when the pursuits of science and natural history first began to assume real importance in Europe.

A curious fable is often alluded to in connexion with Friar Bacon: it is, that he constructed a brazen head, capable of uttering the words "Time is." A similar story has indeed been related of others; but it is supposed by Sir Thomas Browne, the author of Vulgar Errors, to have obscure reference to the great work which Bacon had in hand, which was to warn his contemporaries that the time had arrived when the mystical child, "a Philosophical King," might be expected; when the advent of the great era of experimental science was about to dawn; and when, thus, a brazen or impregnable wall should be raised round the treasures of knowledge already accumulated or then being discovered. Such brazen wall of defence was the invention of printing, and thus the one great characteristic of modern times—the facility of communicating knowledge, and the consequent multiplication of the power of the human race—is shadowed out by the very superstitions that surround the memory of Bacon.

How completely Friar Bacon really did learn by actual experiment, and discover in this way some of the most important facts that have since guided and advanced the human race, we have not space to explain; but it would be easy, by a mere quotation of the titles of some of his essays, to show the hidden treasures that there exist.

It must not, however, be supposed that because we, living after a great interval of time, have forgotten the sources to which we owe our advantages, they have always been equally unrecognised. All that was new and useful was seized upon and adapted by his successors, though often without acknowledgment, while, owing to the want of books, the more important of his works and experiments produced their effects at the time, without leaving any trace of their origin. It is quite impossible to overrate the importance of successfully starting the method of experiment, and we may be sure that those who pursued that method during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries really owed much of their success to the lesson they had learnt of our Friar. All his great contemporaries and those who lived between his time and that of Lord Bacon, not only Englishmen, but foreigners of all civilised countries, referred to Roger Bacon as one of the greatest men of those times. We are sure, therefore, that his reputation has not risen from any superstitious regard to antiquity, but, being solidly founded on his merits as the true pioneer of experimental philosophy, ought to be cherished and maintained in all countries and throughout all ages.

AMINA AND THE MILL-WHEEL.

When some one asked Byron whether he did not find the acting of Miss Kelly in The Maid and the Magpie deeply true to nature, Childe Harold replied: "I don't know. I was never innocent of stealing a silver spoon."—But, in spite of the sharp saying, the story of the girl of Palaiseau, falsely accused of theft, and saved by an extraordinary accident, still lives on the European stage—so, in this country, does the memory of the cordial and pathetic actress with whom the drama is associated.

More powerful still to move—more universal to charm—is the story of the peasant girl who saved her good fame by walking in her sleep over the mill-wheel.—Some such exploit, no doubt, has been really told and believed somewhere as a thing which once happened; and the tale has spread from one country to another, even as the tale of the traveller who fainted dead on seeing by morning light the broken bridge he had safely ridden over in the dark—what shall we say?—as all real stories do. Let the true origin and locality of the transaction be suggested as a matter of shrewd investigation and amicable quarrel to those who make "Notes" on "Queries"—seeing that, now-a-days, the business of criticism is to prove that everything must have been something else. The Marseillaise Hymn, one Herr Hamma assures us, is a barefaced plagiarism by the Dibdin of France—Rouget de Lisle—from the "Credo" of a gay German mass, written for an obscure village town in a corner of the Lake of Constance—with which town on the lake, of course, and with its manuscript mass-music, the Parisian vagabond man of letters could not fail to be as familiar as if Meersburg was Montmartre, or Montmorency!

Be these things as they may, our anecdote of the Sleep-walker was dressed up in the form of a ballet, some thirty-five years ago, by M. Scribe. As a French ballet, La Somnambule had not a long success. The Italians admit and prefer for their ballets incidents which admit of strong and mute action.—The French are not thus constructed. There is small space to dance upon, in the story of the peasant girl, who, by periling her neck over the old mill-wheel, cleared herself from her lover's jealous suspicions.—But there is room in it for passionate and pathetic gesture; and the incidents are not crowded so closely together as they are in other dramatised ballets, such as the Sylph and the Gipsy, both of which (no offence to the music of

Mr. Barnett and of Mr. Balfe) make bad opera books. Thus it fell out that in 1829, or thereabouts, a gentle and graceful young Sicilian composer—Bellini—chose this subject for music. From his first outset in art—unable to compete with Rossini in versatile richness of melody, he conceived the idea of devoting himself to dramas of greater pathos, force, and feeling, than those which had been taken hold of, with a carelessness savouring of arrogance, by his predecessor. Further, Bellini had to write for the greatest actress who has yet trodden the opera stage. For Pasta, when in the prime of her power, was La Sonnambula written. But the noble and gifted woman, whose Norma, Semiramis, Medea, Anne Boleyn, were creations each differing from each in its regal pomp and majesty—could hardly look the part of Amina;—and though Pasta acted it, as she did everything she touched, consummately;—the delicacy of the music, and the compass of its melodies, were calculated to betray the peculiar defects of her voice, which, never agreeable by nature, was always liable to be out of tune.—Amina, then, was one of Pasta's less fortunate impersonations. She placed it on the stage, however;—and with it, as with all her other characters, a host of those traditions and suggestions which have been invaluable to all destined to succeed her. The influence of Pasta—to name one instance distinctly to be traced—throughout the long and glorious career of Madame Grisi, has never died out—in spite of the notoriously ephemeral duration of singers' influences.

If Pasta brought La Sonnambula to the Italian stage, Malibran popularised the music and the legend in England. The critics of Pasta's day—who had not even then thoroughly recognised Rossini—being strong in the national and convenient mania of liking as few things in art as possible—would not hear the pleasant freshness and simplicity of Bellini's music;—they denounced it as weak and trifling.—But how astoundingly were the Italian words "done into English!" Of many similar versions, the book of La Sonnambula is the most absurd perversion. That wonderful explanatory couplet which occurs just before the closing scene,

> And this, sir, you must know, though remarkable it seems,
> That somnambulists they're called, because of walking in their dreams,

is only a sample of the entire book.—Then, Malibran was badly supported on the English stage.—Peace to the memory of her ungainly middle-aged opera-lover, with a poor voice through his nose, whom she drove about the stage like a whirlwind, and whom, by her vehemence of action, she absolutely made seem to act!—No matter. A pathetic drama, wholly conducted in music and acted with energy, was new to English play-goers; and there were an exuberance of fire and of feeling in Malibran's acting—a daring and a passion in her singing, which, while she was before us, entirely carried off her extravagances. Never has opera-queen singing English ever transported her subjects as she did. Hers, however, was no Swiss Amina, but a Southern peasant—with a brilliancy in her delight, and a reckless abandonment in her hour of distress, that gave the part an intensity of colour, and a sharpness of contrast, neither "calm nor classical"—which seized us with a resistless fascination. In the chamber scene, where the sleeping girl unconsciously enters with the light, Malibran was not equal to other Aminas, who have held us fast to the situation by their ghostly quietness.—Her despair, in the instant of her detection and abandonment by her deceived lover, was terrible. She would not let him leave her: clung to him—pursued him—twined herself round him, and *could* only be flung loose to endure her agony when the strength of her misery would avail her no more, and she was left dead and broken (it seemed) for ever.—Then the walk over the mill-wheel, which vindicates the heroine's virtue, was protracted by her with almost a cruel relish. She did her best to terrify her faithless lover into the keenest spasm of fear and remorse;—as though Sleep had brought with it the counsel of heartily punishing him for his suspicions. All this was to lead to that burst of ecstasy with which she flung herself into his arms, in the "frantic certainty of waking bliss." The final rondo (one of the happiest expressions of joy ever poured forth in music) was not so much sung by Malibran—though in it she heaped vocal change on change, triumph on triumph—as thrown out in the irresistible abundance of a new buoyant delight and relief. London was never tired of Malibran's Amina; nor even when she had grasped "the town" by another remarkable personation, totally different—that of the devoted Prisoner's Wife in Beethoven's Fidelio—could the one success efface the other.—There must have been something true and permanent in the peasant story and the despised Italian music after all.

The next Amina on the long list who is worth remembering, for qualities entirely different from those of the gifted and fervid Spanish woman of genius—was Persiani; Grisi having, in the interval, attempted the opera and laid it aside.—She was never beautiful—she can have never looked young—she in no respect showed herself a great actress:—as a singer, she had been born with an ungracious though ready voice (a "bitter" voice, Mendelssohn called it), a voice always more or less false; nevertheless, considering the part musically, Persiani was the best Amina among all the Aminas who have been heard here.—This, not only because she was accomplished to the power of working out every phrase and note of the music to its remotest corner, leaving nothing for the apprehension to desire in point of skill—not only because her command over the graces and resources of ornament was limitless, but from a certain conception of the sentiment of the situations in the story, which stood her in stead of apparent freshness or originality, whether studied or instinctive. Great singers among

her comrades—tired, and in their great-coats, ready to go home or to go out to supper—might be seen waiting in "the wing" till she had sung the final rondo. Persiani's version of that air lives among the most complete of musical satisfactions recollected. Its fascination was strong enough to enthral even such opera-goers (their name is Legion) as care only for a pretty voice or a pretty woman. The conquest told much to "the score" of Persiani—something, not less real, to the story on which was built the score of Bellini.

Next came an English Amina—not merely an Amina in English—competent in right of natural dramatic genius, powers acquired for its expression, to compete with any of the Italian singers of any time—the last of the great Kemble race. — Here again, however, as in Pasta's case, Nature had set her face against the Maid on the Mill-wheel.—Form and features were opposed to the attempt. There was a certain heaviness in the quality of Miss Kemble's voice which has nothing to do with dramatic versatility. Those laugh the best on the stage who can cry the best. Pasta's smile was as glorious and natural as her sorrow was subduing—as her wrath was appalling; but the smile was on the noble and serious features of the Muse of Tragedy; and the many are apt to read such smiles as mere grimaces. Miss Kemble's Amina—admirable in many respects—was the least admirable among the few parts played by her during her bright and brief career on the English opera stage.

Writers of musical history will find a wondrous theme in the story of the next Amina—the Swedish lady—who, on our Italian stage, made play-going London—whether grave or gay—madder than London has been made mad since the opera-days when (as Byron said in his stinging lines) crowds jammed into the pit, country ladies fainted and were carried out, and dandies were civilly rude to the same provincial females, in the eagerness of their worship of (*sic* in Byron) "Catalani's pantaloons." How the Lind-fever was begotten—how nourished—on what basis the excitement rested—are so many facts of no importance to this sketch. That it lured scrupulous divines out of their churches—that it threatened, for a nine months' wonder, the whole rival dynasty of opera with revolution, shame, and overthrow—are truths which have nothing to do with the real musical genius of an artist, even of genius as singular, as successful, as she was.—Without doubt, Mdlle. Jenny Lind, with her large and speaking eyes and her clustering fair hair, will be remembered as the type of the Swiss peasant-girl, real and rustic, in all her simplicity and sincerity. Her northern voice, too, was admirably suited to Bellini's music;—the power which she possessed of drawing out its tones to any required strength or softness, made her more fit to present what may be called the ventriloquism of the sleep-walking scenes than any one before her or since. She could act, further, just to the point of sorrow and gentle woe which the situations of the tale demand.—She could take, moreover (this was less fair), what was not her own, in the fulness of her determination to "have and to hold" her audience.—In the chamber scene of her detection—by way of showing the splendour of her upper notes—she quietly appropriated the music of her lover's part, choosing to dominate in the moment of her disgrace and suspense, rather than to be struck down by them. This usurpation passed undiscovered. It was in some measure redeemed by the extreme and touching beauty of her singing, in the long-drawn slow movement of her second sleep-walking scene: just ere Amina wakens. Nothing more carefully devised than this—nothing in which the art which conceals art is seconded by congenial Nature, could be conceived. The soft, sad, slow notes seemed to flow from lips as totally unconscious as were the fingers which let slip the flowers—that poor battered treasured token-nosegay—last forlorn relic of Amina's betrothal (her token-ring having been reft from her). There was a wondrous fascination in that musical scene—not wholly belonging to the singer, nor to her looks, nor to her voice, but in part, too, to the story and to the music. —In the last joyous outbreak which follows this dream, Mdlle. Jenny Lind was inferior as a singer to Persiani, and as an actress-and-singer-in-one to Malibran.

Next came Malibran's younger sister, one of the greatest artists of any time, happily still living to show the world how Genius can be lord of all, when the expression of a dramatist's thought, or the representation of a musician's ideas, are in question. Her Amina was remarkable, not for its musical treatment (because consummate art is, in music, synonymous with the name of Viardot), not for her voice, not for her pleasant demeanour (infinitely simpler and less feverish than her sister's), but because of the wondrous deadness of the sleep thrown by her into the scenes of the girl who had to walk over the mill-wheel to clear herself. Without Lind's long respiration, without rare beauty of tone—with something by nature quick and impulsive in her Southern composition—Viardot worked out another corner (till then unexplored) of Bellini's opera.

There may be twenty (for aught the Sybils know) new renderings of the hopes and fears of the Singing Sleep-walkers to come. Ere we name the last and youngest, it should be told that Sontag, too, after breaking her twenty years' silence, was tempted by the tale and the music on her return to the stage; too late, as it proved, though her excellent tact always bore her above failure—that the genial Alboni was fascinated into forgetting every disqualification of voice and figure, in the hope of making so favourite a part her prize. A vain fancy! Not even her beautiful, full, languid contralto tones, and her faultless execution, could carry the enterprise through. It was more curious than exciting to see with what solid and demure carefulness she braved the ordeal of the perilous walk above

the wheel, holding steadily on to the protecting rail of wire which no eyes are expected to recognise, and relieved apparently when the terra firma of the stage was once more under her feet. Amina was no more possible for her to conquer than the Sylph who distracted her lover by her aërial exits up the chimney, or her gambols from flower to flower, would have been.—What spell is there that will defend singing women and playing men against the disappointment of such mistakes?—When will the Listons cease from wearying to be Orlandos and Romeos?

And now—at this time present, though it might have been fancied that all the changes conceivable had been rung on Bellini's peasant opera—when half a dozen musical dramas, fifteen years more recent, prodigious and terrifying, have become stale, past the power of the most wondrous genius to revive them—has come the youngest Amina of all, though assuredly not the most gifted—and at once, and without a single note of prelude or preliminary trumpet, has stirred up the tired town to an enthusiasm recalling the days when Malibran tottered across the stage in haste and frantic grief, and when Lind (with an Ophelia touch in the thought) breathed out her whole soul of sadness over the flowers, as, leaf by leaf, they mournfully dropped on the stage. Born in Madrid, Italian by parentage, trained exclusively in America, Mademoiselle Adelina Patti, on her first evening's appearance at our Italian Opera—nay, in her first song—possessed herself of her audience with a sudden victory which has scarcely a parallel, the circumstances considered. Old and young are even now treating as conspiracy and treason any lookings-back to past Aminas—any comparisons.—This new singer, in her early girlhood, is (for them) already a perfect artist—one who is to set Europe on fire during the many years to which it may be hoped her career will extend.—Nor is their delight altogether baseless.—Mademoiselle Patti's voice has been carefully and completely trained. Those who fail to find it as fresh in tone as a voice aged nineteen should be, must be struck by its compass, by the certainty in its delivery, by some quality in it (not to be reasoned out or defined) which has more of the artist than the automaton.—She has a rare amount of brilliancy and flexibility. She has some "notions" (as the Americans have it) of ornament and fancy which are her own; if they be not unimpeachable, say the Dryasdusts, in point of taste.—If not beautiful, she is pleasing to see;—if not a Pasta, a Malibran, or a Lind in action, she is possessed with her story. There is nothing to displease, if not much to move, in her version of the sorrow so mysteriously caused—of the joy which poetical justice has laid out so incomparably for a felicity-rondo to close a sentimental opera. For the moment, the newest Amina has the ear of London;—in the future, Mademoiselle Patti may become worthy of having her name written in the Golden Book of great singers. Meanwhile, what a tale is here told, not merely of her great and welcome promise, not merely of her possessing that talent for success—charm—which is born into few persons, and which cannot be bought or taught—but of the lasting truth and attraction of the music to which Bellini set the story of the innocent girl who walked across the mill-wheel in her sleep!—The moral should not be lost on composers of music to come, nor on those who dream of stories for stage-musicians to compose.

THE SPIRIT'S VISIT.

THERE is a Spirit come to me to-night,
And with the murmur of his pinions strong
He stirs the deep recesses of my soul
With passionate pain and longing, and a vague
Vast hint of power, craving to be free,
And clothe itself with action.
Now my heart
Is like Bethesda's pool: the angel comes,
And at his presence all the waters heave
With an internal trouble. O my God,
This Spirit Thou hast sent me: will he give
My heart the power of healing those I take
Into its living waters?
Ah, but first
Finds he no sickness in this heart itself?
The midnight wraps us, Spirit; face to face
Alone in the tremendous solitude
Made by the silence of a world asleep
We sit and commune. Spirit, shall I speak,
And wilt thou listen, calmly with grave eyes
Of pity and of knowledge while I strive
To ease my soul with speaking? Listen then.
I would be strong to aid the weak, to lift
The fallen; to advise, to guide, to guard
The infirm of purpose, whose great need I see
Of such assistance. Spirit, do I so?
Alas! I do not so. Still creepeth in
Some failing of my own, some selfishness,
Some haunting memory, some inconstancy,
Some passion or some weakness that still mars
The good I aim to do, and like a mist
Obscures my vision, leads me from the path
I meant to follow, stabs me with the sense
Of mine ungoverned infirmity,
I cannot stand alone; yet like a child
Who sees a brother drown, I fling myself
Into the stream: a little space I float,
But when I reach him and he clings to me
I feel I, too, am sinking, and I cry
And grasp the sedges, and the waters close
O'er both our heads.
The lesson of the Past,
The desolate Past, I fancied I had learn'd,
Learn'd to good purpose. I had surely deem'd
The agony of pain I underwent
Had taught me strength and wisdom, made me free
Thenceforth of selfish suffering, firm and wise,
To help and understand all other suffering.
'Tis not so. Slowly, slowly, dies the night,
And with it sinks my soul down from the point
Where late it stood a-tiptoe.
Slowly now,
Unfurling his vast pens, the Spirit rises—
But ere he goes, he leaves upon my brow
The kiss of peace.
"Good night," he says, "poor child,
Thou'rt stronger now, knowing how weak thou art,
Than when I came to thee.

But labour on,
Labour and Love alone can heal thine heart,
And when its waters thus thou'st purified,
They can give strength to others. Child, good night."

OLD ROME IN CRYSTAL.

It is a blighty day in June: a day when the lazy grey of the stagnant unhealthy clouds seems like so much visible exhalation of fever.

I have just arrived at the Crystal Palace, somewhat ashamed of myself, to see Blondin, the Franco-American Rope-dancer, risk his life, for my half-hour's amusement. I am with some thousands of other jostling cravers for the unhallowed excitement, and a great choice of delight lies before me. Shall I sit down in the great transept a hundred feet below the rope, which looks as small from there as the perch of a bird-cage, and quietly watch till the hero slips and smashes a red sop of flesh and bones at my feet? Or, shall I go up to the first gallery, where I shall actually be able to see him half way in his fall, and behold his death more pleasantly and tranquilly? Or, shall I risk a little more trouble for an exquisite and new sensation, and ascend to the third, or five shilling gallery? Or, shall I boldly take a gold piece and mount till I can be on a level with the rope of the venturous Icarus, and there, watching his lithe and clasping feet, have the felicity of being able for years to lean across the epergne at dinner parties to relate how I was the first to see Blondin's foot miss its hold, the instant before he fell one hundred feet, and was picked up stone dead? I know all this is rather cruel, and I am rather ashamed of myself; but really no one can conceal that we all, thousands of us, have come to see an acrobat perform a feat of imminent danger. For an instant, I feel one of a pack of ten thousand staghounds, who are in full cry, and thirsting to lap the blood of one poor fox; but I laugh at my own scruples, and they get away and hide out of my sight, ready to pounce on me, I have no doubt, at some less busy and less preoccupied time.

Here, there are ten thousand of us whom the train has poured from its cellular throat, driving up the tubular passage of the Crystal Palace like so many black peas up a pea-shooter. We have all but one object—to see a man walk on (perhaps fall from) a rope a hundred feet high. We may tear buns to pieces, joint fowls, and devour vast ledges of sandwiches, but still the one object of all of us—bishops, lawyers, authors, fashionables—is to see a rope-dancer venture his life for one hundred pounds the half-hour. For this purpose, the sharp one-toothed instrument has bit to-day through so many tickets; for this, vats of pale ale have been emptied; for this, Regent-street and the Parks have contributed armies of languid Herculeses and pearl-powdered Venuses. For this, paralytic old Lady Chickenliver has been dragged here in her Bath chair, and even old Lord Stiffney has hobbled from his club. Can that gentleman yonder be a popular preacher? Can that lady near him be the powerful authoress of Night in the Upper Alps; or, Glances at the Glaciers? Half London is here, eager for a dreadful accident, since gladiators are no longer quite the fashion. Crowded? Why, the railway station is full, the voluminous gowns are jamming up the ticket collectors' turnstiles, statuesquely-dressed Guardsmen are losing all sense of dignity, and rushing madly up the tedious and endless steps, honest tradesmen are dragging their children through all obstacles, as if they were taking thieves to prison, everybody seems afraid that Blondin may fall before they are able to take their seats. In vain the gardens spread their flowers. They have no admirers to-day. It is so delicious to see a man risk his life, without being in danger oneself, and so cheap too—for only half-a-crown. Death can be seen on a larger scale in a battle; but there, the risk is so considerable. Minié bullets, too, drive out horrible plugs of flesh, our surgeons say, and the Armstrong bolt literally tears bodies to pieces; which is unpleasant. O sweet little wearers of round hats. O dainty donners of Mauve silks and sprigged muslins—I hear a voice saying—there was a time when all the ladies of Rome, with perfumes and fans, went daily to the Colosseum to see gigantic slaves chop each other to pieces; when the great arena was daily one huge vessel of blood; then the ladies clapped their little white hands, and stamped their little sandalled feet, and ate sweetmeats, and laughed and chatted and were happy as birds in spring; but, O sweet little ladies, these women were not Christians, they were Pagans, the inhabitants of the most corrupt city God ever allowed to corrupt the world. There are your ladies, too, even now, living in Spain, who shout and laugh when they see horses torn by the bull's horns, and their life-blood spout out at one gush upon the sand, and even when men are trodden under foot and crushed for their amusement. But these are the people in the last degradation of a degraded religion, and of a civilisation two centuries behind ours. The chiding voice, whosever it may be, is drowned by the tramp of unreasoning and hurrying feet, as we flow on in full tide, and break out into the building exactly where some Hindoos have been now for several years engaged in pretending to kill a Bengal tiger, already punctured with one arrow. But who cares for natural history, or rows of podgy kings in niches, or Greek statues, or Pompeian rooms, or lotus pillars, or Indian red monsters, when for half-a-crown one can see a man run three hundred and twenty feet on a rope a hundred feet high, and perhaps fall a hundred feet? If the pleasure and excitement be not in that possibility, say, why is the rope at that height?

Pleasantly the flowers trail from their basket-cages; sweetly they blow in purple fragrance or in golden softness round the fountains and beside the statues; but who cares for them to-day, when we may see a man smashed for half-a-

crown? Let the palm-trees spread their tents, and the great fern-trees from New Holland arch their branches; Nature has no charms to offer us like the chance of seeing a foolish brave man's death for half-a-crown.

In the centre of the great avenue I find a walled-in red-baize counter for the sale of tickets. A careworn man of fashion next me is anxious to know how near the rope the ten-shilling ticket will bring him; a still more careworn man of pleasure in the background wants to be informed where he can go for five shillings; while a dozen other eager, immovable, but anxious fashionable men, with ladies on their arms, are proffering their half-crowns for front-seats in the lower balcony.

I climb the stairs, with a moment's glance on the far reach of misty horizon, and take my place in the lofty gallery. I am at the jutting-out point of the gallery, looking down on the great central transept which the rope traverses; the rope, thick as my wrist, is composed of two stout strands, and which I saw wound all the way round the great central iron pillar of the corkscrew staircase leading to the gallery where I now am.

The cross ropes reaching from the rope to keep it perfectly and surely steady, are bound round the blue and white bars that I lean my arms on, looking at the fluttering Vanity fair below me. A rough hearty workman, who is tightening it, and halloaing, regardless of consequences, to a man opposite, who looks like a black, has much to say about Blondin. So has the stolid smiling policeman, B 434, whom several "swells," with trellises of auburn whisker, are "working" for oracles.

"I tell you what, sir," says he, addressing an imaginary ringleader, "there's not half of the ladies as likes it; and take my word for it, if he (Blondin) doesn't come down with a run one of these fine days."

Further, oracle P. C. B 434 cannot be induced to vouchsafe.

To him enters the workman, who volunteers much more information, and takes a less hortatory and warning point of sight.

"These here ropes," says he, "are to keep the rope as Blondin walks on perfectly steady, which is——"

"Five hundred feet high?" suggests a lounger at the club.

"No; exactly one hundred feet from the floor of the building, and three hundred and twenty feet from end to end; which is, as I may say, from fore and aft. Those weights you see every twenty feet or so, weigh thirty pounds each; Mr. Blondin thinks that is a better way of keeping it all perfectly steady, than splicing more rope to the galleries.

I ask how long Blondin took crossing the rope?

"He ran down it, sir, the other day in less than two minutes, as fast as a man could run on dry land."

This was an exaggeration of my friend, I afterwards found.

At this moment, a short thickset man wearing a French hat, passed. I saw by the gold medals which he bore "as bold as brass" on his left breast, that it was Monsieur Blondin; I knew him by his heavy gold-headed American cane, and by the frank brave acrobatic face I had often seen in illustrated papers.

"It do make 'em (the ladies) shiver a bit, but there's no harm in it," said the workman; who then, giving a suspicious pull to a rope, and pronouncing his opinion that it was altogether "a rum start," went on his way: wherever, below or above, that might be.

Now the band, all scarlet and gold lace, begins to be jubilant, and alternately drummy and brassy, or now and then lulls to silence, while a solo flute tells us of its sorrows. That conductor in black, with his back steadily turned to the audience, is the only person who will not see Blondin venture his life. How I pity that conductor at this moment!

Below, the crowd is divided into two opposite parties seated on either side of the transept, which is left bare, for fear Blondin, or his pole, or anything which is his, should fall and hurt anybody.

"Exactly like the House of Commons!" says the wife of the member for Rottenborough, who is sitting next to me.

The people are strewn over the floor like clippings of black cloth about a tailor's shop, only that here and there scraps of scarlet and shreds of green and lilac look as if sweepings of a milliner's shop have got intermingled with the tailor's snippings. Overhead, the summer dresses of the ladies show through the open work balconies, like rows of azaleas in full bloom, arranged for a flower-show. The pretty thoughtless creatures, always encouraging men to risk their lives in reckless and romantic ways, are everywhere. There are flower borders of them on the steps of the great orchestra, and spots of them like morsels of tapestry patterns, only sketched in, under the organ, and up even in the topmost galleries.

I beguile a moment or two by looking at a mendacious lithograph, representing Blondin crossing over the Horse-shoe Fall at Niagara on a rope; though I very well know he did not cross the Niagara river within a quarter of a mile of the Falls, and that, to cross the Falls through boiling mist and on a slippery rope would be impossible to any human being. Of course, too, as might be expected, the interval traversed by the rope is made three times as high, and ten times as wide, as it really is; nor does the lithograph contain any notice of Blondin's rival, who also daily crossed the same river on a rope.

"But the most dreadfullest thing, sir," said the workman, again appearing, to do something or other to a rope, which got loose and hung over the transept, "is to see him go over in a sack; now there's no deception, sir, for I've put it on myself, and you can see nothing in it but the rope just where your feet go. Oh, its hawful! he must have a deal of nerve or

summot.—You 'avn't got the price of a pot of beer, sir, about you, have ye?"

The workman's story ends as workmen's stories often do. I give him largesse.

Suddenly all the sea of black hats below turns white. But hush! there is a slight tremble of the rope above our heads and all the faces change whiter again, just as a row of aspen trees do, when the wind passes through them. And now the twenty thousand hands of the ten thousand people, clap, and produce a secondary ripple and flutter of white foaming along the edges of those waves of black.

It is Blondin, who has emerged from his red-covered dressing-room, and passed from the little red sideboard upon the white twisted rope. I feel a slight qualm as of incipient sea-sickness when I see the reckless adventurer appear in an Indian dress, with a huge crown of black and white ostrich feathers nodding on his head, and run nimbly on the rope (higher than those wires that cross the Strand near Somerset House), with an enormous balancing pole quivering in his hands. His feet, wrapped in Indian mocassins of deer-skin or wash leather, lap round the rope as he walks and runs, in time to the cadenced music. The ladies near me, turn away their eyes; for, to look at Blondin, brings on that sort of vertigo one feels when looking down from a high tower.

"What a pity," says an enthusiast in the voluptuousness of cruelty, "he does not carry a glass tumbler with him, and drop it when half way across; it would convey such a sense of danger, and I dare say it would make a lady or two faint."

"Or why not detonating balls, and make them scream?" says a second old epicure, who has just let his heavy silver-headed cane fall on the heads of the unoffending people below.

Now standing on one leg, now sitting on the rope like a sailor, now throwing a somersault, now standing on his head on the rope, Blondin starts on his "little tour;" and the more terribly near he seems to death—whose great black hand I almost seem to see clutching at him—the more the ladies clap their little white hands, and the more fashion's thousand heads gape, stare, "wonder with a foolish face of praise," and languidly applaud. More smelling of salts, more half-faintness, more brazen-staring indifference to risk or death, but no more faint excitement or pale phantoms of pleasure than that can be produced. And from the opposite little platform above the flags and escutcheons steps out Blondin again; this time not in dainty white, this time with no gold badge swinging from his neck, but in a ghastly striped hood like an Italian penitent or a guilty monk. Now the pleasure assumes a still more painful and hideous form. The ladies scarcely dare to look up at the puppet-like figure moving uneasily on its feet. His eyes are blinded, he advances stooping and swerving with the affected timidity of a beginner, or of a man condemned to some horrible and refined torture. It reminds me of that dreadful bridge, El Araf, finer than a hair, and sharper than a sabre blade, on which the Mahomedans say all true believers are at the last day to be passed over from hell to heaven. Below, all is fire. The good pass over with ease, uttering prayers; the bad lose their balance, and fall, quick and screaming, into Gehenna.

I see the lady faces below shudder as the daring man slips—now one inquiring foot, now another—down the edge of the rope, as if blindly feeling for safety. Now, this man with the brain of a chamois, lies down on the rope and crosses his feet, then rises and passes on with a certainty that seems miraculous.

But the excited people below, want to see still more daring feats. They have paid their money, and Blondin has not yet been half enough near death. He is now to attempt a still more dangerous feat, and even this is nothing to what he will do if the gentle ladies who scream "at the smallest little mouse that runs on floor" will only patronise him sufficiently.

The intervals of suspense are relieved by an attendant (wonderfully like a real live footman) passing round for inspection the hooded sack that Blondin has just worn and thrown down. It is perceived "that the sack is really quite wet with perspiration," as an M.P. near me says, with an exultation, not unmingled with surprise.

The band beats out fresh music as the third and most horrible of the phases of the "amusement" commences, and still the imperturbable conductor keeps his black back stolidly turned to us and to Blondin. The ladies' ribbons move like wind-tossed flower-beds; for every one expects to see something "delightfully frightful," less brutal than a prize fight, but, oh far more tantalising and dangerous. The ladies who have half fainted have now recovered, and are on the alert. A few of the younger ladies clench their eyebrows with an expression of pain, but they all look up;—for you know that what ten thousand people come to see, cannot be wrong.

This time, M. Blondin of the flaxen beard and frank brave immovable eyes, is dressed as a French cook—white flat cap, white apron, white breeches, and white shoes. He does not chalk his feet, nor hesitate a moment. He quietly straps on his back, a portable stove, which, funnel and all, weighs some fifty pounds, and from which hang pots, pans, bellows, and broom. With this load, he steps boldly on to the rope; this time it makes the heart beat ten times harder than before, to see the stove bob about on his back and all but destroy his balance. Now, he is safe half way across the rope, and here he has to set down the unwieldy stove and begin cooking. With extreme and painful care he gets on one knee, and from thence across the rope; he then ties his balancing pole firmly to the rope, slowly lowers the stove, now unstrapped, backward to the rope, then turns, and, sitting on the pole, addresses himself to cook at the toppling stove; which, I suppose, he has hooked in some way to the pole.

The suspense is agonising as he lights the fire. The smoke circles out of the funnel. He blows

it, and proceeds to crack the eggs for the omelets. Everything he has done with, he flings below, so that the falling may show the distance, and increase your sense of the danger he is in. You see with horror, the time the white shells take to swirl and swirl, till they smash on the planks of the long transept below. Now he splashes down water, now a pot-lid rings like a bad penny on the floor, and rolls to the feet of an injured-looking policeman, who looks at Blondin as if he were only waiting till he comes down, to take him up.

The black smoke volumes out—I see the fire blazing—from time to time, Blondin stands on the rope and sways round the frying-pan. His manner is the manner of an anxious cook, and of nothing else; he is neither alarmed nor hurried; but the spectators hold their breath.

"I tell you what it is, sir," says the M.P. for the Stilton Hundreds to the M.P. for Rottenborough, "the suspense is sustained too long; the horror defeats itself; all but the height has been done before—at Vauxhall and other places, in my youth; but just look at him now! standing on the rope and putting out the omelet; it really makes me giddy."

Blondin has finished his torturing cooking; now he lowers down a tray, on which are a well-cooked omelet and some bottles of beer or wine. He lowers it with jerks, and the almost footman receives it, and hands it down the outside rows of the House of Commons off duty. The boys can with difficulty keep their fingers off, and the gentlemen and ladies are hardly repressed from snatching by the skimming haste and superficial celerity of the waiter.

There is something coming, more trying to the nerves than the somersault, the walking in the sack, or the lying on the rope and fanning himself with one hand. Blondin has to take up his pole, turn, and then re-strap and lift up that fifty pounds' weight of lighted stove, with its swinging stew-pans, bellows and all. Surely it is almost impossible that he can rise and keep his balance, with that weight oscillating on his back! To think of all those eyes turned towards him now with anxious, yet unpitying stare. Such, surely, were the eyes that ringed the Colosseum when we early Britons, blue with paint, beat out each other's brains with bronze axes to amuse the dandies and wantons of Rome—the wicked.

He staggers! No, he is safe. He has risen on one knee, has carefully got astride of the rope. He has stooped down and strapped on his stove; he has smiled to his wife in the balcony; he has taken off his hat and bowed, to acknowledge his thanks for the applause; he has slowly risen, with the heavy weight dragging him backward, and has risen erect and safe upon the rope. Now he passes up the rope, stove and all, and bows safely from the little red shelf near his dressing-room.

The band storms out "God save the Queen," the black sea breaks up and pulverises into atoms, decantering down the various passages leading to the railway station. I hear no expressions of pity nor anxiety; but the hon. member for Rottenborough says to some other M.P., "The suspense was too protracted.—Will you be down at the House to-night?"

Others are saying that what we have just seen, painful as it is, is nothing to what Blondin will do. He is going to walk, in the grounds, on a rope fifty feet higher, and pass through the playing fountains. He will walk the rope on stilts, with his feet in baskets; he will carry a man over on his back; some one says he will actually wheel his wife over in a scarlet and gold wheelbarrow.

"Of course he'll break his neck one of these days.—My dear, have you got the opera-glass?" says Lady Fantwiddle, as she passes to her carriage.

I leave the Palace, fully persuaded of one thing, and that is, that if M. Blondin wants to make a very great success indeed, he should carry over a baby on his back. That would be an admirable excitement, and would bring all the fashionable mothers in London to see him. We have all enjoyed the Chinese juggler, who let a friend fling knives at his face; we have all rejoiced to see the Alhambra champion break his back, and Leotard fly through the air. But Blondin rope-dancing with a baby in his arms would be, "Let me assure you, my dear Lady Fantwiddle, perfectly irresistible."

THE LAST LEWISES.

THE HEADLESS.

In the gaudy relic-room of the Louvre, near the window, is a white round table, engraved all over curiously with a sort of map or projection. Not far off is exposed a little satin slipper creased, soiled, and very tiny. Holiday folk do not much regard these curiosities, being wholly engrossed with the fineries and the table services, the body linen, and, most precious of all, that poor battered St. Helena hat. But the geographical table was engraved by the fingers of Louis Capet, sometime King of France, and the tiny slipper belonged to that ill-fated Widow Capet, Marie Antoinette. When did she wear that soiled slipper last? At the Versailles dance? At the palace window when she faced the mob howling below?

Upon a worn sou-piece of the period, is about the best likeness of Lewis the Desired. From that coin looks out upon us, the round bulb-shaped face, sloped away to where it sprouts in the tie-wig, the large nose, the fat hanging double chin, the aimable fatuity, the gentle inanity. We can read his whole life and all its sorrowful adventures on the one-sou piece—his delights, his lockmaking, his joys and trials, and his weaknesses. Alack! as we put it by in the drawer, we see that such a face was not the face for the crisis. Perhaps another with sterner lines and less florid cheeks would have fared no better. The family estates had come down to him, ruinously mortgaged, rack-rented, harried, wasted, burnt up, and here at last were the tenants at bay, and proceedings in court, and a bloody foreclosure.

How well we know him! With whose sorrows are we so familiar? Whether in that pathetic story-book shape over which our child's eyes have filled and glistened, the legend of The Peasant and the Prince, as told by the Lady of Ambleside; or in that fierce scorching hand-writing on the wall, of Mr. Carlyle's; it has all the same touching power. O for that terrible night of Varennes, feverish, protracted, never ending! How long did we wait beside the hackney-coach, panting, fluttering, for the two dark figures who had stolen by a back door from the Tuileries, and, floundering through the narrow streets, made us lose two precious hours! How we rejoiced as we got them clear of the city, when the huge mountain of a berline was ready waiting, and saw that great lumbering thing roll away! How we chafed and fumed over its crawling progress, and the delays and mistakes about the post-horses, and how we lost our temper with that stupid round-faced king, who would keep putting his head out of the window and undoing all! How we panted and trembled as the long day drew on, for that poor crowded party packed closely inside, as the sultry sun began to sink, and we began to think that after all they might get clear, O the miserable bungle about the dragoons! Then the stupid mistake about the post-house, when every second was precious. No matter, put the horses to any way! Forward! Quick! Use whip and spur for Heaven's sake! But that wretchedly suspicious postmaster, whom we should have ridden down, or brained, or felled to the earth, has sent for the bank-note with the kings picture, and here is the archway where is the barricade, and here armed men. All is over! King Lewis does not fight for it, nor cut a passage through. But the heavy old gentleman in the corner, making believe to be an honest citizen in a dark wig, going on his travels, says he supposes they had best go back. Go back! We give him up from that hour. With shame and burning cheeks, we turn to the brave ladies. As to him, we never recover the shock; through all those indignities of the Temple, the insults, that bearding of him as Louis Capet, and even that cruel last ending of all, we never *quite* get over the long Varennes night. If any reader is unacquainted with that night, happy is such reader to have yet in reserve Mr. Carlyle's wonderful picture of it. There is no more masterly and comprehensive piece of description in all history or fiction.

He was good, honest, kindly, and well meaning, this penultimate of reigning Lewises. There are a hundred little stories of his tenderness, of his pastoral charities, of his lifting the latch of the peasant's cottage in the disguise of a simple squire, and of his climbing that Alp of six and seven stories, a house in a squalid Parisian street, up to the kennel in the roof, where the sick workman lay. No wonder Apostle Paine said of him that if he had been only born a simple agriculturist, he would have been the most honest man in his canton. Apostle Paine only did him justice in his rough way. Poor King! He thought to stop an express engine by standing in the roadway and waving his arms. It ran over him. It destroyed him. He turned a whole menagerie loose, and then wished to whistle and wheedle the creatures into their cages again. They devoured him. The great Lewis saw the old palace crumbling over his head, and breaking into alarming fissures; but he merely got his architects to shore it up. Then he said, "It will last my time—after me, the deluge." This foolish Lewis would have a thorough repair and restoration, and the whole thing fell in and crushed him. That long night in the heavy berline was a compressed copy of his life. There were other critical seasons besides that one, when he would put his head out of the window, when he must get down and walk up the hill, and when he would inappropriately call for meat and drink. Even when the tiger had got him down and was standing over him with hot reeking jaws, he must childishly play tricks with the furious beast; and, promising to be very good in future, and to be a liberal constitutional master, is detected writing to foreign armies, hurrying them on to come quick and cut the tiger's throat. Is it wonderful that the tiger snapped his head off?

Looking back to Paris society of that day, is like looking down from the boxes at the flashes and humours of a masked ball. Every human being is theatrical, is painted, and has a party-coloured domino on. It is a Babel, or Babylon, of tumbling men and women: a jumble of philosophers, mountebanks, harlequins, courtiers, valets, queans, and felons. Never was there such a fusion of ranks. There is a pure dead level as to character, no one having too much to spare; for the corpulent bonhomme, the rubicund bourgeois citizen with the double chin will have decency and correct manners (under a domino at least), and has hunted the painted ladies from court. There is a wild book, in eight volumes, still to be found on book-stalls, called A Picture of Paris, which is a perfect looking-glass for those times. It reads like a nightmare, and brings up the crowded streets, and the operas, and the churches, and the dinner parties of Pandemonium Paris, with a startling vividness.

Genteel infidelity had spread universally, and was more fashionable than the new head-dress or the jewelled canes. Gentlemen of nice susceptibility were wounded by being taken for deists instead of atheists. In the wake of this unholy war, a huge sewer burst and flooded the country with its unclean waters. The landmarks of decent literature were carried away, and Paris became one huge and frightful Holywell-street. It makes our blood curdle to read the frightful uses to which the innocent type and papers were degraded. Not long since, the writer of these notes purchased, at a book sale, a little regiment of some forty French pocket romances, neatly printed, and in a uniform of gilt edges and mottled calf coats. They were tempting; but the lying imprint "London" — where they were never printed

—should have excited suspicion. The dainty volumes taken home proved to be a company of little lepers, fashionably dressed, and destined for "the ladies' boudoir." As I look at their gilding and their pretty "getting up," and feel the scent of those boudoirs still clinging to them, I think they must be very like the masked heroes of the court, the human lepers who went about in the bag-wigs and sky-blue silken coats.

As this miasma lifts itself slowly and opens partially, we, who are looking back, see the strangest spectral figures and ghostly lights flitting to and fro, like exhalations over a marsh. It seems like the last grand round of the masked ball, when the Pierrots and Débardeurs are fetching up their wildest antics; and we take a sort of morbid interest in this unholy rout, from knowing that this and that poor wretched reveller will be by-and-by dragged out into the cold glare of daylight, and sacrificed bloodily, with all the paint and gauds on. Poor unconscious mummers! They show us glimpses of their fairy land. We cross over from Dover, and find at Dessein's, getting ready to post it up to Paris, the Prince of Gossip, the most delightful of scandal-mongers — most welcome of cronies — diverting Sir Nathaniel Wraxall. He has the choicest bits in his wallet. He has been round all the courts in his light carriage, scandal-hunting. But there is scandal and scandal as there is fagot and fagot; and the babbling baronet only relished such as dealt with courtly matter: as those dark whispers concerning Caroline Matilda, the indiscretion of the illustrious Empress Catherine, the fatal escapade of the Count Kœnigsmarck, and other little adventures. If he should but offer us a seat in his chaise, what a feast of tattle we shall have, as we rattle through Montreuil and Abbeville, and those other posting towns, by which the Reverend Mr. Sterne had already travelled—sentimentally! We rattle into Paris at nightfall, under the lanterns hung from lines across the streets, and plunge into the revel with the rest. We go out to Versailles upon a gala day, see the great waters spouting, and then look on from reserved places as their gracious majesties dine before the world. Such magnificence, such fine clothes, such a happy people! Then, their majesties rise and walk among their faithful subjects. A heavy bulky figure, with the onion-shaped head of the sou-piece, shambling from leg to leg, as though one limb were shorter than the other; a good-natured fatuous face, suffering much from the heat—this was his majesty, the eldest son of the Church. But on his arm—the fat arm of this shambling Lewis—leans that famous lady, the hapless queen, for whom, alas, Mr. Burke's ten thousand swords should have made that famous leap from their scabbards. As she moved among those Versailles bosquets, and trimmed hedges, and spouting mermen and other conceits, there was in her walk and carriage something that verged upon the goddess. Sober Englishmen, posting it round the world upon the grand tour, presented by his Grace of Dorset our ambassador, became infatuated, and linger on for months. The cold classical mind of Mr. Burke was clearly unsettled by this vision; and later on in Parliament, as in other places, he was accustomed to rave of this enchantress. One special declamatory raving is often spouted on a school-room platform, and Master Pickle hymns it with appropriate singsong, how it was now sixteen years since he saw the Queen of France, and that surely mortal eye had never rested on anything so lovely. It is to be feared she took too much delight in that turning of heads: conquests to which contributed mainly that light forward manner of hers and that superb hair with which she used to play fantastic tricks.

She flits past—in the tricky light of the memoirs of her time—with a new head-dress for every day, each a prodigy of inventive talent. She set the fashion of that coiffure à la hedgehog, which suggested the outline of quills of that animal, and, with a gay capriciousness, made all her ladies carry gardens, forests, mountains, parterres, and other curious devices, upon their heads. A naval captain raised the public to enthusiasm by acquitting himself with respectability in action, and presently fashionable tresses were seen to be trained into a faint likeness of a frigate of war, which ingenious style was christened à la Belle Poule, the name of the vessel. Some forty years back there was pointed out to Dumas the Elder, a man who had often constructed these frigates, parks, and cabriolets (for mimetic vehicles of this nature were also borne upon the head) for the queen, and had manipulated professionally those long soft tresses with comb and irons and lubricants.

We see her—still in the Will-o'-the-wisp light of the memoirs—walking in the gardens, playing games with a herd of doubtful gallants, a sort of hoyden queen and royal Glorvina. She was about as indiscreet as that full-blown lady who was imported for a noble George of our own. She fretted, like the full-blown lady, against the nets and strings of etiquette with which she was hampered. A sort of reigning school-girl, she ran races on donkeys, was thrown from her donkey a little awkwardly, and was picked up with a very curious speech. She showered nicknames plentifully, laughed loudly, said what first came into her head, and (we are afraid) was a little too fond of admiring any handsome gallant she saw. The babbling baronet—very clubbable he must have been—who was at my lord duke's, the ambassadors', and the court and nobilities, and knew the old marshals and the whole squadron of demireps — tells some odd stories. He describes the Descampativos, or Games of Romps, to which the royal lady was passionately addicted, but in which he says there *may* have been no harm. The Romps were conducted on these principles: the scene was usually the greensward of the palace gardens, St. Cloud or Versailles; the trees were hung with lamps, and the public

jealously warned away. The fine ladies and gentlemen, with the king and queen, collected round Vaudreuil, whom they appointed high priest of the party, and who was said to fulfil his functions with much humour and spirit. There was a kind of mimic altar, dressed, and a sort of mock solemnity maintained. The essential part of the rite lay in pairing off the ladies and gentlemen; a duty which the high priest was held to perform with exquisite tact and knowledge of the court atmosphere; but it was remarked that he usually allotted her majesty to himself. Suddenly the mystic word is pronounced. "Descampativos!" Clap hands! and hi presto! the noble company have fled, are utterly invisible, swallowed up in those intricate walks and bosquets, bound under heaviest fulminations not to reappear for some hours. This questionable diversion scandalised that easily scandalised people, the people of Paris. True, his majesty was there by way of conjugal chaperon, shambling with his ungainly limbs away down the walks with an allotted partner, but it is to be feared that this show of decency did not satisfy those who looked on from afar off, and to whose ears whispers of the gambols were borne upon the gale. We, who look backward, can have no reasonable doubt but that these were most indiscreet games. The queen had all the foolhardiness of virtue, and, it must be conceded, all the coarseness which the rubbing of skirts with the Dubarrys and those of her cloth in a daily familiarity, would induce. That living in an atmosphere of unwholesome allusion, and of jest and earnest all based on that one gross basis, as a thing to be accepted and perfectly understood, must have brushed away the fine delicate bloom lying on the surface. Here seems to be the true key to her character.

Gossip Wraxall has us again by the buttonhole, in a corner at one of these brilliant assemblies.

"See that plain, faded, worn-out youth, but with a fine figure? That is Dillon le Beau. Whisper——"

Listeners' cheeks shrink inwards with an inhaling motion almost like a whistle.

"Hush, my dear sir! Only the other night, at a ball, her majesty became faint and tired. 'Only feel how my heart palpitates,' she remarked to his gracious majesty; who did feel. 'Does it not, count?' she said to Beau Dillon, also standing by, and actually, my dear sir—stoop down—put that spark's hand on her side."

How exactly that story of the baronet supports that view of the very effrontery of virtue. This dear and unrivalled baronet—who was, later in life, cruelly fined and imprisoned in the Queen's Bench for a naughty little story à propos of her Majesty of all the Russias—can point us out other noble figures whose beaux yeux the queen delights to honour. There is De Coigny, tall, graceful, insinuating; De Vaudreuil, the high priest; the Count d'Artois, who would have been good-looking if he could only have been got to keep his mouth shut; and the brave Fersen. Our own countryman, Lord Whitworth—for whose hand three noble ladies of the highest rank did bid thereafter in money and jewels—was greatly favoured on account of his fine person and stately presence. Our ambassador, le Duc de Dorset, was noticed prodigiously; and years after, when the "descampativos" had found a bloody atonement, used to take out, with a regretful fondness, an old letter-case full of little notes and hasty billets, from which the scent had not yet passed away, and would read them over with our baronet. They were harmless little despatches—mainly commissions for English purchases, needles and the like—sent the night before he would be setting out. The Honourable Hugh Conway, a very personable man, and one of six gigantic brethren, was similarly distinguished. But, says this incorrigible old scandal chiffonnier, "If ever there was one—mark, I say IF—and do not for a moment misunderstand me—but still, on the remote hypothesis that there was what we may pleasantly—ha, ha!—call a slight discoloration in the peach, why I should say—stoop down—Vaudreuil was the man!"

All this while it was literally raining, hailing pamphlets. They came down in a pitiless pestilent storm, and choked the streets. There was a craze—a frantic mania for this shape of writing: and these vile broadsheets, each running over with horrid songs and terrible lampoons, had but one aim—the luckless Marie Antoinette. They were printed on the coarsest paper, and were sold for a few sous in the open streets. So came forth the Historical Essays on the Life of Marie Antoinette of AUSTRIA! Followed by The She-Iscariot of France, printed at Versailles, Hôtel des Courtisanes! The Life of Louis XVI.: London, at the printing-press of Saint James! Lives of Orleans—of Everybody. In the first, the queen is made to unfold her own adventures, and the she-Iscariot relates her failings with a startling candour.

Meanwhile the old heavy berline of the monarchy rambles on nearer and nearer to the edge. The causes of the final toppling over, furnish a trite theme to every schoolboy and mutual improvement class. All through these premonitory growlings of the populace, the same fat unwieldy figure, the good-hearted round-cheeked onion-headed and generally inefficient "countryman king" is conspicuous shambling on from one limb to the other. Angry parliaments come to wait on him, and he is fetched out from his forge and his files and his locks and his keys, reputed to be the worst in Paris, and confronts them all, grimed and heated, a royal smith. He made a progress down to Cherbourg to see the works, and was delighted with his expedition. Long afterwards, his parrot question was said to be "Ever been at Cherbourg?" a negative answer being received with such disfavour, that adroit courtiers soon found out they must actually *make* the journey. If he fancied a dish specially at dinner, the bonhomme would give orders that what was left should be kept

for supper. It was ingeniously circulated that the heat of the forge must naturally induce thirst, and that he thus became immoderately addicted to what was called "Tockai" and Champagne: a taste which was, of course, encouraged for their own ends by the frightful "gang" of Guiennes, Polignacs, and other conspirators who surrounded him. The she-Iscariot used to make him drunk, for purposes of her own. Still, through all these legends runs a tone of indulgence for the full-faced fatuous bonhomme. Even the discontented see him as we now see him, well-meaning and good natured.

Which of us, child or man, does not know by heart the whole scenery, incidents, and decorations of that five-act tragedy, the Revolution? The fighting in the streets, the Bastille, the Swiss in the Tuileries, the fishwomen, Tennis-court, flight to Varennes, and what not? Through it all, we see the heavy figure, stolid, impassive, weak and well-meaning, to the last. We peep in at that frightful scene, the little room in the village, where the berline party, captured and discomfited, are huddled together; and where a gloomy despair and gaunt spectres of all the succeeding horrors might well have cowed the bravest heart; and we hear him praising the best Burgundy he ever tasted. In the last act, the night before the curtain fell, in that taking his son upon his knee, and in that final coming down of the curtain, he did indeed rise above his nature, and play his part grandly; yet something will whisper that it is not so hard for these more insensible natures so to play their parts. In that awful scene, so pathetically described by his heroic confessor, where there is a grandeur and dignity of soul which could not have been predicted from his previous character, there break out little turns and caprices which jar upon the general effect, and point back again to the older weaknesses. Alas! that the famous "Son of Saint Louis, ascend to Heaven!" should rest upon a foundation of clouds! The faithful confessor is very doubtful over it; so it must recede into that questionable limbo where repose "The guard dies, but surrenders never!" of Cambronne; the shrieks of "Vive la République!" from the sinking Vengeur; the Waterloo Duke's order to his Guards; and their melodramatic but repudiated "Tags."

In our time there is no need for apprehension of indecorous irregularity like this of the old French Court. Our gentle youths, whose peculiar province it is to carry on the business of loving, go to their work in a careless and phlegmatic fashion that raises our indignation. The young generous blood—warm burning current that carried forward your old-fashioned spirited lover—has drained away into something poor, thin, colourless. He is utterly unimpassioned. Enthusiasm is sadly plebeian. A relish of the ludicrous reaching beyond the proportions of the dawn of a simper, becomes indecent mirth. Any derangement in the direction of those gentler moods—pity, charity, sympathy—trench perilously on vulgarity. A state of eternal quietude is most becoming. Verbal superfluity has been already pruned down to the extremest verge, consistent with intelligibility. It has come to be a vast Slough of Despond, a barren dead level of inexpression. There reigns a conventional monotony, a waste of sameness; and Mr. Carlyle's strange expression, "a deep no-meaning," finds at last a happy and comprehensible embodiment.

CHEATING AT CARDS.

Our readers are already acquainted with the Confidences of a Prestidigitateur,* which chronicle the acquirement and the application of sleight-of-hand to purposes of pure diversion. Their author, Monsieur Robert-Houdin, has lately published a more serious work—Les Tricheries des Grecs Dévoilées; The Cheating Tricks of the Greeks Unveiled; the Art of Winning at all Games of Cards, with the motto from Montesquieu, "Enlighten the dupes, and there will be no more swindlers." The famous conjuror is so authoritative on these subjects, that he has been frequently consulted by magistrates to give his opinion whether suspicious winnings were the result of honest or dishonest proceedings.

When cards are chequered with a pattern on the back, the addition of an almost invisible dot, no bigger than a pin's point, can, by an ingenious plan, which rivals the most refined abbreviations of shorthand-writing, be made to indicate any one of the thirty-two cards of a piquet pack.

"Very well," says the sanguine reader. "We will make a rule never to play with cards that are not perfectly plain and white at the back." Unfortunately, white cards also become traitors in the hands of a clever swindler.

In 1849, Robert-Houdin was requested by the Juge d'Instruction of the Tribunal of the Seine to examine and verify the genuineness of a hundred and fifty packs of cards that were seized in the possession of a man whose antecedents were far from being as spotless as the wares so harshly taken from him. The cards were perfectly white, and this peculiarity had hitherto baffled the most minute examination. It was impossible for the keenest eye to detect the least proof of their having been tampered with, or to discover the slightest mark.

A fortnight was spent in inspecting, both with the unaided eye and with an excellent lens, the material, the form, and the imperceptible shades of hue of every card in the hundred and fifty packs. Nothing could be seen. Wearied with the task, our author exclaimed, "Decidedly, there is nothing wrong here!" ill-humouredly tossing the cards upon the table.

Suddenly, on the shining back of one of them, and close to one of the corners, he perceived a dull spot. On a closer inspection, the spot disappeared; but, which was strange, it became visible again on retiring to a distance.

* See Household Words, vol. xix. p. 433.

Following a certain method employed in Greekdom, he ascertained that on every card there existed a spot which, according to its place on the card, indicated the suit and the value of that card.

Suppose the back of each card to be traversed vertically by eight imaginary parallel lines, and by four horizontal ones, as is shown below:

The first set denote the value of the card; the second set the suit. The mark is placed at the point of intersection of these imaginary divisions. That is the whole of the scheme. Practice does the rest. As to the method of printing the mysterious spot, the author declines to indicate it, his object being to signalise and not to teach that mode of cheating. It suffices that, when looked at closely, the spot is confounded with the white surface of the card, but that, at a distance, the reflexion of the light renders the card brilliant while the spot remains dull.

At first sight, it will appear very difficult to ascertain to which division an isolated spot on the back of a card belongs. Nevertheless, a little attention will prove that the * on the card above, can neither belong to the second nor to the fourth vertical division; and, in like manner, that it is on the line of the second horizontal division. The card, therefore, is the queen of diamonds.

This successful investigation induced him to pursue the subject further, and to ascertain whether a person who plays for amusement only, has the slightest chance of winning with a person who plays only to live. As the conclusion arrived at, was, that such supposed favourable chance is nil; that the amount of the amateur's losses is limited only by the magnanimity, the forbearance, or the cunning caution, of the professed gambler; that, in cases of swindling and cheating at cards, the magistrate may be led astray even by his own innocence and his honest conscience; the "expert" determined to give the public at large, a proof of his gratitude for the favours and the fortune received from them.

In the execution of such a task prudence was necessary. He had no intention of tempting the needy, or of putting a dangerous weapon into the hands of unscrupulous or perverted individuals. Therefore, in his explanations of sharpers' tricks, if he tells enough to enable you to understand them, he does not tell you quite enough to enable you to execute them; and he has so good an opinion of honest people, that he believes the perusal of his book will inspire *them* with no other thought than to beware of roguish manœuvres. Nevertheless, he is haunted by one apprehension:

You may have seen a couple of men, who have been fighting in the street, suddenly become reconciled, and then turn their united strength against the busybody who separated them. The author may, perhaps, incur a similar fate; he may be regarded both by the beater and the beaten, by the trickster and the dupe, as a common enemy. Inveterate players may be dissatisfied at having to renounce play, for fear of being cheated; Greeks will certainly bear a grudge against the man who has taken such pains to tear off their mask. Robert-Houdin was obliged to relinquish personal research into this branch of learning, because it led him into bodily peril: he engaged a sort of agent, or commercial traveller, in the Greekery line. A young man, who was introduced to him, and whose life, "although tolerably respectable," was spent in taverns and gambling-houses—plain English would style this respectable young man "a spy"—undertook to supply information. Every time that he bagged and brought in a novel dodge, the master paid him liberally. It was a curious monomania, certainly; but the book was the object, and remains the result.

The modern Greeks derive their title from a certain chevalier, a Greek by birth, named Apoulos, who, towards the close of Louis the Fourteenth's reign, was admitted to court. He soon realised such considerable profits at play, that he raised suspicions as to the nature of his good luck. In spite of his marvellous expertness, the chevalier was caught in the fact of cheating, and sent to the galleys for twenty years. The adventure made a great noise; and henceforward the name of Apoulos, or simply of Greek, was given to every individual who attempted to correct the caprice of fortune. Since then, the Greeks have multiplied and thriven; they have calculated with the patience of mathematicians, and invented and imagined with the genius of poets. From the days of pharaon, lansquenet, and quadrille, down to the present time, they have made a pack of cards fulfil the office of the philosopher's stone.

Although roulette has been banished from France, the Greeks have never ceased to reside in the land. Where are they to be found? Their numerous dupes know only too well.

They have learnt to their cost that these insatiable birds of prey are invariably met with wherever money is lying on a card-table. And how are they to be recognised? There, lies the difficulty; for these heroes of the criminal courts are more adroit than ever. Taken collectively, the Greeks do not offer any type to seize; it is far from easy to sketch their physiognomy, so numerous and varied is the species.

The Greek of high life is without contradiction the sharpest, the most adroit, and the ablest member of his intelligent family; he is a master of arts in the science of making dupes. This Greek, in general, moves in the best society; his dress and manners are unexceptional. If he do not shine in conversation, it is because, in the first place, he desires to eclipse nobody; secondly, because he reserves his talents for the execution of his own little plans. He makes light of accomplishments, despising them rather than not; on the other hand, he sets a high value on qualities serviceable in his profession. For instance, whether it be a gift of nature or the result of study, he possesses to a high degree that delicate and ready perception, that exquisite tact, and above all, that marvellous power of appreciation, which is mentioned in the "Confidences."

All Greeks take advantage of the slightest difference that cards present, to render fortune favourable. It would hardly seem credible that a new pack, just taken out of its envelope, should be in a condition to assist a practised hand in distinguishing the court cards from the low ones; but the feat is especially possible with a pack that has been kept in a place which is not perfectly dry. The Greek, as he is dealing the cards, presses the pack firmly with his left thumb, as if for the purpose of detaching the upper cards, and causing them to slide towards his right hand. Under these circum stances, the low cards slip forward more readily than the court-cards.

The reason is this: to give a lustre to the colouring of the cards, gum is employed. Now, that substance, being very hygrometic, easily attracts moisture and becomes slightly adhesive. In the present case, the court-cards having a larger coloured surface than the low cards, offer a greater amount of resistance. This trick is particularly employed by the Greeks of high life, who execute it with an incredible delicacy of touch, which they maintain by wearing gloves at all times when not engaged in play. Some even rub the tips of their fingers with pumice-stone, or dip them in certain acids, which gives to the epidermis an extreme sensibility. Greeks of an inferior grade make use of packs prepared, so as to render these effects more sensible. They rub the court-cards with a very thin layer of soap, while the low cards are dusted with very finely-powdered rosin.

When the Greek of good society is engaged with his victims, although he may seem to keep his eyes fixed on his own proper cards, he may be caught directing stolen glances about, to take note of what is passing around him. From the impression produced when the hands are taken up, and by the manner of sorting them, he is quite competent to divine the quality of the cards of each of his adversaries. As a physiognomist, he would completely throw into the background the ablest disciple of Lavater. In his presence, it is of no use to wrap yourself up in a cold indifference; from the slightest motion of the fibres of your face, from the most imperceptible contraction of your features, he discovers the secret impressions of your mind. These delicate appreciations, so useful for his own perfidious manœuvres, are of equal service in ascertaining the degree of confidence which he himself inspires.

The Greek of high life plays all games with the same perfection. The theories and probabilities of games of chance, so ably described by Van Tenac, are for him only elementary principles, which he handles with rare intelligence. To these eminent intellectual qualities, he adds a profound knowledge of the most refined legerdemain; he has no superior in executing the sharper's three main masterstrokes—*faire filer la carte, sauter la coupe, enlever* or *poser des portées*. These important principles of swindling are elevated by his skill, to the dignity of the marvellous. Gifted with a keen eyesight, after the cards have passed in review before him several times, he is able to recognise not a few of them. One will be the least in the world darker in hue; another will have, on such or such a part, a spot or stain, some slight imperfection which cannot be avoided by the most careful manufacture, and which no one else would think of noticing. In default of such marks, the Greek, conscious of his tactic powers, will render cards recognisable by a slight notch on the edge made with his nail, or impressed with the inner portion of a finger-ring, skilfully contrived for the purpose. These cards once known, he can either keep them himself or give them to his adversaries, as best suits his interest.

During the summer, the Corinthian Greek leaves town to drink the waters. He has no objection to the celebrated and brilliant oasis which figures on the map as Baden-Baden. There, thanks to the combined wealth and blindness of his adversaries, he pockets sufficient gains to lead the ostentatious life of a nabob. The majority of these tip-top sharpers come to a wretched end; a few retire into private life, and drag on an existence of remorse and fear, which M. Ancelot has so well described in his novel Une Fortune Mystérieuse.

A couple of these gentry, Andréas, a middle-aged man, of great ability and experience, and Raymond, a showy young man, otherwise known as the Marquis, had invaded Boulogne-Sur-Mer, and made it the scene of their manœuvres. The company there, was rich and gay; the harvest abundant. At the same time their margin was considerably reduced by the share allotted to one Achille Chauvignac, a local swindler, who played the part of jackal and decoy-duck. They determined, therefore, to leave him to get on

alone, and limit the partnership to their own two selves.

A short parenthesis of explanation may be here permitted. The reader, when he constantly hears these enormous profits spoken of, will be apt to conclude that the majority of Greeks become millionnaires, and some fine day transform themselves into great capitalists or large landed proprietors. In spite of their numerous and heavy gains, this class of reprobates never make a fortune. We might even assert that, out of a hundred Greeks, ninety-nine, plus one, die in poverty. The explanation is not difficult; the ranks of modern Greekdom are, without exception, recruited by individuals who have been brought to ruin by wastefulness and debauchery. Now, nothing is less likely to reform a man and bring him back to an orderly and economical life, than the practice of Greekery. Every Greek is dissipated, prodigal, and ostentatious, according to his means. These gentlemen, instead of proportioning their expenditure to their receipts, discount the future, and live at a rate which it is impossible to maintain. They keep their horses, and other things besides, and make use of everything they keep, as a means of display. The Greek also, though it will scarcely be believed, spends money in play. This wretched man, who is almost always used-up in respect to the enjoyments of material comfort, still must have his gambling emotions, and *that* real gambling. He then takes to roulette or to trente et quarante. In these games, the punters being passive instruments, the Greek meets with a court of justice. Fortune, whom he "corrects" elsewhere, here avenges herself by resuming her supremacy. She punishes him by taking severe reprisals.

On leaving Boulogne, the Arcades ambo, or blackguards both, meant to betake themselves to the south of France; they were diverted from that purpose by an affair which Chauvignac proposed to them, and which consisted in relieving a doctor of Saint-Omer, who was an inveterate gamester, of a few thousand-franc notes. Chauvignac was to give every necessary information, and exacted no more than a third of the profits for having pointed out the game. Only, as he was the doctor's intimate friend, it was stipulated that he should not appear in the business.

The industrious Greeks soon made their appearance at the Hôtel d'Angleterre, one of the best inns. Andréas gave himself out as a rich Parisian capitalist, who, charmed by the beauty of the neighbourhood and the simplicity of its manners, desired to become the purchaser of a property. He was accompanied by a friend who was competent to give him judicious advice. They took several excursions, they made inquiries; but of all the estates they visited, none was on a sufficiently grand scale to suit the metropolitan purchaser. Tired of making fruitless researches, the millionnaire announced that he was about to return to the capital, when he suddenly fell ill. At his request, the best doctor in the town, Chauvignac's friend, the gamester in question, was immediately sent for. The disciple of Esculapius (and also of Mercury) made careful inquiries as to the causes of his new client's malady and the nature of his sufferings.

"Alas, monsieur!" replied Andréas, in a doleful voice, "I cannot tell what brought on the indisposition which now confines me to my bed; all I know is, that I have a horrible headache. I am greatly afraid that the symptoms announce the return of a brain fever which has already attacked me more than once."

"Make yourself easy," the doctor answered. "We will try and avert the evil by a copious blood-letting."

"Do what you please," said the hardened swindler. "I place myself entirely in your hands."

Andréas submitted to the prescribed bleeding, after which he declared that he felt a little better.

"I will come and see you to-morrow," said the doctor, as he took leave of the pretended sick man.

"No, no; you must come again in the course of the day, for I feel that I stand in need of constant attention."

The doctor promised, and did return a few hours afterwards. On feeling the pulse, he found it still so firm and high, that he recommended fasting and absolute repose. As soon as the doctor's back was turned, Andréas unfastened a ligature which he had tied round his arm to modify the pulsation of the vein, and enjoyed a hearty meal. Several days passed in this way, during which Raymond never left his friend's bedside. He behaved with the devotion of a Sister of Charity. Under such serious circumstances, it was deemed expedient to send for two members of the family, who were formally introduced to the doctor.

These two gentlemen, who passed for the patient's nephews, were no other than hack swindlers, Parisian confederates who undertook any stray job at the rate of ten francs each per day. Their part consisted merely in seconding the manœuvres of their employer. The complaint was mastered, as might be expected. Andréas very shortly appeared to be rapidly recovering his usual health.

To amuse the poor invalid, who was still confined to his bed, his nephews and his friend played cards every day. The game increased in interest; gold rolled in plenty on the table; no lack of money in *this* family at least.

"I tell you what, doctor," said Andréas, one evening, "I believe that a little amusement would hasten my recovery. You have a winning face; would you do me the favour to hold a hand for me at écarté? I put down ten louis."

The doctor, as much to please his patient as to gratify his favourite passion, readily took his place at the table. His luck was admirable; it resulted in his handing over sixty louis to the convalescent.

"I am very glad," he said, "to have fulfilled my mission so satisfactorily; but I can hardly tell whether the result has been arrived at through your good luck or my own."

"Mon Dieu! dear doctor, you have only to try, and you will very soon find out. Play, if you like, on your own account; I bet on you; the luck will be yours."

The doctor did not wait to be asked twice; he sat down to play, and again had a wonderful run of good fortune. In no time he had won a hundred louis.

"Decidedly, 'tis you who bring me luck," said Andréas to his partner. "But enough for this evening; I have need of rest. I hope these gentlemen will excuse our 'coming Charlemagne.'* To-morrow, if you wish, we will try again; and I expect you will help me to beat my nephews hollow, and so cure them of their love of play. If you can manage that, doctor, it will be one of the best things you ever did in your life."

More through the temptation of so capital a run of luck than through pure philanthropy, the doctor was punctual at the rendezvous. He presented himself at the usual hour; the nephews had arrived already. Not to neglect his medical duties, he felt the patient's pulse; and finding it all right, was perfectly ready to recommence. As before, the card-table was drawn close to the invalid's bed, and they began playing.

To plunder the poor doctor the more expeditiously, they allowed him at first to win a few louis. This voluntary loss, which in the Greek vocabulary is called *amorçage*, "baiting the hook," allowed the sharpers to increase the stakes, in order to attain their real object more speedily. As soon as there was no more coin, but bank-notes only, on the table, the luck suddenly changed. The doctor, hitherto favoured by fortune, experienced a succession of severe reverses. At the close of the evening, he and Andréas had lost thirty thousand francs each (one thousand two hundred pounds). Of course there was only a single victim; Andréas's losses, which were merely a lure, were repaid in full by his confederates.

They concluded that the doctor had had a sufficient bleeding, considering his moderate fortune; moreover, they were afraid that, by overdoing the thing, some police-court catastrophe might happen to them. Next morning, consequently, the invalid, finding himself sufficiently recovered to travel, paid the doctor's bill, and got out of the town as fast as he could.

The middle-class Greek, otherwise called the nomade Greek, because he is ubiquitous, is the connecting link between the high-life swindler and him of the vulgar gambling-house. But the link is a long one, of great extent, and graduates by imperceptible shades into either extremity of this world of freebooters. The nomade Greek rarely does business alone; he enters into partnership with confederates called *Comtois*, who are mostly other Greeks whose talents, fortune, and respectability are on a par with those of their associates. But according to circumstances, and in case of need, these worthy individuals change their parts and play *Comtois*, turn about. They have also female auxiliaries, styled *Amazons*, of whom they make the most dangerous use, and who are their steady companions through good and through evil, in prosperity and in dishonour. These creatures, mostly very handsome, attain a degree of depravity at least equalling, if not surpassing, that of their lord and master.

The nomade Greek is far from possessing the ability and the polished manners of his Corinthian colleague; neither has he that fineness of touch, that delicacy of execution, which renders cheating imperceptible. Notwithstanding which he is exceedingly clever in the conception of his perfidies, as well as in the manipulation of the different tools of Greekery. In his hands, cards, dice, and dominoes become formidable instruments. All games, simple or complicated, are made to serve his purposes. Be it whist, bataille, backgammon, or heads and tails, he is ready with the means of turning the game to his own advantage. The dupes of this Greek are as varied as they are multitudinous; he picks them up in every place. For him, nothing is sacred; not even his nearest relations, nor his most intimate friends.

Three Greeks of this class, associated for the exercise of their profession, separated, each in his own direction, in search of dupes. One of them, a young Italian surnamed La Candeur, perhaps on account of his astute address, announced one day to his other colleagues that he had just discovered a young man of good family newly arrived in the capital. This young gentleman was rich, prodigal, and fond of play; in short, everything that could be desired by the three Athenians. The Italian, moreover, informed them that his provincial friend was going to the Opera that very evening.

So plump a pigeon was not to be lost. They immediately arranged their plan of attack, and, as soon as all the details were settled, they separated, agreeing to meet at the Académie de Musique. At the appointed hour, the three Greeks were in the saloon of the theatre, and had not long to wait for the youthful capitalist's arrival.

The Italian accosted him, and then presented his comrades under names borrowed from the nobility, after which they walked about and chatted, until the conversation became so interesting, that they remained together the whole of the evening. The three Greeks were excessively amiable; the youth of good family, delighted with his new acquaintance, invited them to supper at the restaurant of the Maison Dorée. The proposition was accepted with pleasure. The repast was worthy of the Amphitryon; nothing was spared to entertain such agreeable guests in suitable style.

To prolong the pleasure of this happy meeting, cards were mentioned; the idea was adopted by acclamation. While the tables were being placed, the three rogues managed to hold a further consultation, and, on La Candeur's proposition, they agreed that, to draw out the

* *Faire Charlemagne*, slang for leaving off after winning.

provincial and bring him to high stakes, they would allow him to win at the outset three thousand francs (one hundred and twenty pounds); after which, they would strip him without mercy.

The game began under conditions highly favourable to the Greeks. The well-born juvenile laid on the table a pocket-book, which appeared richly furnished. He took from it a five-hundred-franc note, which he deposited as his stakes.

Fortune, influenced by the concerted trio, favoured the young gentleman so constantly that he soon became possessed of the sum that was to serve as the bait.

"Really, gentlemen," he said, stuffing into his pocket-book the bank-notes he had won, "I am almost ashamed of such a run of luck. I even wish that it would change, that you might get your money back again. Voyons! This time I will not stake less than fifty louis."

But scarcely had these words been uttered, when the youth of good family, drawing out his pocket-handkerchief, hastily applied it to his face; his nose had suddenly begun to bleed.

"Excuse me, messieurs," he said, rising; "I am at your service in an instant. I only ask for five minutes; for this infirmity, to which I am subject, rarely lasts longer."

He went out of the room, leaving his pocket-book on the table.

La Candeur, urged by sympathetic interest, followed his friend, to render assistance; or rather, to cut away with him as fast as their legs could carry them. For the wealthy provincial was, in truth, no other than a Parisian swindler, with whom La Candeur had conspired to rob his comrades of three thousand francs. The bleeding at the nose and the handkerchief stained with blood, were the dénouement of the farce whose first act was played in the saloon of the Opera.

Let us now peep into the restaurant, and listen to what subsequently occurred there.

"I say, old fellow," said one of the partners, who sat looking at the well-filled pocket-book, "chance favours us beyond our expectations. Suppose that we have won the countryman's bank-notes: we may as well share them and take ourselves off."

"Yes," said the other; "but there is a bill to pay before we can leave."

"Mon Dieu! what a simpleton you are! We can settle the bill; the pocket-book will repay us with interest."

"And suppose we were to meet the provincial!"

"Very well; he could not complain of our hastening to give him his pocket-book, which he has forgotten on the table."

"True; I understand: he will be much obliged to us. Not a bad idea."

The two rogues called for the bill, remembering the waiters handsomely, and hurried down stairs. At the door, the one who held the pocket-book stopped and said, "Old fellow, I have another idea: just run up-stairs and tell the waiters that we expect our two friends at the Café Riche, to continue the game. That will give us the time to get out of harm's way with our treasure-trove."

As soon as the "old fellow" was at the top of the stairs, his companion made off with the lucky pocket-book.

Now, which of these two diamonds was cut the closer? The pocket-book was full of scraps of paper only; the bank-notes had been cleverly hocus-pocused away by the ingenuous youth of good family.

Among the ways of winning with certainty, not the least ingenious is by telegraphy. Although there are thirty-two cards in a piquet pack, they can all be designated by twelve different signals; namely, eight for the values of the cards, and four for the suits. At écarté, the number of signals is still further reduced, seeing that all they care about, is to indicate the court cards. For these indications, it is by no means necessary, as certain authors have asserted, to practise exaggerated pantomime, such as blowing the nose, coughing, drumming on the table, sneezing, and so forth. One must have a very low opinion of the Greek, to suppose him capable of such dull actions. The noises would very soon excite attention, and be denounced as clumsy trickery.

The compatriot of Homer knows better, and confines himself to signals which are intelligible to his confederate alone. Standing behind the adversary's chair, if the *Comtois* looks at his confederate, it denotes a king! at the adversary's hand, a queen; at the stake, a knave; in the opposite direction, a knave. At the same time that he betrays the value of the cards, he also denotes the suit by the following signs: the mouth slightly open, hearts; the mouth closed, diamonds; the upper lip slightly brought over the lower lip, clubs; the lower lip slightly brought over the upper lip, spades. Thus, if the Greek has to announce, for instance, the queen, knave, and ace of hearts, he glances successively at the adversary's hand, the stake, and the opposite side, keeping his mouth slightly open all the while.

These are but a few of the revelations contained in Robert-Houdin's amusing and instructive work. From it, it is clear that so much pains, and patience, and skill, are requisite to make a perfect knave, that by far the easiest and simplest profession is to start and to continue an honest man.

NEW WORK
BY SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

Will be concluded in the Number for Saturday, 3rd August,
And on SATURDAY, 10th AUGUST,
Will be commenced (to be completed in six months)

A STRANGE STORY,

BY THE
AUTHOR OF "MY NOVEL," "RIENZI," &c. &c.

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GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER LIII.

It was a dark night, though the full moon rose as I left the enclosed lands, and passed out upon the marshes. Beyond their dark line there was a ribbon of clear sky, hardly broad enough to hold the red large moon. In a few minutes she had ascended out of that clear field, in among the piled mountains of cloud.

There was a melancholy wind, and the marshes were very dismal. A stranger would have found them insupportable, and even to me they were so oppressive that I hesitated, half inclined to go back. But I knew them well, and could have found my way on a far darker night, and had no excuse for returning, being there. So, having come there against my inclination, I went on against it.

The direction that I took, was not that in which my old home lay, nor that in which we had pursued the convicts. My back was turned towards the distant Hulks as I walked on, and, though I could see the old lights away on the spits of sand, I saw them over my shoulder. I knew the limekiln as well as I knew the old Battery, but they were miles apart; so that if a light had been burning at each point that night, there would have been a long strip of the blank horizon between the two bright specks.

At first, I had to shut some gates after me, and now and then to stand still while the cattle that were lying in the banked-up pathway, arose and blundered down among the grass and reeds. But after a little while, I seemed to have the whole flats to myself.

It was another half-hour before I drew near to the kiln. The lime was burning with a sluggish stifling smell, but the fires were made up and left, and no workmen were visible. Hard by, was a small stone-quarry. It lay directly in my way, and had been worked that day, as I saw by the tools and barrows that were lying about.

Coming up again to the marsh level out of this excavation—for the rude path lay through it—I saw a light in the old sluice-house. I quickened my pace, and knocked at the door with my hand. Waiting for some reply, I looked about me, noticing how the sluice was abandoned and broken, and how the house—of wood with a tiled roof—would not be proof against the weather much longer, if it were so even now, and how the mud and ooze were coated with lime, and how the choking vapour of the kiln crept in a ghostly way towards me. Still there was no answer, and I knocked again. No answer still, and I tried the latch.

It rose under my hand, and the door yielded. Looking in, I saw a lighted candle on a table, a bench, and a mattress on a truckle bedstead. As there was a loft above, I called, "Is there any one here?" but no voice answered. Then I looked at my watch, and, finding that it was past nine, called again, "Is there any one here?" There being still no answer, I went out at the door, irresolute what to do.

It was beginning to rain fast. Seeing nothing save what I had seen already, I turned back into the house, and stood just within the shelter of the doorway, looking out into the night. While I was considering that some one must have been there lately and must soon be coming back, or the candle would not be burning, it came into my head to look if the wick were long. I turned round to do so, and had taken up the candle in my hand, when it was extinguished by some violent shock, and the next thing I comprehended, was, that I had been caught in a strong running noose, thrown over my head from behind.

"Now," said a suppressed voice with an oath, "I've got you!"

"What is this?" I cried, struggling. "Who is it? Help, help, help!"

Not only were my arms pulled close to my sides, but the pressure on my bad arm caused me exquisite pain. Sometimes a strong man's hand, sometimes a strong man's breast was set against my mouth to deaden my cries, and with a hot breath always close to me, I struggled ineffectually in the dark, while I was fastened tight to the wall. "And now," said the suppressed voice with another oath, "call out again, and I'll make short work of finishing you!"

Faint and sick with the pain of my injured arm, bewildered by the surprise, and yet conscious how easily this threat could be put in execution, I desisted, and tried to ease my arm were it ever so little. But it was bound too tight for that. I felt as if, having been burnt before, it were now being boiled.

The sudden exclusion of the night and the

substitution of black darkness in its place, warned me that the man had closed a shutter. After groping about for a little, he found the flint and steel he wanted, and began to strike a light. I strained my sight upon the sparks that fell among the tinder, and upon which he breathed and breathed, match in hand, but I could only see his lips, and the blue point of the match; even those, but fitfully. The tinder was damp —no wonder there—and one after another the sparks died out.

The man was in no hurry, and struck again with the flint and steel. As the sparks fell thick and bright about him, I could see his hands, and touches of his face, and could make out that he was seated and bending over the table; but nothing more. Presently I saw his blue lips again breathing on the tinder, and then a flare of light flashed up, and showed me Orlick.

Whom I had looked for, I don't know. I had not looked for him. Seeing him, I felt that I was in a dangerous strait indeed, and I kept my eyes upon him.

He lighted the candle from the flaring match with great deliberation, and dropped the match and trod it out. Then he put the candle away from him on the table, so that he could see me, and sat with his arms folded on the table and looked at me. I made out that I was fastened to a stout perpendicular ladder a few inches from the wall—a fixture there—the means of ascent to the loft above.

"Now," said he, when we had surveyed one another for some time, "I've got you."

"Unbind me. Let me go!"

"Ah!" he returned, "I'll let you go. I'll let you go to the moon, I'll let you go to the stars. All in good time."

"Why have you lured me here?"

"Don't you know?" said he, with a deadly look.

"Why have you set upon me in the dark?"

"Because I mean to do it all myself. One keeps a secret better than two. Oh you enemy, you enemy!"

His enjoyment of the spectacle I furnished, as he sat with his arms folded on the table, shaking his head at me and hugging himself, had a malignity in it that made me tremble. As I watched him in silence, he put his hand into the corner at his side, and took up a gun with a brass-bound stock.

"Do you know this?" said he, making as if he would take aim at me. "Do you know where you saw it afore? Speak, wolf!"

"Yes," I answered.

"You cost me that place. You did. Speak!"

"What else could I do?"

"You did that, and that would be enough, without more. How dared you to come betwixt me and a young woman I liked?"

"When did I?"

"When didn't you? It was you as always give Old Orlick a bad name to her."

"You gave it to yourself; you gained it for yourself. I could have done you no harm, if you had done yourself none."

"You're a liar. And you'll take any pains, and spend any money, to drive me out of this country, will you?" said he, repeating my words to Biddy in the last interview I had with her. "Now, I'll tell you a piece of information. It was never so well worth your while to get me out of this country as it is to-night. Ah! If it was all your money twenty times told, to the last brass farden!" As he shook his heavy hand at me, with his mouth snarling like a tiger's, I felt that it was true.

"What are you going to do to me?"

"I'm a going," said he, bringing his fist down upon the table with a heavy blow, and rising as the blow fell, to give it greater force, "I'm a going to have your life!"

He leaned forward staring at me, slowly unclenched his hand and drew it across his mouth as if his mouth watered for me, and sat down again.

"You was always in Old Orlick's way since ever you was a child. You goes out of his way, this present night. He'll have no more on you. You're dead."

I felt that I had come to the brink of my grave. For a moment I looked wildly round my trap for any chance of escape; but there was none.

"More than that," said he, folding his arms on the table again, "I won't have a rag of you, I won't have a bone of you, left on earth. I'll put your body in the kiln—I'd carry two such to it, on my shoulders—and, let people suppose what they may of you, they shall never know nothing."

My mind, with inconceivable rapidity, followed out all the consequences of such a death. Estella's father would believe I had deserted him, would be taken, would die accusing me; even Herbert would doubt me, when he compared the letter I had left for him, with the fact that I had called at Miss Havisham's gate for only a moment; Joe and Biddy would never know how sorry I had been that night; none would ever know what I had suffered, how true I had meant to be, what an agony I had passed through. The death close before me was terrible, but far more terrible than death was the dread of being misremembered after death. And so quick were my thoughts, that I saw myself despised by unborn generations—Estella's children, and their children—while the wretch's words were yet on his lips.

"Now, wolf," said he, "afore I kill you like any other beast—which is wot I mean to do and wot I have tied you up for—I'll have a good look at you and a good goad at you. Oh, you enemy!"

It had passed through my thoughts to cry out for help again; though few could know better than I, the solitary nature of the spot, and the hopelessness of aid. But as he sat gloating over me, I was supported by a scornful detestation of him that sealed my lips. Above all things, I resolved that I would not entreat him, and that I would die making some last poor resistance to him. Softened as my thoughts of all the rest of men were in that dire extremity; humbly

beseeching pardon, as I did, of Heaven; melted at heart, as I was, by the thought that I had taken no farewell, and never never now could take farewell of those who were dear to me, or could explain myself to them, or ask for their compassion on my miserable errors; still, if I could have killed him, even in dying, I would have done it.

He had been drinking, and his eyes were red and bloodshot. Around his neck was slung a tin bottle, as I had often seen his meat and drink slung about him in other days. He brought the bottle to his lips, and took a fiery drink from it; and I smelt the strong spirits that I saw flare into his face.

"Wolf!" said he, folding his arms again, "Old Orlick's a going to tell you somethink. It was you as did for your shrew sister."

Again my mind, with its former inconceivable rapidity, had exhausted the whole subject of the attack upon my sister, her illness, and her death, before his slow and hesitating speech had formed these words.

"It was you, villain!" said I.

"I tell you it was your doing—I tell you it was done through you," he retorted, catching up the gun, and making a blow with the stock at the vacant air between us. "I come upon her from behind, as I come upon you to-night. *I* giv' it her! I left her for dead, and if there had been a limekiln as nigh her as there is now nigh you, she shouldn't have come to life again. But it warn't Old Orlick as did it; it was you. You was favoured, and he was bullied and beat. Old Orlick bullied and beat, eh? Now you pays for it. You done it; now you pays for it."

He drank again, and became more ferocious. I saw by his tilting of the bottle that there was no great quantity left in it. I distinctly understood that he was working himself up with its contents to make an end of me. I knew that every drop it held, was a drop of my life. I knew that when I was changed into a part of the vapour that had crept towards me but a little while before, like my own warning ghost, he would do as he had done in my sister's case—make all haste to the town, and be seen slouching about there, drinking at the ale-houses. My rapid mind pursued him to the town, made a picture of the street with him in it, and contrasted its lights and life with the lonely marsh and the white vapour creeping over it, into which I should have dissolved.

It was not only that I could have summed up years and years and years while he said a dozen words, but that what he did say presented pictures to me, and not mere words. In the excited and exalted state of my brain, I could not think of a place without seeing it, or of persons without seeing them. It is impossible to over-state the vividness of these images, and yet I was so intent, all the time, upon him himself—who would not be intent on the tiger crouching to spring!—that I knew of the slightest action of his fingers.

When he had drunk this second time, he rose from the bench on which he sat, and pushed the table aside. Then he took up the candle, and shading it with his murderous hand so as to throw its light on me, stood before me, looking at me and enjoying the sight.

"Wolf, I'll tell you something more. It was Old Orlick as you tumbled over on your stairs that night."

I saw the staircase with its extinguished lamps. I saw the shadows of the heavy stair-rails, thrown by the watchman's lantern on the wall. I saw the rooms that I was never to see again; here, a door half open; there, a door closed; all the articles of furniture around.

"And why was Old Orlick there? I'll tell you something more, wolf. You and her *have* pretty well hunted me out of this country, so far as getting a easy living in it goes, and I've took up with new companions, and new masters. Some of 'em writes my letters when I wants 'em wrote—do you mind?—writes my letters, wolf! They writes fifty hands; they're not like sneaking you, as writes but one. I've had a firm mind and a firm will to have your life, since you was down here at your sister's burying. I han't seen a way to get you safe, and I've looked arter you to know your ins and outs. For, says Old Orlick to himself, 'Somehow or another I'll have him!' What! When I looks for you, I finds your uncle Provis, eh?"

Mill Pond Bank, and Chinks's Basin, and the Old Green Copper Rope Walk, all so clear and plain! Provis in his rooms, and the signal whose use was over, pretty Clara, the good motherly woman, old Bill Barley on his back, all drifting by, as on the swift stream of my life fast running out to sea!

"*You* with a uncle too! Why, I know'd you at Gargery's when you was so small a wolf that I could have took your weazen betwixt this finger and thumb and chucked you away dead (as I'd thoughts o' doing, odd times, when I see you loitering amongst the pollards on a Sunday), and you hadn't found no uncles then. No, not you! But when Old Orlick come for to hear that your uncle Provis had mostlike wore the leg-iron wot Old Orlick had picked up, filed asunder, on these meshes ever so many year ago, and wot he kep by him till he dropped your sister with it, like a bullock, as he means to drop you—hey?—when he come for to hear that—hey?"——

In his savage taunting, he flared the candle so close at me, that I turned my face aside, to save it from the flame.

"Ah!" he cried, laughing, after doing it again, "the burnt child dreads the fire! Old Orlick knowed you was burnt, Old Orlick knowed you was a smuggling your uncle Provis away, Old Orlick's a match for you and knowed you'd come to-night! Now I'll tell you something more, wolf, and this ends it. There's them that's as good a match for your uncle Provis as Old Orlick has been for you. Let him 'ware them, when he's lost his nevvy! Let him 'ware them, when no man can't find a rag of his dear relation's clothes, nor yet a bone of his

body? There's them that can't and that won't have Magwitch—yes, *I* know the name!—alive in the same land with them, and that's had such sure information of him when he was alive in another land, as that he couldn't and shouldn't leave it unbeknown and put them in danger. P'raps it's them that writes fifty hands, and that's not like sneaking you as writes but one. 'Ware Compeyson, Magwitch, and the gallows!"

He flared the candle at me again, smoking my face and hair, and for an instant blinding me, and turned his powerful back as he replaced the light on the table. I had thought a prayer, and had been with Joe and Biddy and Herbert, before he turned towards me again.

There was a clear space of a few feet between the table and the opposite wall. Within this space he now slouched backwards and forwards. His great strength seemed to sit stronger upon him than ever before, as he did this with his hands hanging loose and heavy at his sides, and with his eyes scowling at me. I had no grain of hope left. Wild as my inward hurry was, and wonderful the force of the pictures that rushed by me instead of thoughts, I could yet clearly understand that unless he had resolved that I was within a few moments of surely perishing out of all human knowledge, he would never have told me what he had told.

Of a sudden, he stopped, took the cork out of his bottle, and tossed it away. Light as it was, I heard it fall like a plummet. He swallowed slowly, tilting up the bottle by little and little, and now he looked at me no more. The last few drops of liquor he poured into the palm of his hand, and licked up. Then with a sudden hurry of violence and swearing horribly, he threw the bottle from him, and stooped, and I saw in his hand a stone-hammer with a long heavy handle.

The resolution I had made did not desert me, for, without uttering one vain word of appeal to him, I shouted out with all my might, and struggled with all my might. It was only my head and my legs that I could move, but to that extent I struggled with all the force, until then unknown, that was within me. In the same instant I heard responsive shouts, saw figures and a gleam of light dash in at the door, heard voices and tumult, and saw Orlick emerge from a struggle of men as if it were tumbling water, clear the table at a leap, and fly out into the night.

After a blank, I found that I was lying unbound, on the floor, in the same place, with my head on some one's knee. My eyes were fixed on the ladder against the wall, when I came to myself—had opened on it before my mind saw it—and thus as I recovered consciousness, I knew that I was in the place where I had lost it.

Too indifferent at first, even to look round and ascertain who supported me, I was lying looking at the ladder, when there came between me and it, a face. The face of Trabb's boy!

"I think he's all right!" said Trabb's boy, in a sober voice; "but ain't he just pale though!"

At these words, the face of him who supported me, looked over into mine, and I saw my supporter to be——

"Herbert! Good Heaven!"

"Softly," said Herbert. "Gently, Handel. Don't be too eager."

"And our old comrade, Startop," I cried, as he too bent over me.

"Remember what he is going to assist us in," said Herbert, "and be calm."

The allusion made me spring up; though I dropped again from the pain in my arm. "The time has not gone by, Herbert, has it? What night is to-night? How long have I been here?" For, I had a strange and strong misgiving that I had been lying there a long time—a day and night—two days and nights—more.

"The time has not gone by. It is still Monday night."

"Thank God!"

"And you have all to-morrow, Tuesday, to rest in," said Herbert. "But you can't help groaning, my dear Handel. What hurt have you got? Can you stand?"

"Yes, yes," said I, "I can walk. I have no hurt but in this throbbing arm."

They laid it bare, and did what they could. It was violently swollen and inflamed, and I could scarcely endure to have it touched. But they tore up their handkerchiefs to make fresh bandages, and carefully replaced it in the sling, until we could get to the town and obtain some cooling lotion to put upon it. In a little while we had shut the door of the dark and empty sluice-house, and were passing through the quarry on our way back. Trabb's boy—Trabb's overgrown young man now—went before us with a lantern, which was the light I had seen come in at the door. But the moon was a good two hours higher than when I had last seen the sky, and the night though rainy was much lighter. The white vapour of the kiln was passing from us as we went by, and, as I had thought a prayer before, I thought a thanksgiving now.

Entreating Herbert to tell me how he had come to my rescue—which at first he had flatly refused to do, but had insisted on my remaining quiet—I learnt that I had in my hurry dropped the letter, open, in our chambers, where he, coming home to bring with him Startop whom he had met in the street on his way to me, found it, very soon after I was gone. Its tone made him uneasy, and the more so because of the inconsistency between it and the hasty letter I had left for him. His uneasiness increasing instead of subsiding after a quarter of an hour's consideration, he set off for the coach-office, with Startop, who volunteered his company, to make inquiry when the next coach went down. Finding that the afternoon's coach was gone, and finding that his uneasiness grew into positive alarm, as obstacles came in his way, he

resolved to follow in a post-chaise. So, he and Startop arrived at the Blue Boar, fully expecting there to find me, or tidings of me; but finding neither, went on to Miss Havisham's, where they lost me. Hereupon they went back to the hotel (doubtless at about the time when I was hearing the popular local version of my own story) to refresh themselves, and to get some one to guide them out upon the marshes. Among the loungers under the Boar's archway, happened to be Trabb's boy—true to his ancient habit of happening to be everywhere where he had no business—and Trabb's boy had seen me passing from Miss Havisham's in the direction of my dining-place. Thus, Trabb's boy became their guide, and with him they went out to the sluice-house: though by the town way to the marshes, which I had avoided. Now, as they went along, Herbert reflected that I might, after all, have been brought there on some genuine and serviceable errand tending to Provis's safety, and bethinking himself that in that case interruption might be mischievous, left his guide and Startop on the edge of the quarry, and went on by himself, and stole round the house two or three times, endeavouring to ascertain whether all was right within. As he could hear nothing but indistinct sounds of one deep rough voice (this was while my mind was so busy), he even at last began to doubt whether I was there, when suddenly I cried out loudly, and he answered the cries, and rushed in, closely followed by the other two.

When I told Herbert what had passed within the house, he was for our immediately going before a magistrate in the town, late at night as it was, and getting out a warrant. But I had already considered that such a course, by detaining us there or binding us to come back, might be fatal to Provis. There was no gainsaying this difficulty, and we relinquished all thoughts of pursuing Orlick at that time. For the present, under the circumstances, we deemed it prudent to make rather light of the matter to Trabb's boy; who I am convinced would have been much affected by disappointment, if he had known that his intervention saved me from the limekiln. Not that Trabb's boy was of a malignant nature, but that he had too much spare vivacity, and that it was in his constitution to want variety and excitement at anybody's expense. When we parted, I presented him with two guineas (which seemed to meet his views), and told him that I was sorry ever to have had an ill opinion of him (which made no impression on him at all).

Wednesday being so close upon us, we determined to go back to London that night, three in the post-chaise; the rather as we should then be clear away, before the night's adventure began to be talked of. Herbert got a large bottle of stuff for my arm, and by dint of having this stuff dropped over it all the night through, I was just able to bear its pain on the journey. It was daylight when we reached the Temple, and I went at once to bed, and lay in bed all day.

My terror, as I lay there, of falling ill and being unfitted for to-morrow, was so besetting, that I wonder it did not disable me of itself. It would have done so, pretty surely, in conjunction with the mental wear and tear I had suffered, but for the unnatural strain upon me that to-morrow was. So anxiously looked forward to, charged with such consequences, its results so impenetrably hidden though so near!

No precaution could have been more obvious than our refraining from communication with him that day; yet this again increased my restlessness. I started at every footstep and every sound, believing that he was discovered and taken, and this was the messenger to tell me so. I persuaded myself that I knew he was taken; that there was something more upon my mind than a fear or a presentiment; that the fact had occurred, and I had a mysterious knowledge of it. As the day wore on and no ill news came, as the day closed in and darkness fell, my overshadowing dread of being disabled by illness before to-morrow morning, altogether mastered me. My burning arm throbbed, and my burning head throbbed, and I fancied I was beginning to wander. I counted up to high numbers, to make sure of myself, and repeated passages that I knew, in prose and verse. It happened sometimes, that in the mere escape of a fatigued mind, I dozed for some moments, or forgot; then I would say to myself with a start "Now it has come, and I am turning delirious!"

They kept me very quiet all day, and kept my arm constantly dressed, and gave me cooling drinks. Whenever I fell asleep, I awoke with the notion I had had in the sluice-house, that a long time had elapsed and the opportunity to save him was gone. About midnight I got out of bed and went to Herbert with the conviction that I had been asleep for four-and-twenty hours, and that Wednesday was past. It was the last self-exhausting effort of my fretfulness, for, after that, I slept soundly.

Wednesday morning was dawning when I looked out of window. The winking lights upon the bridges were already pale, the coming sun was like a marsh of fire on the horizon. The river, still dark and mysterious, was spanned by bridges that were turning coldly grey, with here and there at top a warm touch from the burning in the sky. As I looked along the clustered roofs, with Church towers and spires shooting into the unusually clear air, the sun rose up, and a veil seemed to be drawn from the river, and millions of sparkles burst out upon its waters. From me too, a veil seemed to be drawn, and I felt strong and well.

Herbert lay asleep in his bed, and our old fellow-student lay asleep on the sofa. I could not dress myself without help, but I made up the fire, which was still burning, and got some coffee ready for them. In good time they too started up strong and well, and we admitted the sharp morning air at the windows, and looked at the tide that was still flowing towards us.

"When it turns at nine o'clock," said Herbert, cheerfully, "look out for us, and stand ready, you over there at Mill Pond Bank!"

PHASES OF THE FUNDS.

The Stock Exchange is regarded by many persons as the pulse of the country. Its register of prices, especially that portion which records the fluctuations in the public funds, is watched as eagerly as a physician's face when he comes out of a sick-chamber. When it cheerfully announces "par," a technical money-market phrase for one hundred, as far as Consols are concerned, the quarter of a million of steady investors who really *hold* the national funds, consider Britannia to be in a very robust and thriving condition. When it shakes its head and announces ninety, the pulse is considered to record a weak and sinking condition; when it can give no better account than seventy, sixty, or even fifty, Britannia seems to have exchanged her spear and shield for a crutch or a coffin.

If the Stock Exchange be really the pulse of the country, what a number of times, even during the last half-century, poor old England has been gasping in the arms of death! There was the year 1802, when Consols, or Consolidated Three per Cent Annuities, stood as low as seventy-nine, and fell to sixty-six and a quarter, in consequence of the menacing attitude of Bonaparte. As Consols form nearly one-half of the National Debt of eight hundred millions (speaking in round numbers)—the rest being made up of South Sea Debt, Bank of England Debt, eight or nine different kinds of annuities at different rates, Irish Debt, India Bonds, and Exchequer Bills—they are the most easily affected by all those circumstances and events which directly or indirectly affect the price of Stocks. Whatever tends to shake or to increase the public confidence in the stability of government, tends, at the same time, to lower or increase the price of Stocks. They are also affected by the state of the revenue, and, more than all, by the facility of obtaining supplies of disposable capital, and the interest which may be realised upon loans to responsible persons. A low rate of discount at the Bank of England means a high price for Consols; and a high rate of discount means a low price for these securities. From 1730 till the Rebellion in 1745, the Three per Cents were never under eighty-nine, and were once, in June, 1737, as high as one hundred and seven. During the Rebellion they sank to seventy-six; but, in 1749, rose again to one hundred. In the interval between the Peace of Paris, in 1763, and the breaking out of the American War, they averaged, says Mr. McCulloch, from eighty to ninety; but towards the close of the war they sank to fifty-four. In 1792 they were, at one time, as high as ninety-six: but this state of rude health was of short duration. In 1797, the prospects of the country, owing to the successes of the French, the mutiny in the fleet, and other adverse circumstances, were by no means favourable; and, in consequence, the price of the Three per Cents, with all their "elegant simplicity," as the Rev. Sydney Smith phrases it, sunk to forty-seven and three-eighths. This was on the 20th of September, after the receipt of the intelligence that the attempt to negotiate with the French Republic had failed. In August of the next year, the month famous for the battle of the Nile and the presence of the French army in Egypt, they fell to forty-seven and a quarter, or the lowest price they have ever touched.

To come to times more within the memory of some few living people; there was the fall of these very sensitive securities in 1803, on the breaking out of hostilities with France, when they went down rapidly from seventy-three to fifty and a quarter. Those were glorious days for the "*bears*," or all the jobbers who speculated for a fall. The stagnant days of peace provide no such splendid opportunities for money-making on the bear side of the Stock Exchange, and, no wonder, many of the members are often heard singing, as they look abroad for an invasion bogie:

> Stir up the wars again, the trade it will be flourishing,
> This grand conversation is under the rose.

In 1814 there was another drop from seventy-two and a quarter to sixty-two; and in 1815 a similar drop from sixty-five, three quarters, to fifty-three seven-eighths. This was at the close of the war period, and it was during this time that one of the greatest Stock Exchange frauds on record was organised and carried out. We give the substance of the narrative as we find it recorded in Mr. Francis's History of the Bank of England.

On the 21st of February, 1814, the Bank of England and its neighbourhood wore an appearance of great excitement. The military operations of Bonaparte, by which he checked the great allied powers, had depressed the funds. Deep anxiety for the result was felt throughout England. On that day, however, although it was what is termed a "private day," the clerks in all the stock offices of the establishment were busily employed in preparing transfers, which, contrary to the custom on such a day, poured in from the members of the Stock Exchange. Reports and rumours spread rapidly. Many of the transfers remained unfinished, as a plot, intending to deceive all London, was discovered in time to prevent their execution.

On the 21st of February, 1814, about one o'clock in the morning, a violent knocking was heard at the door of the Ship Inn, at Dover. On the door being opened, the visitor announced himself as Lieutenant-Colonel Du Bourg, aide-de-camp of Lord Cathcart. His dress supported the assertion. His military-looking clothes appeared wet with the sea-spray, and he stated that he had been brought over by a French vessel, the seamen of which were afraid of landing at Dover, and had placed him in a boat about two miles from the shore. His news was important. Bonaparte had been slain in battle, and the allied armies were in Paris. A great

victory had been gained, and peace was certain. He immediately ordered a post-chaise and four horses to be prepared, inquired the residence of Admiral Foley, and, with the appearance of great haste and excitement, wrote the following letter:

"To the Right Hon. T. Foley, Port Admiral, Deal.

"Sir,—I have the honour to acquaint you that L'Aigle, from Calais, Pierre Duquin, master, has this moment landed me near Dover, to proceed to the capital with despatches of the happiest nature. I have pledged my honour that no harm shall come to the crew of L'Aigle. Even with a flag of truce they immediately stood out for sea. Should they be taken, I entreat you immediately to liberate them. My anxiety will not allow me to say more for your gratification than that the allies obtained a final victory; that Bonaparte was overtaken by a party of Sachen's Cossacks, who immediately slayed him, and divided his body between them. General Platoff saved Paris from being reduced to ashes. The allied sovereigns are there, and the white cockade is universal. An immediate peace is certain. In the utmost haste, I entreat your consideration, &c. Signed

"M. Du Bourg, Lieutenant-Colonel, and
"Aide-de-Camp to Lord Cathcart."

A special messenger was despatched to Deal; and the letter reached the admiral between three and four o'clock. The morning proved foggy; the telegraph (the old hill telegraph) could not work, and Admiral Foley was thus saved from an involuntary deception. Immediately after the letter was forwarded, Du Bourg entered the post-chaise, and with every appearance of haste, departed for London. Wherever he changed horses, the news was spread, and the postboys were rewarded with Napoleons. On his arrival at Bexley-heath, the intelligence was acquired that the telegraph could not have acted; on which he told them not to drive so fast. He then added that the war was over; that Bonaparte was cut into a thousand pieces; and that the Cossacks fought for a share of his body. At the Marsh-gate, Lambeth, he entered a hackney-coach, after informing the postboys that they might spread the news as they returned. In the mean time, the information had reached the Stock Exchange; and by a little after ten in the morning, the market was filled with rumours of general officers, despatches for government, victories, and post-chaises and four. Expresses from the various places where Du Bourg had changed horses, poured into the principal speculators. The funds rose on the news. Application was then made to the Lord Mayor for confirmation of the important tidings, but, as his lordship had received no intelligence, the funds declined again.

On the morning of the same day, about an hour before daylight, two men dressed like foreigners landed in a six-oared galley, called on one Mr. Sandon at Northfleet, and handed him a letter purporting to be written by a person whom he had formerly known, begging him to take the bearers to London, as they had great public news to communicate. The request was complied with. Between twelve and one o'clock in the afternoon of that day, three persons, two of whom were dressed as French officers, proceeded in a post-chaise and four, the horses of which were bedecked with laurel, over the then narrow and crowded thoroughfare of London-bridge. While the carriage proceeded with an almost ostentatious slowness, small billets were scattered among the anxious crowd, announcing that Bonaparte was dead, and that the allies were in Paris. The occupants of the carriage drove in this manner through Cheapside, down Ludgate-hill, over Blackfriars-bridge, and rapidly to the Marsh-gate, where they got out, took off their military hats, put on round hats, and speedily disappeared. The news again spread far and wide; and the Stock Exchange was once more full of exaggerated reports. The funds rose. How could they resist such accumulated evidence? The aide-de-camp of Lord Cathcart at Dover; two foreigners at Northfleet with despatches; private expresses from various places; all tended to convince the members that there must be some foundation for the reports. Application was made to the ministry, but they knew nothing. Large bargains were made. The excitement at the Stock Exchange is described by those who witnessed it: "To this scene of joy," says one, "and of greedy expectation of gain, succeeded, in a few hours, feelings of disappointment, shame at having been gulled, the clenching of fists, the grinding of teeth, the tearing of hair. Some showed their consciousness of ruin, and all desired revenge."

A committee was appointed by the Stock Exchange, and many circumstances proving a conspiracy were discovered. On the Saturday preceding the Monday on which the deception was attempted, Consols and Omnium (the aggregate articles of any particular loan) to the extent of eight hundred and twenty-six thousand pounds were purchased for various individuals, many of whom were seriously implicated. The late Earl of Dundonald, then Lord Cochrane, was dragged in as one of the accused conspirators, tried on the 21st of June, 1814, with some others, at the Court of Queen's Bench, and sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment. His lordship and another were fined one thousand pounds each, and were also condemned to stand for one hour in the pillory, but this part of the sentence was remitted. His lordship remained for several years under the cloud of this misfortune, steadily affirming his innocence, and stating that he was more sinned against than sinning. Many influential friends believed him, and it was reserved for her present Majesty to restore him to his honours. His spirited autobiography, recently published, contains his own version of this Stock Exchange story.

This great stockjobbing fraud could only have met with the limited success that attended it, in a time of great warlike excitement, and defective means of communication from place to place. Even if we were not more honest nor scrupulous now than our grandfathers, railways and electric telegraphs compel us to change the plan of our frauds.

After the war fever had subsided with the peace of 1815, the fluctuations in Consols reached the next most marked point in 1819, with the resumption of cash payments by the Bank of England. These securities then dropped from seventy-nine to sixty-four seven-eighths, mainly because Sir Robert Peel's (then plain Mr. Peel) celebrated Currency Bill was passed in that year, declaring the bank-note once more to be a convertible security, payable in gold upon demand. There ought to have been nothing very terrible in this—the mere payment by the country and a large trading corporation of a just debt; but the fundholders seem to have thought otherwise, and hence a fall in their confidence in England's stability, of more than fourteen per cent.

The next marked fall in Consols, and of course in all other Stock Exchange securities, occurred in 1825, the year of bank failures and bubble companies, when they went down from ninety-four and a half to seventy-five. "The glut of money," says Mr. Morier Evans, in his excellent History of Commercial Crises, "and the consequent low rate of interest that had prevailed during the greater part of the year 1824, and at the beginning of 1825, had induced private bankers to advance money on securities not readily realised, and hence, when the merchants applied to them for assistance, they were unable to afford it, and several commercial failures occurred as the commencement of a state of distress which soon reached the bankers themselves." A monetary panic soon comes to a head, and is always fruitful in curious anecdotes, most of them without any foundation in fact. One is told on this occasion about Lombard-street, which is worth relating. A poor woman having met with a slight accident, seated herself, to recover strength, at the door of one the banks. A crowd immediately collected, and a report soon ran through the City that the house was unsafe. In less than an hour there was a fierce panic-stricken "run" upon this bank, and with difficulty it was able to meet the sudden demand upon it. One thousand eight hundred and twenty-five saw the downfal of some seventy-nine banks in town and country, with fifty-eight branches, whose liabilities amounted to fourteen millions sterling. The loss to their customers on the liquidation of these concerns, was about three millions and a half; and the loss in the next year (1826) by twenty-five similar failures was about a million and a half.

From 1825 to 1830 Consols appear to have had a stormy time of it, and on the rejection of the Reform Bill, in the latter year, they went down from ninety-four and a quarter to seventy-seven and a half. In these calmer days, the rejection of a Reform Bill is seldom marked by any sinking variation in the funds more alarming than one-eighth, thereby showing that the fundholders value the rejection of such measures at exactly half-a-crown.

In 1847, the famous year of the railway crisis, Consols again went down from ninety-four to seventy-eight seven-eighths. The railway projects that had been stigmatised as "bubbles" in 1825, had all grown into substantial realities, with hundreds of companions who called out loudly for unlimited capital. There was at the same time a rage for joint-stock speculation in every conceivable branch of trade, though not for so many schemes in the fish and dairy line as there were in 1825. The potato disease, and the consequent Irish famine in the autumn of 1846, and the French revolution of 1848, also tended to make the timid fundholder nervous, so that Consols were not what is called "firm" for several years.

In 1851, notwithstanding the *coup d'état* in Paris in the December of that year, these sensitive securities showed a strong upward tendency, and maintained it until December, 1852, when they reached one hundred and one and three-quarters—their highest price during the present century. In 1853, the Turkish complication and the Russian war came upon the field, and the timid fundholder, after asking one hundred and one, was willing to sell at ninety, and in 1854 at eighty-five.

During all this time, and throughout all these fluctuations in Consols, the timid fundholder never had to complain that his dividends were either lessened, or not punctually paid. On the 5th of January or the 5th of July every year, when he applied for his three per cent per annum, it was always ready for him, less the income-tax. When his security stood "in the market" at one hundred and one, he got no more; when it fell to fifty, he got no less. He was not conscious of being treated with more or less respect by the dividend clerks at the Bank of England according as he presented a consol paper at one price or the other. They knew nothing, officially, of the fluctuations out of doors, and when he wanted to learn more upon this interesting head, he had to visit the Stock Exchange.

The market for the purchase and sale of public securities has never stood very high in general estimation. It has always been looked upon as a mixture of Tattersall's and the betting nuisance in Bride-lane. A stockbroker has often been confounded with a stockjobber; a stockjobber with a "stag," or outside hanger-on of Capel-court. Every now and then the neighbourhood of the Bank of England is paraded by men with huge boards on their backs advertising another "exposure of Stock Exchange iniquities," and the booksellers in that quarter are always well supplied with pamphlets detailing various financial grievances, or putting forward various financial theories. It is some comfort to the Stock Exchange to know that it is not abused in print half so much as the Bank Charter is, and never will be, while two men out of every three are gamblers, and want capital to be as cheap when it is scarce as when it is plentiful.

The Stock Exchange is a large square building in the City of London, lying at the back of the Sun Fire-office, near the Bank of England.

At present it is supported by about eleven hundred members, who each pay ten pounds per annum, besides finding securities for between eight hundred and nine hundred pounds. There are also fifty authorised clerks allowed to transact business within "the house," as it is called, upon an annual payment of five pounds; and some three hundred unauthorised clerks, who are admitted to the same privileges for a smaller annual subscription. This body is governed by a stringent set of rules, carried out by a committee of thirty members, possessing great power.

The building is regarded as a mysterious temple by the general public, simply because only the authorised members are privileged to enter it. A visitor, if he can find the entrance up a court in Throgmorton-street, may go as far as the door, and watch the excited crowd of brokers, speculators, and jobbers, through a glass partition, but this is all. If he ventures inside the building he will stand a fair chance of being hustled, and of having his clothes torn and his hat battered in, amidst howling cries of "fourteen hundred new fives."

On the wall at the left side of the building is the "black-board," a register of the names of defaulting members who have failed under disgraceful circumstances, and have not given up their estates to be divided amongst their creditors by the committee of the house. As the law does not recognise stockjobbing transactions, such creditors have no more hold over their debtors than one betting man has over another. The debts are merely debts of honour; but, as such, are generally very scrupulously paid. The black-board does not seem to be very full of names; and some explain the fact by saying that it is not used with strict impartiality. During 1850, particularly, individuals, whose conduct merited the penalty of this public exposure, are said to have escaped the ordeal by influence with the committee.

In the further right-hand corner of this building is the consol market, a place where nearly all transactions take place in the public funds. Immediately under the glass screen at the entrance, on each side of long tables, like school tables, is the "rubbish market," as it is contemptuously called, a spot where nearly all the transactions take place in "miscellaneous" shares. Twenty years ago, railway scrip, or subscription paper, was classed under this head; but now it can command a market to itself; and its capital of four hundred millions sterling makes it as important as consols. The other stocks dealt in, represent foreign railways, banks, mines, waterworks, gas and coke companies, bridges, docks, canals, and insurance companies.

The mode of transacting business in the Stock Exchange has often been explained; but in consequence of the numerous technicalities and intricacies surrounding it, it must always be learned from professional experience rather than from books. The small capitalist, wishing to invest his money in the funds, or any other Stock Exchange security, goes to a recognised broker with an introduction, and gives him an order to buy. The broker goes upon the Exchange, where he seeks a stockjobber—one of the class of members who remain stationary inside the stock market always ready to buy or sell to any amount. Much of this buying and selling, by dexterous manœuvring, becomes little more than a "time-bargain" in practice, or a bet that certain stock will be at a certain price by a certain day; but it is necessary for the furtherance of business on the Stock Exchange, that every seller should be able to find a buyer without delay, and every buyer a seller. The jobbers reserve a margin for themselves of one-eighth per cent between the buying and the selling price, the lowest price quoted being the selling price, and the highest the buying price. This eighth per cent added to the broker's commission of an equal amount, makes a difference of five shillings per cent against the outside capitalist who wishes to invest his money in the funds.

Certain dates have been fixed by the committee of the Stock Exchange as settling days, for the purpose of balancing time-bargain and stock-buying accounts. These dates occur once a month, as far as Consols are concerned, and at intervals of a fortnight as far as concerns shares and foreign stocks. On these days all bargains have to be adjusted and closed, and many fearful settlings are recorded in Stock Exchange annals. We need not go back to the beginning of the present century for examples of Stock Exchange panics, as we have the history of one recorded by Mr. Morier Evans, which occurred only the other day, about the middle of 1859. The whole Stock Exchange, according to the account given, appears then to have been on the verge of bankruptcy, the causes being injudicious speculations for a rise, or a "Bull" account, and the fall occasioned by the "Italian difficulty," and the rumoured alliance between Russia and France. Many members of the house owe their ruin to the movements of the Emperor Napoleon in that year—an Emperor who is at least no unworthy successor of his uncle, in the effect he is able to produce upon the Stock Exchange. Twenty or thirty failures occurred in a day, and the link of connexion between the different stock markets was so close that the suspension or embarrassment of one member frequently jeopardised the position of seven or eight. The panic continued all through April, and the fall in consols was often as much as one and a half per cent. At least a hundred members of the Stock Exchange broke down on this occasion—a number not equalled since 1825—and many men of large fortune lost all their previous accumulations. All this havoc was produced by a wide and general depreciation of foreign securities, and a fall in consols from about ninety-five to eighty-eight, a price which they were nearly touching a few weeks ago.

To read an account of this late panic by a sympathetic observer, any one would suppose that Bartholomew-lane, Old Broad-street, and Throgmorton-street, were haunted by withered

anxious capitalists and speculators, who twitch their thin fingers, slouch along with heads lowered, and peer from under broad hats with thin faces, like the conventional type of the miser. The members of the Stock Exchange and their outside parasites are not of this order; but are stout and cheerful-looking middle-aged "bucks," in huge double-breasted waistcoats; or full-whiskered young "swells," in turned-down paper collars, and unexceptional trousers. They talk about business, in easy lounging attitudes that would not disgrace the steps of the most aristocratic club in Pall-Mall, and seem to show no vulgar money-grubbing anxiety in their faces about the course of the market. Outside the house they act and look like gentlemen, but inside the house they reverse the old school-boy order of things, and are riotous, disorderly, and much given to practical joking. Towards two o'clock on a "ticket," or settling day, before the fatal rattle is heard, they crowd and leap and hustle and shout, until the stentorian porter, whose duty it is to call the names of the members inquired for at the door, is almost unable to make his shrill ringing voice heard. They have a fancy for "bonneting" each other; for chalking caricatures on coats; and for throwing ink on shirt fronts. Some of the members have a rough talent for comic etching, and this is often exercised at the expense of other members whose appearance presents any tempting peculiarity.

No man's origin is safe from their prying curiosity, and if it present any materials for a ballad or a squib, such a production is at once manufactured. Names are a great source of joking of this kind, exactly as they are in schools, and the thirty members who sit upon the committee are favourite targets for the comic satirical muse. The peculiar titles of the mine stocks, furnish easy themes for budding rhymesters, and a young scion of the house is happy when he can put together and hum something like the following:

Fare thee well, my Wheal Mary Anne,*
And fare thee well for a while;
For your prices are steady,
And your calls are all ready,
Then fare thee well for a while,
Mary Anne!
Then fare thee well for a while.

Sometimes their talents are exercised in the cause of commercial morality—when their fingers have been burnt by touching damaged trading shares; and they put forward some such song as the following, supposed to be sung by bank shareholders at general meetings:

TUNE—JOLLY YOUNG WATERMAN.

Did you ever hear tell of our stupid old auditors
Who into bank ledgers pretended to pry,
And made such a show of accountants' dexterity,
Winning each heart and deceiving each eye?
They looked so neat, and they wrote so steadily,
We all of us voted them in so readily,
And they eyed all our clerks with so searching an air—
Oh! these auditors ne'er were in want of a chair.

But all this deportment deceived only shareholders,
Our clerks were too knowing in figures and books,
And Watts, Robson, Pullinger, Redpath, and Durden,
Have shown us the folly of trusting to looks.
They took out our money—as much as they wanted
(God bless them for not taking more than they did!),
And then by a system they called "double entry,"
Oh! they balanced accounts, and our losses they hid.

In the mean time our drowsy self-satisfied auditors,
Who into bank ledgers pretended to pry—
Who'd made such a dazzling show of dexterity,
While pass-books were tampered with under their eye—
Still looked as neat, and still wrote as steadily,
And signed their dear names to the "balance" as readily,
And eyed all the clerks with a confident air—
Oh! these auditors *must* be kicked out of the chair!

It must not, however, be supposed that all the members of the Stock Exchange are practical jokers, comic song writers, caricaturists, and happy-go-lucky speculators. Many of them are far-seeing earnest men of business, with a vast range of knowledge and an European reputation. Among past members we have the founders of the Rothschild and Goldsmid families, the anecdotes about whom—mostly fabricated—would fill half a dozen volumes. The old business man is often highly romantic, even during business hours, and the wonders he will relate about the elder Rothschild and the days of "pigeon expresses," ought to make a story-teller's mouth water.

A greater man, however, than any of the most eminent loan-mongers, about whom we hear so much, was David Ricardo, the stock-broker and political economist. He had one of the keenest and clearest intellects for grasping abstract subjects ever known, and besides winning a prominent position as a writer upon political economy, he did good service for theory in its everlasting battle with practice. Starting with what is called in popular histories of self-made men, nothing, he ended by making an enormous fortune for his family. This has not only secured to his name the respect of a money-making country, in a money-making age, but has proved that those who can think, often know how to act, and are not easily distanced in the race of life by mere bustling stupidity.

* The name of a Cornish mine.

THE STARLING.

SPRING's pilot! and her nimblest-wingèd darling,
Despite the arrowy-flighted swallow
That in thy wake doth follow
To rob thee of renown, belovèd starling!
Is it thy voice I hear,
Keen, confident, and clear,
Along the windy fallows far away,
Startling the cloudy air?
And nearer, and more near,
Till now thy note is there
In the leafless larch, now here
In the yet unblossom'd orchard, sprinkled through the scanty spray;
Once more, among the dews
In green England, shedding news

Of sunrise on the slopes of snowy Himelay!
North, south, or east, or west,
Across yon showery lea,
To tune thy yellow bill
On the bough that I love best,
Or by the window sill
Flit fine with dusky breast
North, south, or east, or west,
Whence may thy sweet flight be?

Since north, south, east, and west are all the same to thee,
Thrice happy, happy bird, that everywhere art free,
And hast the world to roam,
Go or come!

Thro' dark lattice leaves,
Under humid eaves,
Say, what drowsy ear,
When the dawn was dumb,
Hath caught with inward cheer
Echoes of days to come
From thy fleeting note,
Faint in fields remote?
Thou, with fervid flight
High, 'twixt dark and light,
Ranging the reckless wind by many a land and sea,
Back to thy ancient home,
An ever-rainy dome
Of lightly-rustling leaves in yon pale apple-tree!

But churlish welcome hast thou! Spring delays
To justify thy mission: vague and blurr'd,
The blue woods watch thee: last night's rain yet stays
Along the trenchèd fields: no leaf is stirr'd
To thy sweet summons: Winter hath not ended
Wet walkings up and down these dismal ways.
Earth, all in stark amaze,
Coldly thy note hath heard;
And still she looks perplext, still listens half offended,
Not trusting in thy word.
Poor solitary bird,
Thou comèst before thy time, and unattended!
Thy boldest prophecies
Are mockt by cloudy skies;
Thy sweetest songs are all uncomprehended.
Yet still, of better days
Thou singest undeterr'd;
Still chantest thy lone lays
In merry scorn of praise,
Befriending thus a land that leaves thee unbefriended.

Sure of many a tongue,
Learn'd in many a land,
Thou must know some song
All can understand!
Learnèd is thy race!
(If from books one gathers
Truth) for in the days
Ours were merely barbarous,
Thy well-taught forefathers
Greek apophthegms did once discuss
With Drusus and Britannicus,
Philosophers in feathers!
Doth thy joy so chafe
At the thought of capture?
Would'st thou but vouchsafe
Reasons for this rapture!
Wherefore vex old sadness
With a hale of joy
All we see gainsays?
Might we share thy gladness!
Prophets, sure, should justify
Hopes that prophets raise.
Is the world so wrong?
Show, then, in thy song
How our griefs are mended.
We have suffer'd long:
Discontent is strong;
Not to be displaced by words, however splendid.
Prithee, Prophet, show us, then, proof with promise blended!

No! To the windy poplar art thou flown;
To rock thyself against a hueless cloud:
Joying to be alone,
In luxury of a knowledge disallow'd.
Yet knowledge never comes to earth unknown,
Tho' time is dull, and careless is the crowd.
Hearing thee call so loud,
With such a merry tone,
I in my soul receive
A sense of things unseen,
A gladness from thine own:
The woods are barely green,
And yet I do believe
A primrose hath been blown.

Thou bird of bliss, thrice hail!
And may thy voice prevail,
Till all the world to thy glad creed is won!
Envy not thou Cëyx, or Halcyon,
Their swooning seas, faint-lighted lands of fable,
And foamless isles, the tempest strikes not on,
That sleep in harbours green and hospitable;
For thou within thyself, despite foul weather,
Hast golden calms and glories,
Like windless lights where wizards meet together
On stormy promontories.
With notes that may prevail
Thro' sleet of sunlit hail,
Sing out thy happy news, and yet again
Tell all the flowery tale
That blossoms in thy brain!
O leave to the luxurious nightingale
Her moon-loved revels and her lush delights
In dewy leaves by many a dappled dale,
Or pleasant lawn, star-sweet on summer nights!
Thine is the Bardie chant, the battle strain,
The strenuous impulse thine,
Antagonising wind, and weary rain,
In the tough-headed pine.
Leave to the lark his golden chariotings,
And songs Memnonian in the shrill sunrise;
Leave him his red corn-lands where radiance clings:
Thy kingdom, with the coming season, lies
Safe in some happy valley of fond Time,
Where yet moss-bound primroses,
And many a young first-love, and musèd rhyme
Thy clear-voiced call uncloses.
So let me now thy first of poets be,
Thy novice, ay, and nimble
Disciple, that shall make men honour thee;
The while, in a happy tremble,
My fancy roams from similie
To similie in search of aught
That, in the flowery realm of thought,
She may to thee resemble.

I'll tell them thou art like
Stout Scalds, whose lays could strike
Thick glow of sterling thought and stalwart deed
Thro' crash of axe, and clash of sword,
To some old barbarian horde,
Brought low at last by a lovelier creed.
I'll say, a shipboy on a mast,
Heeding not the soughing blast

For he spies strange land afar;
Or a seer upon a tower,
When, from out her lunar bower
Slips an osculated star,
Blest as thou, one moment, are.
I'll say, a vane upon a spire,
Singly touched with sunset fire,
O'er the dim burgh under it;
Or a maiden, careless quite
Of the world and all its spite,
Since there's One will love her yet,—
Are not in such glory set!
Yet, once more, let fancy stray,
To find thee semblance fit! I'll say
'Tis a wizard who, by spells,
'Mid enchanted roses dwells,
In a land of ice and snow;
Or an Orient Queen that breathes,
From lit spices and strewn wreaths,
Such rare incense, she forgets
How the stormy people frets,
Clamouring at the gates below.
Ah, no, no!
Single in thyself art thou,
As a poet in his prime,
Ere he feels the clog of time,
And his kindred with the dust;
Or the strong heart of a god,
When a new world, to his nod
Moves, as by his will it must;
In what forms may Fancy trust?
Thoughts of thee that gather form,
Are as sunrise seen through storm,
Or a martyr, when his psalm
Brings the angel with the palm;
Or whatever, scorning sorrow,
Self-sufficing, self-contained,
Dwells, fore-conscious of the morrow,
In a rapture unexplained!
Vainly, vainly, roaming thorough
All Experience, I would borrow
Types of thee, till Love is pained
With a passion unattained!
Still of every gladdest thought
That comes o'er me while I hear thee,
Sovran singer, there is nought,
Glad enough to linger near thee!
Care not thou for Winter, scattering
His spent snows against thy wing;
Heed not thou the churlish chattering
Of a half-discrowned king.
Vex not thy stout heart, nor chafe
At the light and timid swallow,
Proffering his friendship shallow,
When his friend is safe.
A careless second comer,
He comes of common kind;
Secure of the world's summer,
And very sure to find—
What thou hast never known—
The fame that lags behind
The first who flies alone.

False and fickle, he!
(Truth is bitter!)
False and fickle, he!
That takes the fame 'twere fitter
True hearts should render thee!
A bird that loves the glitter,
A thing of twitter, twitter,
Where many listeners be:
A fickle bird, I trow,
And a fickle friend to me!

But what is that to thee?
Full little reckest thou
Of the rain in russet lands, or the wind around thee snarling,
The Spring thou singest of is in thy heart, dear starling!

Therefore, to thee is given
An insight wildly-wise,
Into the purposes of Heaven,
The secrets of the skies.
Thy friends are yet unborn:
The earliest violet,
The first bud on the thorn;
And the young roses, wet
With tears of the first morn
That doth rosebuds beget.
Thy foes are yet a dying,
Ragged-skirted rains;
Winds, at random flying,
Fast with cloudy manes,
And the last snows, lying
Lost on chilly plains.
Grief and Joy together,
Colloquise with thee;
Sad and sunny weather,
Shift around the tree,
Where, not heeding either,
Thou art pouring free,
Over earth and ether,
Thy heart's gushing glee:
A song like old Amphion's,
That fashions from void air,
Moved by the sweetly-sounding minions
Of its melodious mandate everywhere,
Those blossomy battlements,
And green ascents,
Where, in due time, shall dwell,
All the delicious sights, and sounds, and scents,
Of spring's gay citadel.

AMERICAN THEATRICAL EXPERIENCE.

Neither art, nor the drama, nor music, nor literature, nor criticism, can be expected to stand very high in a new country where the population is of a mixed race, and where the chief objects of nearly all men are either commerce or agriculture.

I am not saying that the American cities do not boast great opera-houses, great authors, great actors, great critics, and great (foreign) musicians, but I say that these are the exceptions rather than the rule. The plays are as boldly stolen from the French, as our own; the Ethiopian minstrelsy is half of it Scotch or Irish; the singers are Italian; the critics alone are pure American; of course above all suspicion of personal malevolence, though not above all suspicion of extreme conceit, and, still more, of extreme ignorance. American gentlemen go and hear Italian music because it is the fashion; they buy bad statues because they have no sound principles of taste to guide them; and they give their assent to vulgar high flown musical criticism, too affected to be intelligible, and too prejudiced to be just, because they have no time to acquire for themselves any real knowledge of the subject. The blind critic is a dangerous guide to blind readers.

The first theatre I visited at New York, was Barnum's. That great genius has set apart the really well-ventilated lecture-room of his museum for the use of his "powerful and well-selected company," his too audible prompter, his dowdy corps de ballet, his too prominent machinist, his scenic artist and property man, and his "Gas department" (see playbill). Every day during the dramatic season, that tall showy building at the corner of Broadway and Ann-street, opposite the parish church, is open for performances, the first of which takes place at three, and the second at half-past seven. Outside, the building is blazoned all over with large coloured drawings of "The Beautiful Angel, Fish, the Living Seal and Alligator, the Lady with the Long Hair, the Happy Family, the Lightning Calculator, the Tattooed New Zealander, the Alpine Giants, the 'What Can They Be?' and the 'What Is It?'"

When the delighted visitor has seen the stuffed monsters (What Can They Be?) found in a cave "in the unexplored wilds of Africa"—and to any one classifying which, according to any known species or genus recorded by Goldsmith or Cuvier, Mr. Barnum offers a reward of one thousand dollars—and the horrid creature-idiot called What Is It? or the Living Nondescript—he moves on—from the creature "neither man nor monkey, with the bright intelligent eye, playful as a kitten and in every way interesting and pleasing," to the sickly black Sea-lion, who weighs one thousand pounds, eats sixty pounds of fish a day, and drinks sixteen barrels of sea-water every twenty-four hours—to the theatre to see the "grand spectacular historical drama in three parts called Joseph and his Brethren." This is a most singular play, partaking much of the character of the old Scripture plays that the monks once took share in to instruct and amuse the people and to obtain money for the convent uses. It is also like the mystery plays, interlarded with farce to extort laughter from the clownish "barren spectators" and groundlings; to this is superadded a spice of the Richardson-show melodrama sentiment, while it also resembles the country-fair tragedy in brevity.

Barnum's object in this sort of mystery play, with its garbled text and vulgar perversions of Scripture, is to catch the quiet country people—the simple New Hampshire farmers, the Connecticut pedlars, and the Boston persuasionists, who have the old puritanical horror of the ordinary theatrical performance, and who call a playhouse "the devil's vantage ground." These worthy people come to Barnum's to see the curiosities, are caught by the sound of a "scriptural piece," pay their extra twenty-five cents, and imagine they have had all the pleasure of seeing a real theatre without offending public opinion at home.

As a specimen of pre-eminent clap-trap, Barnum's programme of Joseph and his Brethren is what his countrymen denominate "a caution." I know not which is more astonishing, the ignorance of Scripture, or the impudent change of names and places. Egypt is turned to Babylon; gipsies are brought in, a thousand years before they existed; there is Khorsan, the buffoon cook; and new names are given to the sons of Isaac. Of course the scenery and dresses are on a par with the plot, and but for the vigorous villany of Uban (Mr. J. Harrison), the pretty grief of Joseph (Mrs. J. J. Prior), and the graceful poses of the Spirit of the Aloe (Miss Agnes St. Clair), no power of human endurance could have enabled me to sit out the three acts. I had, however, some amusement for spare moments of yawning ennui, in observing "The Husband of the Albino Family," who came up from down stairs—I suppose by Barnum's drill order—and took a seat near me in the pit. That "White Negro, or Moor, from Madagascar," as the bill described him, was born of perfectly black parents. There he sat stolidly next me, with his pink eyes and his ten mops-full of towy white hair, with his bare arms and dirty cotton leggings, taking a calm mechanical interest in Joseph and his Brethren, and in all the dances, whether gipsy or Babylonian. I began to wonder whether natural enthusiasm or Barnum's will compelled the unfortunate White Moor from Madagascar to attend nightly to that dreary play. Perhaps, I thought, Barnum expects all his company to come and see Joseph; perhaps the "sea-lion" is in a private-box, and the tattooed New Zealander is behind the scenes; perhaps even that over-dressed woman to the right is "Mdlle. Du Monte, the celebrated fortune-teller," who, the bill says, may be consulted at all times, "charge twenty-five cents."

The chief theatres of New York are situated in that magnificent but irregular street, Broadway. Going up from the Central Park towards the Fifth Avenue, you have Laura Keene's Theatre and Niblo's on the right-hand side, and on the left, Wallack's; while Broadway, the Whitechapel of New York, now rejoices in two theatres of its own, and in which the "hard-fisted" rowdies sup their full of horrors.

The "sensation" pieces when I was in New York, were Playing with Fire, the Colleen Bawn, and the Octaroon. The first piece I saw with great pleasure at Wallack's Theatre, where it drew great audiences. It seemed to me a patchwork of old comic situations cleverly interwoven, with a French vivacity in the dialogues, and some true American fun in the local allusions. The moral is the danger of a lover's wantonly experimentalising with a heart which he knows to be already his own. The fun occasionally verged rather on buffoonery, and I laughed till I cried; but the faces of the stolid audience seemed immovable. I hardly heard or saw a laugh the whole evening. One would think the spectators had been puritanical country people, who were half ashamed of being present, or who had too great a contempt of theatrical performances to care to understand what they heard, or to follow the working out of the story. Perhaps, however, the coolness was a fashionable affectation, for it certainly is no gene-

ral characteristic of American audiences; who, at the Bowery, heave and bellow at every allusion to Liberty, Freedom, or other Republican passwords, and who, at Chicago and other provincial towns, go into stormy raptures at the invisible comic Irishman or the melodramatic provincial favourite.

But here I must confess that the Americans generally, though full of dry humour and delighting in extravagant stories, are indubitably a taciturn and grave people. Something of the bygone Indian's stolidness, something of the dead Puritan's bilious melancholy, hangs about them; and the exhaustive languor of the climate does not make them more elastic. I have been at hundreds of hotel dinners and never seen a smile. I have travelled two thousand miles by railway, and hardly heard a laugh. How, then, could I help saying to myself at the end of my journey, "This is a great and progressive nation; but the men are no longer Englishmen; their ideal is changed; their mode of teaching their ideal is different"?

The famous old Bowery Theatre, the "Victoria" of New York, is all but dead. The new Bowery worthily replaces it. It has much the same features as its predecessor, but is less "rowdy," less salient in character, more respectable, and (must I say, therefore?) duller.

I found it a handsome stuccoed Grecian building with massy vestibule, standing in a part of the Bowery, elbowing for room among old clothes shops, showy chemists, fruit-stalls kept by negroes, warehouses, hardware stores, and banjo shops. I entered past some gilded refreshment-stalls, with a noisy, free-and-easy crew. The play was William Tell, and Mr. Wallack, as that muscular patriot, pelted poor Gesler with "blank verse Billingsgate" to the delight of the mob. A favoured ballet-girl as the son, was tripping and unnaturally innocent, while the stout and velvety wife of the loquacious Swiss brought down the "house" by the usual jerky utterance of clap-trap strains about fir-trees, alpine snows, crystal lakes, and liberty.

I was seated in an extraordinary stage-box that opened into the orchestra, and was taking a quiet inspection of the rows of pale dirty faces—of the old men boys, and the hideous juvenile old men among the "hard-fisted" of the Bowery—when I suddenly became aware of a quiet stern well-dressed spectator in a grey paletot who stood with his back to the orchestra, watching every fresh "bhoy" who entered and took his seat in the "auditorium," as stage people in America call the pit of a theatre. I suppose he is a sort of majordomo, for he forces this boy to make room for another; another he sends to a special indicated spot on a back bench. Every one obeys him with a sullen obedience, and, when he speaks, the benches near him whisper respectful and timid comment on his mandates. How unflinching and stern he looks; there is something quite military about him; but why that soupçon of the jailer arranging the audience in a prison chapel? My curiosity is aroused. I stoop over into the now silent orchestra, and whispering, ask the big drum. He replies, sotto voce,

"Why, mister, it's the policeman—yes, siure."

The Bowery audience is rough and turbulent, and this policeman out of uniform is always here to preserve order and decency. Every boy in the audience—and two-thirds of the house are striplings—are cracking pecan nuts (soft-shelled oily nuts), and I am told that every morning a small cart-load of shells is found when the theatre is cleaned. After William Tell, the end of which is extinguished in vociferous applause, and "Hei, hei, heis!" comes a comedy, founded on a well-known English story, the name of which I must not divulge. It is chiefly curious from the extraordinary ignorance shown of every modern English costume. The burglars are Italian banditti, and the beadle is like a beef-eater of the time of Henry the Eighth. The dialogue is sown thick with Americanisms; the servants are all boldly independent of all order or control, and the difference of English and American manners made much of the delightful story, I fear, unintelligible to the rowdies.

Laura Keene's theatre is one of the most tasteful in New York, and is built, as all American theatres are, more for the comfort of the many than the few. The gallery is convenient, large, and airy; the pit is not encroached upon and choked by the boxes. The lights, as they should be, are low, making those on the stage more brilliant by contrast. A good effect, too, is produced by placing large statues holding cornucopias of light where with us there would be stage-boxes.

I will not, however, criticise the Monkey Boy, an adaptation from the French, which was the "sensation" drama when I went to the theatre; nor did I go to see Miss Hindley's admirers present that sweet singer of Albany, a basket of flowers, "to which was attached a magnificent diamond cross;" but I went to Niblo's Theatre to hear that great "sensation" tragedian, Rosencrantz Buster, in Othello.

Four years Buster had been in retirement in his luxurious villa, absorbed in buying editions of Shakespeare, studying all "the different maggots which have crept out of that great carcase," and from time to time letting the New York papers know his eagerness to gather more laurels. As an American paper said:

> "It is now four years since Buster has performed in New York, and prior to the announcement of his return to the stage, the public began to fear that no opportunity was to be again afforded of witnessing the matchless impersonations of the only truly great actor living; and apart from his own career, the history of the American theatre will chronicle no event to call forth the degree of warm-hearted enthusiasm that will characterise the reception and subsequent engagement of Rosencrantz Buster."

I had heard much of the effrontery of that great interpreter of Shakespeare, and more of the dreadful riot at the theatre when Mr. Macready acted, and which led to bloodshed. I bought my ticket a week beforehand, for

people were stark mad about the reappearance of Buster. Squeezed and hot, angry and crushed, I took my seat in Niblo's handsome and commodious theatre, which was almost next door to my hotel. I soon found myself in beautiful Venice, standing under Brabantio's window, and telling him of the flight of Desdemona. Presently Othello entered with earth-shaking step—a colossal frame with the bumping legs of the Farnese Hercules, exaggerated into caricature and clothed in tights of chocolate-coloured silk. Intense self-belief, and some careful study, led him at times to good elocution, and even to a sort of "Brummagem" dignity. True, when he struck up Cassio's sword in the drunken brawl by night at Cyprus, he did it with a sudden not ill-intended leap of almost tiger ferocity; true, when he led away Desdemona, he did it with some dignity; but these lucid intervals were brief. Rampant conceit, and the vulgarisms of a bovine nature, were always breaking out.

Burton, the great American comedian, is dead, and so is Booth. But Brougham still remains; and Booth's son, who is one of the "lions" of Boston. I saw him in the comedy of Don Cæsar de Bazan, and thought him quaint, thoughtful, collected, and above the average; but I saw him in tragedy, and at once confessed him a genius. I liked him, however, better in melodrama than even in Shakespeare. I saw his Hamlet, Richard the Third, and Rigoletto; and in the last strange and ghastly play he was passionate and original. His changes from fury to fear were subtly shaded, and his merriment as he crept about in his pied dress, bells, and bauble, was horrid and unearthly, as it should be. I confess that in Richard the Third, especially when he put on his silver scales and ran about, the little genius (for he is of short stature) looked rather like a lively salmon; but his quiet earnestness, and his fine expressive countenance, destroyed all sense of ridicule. At Chicago, I saw Mr. Hudson, a clever Irishman, in the Colleen Bawn, and I was truly pleased, as Chicago people think every one is bound to be, by the intelligence of Mr. M'Vicar (the lessee) and his very clever daughter. But how could I have any heart for Mr. Bourcicault's pathos and humour when, as I walked to the theatre along the lake shore, I thought of the Lady Elgin and her unhappy passengers? the night-wind, even then, howling their stormy requiem!

The tone of American theatrical criticism is very rough and familiar. No sentiment or crotchety maundering about the great singers, and downright abuse if they do not do their best. I give a specimen of American fun on the Academy of Music from Yankee Notions:

"Mr. Fagan takes pleasure in stating that he's expended twenty millions of dollars and eighteen and three-quarters cents in the purchase of two living sopraneys, just arrived from the coast of Italy, &c. They sung at the North Pole last week with so much applause, that the roof of the place had to be taken off immediately to prevent people being suffocated. The second sopraney was born in St. Peter's at Rome, of poor but honest parents. She commenced her career at La Scaly in Milan at three years old. Her voice is in six octaves, and sounds like a canary-bird. Mr. Fagan has also two beautiful specimens of wild tenorys. They was captured after a battle of six days, and can sing beautiful. The first one's voice goes up as high as a big bank-note, and as low as B darned. The second can sing several notes of hand, and once caused the spontaneous combustion of a fiddle that tried to keep up with him."

A curious proof of the provincial character of New York is the way in which the critics of "the Empire City" constantly allude to the conductor of theatrical orchestras, who in England would be unknown even by name to any but the dramatic writer, or the green-room habitué. Hear what the New York Illustrated News critic says to Mr. Baker, the conductor at Laura Keene's Theatre:

"Were I, in my present fame of mind, contiguous to Baker, I would take him tenderly by the hand, and with a mild but reproachful gaze at his pendant whiskers, I would apostrophise him. As an erring son of music, I would seek to win him back to the true path by gentle remonstrance and earnest prayer. I would say to him, 'Why, oh! Baker, do you, who know better, degrade the power and beauty of music by pandering to the tastes of a vulgar populace? Why do you let them drag you down, instead of raising them up? Why do you, instead of playing the pure classical music of the Germans, the soft and sensuous arias of the Italians, agonise the ears of your hearers with hideous olla podridas, you call pots-pourris? Why do you accompany your orchestra with cat-calls, katydids, penny whistles, fish horns, and fearful human howls? Why do you patronise the Hibernian and the Gael?"

The negro entertainment is even more popular in America than in England. Stump orations, silver-belt jigs, and banjo obligatos, are the delight of none more than of the negroes themselves. The songs about slaves are modified for the Southern States, and are approved of by the planters. They have never an abolitionist tendency, and therefore pass current at both ends of the Mississippi. Rice and other men who, twenty years ago or so, originated the negro entertainments, derived some of their fun from the study of real negro dances, but these have long since been exaggerated and transformed. Negro entertainments are said occasionally to lead to amusing scenes, and of these the following story sketches one of the most characteristic and not one of the least amusing:

Some time ago, when the celebrated Sanford's Philadelphian Nigger Opera Troupe was at Richmond (Va.), the city was full of strangers from the country. Conspicuous among these was Mr. Charles Loxley, a rich tobacco planter from a central state, a sensible but dogged man, who had recently lost many slaves.

"Loxley was seen under much excitement, in the act of rising, with an earnest look towards the stage. On being asked what was the matter, L. replied, 'That fellow with the tambourine is my Josh.' His friend thought he was mistaken, and tried to convince him of his error—but no, nothing would do, he was certain that the nigger was his Josh, and have him he

would before he slept. The most his friend could do was to prevail upon him to allow the performance to go on till its close. Just before the termination, however, Loxley went out, and returned with a warrant, and proper officers to execute it, and when the curtain fell the posse rushed upon the stage, seized Sanford, and before he had time to wash off the burnt cork, had him properly handcuffed and secured. Sanford did not show the least alarm, confident that he could soon wash out the dark insinuation that he was 'my Josh.' When Loxley called him 'Josh,' Sanford, for his own reason, always answered 'massa,' and in the peculiar way of doing which made L. yet more sure that he had found his 'boy.' After Sanford had asked permission to bring his 'other clothes' in a bundle, they went to the alderman's office, where Mr. Charles Loxley made a solemn oath that the man was his slave 'Josh.' He knew him by his general appearance, and he knew him by his voice. Upon such positive evidence, and considering the respectable character of the claimant, the alderman had but one course, and poor Sanford was handed over to 'durance vile.'

"Of course, those acquainted with the renowned performer richly enjoyed each turn the farce took, and were on tiptoe awaiting the dénouement, and of course they followed him as he demurely walked handcuffed aside of his master, to the hotel. Arriving there, Sanford said, 'Massa Charles, please let me wash de dust out of my eyes, and take off dese good close.' Loxley agreed to this, but would not permit him to go out of his sight. Water was procured, and Sanford had scarcely commenced his ablutions, ere the bystanders raised such a shout of laughter at Loxley's expense, as was never heard before in the 'Old Dominion.' Sanford was metamorphosed in an instant. His colour, voice, gait, and demeanour, were all changed in a twinkle, and from an old greasy negro, he came out a finished gentleman, as everybody knows him to be."

This may be a true story, or a puff for Sanford, who is a celebrated "dialect performer" in the Ethiopian manner, and is careful in his discrimination of the blacks of different states. His representation of a Kentucky slave was thought such a refutation of Mrs. Beecher Stowe, that the students of a Southern university actually presented the actor with a valuable service of silver, for "defending their institutions, and showing the slaves in their proper light"—meaning, good humoured, merry, and contented.

But though actors in America have to play before a stolid and preoccupied people, there is no invidious contempt of the actor in America. His becoming pride is never hurt. Vulgar parvenus do not take their children away from school because his are placed there. If he be a gentleman he is treated as such, and the vulgar pride of new or old riches does not fret him for a moment. The Americans have, in fact, a firm belief that in any profession a man may be a gentleman if he choose.

The great number of Irish in all American cities ensures success to such stimulating Irish pieces as the Colleen Bawn. Almost every American city has its pseudo-Irish comedian, and the Celtic part of the house roars and thunders if he do but lift a finger. The Octaroon (the heroine of the play) is, I should mention, a poor girl, the eighth portion only of the blood in whose veins is black. Even the Southern slave-dealer feels some remorse about selling an Octaroon; and just before the war broke out, a play, turning on such a sale, moved every one to anger or pity. This excitement took sometimes strange forms. In a certain Northern city the play was being acted, when a Southern slave-dealer, who happened to be present, and who had fallen asleep during the moment when the feelings of the audience were appealed to, happened to awake just as Zarah, or Zillah, or Zoe (I forget which) was about to be sold.

"Four hundred dollars!" cried the sham planter on the stage.

"Five hundred!" cried the real planter, rising in his box, forgetful that it was only a play.

"Four hundred!" cried the sham.

"Five hundred!" cried the real.—"Five hundred and fifty!"

The audience was delighted. Then, rising as one man, the house cried out with five hundred tongues, "Five hundred dollars—let him have her!"

Again, in another city, the day before the first rehearsal, an abolitionist enthusiast came to the manager and offered him a hundred dollars if he would allow him to come on the stage at the very climax of Zoe's misfortunes and dangers and pronounce two lines of his own introduction. The fanatic was a rich fanatic, and a useful patron; so the manager, unwilling to offend him, gave him no very clear answer, but bowed him out of the sacred room as soon as he politely could.

The next day the play began, and all went well till the last scene of Zoe's peril. The audience were hanging on every word. The free-slavery men thanking Heaven that they had never seen such cruelties, and the anti-slavery men rejoicing that such horrors were unknown in the South, when suddenly there was a bustle among the actors—the cue was not given—the tragedian who was just then speaking stopped. Through the lane the frightened troupe made, rushed an excited bald-headed man in evening dress; one hand worked like a pump-handle, the other flung circulars into the pit. In an instant he was alone on the stage. The actors thought he must be some madman broken loose. The orchestra drew back and made as if to fly.

"Don't sell her," cried the odd man—it was the abolitionist—"don't sell her; but send her to Canada by the UNDERGROUND RAILWAY."

NEWS OF THE CENSUS.

THIS is the Census taken under the superintendence of the Registrar-General. It bears date the seventh of June, and was taken on the eighth of April, in eleven tables founded on the returns of the six hundred and thirty-one superintendent registrars who revised the books of the two thousand one hundred and ninety-seven registrars, who digested the books and schedules of the thirty-one thousand enumerators. For, in the first place, this is the householder who filled

up his schedule. Then, this is the enumerator who made up a book as relator of the contents of the schedule that the householder filled up. Next, this is the registrar who took the book to look and see whether the enumerator had been a true relator of the contents of the schedules that the householder filled up. After which, this is the superintendent-registrar who revised the book which the registrar took for a good overlook to see whether the enumerator had been a true relator of the contents of the schedules that the householder filled up. There we are at present. Yet to come, is the crown of the work: This is the census-office ordained by the act, for making a statement detailed and exact, which collated minutely with critical eyes what the superintendent-registrars had to revise after the good overlook of the registrar who took the book to see whether the enumerator had been a true relator of the contents of the schedule that the householder filled up.

The minute and exact report of the census-office we must wait some time for. The reports of the superintendent-registrars yield in the mean time rough general results worth publishing; so they are published in a fourpenny parliamentary paper, and are open to what comment the public likes to make upon what conclusions it may please to figure to itself.

In the first place, we know how many there are of us in England and Wales. Including more than a hundred and sixty thousand men of the army, navy, and merchant service, who are not at home, our number is about twenty million and a quarter. We have increased in number by nearly two million and a quarter during the last ten years, which is a rate lower than in any ten years' interval since the beginning of the century. As we have become more numerous the rate of increase has decreased, and it is a curious fact that the decrease for the last half-century has been a regular decrease of one per cent in every census period. In eighteen hundred and eleven the increase of population shown by the census was of sixteen per cent, at the next census it was fifteen, then fourteen, then thirteen, and now it is twelve. This is partly the result of increasing emigration. An emigration table is the last in this return, which chiefly relates to the period of the present census, and as far as it goes shows a recent decline in the tendency of Englishmen to emigrate, which has been very marked indeed during the last three years. Where twenty-six of us emigrated last year ninety had emigrated in 'fifty-four—the year, for the whole three kingdoms, of greatest emigration within the last census period—and almost eighty in 'fifty-seven, which was the last year of free emigration out of England. The number fell to one-half in the year following, and has since declined. There was at the same date an equal fall in emigration out of Ireland, but that has since been rising again rather rapidly. On comparing one census time with another, it is inferred that the emigration during the period now under calculation—two million and a quarter from the whole United Kingdom—was three times greater than it had been in the years between 'thirty-one and 'forty-one, and in a much less degree—but still over half a million—in excess of the ten yearly periods from 'forty-one to 'fifty-one.

Now let us try to get some more facts about ourselves out of these figures. The population of the country, owing to the decline in rate of increase, does not, it seems, double quite so fast as was expected from a comparison of earlier censuses. We have not quite doubled in half a century. As to the great number, we were—in England and Wales—ten million in the eleventh, and are twenty million in the sixty-first year of the century, but when we include in calculation the odd thousands, it appears that it will take us full three years more to double perfectly the number by which the population of England and Wales was represented fifty years ago; that is to say, we have doubled our numbers in fifty-three years. It will, as the rate of increase goes, be at least sixty years before we double it again.

Then as to the proportion between inhabited houses and inhabitants of the land, a question apparently dependent upon conditions of crowding, the number of the homeless, or of persons gathered into asylums. There is an occupied house now to every five persons and (we must needs cruelly chop up some individuals) four-tenths of a person. In the census before, a house to every five and five-tenths; in the one before that again, a house to about every five and four-tenths; in the one before that, the crowding was a little closer, but still there were only five and a little more than six-tenths to a house; in the one before that, closer still—but not yet six to a house—only five and a little more than eight-tenths; and so it had then been for thirty years. We do not, then, get any striking result from a comparison between the whole number of the people and the whole number of their habitations. There has been an average of between five and six persons to a house for the last sixty years; but we are less crowded by two-fifths of a man to a house than we were forty, fifty, or sixty years since.

We try, according to these census figures, the relation between houses and inhabitants in London registration districts. In St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, St. Giles's, Holborn, and the Strand, in East London, in the City, and in St. James's, Westminster, there are fewer inhabited houses than there were ten years ago. London improvements have cleared them away. In the Hampstead district, which is the least populous, the proportionate increase of house-building has been greatest. To seventeen hundred houses, more than nine hundred have been added, and to a population of not twelve thousand, more than seven thousand have been added. Three other districts, namely, Lewisham, and the far more populous Kensington (which includes Paddington), and, lastly, Islington, have increased very nearly at the same rate, being, as to the number of houses in them, more than half as large

again as they were ten years ago. Lewisham, indeed, has increased quite at the same rate; while Islington is, in this respect, a little ahead of the western suburb. Chelsea has made no such start. Next to the districts of Hampstead, Islington, and Kensington, Hackney is that in which the proportionate addition of newly-built houses has been greatest. These all represent the determination of Londoners towards the circumference. The rate of increase at Poplar has been, from other causes, quite equal to that at Hampstead, and the rate at Rotherhithe equal to that at Hackney. With these exceptions there is nothing very striking in the figures representing growth of the town. Wandsworth follows Hackney, and Camberwell treads closely upon Wandsworth in the list of districts which have increased far beyond the average in population. There the addition has been not quite a third. In Greenwich it has been nearly a fourth. In Newington it is of little more than a sixth. In Pancras and St. George's, Hanover-square, it is of a sixth. In Lambeth, of a seventh. In Shoreditch, not quite so much. In Bethnal-green, of an eighth. In Marylebone, of a thirteenth. In Westminster, one house for every hundred and seventy-five of the old ones. These figures represent the direction and extent of London's growth, in respect of bricks and mortar. Of the whole population the increase is below half a million. We are, in town and suburbs, more than two million eight hundred thousand, and may call ourselves three million four or five years hence.

As to the proportion of houses to inhabitants in some of the town districts: it is worth noticing, that the proportion for the whole country being, as we have said, nearer five than six—there are six and two-tenths to a house in Hackney, six and three-tenths in Wandsworth, not so much as seven at Lewisham, seven and two-tenths to a house in Kensington (where there are some houses big enough to hold a colony), but more than eleven and a half to a house in St. Giles's, seven and two-tenths also in Hampstead, seven and five-tenths in Islington, eight and four-tenths in St. George's, Hanover-square, where the servant population tells on the returns, and there are many large houses, but nine to a house in St. Luke's, nine and two-tenths in Clerkenwell, where most people wait upon themselves, and most houses are small.

A great deal that is curious in the way of suggestive figures may be taken from these tables, by anybody who will in this way make little sums in his mind as he reads, but that we confess is not on the whole a cheerful way of getting through a publication. The tables would be a godsend to a calculating boy, and no doubt we shall very soon have all sorts of reasoners founding all sorts of conclusions upon them.

Look, for example, at the towns that have gone up, and the towns that have gone down. In Cambridgeshire there is a decrease of population upon every district in the county. From Cambridge, the capital, which has lost a thousand and a half out of something under thirty thousand, to North Witchford, which has lost as much out of sixteen thousand, and is nearly or quite at the head of the sinkers, every town in Cambridgeshire shows loss of population. Except Norwich, Ipswich, Yarmouth, and Mutford, in Suffolk, which, although nobody out of Suffolk ever heard of it, has been doing great things, there are but three insignificant exceptions to the same rule throughout all Suffolk and Norfolk. Decrease of population is the rule, also, in nearly all districts of Wiltshire; Salisbury having added only about a hundred to a population of about nine thousand, Cricklade having added ten to a population of eleven thousand, and there being decrease everywhere else except in the two places of chief increase, Highworth and Chippenham. On the other hand, except at Kidderminster, where the decline is very marked, there is increase of population throughout Worcestershire; throughout Cheshire, except at Macclesfield; throughout Lancashire, except a large decline at Clitheroe and a little one at Garstang. Durham alone exhibits increase everywhere, as Cambridgeshire exhibits decrease everywhere.

In many cases the decrease of population, which is most strongly marked in the second and third-rate agricultural towns, leaves many houses uninhabited, but the reverse of this seems to be quite as commonly the rule. In Cambridge, more than three hundred additional houses are tenanted, though there are about one thousand five hundred fewer people to live in them, and something like this is the case in six of the nine districts of Cambridgeshire. In Suffolk, of nine such districts, five show an increase of house occupation in spite of the decrease of population. On the whole, there appears to be a decided tendency in the inhabitants of provincial towns to extend slightly the amount of separate house accommodation they allow themselves. Thus the small town of Midhurst, in Sussex, had contrived to build and occupy twenty-one more houses, though it contains a thousand fewer people than at the preceding census, and for the smallest registered increase of population, which is only two at Havant, accommodation is made by the addition of forty-five more tenanted houses.

The largest actual increase of population during the last ten years, has been in Lancashire, at West Derby, a part of Liverpool, and is of seventy-two thousand. Next to it ranks, in this respect, Chorlton, a part of Manchester, where upwards of forty-five thousand have been added to the population. The addition in Manchester itself has been only fifteen, and in Salford of seventeen thousand, while in the strictly defined Liverpool registration district, the increase is only of eleven thousand. The actual increase at Birmingham approaches forty thousand, but of all districts the one in which there has been by far the highest proportionate increase in population is that of West Ham, over the London Border, where the Victoria Docks have

given birth to a new town. The actual increase is of about five-and-twenty thousand, but it is added to no more than five-and-thirty thousand, that is to say, there has been within two-sevenths of an actual doubling.

LIFE IN AFRICA.

For a long time one of the largest of the continents of the so-called "Old World" has laid like a huge blank on the map of the Eastern Hemisphere, with a fringe of civilisation hanging loosely round it. But our British lions seem inclined to dispute the lordship of the African lion, and within a few years Garth and Livingstone, Burton, Speke, and Petherick, and a Gallico-American gentleman, Du Chaillu, have given us more information than all previous writers put together had afforded. We can mark in our new maps rivers and mountains, lakes and plains, and we have a considerable amount of knowledge as to the production of the continent, and the manners, customs, and character of many of the tribes. But on all these subjects we can only have so much information as each traveller can glean for himself—a few miles of river, a section of a plain, the manners and customs of a tribe judged from the few individuals with whom he comes in contact. For Central Africa is a land without a history, without a literature, almost without traditions. There are no buildings either for use or ornament in the present, and no ruins to speak of the past; there are no roads, no bridges, no dams, no canals. The civilisation with which the natives have come into contact has brought with it the cruel slave trade, and this has debased and demoralised even the savage.

All that we do know tends to produce amazement. We find a land of most luxuriant vegetation, abundantly watered, a land of vast forests, whose magnificent trees furnish choice woods, a land where the pine-apple is a weed, where rice grows wild, ground nuts abound, and tobacco, maize, and cotton, might be grown to any extent. Elephants with their precious ivory tusks roam in herds, and there are antelopes of all sizes and of species innumerable. There is indeed a profusion of animal and vegetable life, which it would be impossible to enumerate; and in spite of all this the inhabitants starve. They do not till the ground, and they do not rear cattle. They eat what comes to hand—elephant, hippopotamus, rat, mouse, dog, frog, slug—and when food runs short they fall back upon *man*. Some eat man cooked, others prefer him raw; some eat him young, some old; some eat enemies killed in battle, others have no objection to a friend, and kill him when he is ill and dying, or barter for his body after he is dead. They bring the traveller a plump slave as we should offer a fowl.

But we must point out in due order the ground over which each of our lions has roamed. First, there is Captain Burton, in the east of Africa. He has explored that part lying north of Livingstone's region and south of the equator, and from the coast back some nine hundred and fifty miles to the great inland lake Tanganyika. He was accompanied by Captain Speke, who pushed on to the north-east of the lake Tanganyika till he came to another great lake, Nyanza, in which he believes he has found the long-sought sources of the Nile.

Mr. Petherick, starting from Egypt, has traced the White Nile back into the heart of Africa, and so near to the point at which Captain Speke left his lake Nyanza, that the future explorations of these gentlemen in this direction excite great interest.

On the opposite side of the Continent, that is the west, and just two degrees north and south of the equator, the American traveller, Du Chaillu, has opened a new region. His account of the gorilla and other apes has already been noticed in this journal, and it is proposed also to give a sketch of the region through which he travelled.

Captain Burton gives an account of his travels in two mighty volumes, or rather he gives two accounts, and writes alternate chapters: one in a light and playful style, and the other to suit that part of the public requiring "stronger meat."

Captain Burton—or, as his escort dubbed him, "The Wicked White Man"—was at the head of an expedition which left the harbour of Zanzibar on the 16th of June, 1857, with the intention of ascertaining, if possible, the limits of the great Tanganyika Lake, or, as it used to be called, the "Sea of Ujiji." Zanzibar is an island lying off the east coast of Africa, and about seven degrees south of the equator. It trades with the interior in ivory, copal, and slaves, the average yearly import of the latter being fourteen thousand. The trade is carried on by means of caravans, and these consist of an Arab merchant and native porters, from a dozen to two hundred, for they have no beasts of burden. These caravans pass constantly between the coast and lake Tanganyika. We have known of the existence of this lake for a long time. The earliest accounts of the Portuguese discoveries, in 1589, mention the traffic on this great internal sea; and the Wanyamwesi, or proprietors of the soil of that part of Central Africa lying east of the lake, have from time immemorial visited the coast, trading in ivory and slaves; of late years, too, they have acted as porters to the Arab merchants. But Burton and Speke are the first Europeans of modern times who have visited and navigated the lake. After a great deal of trouble the court of Zanzibar consented to procure for them a favourable reception on the coast of Africa, and to ensure the protection of the chiefs of the country through which they had to pass. In spite of this the journey was both difficult and dangerous, and occupied two years and three months. They left, as we have said, the harbour of Zanzibar, crossed from thence to Kaole on the mainland, and travelled west and north-west a distance of nine hundred and fifty-five miles, until they reached Ujiji, on the Tanganyika Lake. This is divided by Captain Burton into five regions.

The first extends from Kaole, near the mouth of the river Kingani, to Zungomero, which is at the head of the great river valley, and forms the maritime regions. It is a land of luxuriant vegetation, abundantly watered; the villages, too, are numerous, but small and thinly populated. The inhabitants are a fringe of Moslems along the coast, and inland the Wazaramo and Wak'hutu tribes. The first of these seem to form the chief obstacle to trade on the east coast. They resist the passage of caravans, take toll from the merchants, both as they enter and leave the country, and, in fact, absorb all the profits of the trade. Very often, too, they lie in wait and discharge poisoned arrows at the trespassers. Almost the only crime they punish is Ushawe, or black magic. As on the west coast, the power of conviction rests wholly with the "medicine man," and the ordeal prescribed by him is of such a nature that conviction is sure to follow, and then the sentence of death is carried into immediate execution. Among the Wazaramo the accused are burnt to death, and every few miles you come upon one or two heaps of ashes, with calcined and blackened human bones; sometimes, close to the two large circles, where the father and mother have been burnt, a small circle shows that a poor little child has also shared their fate.

Many of those accused of "black magic" are sold into slavery, and they are the slaves most sought after, for they never run away. If they did they must either starve in the bush or suffer death at the hands of a hostile tribe. They dare not return to their own, as they would be murdered immediately.

There are certain customs which have grown into laws in Eastern Africa, and which, with some modifications, are common to all the tribes of which we shall have to speak. One is the oath of brotherhood. Members of the same or of different tribes elect each other as brothers. They perform a ceremony, during which each one eats a piece of meat smeared with the other's blood, or else receives some of his adopted brother's blood in a leaf, and rubs it into the wound from which his own blood has been taken. This is a very strong tie, as they believe that death or slavery would overtake the man who broke his brotherhood.

In some parts they believe that a curse attends any one who appropriates an article found on the road; and a watch, lost by the expedition, was picked up by the country people and returned, very carefully wrapped in grass and leaves. But this, unfortunately, is only a local superstition. Many tribes are also alike in their customs with regard to children. The child that cuts the two upper incisors before the lower is either put to death, given away, or sold to the slave merchant. They believe that it would bring disease, calamity, and death into the household. The Arabs of Zanzibar have the same superstition, but instead of putting the child to death they read passages from the Koran, and make it swear, by nodding its head, not to injure those about it.

The woman who is about to become a mother retires to the bush for an hour or two, and returns with a baby in her arms and a bundle of firewood—which she has taken the opportunity of collecting—on her back. Twins are either put to death or exposed in the jungle. If a child dies young, the mother has to undergo a kind of penance. She is smeared with fat and flour, sits on the outside of the village, and the people come round, hooting and mocking her. In one respect the inhabitants of the Maritime Region are more civilised than their neighbours: they bury their dead stretched out in the dress worn during life.

Leaving the maritime, we come to the second or mountain region. It extends from Zungomero over the mountains of Usagara to Ugogi, and is traversed by caravans in three or four weeks.

The mountains of Usagara are supposed to form part of a chain extending both north and south. They are the only important elevations between the coast and the great lake. That part of the chain crossed by the expedition is divided into three parallel ridges, with valleys between each. The greatest height was found to be five thousand seven hundred feet above the level of the sea. The climate is cold and damp, but the upper regions of the hills are salubrious, and many parts are very fertile.

The nearest approach to civilisation shown by the inhabitants of this region is that they feel the want of —— a pocket. In order to remedy what they consider a natural deficiency, they pierce the lobe of the ear and distend the hole by packing into it bits of cane, wood, and quills, until it is large enough to carry a cane snuff box, a goat's horn pierced for a fife and any other small valuable they care to have about them.

A very desolate region this, for the traveller. In many parts the natives dig the rats out of their holes for food. The line of march is for the most part barren, and small-pox and starvation dog the caravans. Bleached human skeletons marked the track. The expedition followed a caravan which had lost fifty of its members by small-pox, and the swollen corpses lay along the road. Under these circumstances every succeeding party catches the infection, and Captain Burton records that several of his porters "lagged behind," and probably threw themselves into some jungle to die.

The third region is a flat table-land. It extends from Ugogi at the western base of the mountains to the eastern district of Unyamwesi.

It is an arid and sterile land, for the mountains to the east of it have robbed the south-east trade winds of their vapours. The traveller sees only a glaring yellow flat, darkened here and there by the growth of succulent plants, thorny bush, and stunted trees. Many parts of the region suffer from perpetual drought, and water is nowhere either good or plentiful. The land is therefore not fertile; cotton and tobacco, which flourish everywhere

else from the coast inland to the Great Lake, are here deficient, and rice cannot be grown.

But perhaps the very absence of the luxuriant vegetation of other regions has proved favourable to the physical development of the races in and about Ugogi. They are fairer, which shows better blood; they are all clothed in cotton, even —which is quite unusual in Africa—the very children, and many wear sandals made of hide They are hospitable to the stranger, who is always greeted with a salutation. The races inhabiting the two first regions drive him from their door, but here the host places the stool—for there is but one in each hut—for his guests, and seats himself on the ground. He prepares a meal of milk and porridge, and on parting gives, if he can afford it, a goat or a cow.

The third region offers one great advantage, it is a place where fat people are appreciated. Many years ago the first caravan that passed through Ugogi was led by one Zumah Mfumbi, a fat man. The people were lost in admiration, but they doubted the reality of his corpulence. After many experiments, however, they were convinced that there was no mistake about it; and then they said it was wonderful, it was beautiful, and this fat man must be God himself. But they did not rest satisfied with this conclusion, they said that as he was a god, and was on the spot, he might as well improve the country and give them rain. In vain the fat man pleaded and protested, they grew angry and were about to put the contumacious deity to death, when some heavy showers fell and he was released.

The fourth region extends to the eastern banks of the Malagarazi River, and is the far-famed Land of the Moon. This is the very garden of Central Inter-Tropical Africa, and Burton gives the most glowing account of its peaceful rural beauty. There are villages at short intervals, well-hoed plains, herds of cattle, flocks of goats and sheep, and a general aspect of barbarous comfort and plenty.

The rainy season, or south-west monsoon begins earlier than on the coast, and the rain, hail, and thunder storms are very violent. But the monsoon is not the unhealthy season, as the inundation is then too deep; it is only when evaporation has dried up the waters, and swamps of reeking and putrid black vegetable mud cover the low lands, and winds howl over the country night and day, that cold and cough, ague and rheumatism, dysentery and deadly fevers prevail.

Strange to say, influenza is as much dreaded in the Land of the Moon as in England. But this is in the summer when the cold east wind from the mountains of Usagara brings with it a sudden chill. The nights seem to be always cold, and in the height of summer one is glad of a blanket at night. As a set-off, flies and mosquitoes are less troublesome than in any other part of Africa. In this region we find the great Wanyamwezi tribe, the typical race in this part of Central Africa. Their industry and commercial activity, which are, however, only *comparative*, give them a superiority over the other races. They extend to the shores of the Great Lake, and it is they who not only trade with the coast on their own account, forming large caravans, but they also act as porters to the Arab merchants. The race is said to be long lived, and they have both bodily strength and savage courage. Skins are more commonly worn than cloth, and children are very rarely clothed at all. They are all very fond of ornaments, strings of large beads, crescents of hippopotamus teeth, brass and copper bangles and massive rings for the wrist and ankles, and it is for these chiefly that they trade. They remove the eyelashes, and enlarge the lobes of the ears.

They also have learned from the Arabs to bury their dead. In former times some man used to carry the corpse out of the village on his head and throw it into the first jungle where wild animals abounded, and they so much objected to the Arab funeral that they would assemble in crowds to close the way. But the merchants persevered till they established a right, and now the Wanyamwezi also bury their dead. If a man dies from home, they turn the face of the corpse towards the mother's village, and the body is buried standing, or tightly bound in a heap, or placed in a sitting position with the arms clasping the knees. When a chief is buried, three female slaves are buried with him—alive—to preserve him from the horrors of solitude. One really remarkable characteristic of the Wanyamwezi is their love of club life. In every village there are two of these clubs—Iwánzá, they are called; one for the men, one for the women. The Iwánzá is a large hut, smeared with smooth clay, and often decorated with a rude attempt at carving. Strangers and travellers are not admitted to the women's club, but they are always received in the men's. In this Iwánzá the villagers spend their days, and often their nights, gambling, eating, drinking pombe—their beer—and smoking bhang and tobacco. They are very foul feeders, and will chew the clay of ant-hills rather than eat nothing. They will devour animals that have died of disease, and carrion—the flesh of lions, leopards, elephants, rhinoceroses, asses, wild cats and rats, beetles and white ants. But they will not eat mutton or poultry, or eggs, or waterfowl, saying it is not their custom.

Immediately before a man becomes the chief of his tribe he is taunted and insulted, "Ah! now thou art still our comrade, but presently thou wilt torture and slay, fine and flog us." Du Chaillu gives an almost identical account of the conduct of the tribes on the West Coast when choosing a chief.

The fifth and last region is the region of the Great Lake, Tanganyika. This lake occupies the centre of the length of Africa, but is nearly one-third nearer the East than the West Coast. It is about seven hundred miles north of Livingstone's Lake Ngami, and some three hundred and forty miles south-west of Captain Speke's Lake Nyanza. It is supposed to be some three

hundred miles in length, and the greatest breadth from thirty to thirty-five miles. It is eighteen hundred and fifty feet above the sea level, but two thousand feet lower than the northern Lake Nyanza. This, of course, makes it impossible that there can be any rivers flowing—as used to be supposed of the Nile—from the southern and through the northern lake. Indeed, Burton supposes that no river flows from Tanganyika Lake, but that it receives the drainage of the country around. The beauty of the lake, and of its shores seems to be very great. It has the "laughing tides" of the Mediterranean, "pellucid sheets of dark blue water; purple light, crimson and gold, tufted heights, and at night floods of transparent moonbeam."

Taking a more prosaic view of it, we cannot help thinking that it might be made a great high road of commerce, that is of civilisation, for the people living on the shores are nearly all traders, and cannot exist without some form of traffic. They have boats, but these are nothing better than wretched canoes which creep along the shores, and only when the weather promises to be fine venture to make a desperate push for the other side. The Arabs collect slaves and ivory from the tribes upon its banks, and they formerly raised rice of excellent quality upon the shores; but the inhabitants were wearied out by the depredations of the monkey, the elephant, and the hippopotamus, and allowed it to degenerate. On the western shores of the lake, the crocodiles, the malaria, the mosquitoes, and the men are equally feared. The latter prefer man raw, instead of eating him roasted like other tribes, and, having a land of richest soil and most prolific climate, they abandon it to wild growths, and feed on all kinds of carrion and vermin, grubs and insects, and, failing these, on man.

MEDICAL NUTS TO CRACK.

Many a tough riddle is put to the doctor in a court of law. There are more than twenty thousand inquests held every year in England and Wales, an average of more than one inquest a year to every practitioner of medicine; at each, the professional witness is expected with his facts and opinions, to show the cause of death, or to fix crime upon the guilty.

Sometimes even to know one man from another is a riddle, that it takes more than a doctor to solve. Mall, a barber's apprentice, was tried once at the Old Bailey for robbing a Mr. Ryan, of Portland-street. All the witnesses swore positively against him, and he would have been found guilty, if it had not been proved that, as the very time of the robbery, he was standing at the same Old Bailey bar on trial for another robbery, sworn against him as positively, which also he did not commit. He was the unlucky double of a thief.

If he had only had a mole or a strawberry leaf! says the expert reader of romances. Well, there was a man, named Joseph Parker, tried at New York for bigamy, because, besides being himself and having his own wife, he was supposed to be Thomas Hoag, husband of Mrs. Hoag. Thomas Hoag might be known surely enough, for he had a scar on his forehead. So had Parker. Yes, and Hoag spoke with a lisp. So did Parker. He had a curious mark on his neck. So had Parker. He had a scar on his foot. No; Parker had *not* got that, and the want of the scar on the foot supported his alibi, and proved the mistake of identity.

There is a notion among Belgian thieves that a salt herring tied over a scar will in time efface it. There was not time for a scar to form in the case of a French thief, who cut his hand with a window pane, when leaving a house he had robbed. He was traced by the drops of blood, which were observed to be on the left side of the footprints. On the way there was picked up what the doctor pronounced to be a shred of skin. Search was made in a village, where the track was lost, and a man found with a recent cut on his left hand, and a morsel of skin gone from it, that in size and shape, said the two doctors who were called in, answered to that which had been picked up in the road. Hair can be dyed, as we know, and blanched. As to the blanching, great question was raised in Paris when M. Orfila, the famous chemist, together with one of the first hairdressers in the town, was summoned to say whether it was possible that a murderer, who had been seen in Paris at two o'clock, with jet black hair, could have been seen with light hair at Versailles on the same evening. There was no wig in the case. The hairdresser said this was impossible. Orfila made experiments, and said that it could have been managed by help of chlorine, which changes black hair to dark and light chesnut, dark and light blond yellow and yellowish white, according to the length of time it had been steeped or washed. In the case in question, if there was no mistake as to the absence of a wig, and the chlorine was used, the man must have put himself to the penance of soaking the whole crown of his head for some hours in chlorine water—washing would have been insufficient—and, after all, he could not have got rid of the smell; besides that, his hair after the operation would have been hard, stiff, and brittle. For turning light hair dark, the means are easier. The preparation of lead, known as tinctura pompeiana of the shop, does not injure the hair, and cannot affect the brains of those who use it, a very slight absorption of more lead being of little consequence to the whole mass. A little dilute nitric acid dropped upon hair dye in this way, causes the colour to fly off in effervescence. Hair changes colour in some trades. Those who turn rulers of "green ebony," or work where a fine copper dust is in the air, if they have light hair, find it changed to green.

Another question sometimes raised in cases of disputed identification is, how much light is enough to know a man by? A thief's face has been seen in a dark chamber, and remembered to identification and conviction, when, attention having first been excited by the noise of his movement, he was revealed for less than a

second by a flash of lightning. A Frenchman travelling was fired at from a ditch. Both he and his servant swore to the man who, they said, had fired; his face being discerned by the flash of his gun. The man was condemned, but pardoned, when, on an experiment being made in the Imperial College of France, it was declared that the flash from a discharged gun did not give light enough for the identification of the person firing. But there are facts tending the other way, and Dr. Gray, in the second edition of his book on Forensic Medicine, just published, the latest and best authority on these subjects, and the volume from which we are taking all the anecdotes we tell, says that he has repeatedly recognised a face with which he was familiar by the discharge in the dark of a gun close at hand. "It may also," he very rightly adds, "be reasonably contended that, under the influence of strong excitement, the perceptions are uncommonly acute, as the actions are unusually rapid. It might happen, therefore, that a person exposed to danger would have a quicker and more distinct perception than an experimenter." Thus, for example, at the end of the last century, on a November night, three Bow-street runners, who had been sent to search the neighbourhood of Hounslow, were in a post-chaise together, and were attacked on the highway, near Bedfont, by two persons on horseback, one of whom placed himself at the heads of the horses, the other at the side of the chaise. The night was dark, but one of the officers swore that, by the flash of the pistols, he could distinctly see that the man rode a dark brown horse, between thirteen and fourteen hands high, and of remarkable shape, having a square head and very thick shoulders—altogether, a horse that he could have picked out from among fifty. He did find the horse, and of the rider he could also testify that he had worn a rough-shag brown great-coat.

Identification after death has also its difficulties. A resurrection-man was found guilty of raising the body of a young woman buried at Stirling. The body was identified by her relations, not only by the features, but by the fact of one leg being shorter than the other. But it was afterwards shown that, although the man really had lifted the body at Stirling, the body identified by the relations was that of another young woman taken out of the churchyard at Falkirk, and she also, besides the general resemblance, had one leg shorter than the other. The body of Maria Martin was identified by the absence of certain teeth from each jaw, and by signs about the lungs, answering to an attack of inflammation of the chest, which she was known to have had shortly before her mysterious disappearance. Peculiarities of teeth and jaw are often important means of identification, especially where during life a cast happens to have been taken by a dentist. When the remains of Charles the First were exhumed, they were identified, not only by the preservation of the features, and their striking likeness to the portrait on coins, busts, and paintings, but there was a smooth cut such as a heavy axe would have made, through the substance of the fourth spinal bone of the neck.

If we are not always sure that we identify a man, can we be sure always that we read the riddle of a disease? Of scientific difficulty in the distinguishing of natural signs, we will say nothing, and we will suppose that few doctors can mistake a rabbit's kidney stuffed into the nose for polypus, or a preparation of cow's sweetbread for a cancer. Such frauds are profitable, under occasional circumstances, to others besides those who wish to escape military service,—so profitable sometimes, that disease is imitated at the cost of not a little torture, and the deception carried on in spite of the sharpest remedies. When a curved spine is imitated, there is only the one possible position for the curve, and the twist causes folds of skin that are hardly to be traced in the case of a real old curviture. Ulcers are not only imitated by gluing a bit of spleen, or of the skin of a frog, to the part chosen for the seat of disease, and keeping it moist with blood and water; they are created by burning and the use of corrosives, and the healing of them is prevented by the use of irritants. An obstinate sore leg has, therefore, now and then been cured by locking it up in a box. But people who will gorge shell-fish for the sake of getting nettle-rash, and who give themselves the itch by rubbing irritating powder into needle pricks, who drink vinegar and burnt cork to upset the bowels, put lime into their eyes for the sake of getting them inflamed, or even thrust a needle down to the lens of the eye to get a cataract—these are samples of things that have been actually done to escape military service—might well perplex the unwary. Feigned epileptics will swallow blood to vomit it again; will display real old bruises self-inflicted; will fall, struggle, and foam chewed-soap at the mouth. In true epilepsy, there is insensibility to pain. Feigned victims have borne pin-thrusts without a wince, but they seldom can stand flecking with a wet handkerchief on the naked soles of their feet. One man who feigned a death sleep, suffered the operation of trephining, the sawing of a circlet of bone out of his skull, with only a groan. A recruit, who feigned blindness, being placed on the brink of a river, was ordered to walk forward, and he did. Fever has been imitated by eating tobacco; hectic on the cheek produced by rubbing; a white tongue made with chalk or whiting; a brown tongue with liquorice or brick-dust. But of all imitable things the only one in which fraud is not tolerably easy of detection by a well-trained and shrewd doctor, is the complaint of pain. Pain in the head, rheumatic and neuralgic pain, will really occur without visible change in the parts affected and without constitutional symptoms. In the persistent false assertion of severe pain, men have allowed a breast to be cut out, or a limb amputated. There is not only in these cases a purpose to be observed, but an obstinacy of character that prides itself on going through with what it has begun.

Here is a fresh topic. Is a man answerable for what he does in the confusion of awaking out of sleep? Bernard Schedmaizig, suddenly awaking at night, thought he saw a frightful phantom, challenged it twice, and, getting no answer, struck into it with his hatchet. Then he found that he had killed his wife. Two men, out of doors at night in a place infested by robbers, agreed that one should watch while the other slept. The one who slept, dreamt of an attack, and, starting up, shot his friend through the heart. A pedlar, asleep on the road, rudely awakened by a passer-by, ran him through with a sword-stick. Is it lawful for anybody to wake up, without instantly having all his wits about him, and to do what he may in that interval of imperfect apprehension? And, again, how is it with the somnambulist? A simple and innocent Carthusian monk was, when he walked in his sleep, a thief and plunderer of the dead. A pious clergyman once, as a sleep-walker, robbed his own church. Another person could not sleep without watches by the bed, because, sane and harmless when awake, he was liable when asleep to somnambulism with a mania for suicide. He got loose one night and hanged himself by the foot. A monk, late one evening, was seen to enter, with fixed eyes, frowning brow, and knife in hand, the chamber of the prior of his convent. He felt the empty bed as if to see that the prior was there, and stabbed into it three times, then retiring with an air of satisfaction. Questioned the next day, he said that having dreamed that the prior had murdered his mother, and that her spirit had come to him crying for vengeance, he had run to stab the assassin, and that when he awoke soon afterwards, covered with perspiration, he rejoiced to find it was a dream.

We pass over the innumerable riddles that arise out of the question of insanity or sanity. It is not every madman who is as clearly in delusion as the man who thought that he must keep his head and heart together, and so serve the Lord by throwing himself head over ears over every stile or gate he came to; "but that all depended on its being done with precision and decision."

As to persons found dead by violence, questions arise that test the doctor's skill. The late Dr. James Reid was called to a room where a man and his wife lay with their throats cut. The woman was in a pool of blood on the floor by the bedside, with her throat cut from ear to ear. The husband was in bed with the windpipe cut, but no great vessel divided, and he still lived. He said that in the middle of the night he was aroused from his sleep, by receiving a wound in his throat from his wife's hand. The shock and the loss of blood had prevented him from giving alarm. The man's manner excited suspicion, and the doctor, turning up the bedclothes, found—the sole of his foot covered with dry blood.

Sometimes there is the riddle of apparent death to solve. John Howard testifies that prisoners supposed to be dead of jail fever, on being brought out for burial now and then returned to life when the bodies were washed with cold water. An infant daughter of Henry Laurens, the first President of the American Congress, had small-pox, and was kept in a warm room with windows and doors carefully closed. She was laid out as dead, and then the window being thrown open, the draught of fresh cold air over the supposed corpse revived it, and the child regained its health. These long death-like faints were not uncommon before Sydenham's time, when the stifling system of treating diseases attended with eruption (and especially small-pox) was in vogue.

There is at least one strange case minutely described and authenticated — that of the Honourable Colonel Townshend—in which apparent death could be produced at will. Doctor Cheyne writes thus of the colonel's exhibition of his power. "He told us he had sent for us to give him some account of an odd sensation he had for some time observed and felt in himself, which was, that composing himself, he could die or expire when he pleased, and yet, by an effort or somehow, he could come to life again, which, it seems, he had sometimes tried before he sent for us. We all three felt his pulse first: it was distinct, though small and thready, and his heart had its usual beating. He composed himself on his back, and lay in a still posture some time; while I held his right hand, Dr. Baynard laid his hand on his heart, and Mr. Skrine held a clean looking-glass to his mouth. I found his pulse sink gradually, till at last I could not feel any by the most exact and nice touch. Dr. Baynard could not feel the least motion in his heart, nor Mr. Skrine discern the least soil of breath on the bright mirror he held to his mouth. Then each of us by turns examined his arm, heart, and breath, but could not by the nicest scrutiny discover the least symptom of life in him. This continued about half an hour. As we were going away (thinking him dead) we observed some motion about the body, and upon examination found his pulse and the motion of his heart gradually returning; he began to breathe gently and speak softly." The colonel tasked the doctors with this great medical riddle in the morning, and exhibited his mysterious power probably to excess: for he was a true dead man in the evening, having no disease found in him except one of the kidneys, for which he had long been under treatment.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

Will be concluded in the Number for Saturday, 3rd August,
And on SATURDAY, 10th AUGUST,
Will be commenced (to be completed in six months)

A STRANGE STORY,

BY THE
AUTHOR OF "MY NOVEL," "RIENZI," &c. &c.

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GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER LIV.

IT was one of those March days when the sun shines hot and the wind blows cold: when it is summer in the light, and winter in the shade. We had our pea-coats with us, and I took a bag. Of all my worldly possessions I took no more than the few necessaries that filled the bag. Where I might go, what I might do, or when I might return, were questions utterly unknown to me; nor did I vex my mind with them, for it was wholly set on Provis's safety. I only wondered for the passing moment, as I stopped at the door and looked back, under what altered circumstances I should next see those rooms, if ever.

We loitered down to the Temple stairs, and stood loitering there, as if we were not quite decided to go upon the water at all. Of course I had taken care that the boat should be ready and everything in order. After a little show of indecision, which there were none to see but the two or three amphibious creatures belonging to our Temple stairs, we went on board and cast off; Herbert in the bow, I steering. It was then about high-water—half-past eight.

Our plan was this. The tide, beginning to run down at nine, and being with us until three, we intended still to creep on after it had turned, and row against it until dark. We should then be well in those long reaches below Gravesend, between Kent and Essex, where the river is broad and solitary, where the water-side inhabitants are very few, and where lone public-houses are scattered here and there, of which we could choose one for a resting-place. There, we meant to lie by, all night. The steamer for Hamburg, and the steamer for Rotterdam, would start from London at about nine on Thursday morning. We should know at what time to expect them, according to where we were, and would hail the first; so that if by any accident we were not taken aboard, we should have another chance. We knew the distinguishing marks of each vessel.

The relief of being at last engaged in the execution of the purpose, was so great to me that I felt it difficult to realise the condition in which I had been a few hours before. The crisp air, the sunlight, the movement on the river, and the moving river itself—the road that ran with us, seeming to sympathise with us, animate us, and encourage us on—freshened me with new hope. I felt mortified to be of so little use in the boat; but, there were few better oarsmen than my two friends, and they rowed with a steady stroke that was to last all day.

At that time, the steam-traffic on the Thames was far below its present extent, and watermen's boats were far more numerous. Of barges, sailing colliers, and coasting-traders, there were perhaps as many as now; but, of steam-ships, great and small, not a tithe or a twentieth part so many. Early as it was, there were plenty of scullers going here and there that morning, and plenty of barges dropping down with the tide; the navigation of the river between bridges, in an open boat, was a much easier and commoner matter in those days than it is in these; and we went ahead among many skiffs and wherries, briskly.

Old London Bridge was soon passed, and old Billingsgate market with its oyster-boats and Dutchmen, and the White Tower and Traitors' Gate, and we were in among the tiers of shipping. Here, were the Leith, Aberdeen, and Glasgow steamers, loading and unloading goods, and looking immensely high out of the water as we passed alongside; here, were colliers by the score and score, with the coal-whippers plunging off stages on deck, as counterweights to measures of coal swinging up, which were then rattled over the side into barges; here, at her moorings was to-morrow's steamer for Rotterdam, of which we took good notice; and here to-morrow's for Hamburg, under whose bowsprit we crossed. And now I, sitting in the stern, could see with a faster beating heart, Mill Pond Bank and Mill Pond stairs.

"Is he there?" said Herbert.

"Not yet."

"Right! He was not to come down till he saw us. Can you see his signal?"

"Not well from here; but I think I see it.—Now, I see him! Pull both. Easy, Herbert. Oars!"

We touched the stairs lightly for a single moment, and he was on board and we were off again. He had a boat-cloak with him, and a

black canvas bag, and he looked as like a river-pilot as my heart could have wished.

"Dear boy!" he said, putting his arm on my shoulder as he took his seat. "Faithful dear boy, well done. Thankye, thankye!"

Again among the tiers of shipping, in and out, avoiding rusty chain-cables frayed hempen hawsers and bobbing buoys, sinking for the moment floating broken baskets, scattering floating chips of wood and shaving, cleaving floating scum of coal, in and out, under the figure-head of the John of Sunderland making a speech to the winds (as is done by many Johns), and the Betsy of Yarmouth with a firm formality of bosom and her knobby eyes starting two inches out of her head, in and out, hammers going in ship-builders' yards, saws going at timber, clashing engines going at things unknown, pumps going in leaky ships, capstans going, ships going out to sea, and unintelligible sea-creatures roaring curses over the bulwarks at respondent lightermen, in and out—out at last upon the clearer river, where the ships' boys might take their fenders in, no longer fishing in troubled waters with them over the side, and where the festooned sails might fly out to the wind.

At the Stairs where we had taken him aboard, and ever since, I had looked warily for any token of our being suspected. I had seen none. We certainly had not been, and at that time as certainly we were not, either attended or followed by any boat. If we had been waited on by any boat, I should have run in to shore, and have obliged her to go on, or to make her purpose evident. But, we held our own, without any appearance of molestation.

He had his boat-cloak on him, and looked, as I have said, a natural part of the scene. It was remarkable (but perhaps the wretched life he had led, accounted for it), that he was the least anxious of any of us. He was not indifferent, for he told me that he hoped to live to see his gentleman one of the best of gentlemen in a foreign country; he was not disposed to be passive or resigned, as I understood it; but he had no notion of meeting danger half way. When it came upon him, he confronted it, but it must come, before he troubled himself.

"If you knowed, dear boy," he said to me, "what it is to sit here alonger my dear boy and have my smoke, arter having been day by day betwixt four walls, you'd envy me. But you don't know what it is."

"I think I know the delights of freedom," I answered.

"Ah," said he, shaking his head gravely. "But you don't know it equal to me. You must have been under lock and key, dear boy, to know it equal to me—but I ain't a going to be low."

It occurred to me as inconsistent, that for any mastering idea, he should have endangered his freedom and even his life. But I reflected that perhaps freedom without danger was too much apart from all the habit of his existence to be to him what it would be to another man. I was not far out, since he said, after smoking a little:

"You see, dear boy, when I was over yonder, t'other side the world, I was always a looking to this side; and it come flat to be there, for all I was a growing rich. Everybody knowed Magwitch, and Magwitch could come, and Magwitch could go, and nobody's head would be troubled about him. They ain't so easy concerning me here, dear boy—wouldn't be, leastwise, if they knowed where I was."

"If all goes well," said I, "you will be perfectly free and safe again, within a few hours."

"Well," he returned, drawing a long breath, "I hope so."

"And think so?"

He dipped his hand in the water over the boat's gunwale, and said, smiling with that softened air upon him which was not new to me:

"Ay, I s'pose I think so, dear boy. We'd be puzzled to be more quiet and easy-going than we are at present. But—it's a flowing so soft and pleasant through the water, p'raps, as makes me think it—I was a thinking through my smoke just then, that we can no more see to the bottom of the next few hours, than we can see to the bottom of this river what I catches hold of. Nor yet we can't no more hold their tide than I can hold this. And it's run through my fingers and gone, you see!" holding up his dripping hand.

"But for your face, I should think you were a little despondent," said I.

"Not a bit on it, dear boy! It comes of flowing on so quiet, and of that there rippling at the boat's head making a sort of a Sunday tune. Maybe I'm a growing a trifle old besides."

He put his pipe back in his mouth with an undisturbed expression of face, and sat as composed and contented as if we were already out of England. Yet he was as submissive to a word of advice as if he had been in constant terror, for, when we ran ashore to get some bottles of beer into the boat, and he was stepping out, I hinted that I thought he would be safest where he was, and he said, "Do you, dear boy?" and quietly sat down again.

The air felt cold upon the river, but it was a bright day, and the sunshine was very cheering. The tide ran strong, I took care to lose none of it, and our steady stroke carried us on thoroughly well. By imperceptible degrees, as the tide ran out, we lost more and more of the nearer woods and hills, and dropped lower and lower between the muddy banks, but the tide was yet with us when we were off Gravesend. As our charge was wrapped in his cloak, I purposely passed within a boat or two's length of the floating Custom House, and so out to catch the stream, alongside of two emigrant ships, and under the bows of a large transport with troops on the forecastle looking down at us. And soon the tide began to slacken, and the craft lying at anchor to swing, and presently they had all swung round, and the ships that were taking advantage of the new tide to get up

to the Pool, began to crowd upon us in a fleet, and we kept under the shore, as much out of the strength of the tide now as we could, standing carefully off from low shallows and mud-banks.

Our oarsmen were so fresh, by dint of having occasionally let her drive with the tide for a minute or two, that a quarter of an hour's rest proved full as much as they wanted. We got ashore among some slippery stones while we ate and drank what we had with us, and looked about. It was like my own marsh country, flat and monotonous, and with a dim horizon; while the winding river turned and turned, and the great floating buoys upon it turned and turned, and everything else seemed stranded and still. For, now, the last of the fleet of ships was round the last low point we had headed; and the last green barge, straw-laden, with a brown sail, had followed; and some ballast-lighters, shaped like a child's first rude imitation of a boat, lay low in the mud; and a little squat shoal-lighthouse on open piles, stood crippled in the mud on stilts and crutches; and slimy stakes stuck out of the mud, and slimy stones stuck out of the mud, and red landmarks and tidemarks stuck out of the mud, and an old landing-stage and an old roofless building slipped into the mud, and all about us was stagnation and mud.

We pushed off again, and made what way we could. It was much harder work now, but Herbert and Startop persevered, and rowed, and rowed, and rowed, until the sun went down. By that time the river had lifted us a little, so that we could see above the bank. There was the red sun, on the low level of the shore, in a purple haze, fast deepening into black; and there was the solitary flat marsh; and far away there were the rising grounds, between which and us there seemed to be no life, save here and there in the foreground a melancholy gull.

As the night was fast falling, and as the moon, being past the full, would not rise early, we held a little council: a short one, for clearly our course was to lie by at the first lonely tavern we could find. So, they plied their oars once more, and I looked out for anything like a house. Thus we held on, speaking little, for four or five dull miles. It was very cold, and, a collier coming by us, with her galley-fire smoking and flaring, looked quite a comfortable home. The night was as dark by this time as it would be until morning; and what light we had, seemed to come more from the river than the sky, as the oars in their dipping struck at a few reflected stars.

At this dismal time we were evidently all possessed by the idea that we were followed. As the tide made, it flapped heavily at irregular intervals against the shore; and whenever such a sound came, one or other of us was sure to start and look in that direction. Here and there, the set of the current had worn down the bank into a little creek, and we were all suspicious of such places, and eyed them nervously. Sometimes, "What was that ripple!" one of us would say in a low voice. Or another, "Is that a boat yonder?" And afterwards, we would fall into a dead silence, and I would sit impatiently thinking with what an unusual amount of noise the oars worked in the thowels.

At length we descried a light and a roof, and presently afterwards ran alongside a little causeway made of stones that had been picked up hard-by. Leaving the rest in the boat, I stepped ashore, and found the light to be in a window of a public-house. It was a dirty place enough, and I dare say not unknown to smuggling adventurers; but there was a good fire in the kitchen, and there were eggs and bacon to eat, and various liquors to drink. Also, there were two double-bedded rooms—"such as they were," the landlord said. No other company was in the house than the landlord, his wife, and a grizzled male creature, the "Jack" of the little causeway, who was as slimy and smeary as if he had been low-water mark too.

With this assistant, I went down to the boat again, and we all came ashore, and brought out the oars, and rudder, and boat-hook, and all else, and hauled her up for the night. We made a very good meal by the kitchen fire, and then apportioned the bedrooms; Herbert and Startop were to occupy one; I and our charge the other. We found the air as carefully excluded from both, as if air were fatal to life; and there were more dirty clothes and bandboxes under the beds than I should have thought the family possessed. But we considered ourselves well off, notwithstanding, for a more solitary place we could not have found.

While we were comforting ourselves by the fire after our meal, the Jack—who was sitting in a corner, and who had a bloated pair of shoes on, which he had exhibited while we were eating our eggs and bacon, as interesting relics that he had taken a few days ago from the feet of a drowned seaman washed ashore—asked me if we had seen a four-oared galley going up with the tide? When I told him No, he said she must have gone down then, and yet she "took up too," when she left there.

"They must ha' thought better on't for some reason or another," said the Jack, "and gone down."

"A four-oared galley, did you say?" said I.

"A four," said the Jack, "and two sitters."

"Did they come ashore here?"

"They put in with a stone two-gallon jar, for some beer. I'd ha' been glad to pison the beer myself," said the Jack, "or put some rattling physic in it."

"Why?"

"*I* know why," said the Jack. He spoke in a slushy voice, as if much mud had washed into his throat.

"He thinks," said the landlord: a weakly meditative man with a pale eye, who seemed to rely greatly on his Jack: "he thinks they was, what they wasn't."

"*I* knows what I thinks," observed the Jack.

"*You* thinks Custum 'Us, Jack?" said the landlord.

"I do," said the Jack.

"Then you're wrong, Jack."

"Am I?"

In the infinite meaning of his reply, and his boundless confidence in his views, the Jack took one of his bloated shoes off, looked into it, knocked a few stones out of it on the kitchen floor, and put it on again. He did this, with the air of a Jack who was so right that he could afford to do anything.

"Why, what do you make out that they done with their buttons then, Jack?" asked the landlord, vacillating weakly.

"Done with their buttons?" returned the Jack. "Chucked 'em overboard. Swallered 'em. Sowed 'em, to come up small salad. Done with their buttons!"

"Don't be cheeky, Jack," remonstrated the landlord, in a melancholy and pathetic way.

"A Custum 'Us officer knows what to do with his Buttons," said the Jack, repeating the obnoxious word with the greatest contempt, "when they comes betwixt him and his own light. A Four and two sitters don't go hanging and hovering, up with one tide and down with another, and both with and against another, without there being Custum 'Us at the bottom of it." Saying which, he went out in disdain; and the landlord, having no one to rely upon, found it impracticable to pursue the subject.

This dialogue made us all uneasy, and me very uneasy. The dismal wind was muttering round the house, the tide was flapping at the shore, and I had a feeling that we were caged and threatened. A four-oared galley hovering about in so unusual a way as to attract this notice, was an ugly circumstance that I could not get rid of. When I had induced Provis to go up to bed, I went outside with my two companions (Startop by this time knew the state of the case), and held another council. Whether we should remain at the house until near the steamer's time, which would be about one in the afternoon; or whether we should put off early in the morning; was the question we discussed. On the whole we deemed it the better course to lie where we were, until within an hour or so of the steamer's time, and then to get out in her track, and drift easily with the tide. Having settled to do this, we returned into the house and went to bed.

I lay down with the greater part of my clothes on, and slept well for a few hours. When I awoke, the wind had risen, and the sign of the house (the Ship) was creaking and banging about, with noises that startled me. Rising softly, for my charge lay fast asleep, I looked out of the window. It commanded the causeway where we had hauled up our boat, and, as my eyes adapted themselves to the light of the clouded moon, I saw two men looking into her. They passed by under the window, looking at nothing else, and did not go down to the landing-place which I could discern to be empty, but struck across the marsh in the direction of the Nore.

My first impulse was to call up Herbert, and show him the two men going away. But, reflecting before I got into his room, which was at the back of the house and adjoined mine, that he and Startop had had a harder day than I, and were fatigued, I forbore. Going back to my window, I could still see the two men moving over the marsh. In that light, however, I soon lost them, and, feeling very cold, lay down to think of the matter, and fell asleep again.

We were up early. As we walked to and fro, all four together, before breakfast, I deemed it right to recount what I had seen. Again, our charge was the least anxious of the party. It was very likely that the men belonged to the Custom House, he said quietly, and that they had no thought of us. I tried to persuade myself that it was so—as, indeed, it might easily be. However, I proposed that he and I should walk away together to a distant point we could see, and that the boat should take us aboard there, or as near there as might prove feasible, at about noon. This being considered a good precaution, soon after breakfast he and I set forth, without saying anything at the tavern.

He smoked his pipe as we went along, and sometimes stopped to clap me on the shoulder. One would have supposed that it was I who was in danger, not he, and that he was reassuring me. We spoke very little. As we approached the point, I begged him to remain in a sheltered place, while I went on to reconnoitre; for, it was towards it that the men had passed in the night. He complied, and I went on alone. There was no boat off the point, nor drawn up anywhere near it, nor were there any signs of the men having embarked there. But, to be sure the tide was high, and there might have been some footprints under water.

When he looked out from his shelter in the distance, and saw that I waved my hat to him to come up, he rejoined me, and there we waited: sometimes lying on the bank wrapped in our coats, and sometimes moving about to warm ourselves: until we saw our boat coming round. We got aboard easily, and rowed out into the track of the steamer. By that time it wanted but ten minutes of one o'clock, and we began to look out for her smoke.

But, it was half-past one before we saw her smoke, and soon afterwards we saw behind it the smoke of another steamer. As they were coming on at full speed, we got the two bags ready, and took that opportunity of saying good-by to Herbert and Startop. We had all shaken hands cordially, and neither Herbert's eyes nor mine were quite dry, when I saw a four-oared galley shoot out from under the bank but a little way ahead of us, and row out into the same track.

A stretch of shore had been as yet between us and the steamer's smoke, by reason of the bend and wind of the river; but now she was visible, coming head on. I called to Herbert

and Startop to keep before the tide, that she might see us lying by for her, and I adjured Provis to sit quite still, wrapped in his cloak. He answered cheerily, "Trust to me, dear boy," and sat like a statue. Meantime the galley, which was very skilfully handled, had crossed us, let us come up with her, and fallen alongside. Leaving just enough room for the play of the oars, she kept alongside, drifting when we drifted, and pulling a stroke or two when we pulled. Of the two sitters, one held the rudder lines, and looked at us attentively—as did all the rowers; the other sitter was wrapped up, much as Provis was, and seemed to shrink, and whisper some instruction to the steerer as he looked at us. Not a word was spoken in either boat.

Startop could make out, after a few minutes, which steamer was first, and gave me the word "Hamburg," in a low voice as we sat face to face. She was nearing us very fast, and the beating of her paddles grew louder and louder. I felt as if her shadow were absolutely upon us, when the galley hailed us. I answered.

"You have a returned Transport there," said the man who held the lines. "That's the man, wrapped in the cloak. His name is Abel Magwitch, otherwise Provis. I apprehend that man, and call upon him to surrender, and you to assist."

At the same moment, without giving any audible direction to his crew, he ran the galley aboard of us. They had pulled one sudden stroke ahead, had got their oars in, had run athwart us, and were holding on to our gunwale, before we knew what they were doing. This caused great confusion on board the steamer, and I heard them calling to us, and heard the order given to stop the paddles, and heard them stop, but felt her driving down upon us irresistibly. In the same moment, I saw the steersman of the galley lay his hand on his prisoner's shoulder, and saw that both boats were swinging round with the force of the tide, and saw that all hands on board the steamer were running forward quite frantically. Still in the same moment, I saw the prisoner start up, lean across his captor, and pull the cloak from the neck of the shrinking sitter in the galley. Still in the same moment, I saw that the face disclosed, was the face of the other convict of long ago. Still in the same moment, I saw the face tilt backward with a white terror on it that I shall never forget, and heard a great cry on board the steamer and a loud splash in the water, and felt the boat sink from under me.

It was but for an instant that I seemed to struggle with a thousand mill-weirs and a thousand flashes of light; that instant past, I was taken on board the galley. Herbert was there, and Startop was there; but our boat was gone, and the two convicts were gone.

What with the cries aboard the steamer, and the furious blowing-off of her steam, and her driving on, and our driving on, I could not at first distinguish sky from water or shore from shore; but, the crew of the galley righted her with great speed, and, pulling certain swift strong strokes ahead, lay upon their oars, every man looking silently and eagerly at the water astern. Presently a dark object was seen in it, bearing towards us on the tide. No man spoke, but the steersman held up his hand, and all softly backed water, and kept the boat straight and true before it. As it came nearer, I saw it to be Magwitch, swimming, but not swimming freely. He was taken on board, and instantly manacled at the wrists and ankles.

The galley was kept steady, and the silent eager look-out at the water was resumed. But, the Rotterdam steamer now came up, and apparently not understanding what had happened, came on at speed. By the time she had been hailed and stopped, both steamers were drifting away from us and we were rising and falling in a troubled wake of water. The look-out was kept, long after all was still again and the two steamers were gone; but, everybody knew that it was hopeless now.

At length we gave it up, and pulled under the shore towards the tavern we had lately left, where we were received with no little surprise. Here, I was able to get some comforts for Magwitch—Provis no longer—who had received some very severe injury in the chest and a deep cut in the head.

He told me that he believed himself to have gone under the keel of the steamer, and to have been struck on the head in rising. The injury to his chest (which rendered his breathing extremely painful) he thought he had received against the side of the galley. He added that he did not pretend to say what he might or might not have done to Compeyson, but, that in the moment of his laying his hand on his cloak to identify him, that villain had staggered up and staggered back, and they had both gone overboard together; when the sudden wrenching of him (Magwitch) out of our boat, and the endeavour of his captor to keep him in it, had capsized us. He told me in a whisper that they had gone down, fiercely locked in each other's arms, and that there had been a struggle under water, and that he had disengaged himself, struck out, and swum away.

I never had any reason to doubt the exact truth of what he thus told me. The officer who steered the galley gave the same account of their going overboard.

When I asked this officer's permission to change the prisoner's wet clothes by purchasing any spare garments I could get at the public-house, he gave it readily: merely observing that he must take charge of everything his prisoner had about him. So the pocket-book which had once been in my hands, passed into the officer's. He further gave me leave to accompany the prisoner to London; but, declined to accord that grace to my two friends.

The Jack at the Ship was instructed where the drowned man had gone down, and undertook to search for the body in the places where it was likeliest to come ashore. His interest in its recovery seemed to me to be much heightened when he heard that it had stockings on.

Probably, it took about a dozen drowned men to fit him out completely; and that may have been the reason why the different articles of his dress were in various stages of decay.

We remained at the public-house until the tide turned, and then Magwitch was carried down to the galley and put on board. Herbert and Startop were to get to London by land, as soon as they could. We had a doleful parting, and when I took my place by Magwitch's side, I felt that that was my place henceforth while he lived.

For now, my repugnance to him had all melted away, and in the hunted wounded shackled creature who held my hand in his, I only saw a man who had meant to be my benefactor, and who had felt affectionately, gratefully, and generously, towards me with great constancy through a series of years. I only saw in him a much better man than I had been to Joe.

His breathing became more difficult and painful as the night drew on, and often he could not repress a groan. I tried to rest him on the arm I could use, in any easy position; but it was dreadful to think that I could not be sorry at heart for his being badly hurt, since it was unquestionably best that he should die. That there were, still living, people enough who were able and willing to identify him, I could not doubt. That he would be leniently treated, I could not hope. He who had been presented in the worst light at his trial, who had since broken prison and been tried again, who had returned from transportation under a life sentence, and who had occasioned the death of the man who was the cause of his arrest.

As we returned towards the setting sun we had yesterday left behind us, and as the stream of our hopes seemed all running back, I told him how grieved I was to think that he had come home for my sake.

"Dear boy," he answered, "I'm quite content to take my chance. I've seen my boy, and he can be a gentleman without me."

No. I had thought about that, while we had been there side by side. No. Apart from any inclinations of my own, I understand Wemmick's hint now. I foresaw that, being convicted, his possessions would be forfeited to the Crown.

"Lookee here, dear boy," said he. "It's best as a gentleman should not be knowed to belong to me now. Only come to see me as if you come by chance alonger Wemmick. Sit where I can see you when I am swore to, for the last o' many times, and I don't ask no more."

"I will never stir from your side," said I, "when I am suffered to be near you. Please God, I will be as true to you, as you have been to me!"

I felt his hand tremble as it held mine, and he turned his face away as he lay in the bottom of the boat, and I heard that old sound in his throat—softened now, like all the rest of him. It was a good thing that he had touched this point, for it put into my mind what I might not otherwise have thought of until too late: That he need never know how his hopes of enriching me had perished.

HEAR THE POSTMAN!

Yes; hear him by all means. He has a grievance to complain of; he has borne his injuries with remarkable patience; he is a servant of the public, whose accurate performance of his duties is of daily and hourly importance to all of us; and he now asks us civilly for a five minutes' hearing. Let us grant his request. If we must drive somebody into a corner, don't let it be the postman, for he works hard, and we should all feel some interest in him.

What does he want? What we all want—a little more money.

How much does he get now? He begins at eighteen or nineteen shillings a week; he may rise in the course of years, if he is lucky, to twenty-six shillings a week; and, if he has not walked himself off his legs, or starved himself in trying to provide for his wife and children on his existing salary, he may make his fortune, when he is an old man, by getting thirty shillings a week. The promotions through which he derives these rates of increase, are regulated purely by seniority; so that he may have to wait—and is in many cases now hopelessly waiting—until hundreds of older men die or leave the service, before he can even get his six-and-twenty shillings. As for the thirty shillings which reward the venerable struggles of the patriarch-postman, that distant competence lies, in the vast majority of cases, altogether beyond his horizon—the less he wastes his present time in looking after it, the better.

So much for the past. Now, what does he want for the future?

He wants a scale of wages which begins at twenty-three shillings and ends at forty shillings a week. He will undertake to spend fifteen years of his life in delivering your letters, before he gets that maximum sum. And he asks, plainly and respectfully, what you think of his demand. Considering the serious responsibilities which you commit to his pair of hands every day of your life, is forty shillings a week too much for him, after he has served you honestly for fifteen years?

Before we answer the question, perhaps we ought to hear what the Authorities have to say to it? By all means. Don't let the postmen have it all their own way. Hear the Authorities.

"You are dissatisfied with your present wages, my man? Just so! Now, this is an official matter. You must memorialise. First, try the Controller of the Circulation Department. Secondly, if you are not satisfied with him, try the Postmaster-General. Thirdly, if you are not satisfied with the Postmaster-General—wait till you are; for, beyond him, you go no further. If you venture to say one word about your grievances in the hearing of the public who employ you; if your official senses leave you altogether;

if you remember that you are Englishmen as well as Postmen; and if you call a meeting after business hours—look out! Censure or other proportionate punishment awaits you, at the hands of your impartial Authorities. You quite understand? Very well, then. 'Good morning."

Those are the last words of the Authorities, expressed through the medium of an official notice; which notice the letter-carriers provoked by calling a public meeting for the temperate discussion of their claims, on Friday evening, June the twenty-first, in this present year.

Surely it was rash to call a public meeting, in opposition to the wishes of the Controller of the Circulation and the other Authorities? It is certainly rash for men to rush into extremes of their own accord. But if men are *driven* into extremes, rashness seems to be scarcely the right epithet to apply to their conduct. For the last two years—to go back no further than to the period when these Post-office grievances first attracted public attention—for the last two years, these unfortunate Postmen have been memorialising; petitioning; praying for interviews with a courteous Postmaster-General; obtaining interviews, with the result of an affable reception and nothing else; getting acknowledgments of their memorials, and nothing else; getting advice to be quiet and behave themselves; *being* quiet and behaving themselves, and getting nothing by that either. After two years of useless praying and petitioning, and eating and digesting humble pie with resigned official stomachs, these exceptionally patient men show at last that they are mortal, and open their complaining lips faintly in the public hearing. If this is rashness, what is discretion? Will the Controller of the Circulation and the Postmaster-General be so kind as to tell us?

But (the Controller may say, and doubtless does say) the whole principle of the thing is wrong. These ignorant men don't understand even the rudiments of political economy. Here are we, the Authorities, with the public purse in our charge. In the name of political economy, what are we to do for the public advantage? Buy service in the cheapest market, of course! Here, on the other hand, are a pack of postmen who want more wages. Preposterous! Hosts of unemployed young men—embryo letter-carriers, with the tendon Achilles powerfully developed, and immense pedestrian possibilities in the calves of their legs—are ready to snap at eighteen shillings a week, or less for the matter of that, if we will only give them postmen's work to do. What necessarily follows? The market rate for postmen is eighteen shillings (or less)—we give the market rate—and let the present postmen go, if they want more.

This is a strong argument? Uncommonly strong as long as we keep it in the lower regions; but let us take it up-stairs, and it becomes as rickety as an octogenarian postman, on thirty shillings a week, at the end of the day's deliveries. What is the market value of the heads of the Post-office departments? There are hundreds of disengaged gentlemen in this country (not including Irish gentlemen) with dormant administrative capacities, who would cheerfully undertake their work, at half their salary. Do we limit that salary to the lowest sum which those unemployed gentlemen would be willing to receive?

No: we wisely remember that Sir Rowland Hill and the heads of Post-office departments have qualifications which are too important to be rewarded according to such a preposterous principle of economy as this. The decision which settled the amount of their salaries (and which did not regulate them at a farthing too much) sprang, and sprang properly, from a due sense of their individual responsibilities, and a fit conviction of their individual capacity for dealing with them. Far beneath higher officials, intellectually and socially, as the letter-carrier may be, he may surely claim that *his* individual responsibilities, too, may be considered as part, and a very important part, of the question of his wages. We are purchasing the use of his honesty and his diligence, as well as the use of his legs. Granting that the necessary legs are to be sold cheaper elsewhere—are we sure of getting the necessary honesty and diligence thrown into the bargain as well? It is true that we can be sure of no man until we have tried him—but taking servants generally, in relation to their employers, what practical incentives to diligence, what practical safeguards against dishonesty, are we all really driven to rely on? A good character? Rogues get a good character every day. Promises and protestations? Hypocrites deal in them every hour of their lives. No; we take men in the mass; we accept humanity for what it generally is; and we rely (in default of better holding-ground) on good wages. The better rate of remuneration does, in the long run, secure the better order of man; and the better order of man is wanted to take care of our letters. The cheapest-attainable-Sir Rowland Hill, would, we all know very well, be no bargain for us; and—when you come to number your letter-carriers by the hundred; when you reflect on the serious public interests which they represent; and when you remember that Temptation oftenest fights the winning battle, with Poverty for a backer—the cheapest-attainable-postman is no such certain bargain either.

More arguments pro and con. might easily be stated; but, in its present aspect, the question presses for settlement. It has advanced beyond the stage of mere wrangling, and has narrowed its immediate claims to one plain inquiry, plainly spoken out. Do the postmen ask too much? Remember what is socially as well as economically due to their labours and their position; remember, though they have waited two years, that they are not following the wretched example set them by other workmen with higher wages than they receive—remember that these men are pleading, and not striking—and then say, is a salary of twenty-three shillings a week to begin with, and forty shillings a week after fifteen

years' service, more than public servants ought to have from the public purse? The Authorities won't answer the question. After patient waiting, the letter-carriers now beg to inquire if public opinion will. There, for the present, the matter rests.

A LITTLE DINNER WITH THE CAPTAIN.

"I WISH I could paint like that!" said a voice high pitched and with a nasal drawl in it, as I sat sketching among the highlands of the Hudson.

"You take an interest in art?" said I, dabbing away at my landscape, for I saw that the man meant civilly.

"Art *and* nater!" answered the tall Yankee; "art *and* nater! You're making a pretty view of it, and so you had oughter, for 'tis an all-fired location this; yes, 'tis. I guess you're an artist?"

"Yes."

"A Britisher born?"

"Yes."

"I know'd it. Them blues and whites air neat, and like the real thing; the clouds is not bad; but the water's the thing that shows gumption."

"You should be a judge of your own element," I answered, laughing, for I had already settled my friend's calling, on a second glance at his cornelian waistcoat buttons and his coral breast-pin. "You have sailed over a good deal of blue water in your time."

"Scalp me, stranger," said he, "but you're right. We must be better acquainted, *we* must. I haven't a card, stranger, but my name's Daniel Coffin, of Providence, Mass., first mate of the Bird of Freedom, clipper ship, lying down at New York." And he held out his strong sunburnt hand for me to shake.

Some more conversation followed. I found my new friend, like most of his countrymen, very inquisitive, though the questions he asked were propounded with an apparent simplicity that made them by no means offensive. It was not enough for him to know my name and profession. He was curious about my antecedents, my travels, my habits, my prospects, and the friends I had in America. "Tell you what, sir," said he at last, "you kiender took me in, first I spied you out. Something of the soger officer about that individual, says I to myself; something square about the carrying of the shoulders and head, that a man who's knocked about the world as I have, can't mistake. Mebbe, thinks I, 'tis an engineer officer from West Point, making tactical sketches. Have you done a little in that line, sir, afore you took to the brush?"

I owned that I had worn the Queen's colours, and had sold out, after some years in Sydney and Auckland, to escape the weariness of colonial quarters, and the tardiness of promotion.

The first mate of the Bird of Freedom asked no more questions. He began extolling beyond measure the good qualities of his skipper, Captain Malachi Hodgson. The "cap'en" was a scholar, the "cap'en" was a gentleman fit to pick mutton-chops at Windsor, the "cap'en" could speak all languages, and had been over the Italian picture-galleries and museums, and was an antiquary, and a collector, and what not. Nothing came amiss to this extraordinary captain; he had autographs of all the great or notorious of the earth, gems, coins, medals, statuettes. Then, the personal accomplishments of the commander were equal to his possessions: he could sing and play, and sketch, and model in wax and clay, and take photographs, and lecture on chemistry. Now, would I come and see the Bird of Freedom when I came back to New York?

I faithfully promised that when I returned to the city I would call on Daniel Coffin. And we parted, excellently well pleased with each other.

Three weeks passed before, quitting the old Dutch farm-house where I had boarded, I went back to the Empire City. There, as I was one day skimming the Herald, in a café, my eye fell on the following advertisement: "CALIFORNIA DIRECT. The splendid clipper ship, Bird of Freedom. To sail on the 17th. For freight or passage, apply, &c." The advertisement recalled my enthusiastic friend, Mr. Coffin, and the Admirable Crichton of a skipper whose praises he had so loyally sounded, and I resolved to be as good as my word, and to pay him a call. I found that the ship had dropped down, and was lying off Long Island. Hiring a pleasure pinnace, I made the short voyage to her anchoring-ground, and found reason to admit that the mate's eulogy had not been much overstrained. The Bird of Freedom was a magnificent vessel, nearly new, and of immense tonnage. She was one of those long, sharp-bowed, lofty-masted craft of which Americans are so proud, and appeared, as indeed she was, admirably designed for speed. I could not help fancying, however, that her build was better adapted for summer seas and the trade winds, for quick runs, in fact, under favourable circumstances, than for buffeting to and fro in rough variable weather. "A raal darlint, your honour," cried my tough old Irish boatman, who had not in twenty years dropped a note of his brogue; "she lies on the say like a duck, and is as nate as if she'd a glass shade over her." By this time we were alongside, and a rough head, crowned by a Spanish straw hat, was popped over the bulwarks, while a harsh voice swore at us, and asked what we wanted, that we scraped our boat's snout against their keelson? I answered from the stern-sheets, taking off my hat, "We were merely admiring your fine vessel, but may I ask whether you have on board a gentleman who invited me to pay you a visit, I mean Mr. Daniel Coffin?"

The second mate, who was our questioner, acknowledged my salute by sulkily lifting his own Panama, and replied, "Yes, I kalkilate he air. Did you wish to come on board. You'll find a clean side rope at the starboard gang.

The larboard one's tarry, and would spile them gloves o' yourn."

The boat was directly at the foot of the starboard side-ladder, and I jumped on board, just in time to meet honest Daniel Coffin, who came bustling aft to welcome me.

And, sure enough, Daniel Coffin did appear glad to see me. His mahogany face was as radiant as such a face could be, and the grip he gave my hand was like the pressure of a vice. He did the honours of the ship, at least of all above decks, making me duly admire the tapering of the masts, the squareness of the yards, the trim neatness which regulated everything. There was no visible morsel of metal, whether ringbolt, pin, rail, or brass gun, that was not scoured as brightly as the kettles in a Dutch kitchen. There was an unusual quantity of rackwork and windlass tackle about, as well as pulleys, patent blocks, and other mechanism for economising labour. As for the crew, I saw three or four fine-looking seamen on the forecastle, busy with serving mallets, spunyarn, rattlins, and inch and a half rope, preparing something or other for the ship's top hamper, and a couple of wobegone persons were wringing swabs near them, which latter alone took some notice of us. One of these men touched his hat, not to the mate, but to me, and seemed disposed to speak, but Mr. Coffin swore at him, and bade him "keep his distance," and he shuffled off in a broken-spirited fashion.

"Those are not sailors?" said I, with a jerk of my thumb to point out the object of my query.

"No; they air not. They're what they call 'waisters' in the navy; but here we jest call 'em landlubbers;" answered Mr. Coffin. "Never mind 'em. I wish I could show you the cabins, but cap'en's busy writing. They're splendacious, and that air a fact. Ah! here is cap'en himself."

And, sure enough, up the cabin stair came the commander, and the mate bustling to introduce me, we exchanged bows and compliments. The skipper was a little man, not puny, but a giant cut down, with broad shoulders and "double joints." He had a massive jaw, full of great white teeth, bright chesnut hair, blue eyes, and a very red and white complexion. Altogether he was as little like an American as any man I ever saw in any country. But he was very well bred and polished, quite a gentleman in manner, and I soon found that I was talking to one who was at least my equal in education, and a man of talent to boot. He showed me the cabins, gave me a peep at two or three cabinets of medallions, cameos, rare shells, and so forth, as well as at some valuable pictures and curious arms, and only regretted that he was too much occupied on that day to submit to my inspection of all his treasures. Would I come and dine with him before he sailed? Meanwhile I must have some lunch, and he tinkled a little silver handbell, which brought in the coloured steward and a tray. During lunch, we chatted on indifferent subjects; the captain pleasing me greatly by the frank shrewdness of his talk. Presently feats of strength were mentioned. There were some very heavy round-shot in the steerage, the captain said he could hardly lift them, and he wondered whether I could make a better job of it than he. So, after lunch, we went into the steerage, and there, by a great effort, I contrived to heave up one of the shot to the level of my head, to the great amusement and satisfaction of my entertainer.

"Well, sir," said he, "you have done what only six of us here aboard can manage. Myself—that is—Dan Coffin, who is strong, for all that he looks so loosely put together, and four of our primest forecastle salts. I wish you were one of us. But the next best thing will be to get the advantage of your company while we can; so excuse a sailor's rough invitation, and come and dine with me aboard on Thursday, the 16th. We are advertised to sail on Friday, and the passengers come on board early on that day; but on Thursday we can have a cozy evening, and you shall look over my hoards of old rubbish. May I expect you?"

I said "Yes, I would be sure to come," and thanked him for his hospitality. We shook hands. I stepped into my boat, and went off, and the last things I saw on the deck of the clipper were the heads of Captain Hodgson and his mate Coffin, as they waved their hands in a parting salute.

No obstacle having intervened, on Thursday afternoon I found myself a guest at the captain's hospitable board, in his pretty cabin, with its trophies of weapons and its choice little Flemish pictures hanging on the walls. There was rather an ostentatious display of plate and glass, and fruit and flowers, considering that covers were laid for only four, Captain Malachi Hodgson, his first officer, Mr. Dan Coffin, Dr. Ellerman, the ship's surgeon, and myself. The dinner proved a capital one, the champagne—the royal Madeira—were worthy of the dinner, and the conversation pleasant, for both the captain and the doctor were well-informed rattles. Captain Hodgson was very gay and amusing. As for the surgeon, he was a dry, caustic talker, with a good deal of ironical humour, and a talent for quotation. In person he was a large bony man, with inscrutable eyes like those of an elephant. We did not spare the wine, but were all perfectly sober when we rose from table, and proceeded to sip our coffee and smoke our cigars, when I soon afterwards proposed to take my leave. The skipper would not hear of it. Indeed, as he reminded me, I had no shore boat in attendance, having been pulled from the quay in the ship's yawl, which, with Nathan the second mate in it, had been fortunately lying off the jetty just as I came down to the water. I must trust to my entertainer's good offices for the means of departure, and the captain promised me his gig at eleven o'clock. "Not a minute before," said he, gaily, "for till then you are my prisoner." Then I remember that the captain played a tune on the piano, very nicely indeed, and the doctor sang a sentimental Spanish air to the guitar, with an absurd gravity

that set us all laughing. Then we played cards for low stakes, and I won a few dollars. Next, a bowl of punch was proposed, and the doctor was enjoined to brew it. "A famous punch-maker the doctor is," said the captain. The black steward brought in the materials, and the surgeon began his task in an elaborate manner. Then the captain jumped up, and proposed to show me his coins and other treasures while the punch-making went on. As I lifted my eyes from a tray of very curious Etruscan relics, I happened to glance at the mirror opposite, and there, to my wonder, methought I saw the doctor shaking a white powder into his brew from a paper he held in his hand. The captain's eyes followed mine, and saw the reflexion in the glass as well. He saw, too, my slight start. "*Powdered* sugar, hey, doctor?" said he. "Yes, to be sure," answered the man of healing. "I always use lump, myself," remarked the captain; "but that may be an old fashioned prejudice. The result is undeniable, anyhow. Have you seen these seals, sir? I bought them in Athens." Powdered sugar! to be sure it was powdered sugar, and I was an ass to be suspecting Borgian sleights of hand in the nineteenth century. But now we were asked to taste of the punch. It was hot, fragrant, and very tempting. The doctor flourished the ladle. We all sat down, and held out our glasses, which were filled. "Now, gentlemen, a toast," cried the doctor; "The fatherland of our accomplished visitor, Old England, and good luck to her!" We all lifted our glasses. I as a good patriot drained mine; and almost as I did so, noticed that the others held full glasses to their lips, but only made a feint of sipping. I caught the captain's eyes fixed on me with a peculiar glance of triumph and mockery. The doctor's face, too, had a sneer on it, and the mate was chuckling audibly. Meanwhile I reeled in my chair, the glass quivered in my hand, there was a humming in my brain as if of a million bees, and the room was revolving like a top. I was giddy, sick, blind, and a laugh rang in my ears as I became insensible.

A dreadful roaring made me dream that I was in a den of lions; next, that I was in the midst of an earthquake; and lastly, to awake to a dull sense that steam was being blown off somewhere, but where or how, even when awake, I could not conjecture. I had afterwards no doubt that the steam-tug was then alongside. There were all sorts of dull, confused noises, but none that I understood. There were foul smells, too. Something crawled over my face. Another something, also with legs and antennæ, was rustling at my ear; that was a cockroach, and I swept it aside with disgust, but the drug still overcame me, and I fell asleep again. From this second slumber I was rudely awakened by a shower of merciless kicks in the ribs, against which not even morphia could make a sleeper proof. My eyes opened with a jerk, and in the dim light I could faintly discern the ill-looking face of Nathan, second mate of the clipper, who was swearing as hard as he kicked.

"Get up, ye skunk, and show your carcase on deck."

"On deck!" said I, in a bewildered way; "Why should I? where am I? Leave off, I say; you hurt me."

"I'll jest break your bones, ef ye don't obey orders," answered Nathan, tartly. "Cap'en says hands are to be mustered to sign articles afore sailing, and I've been told to rouse up the skulkers; so up with you."

Indignation was but a tenth part of what I felt. I made a lurching effort to rise, and tried to catch Nathan by the throat, but was too weak, and only got a grasp of the monkey-jacket, for which he had now changed his shore-going coat. Nathan laughed grimly as he caught me by the arm.

"We'll larn ye," he said, "to respect an officer, afore you've seen your last of blue water. But I must git ye to quarters. Halloa! Jonadab and Titus, ketch hold of the British skulker here, and help him to tumble up."

Two brawny natives of Cape Cod came jumping down a ladder, and, before I could remonstrate, I was hustled up some steps, through a hatchway, and finally found myself at the foot of the mainmast, in broad day, and surrounded by a crowd of men in all varieties of shabby dress. The Bird of Freedom was in open water, standing out to sea. There was "a sea on," and the vessel was rolling and pitching quite enough to account for the absence of any passengers from deck, and enough, too, to make it difficult for those recruits who had not their sea legs to keep their feet.

Presently I saw advancing from the after-deck the treacherous skipper, Captain Malachi Hodgson, accompanied by his three mates, his supercargo, the surgeon, the carpenter, the cooper, and a gruff man who officiated as boatswain, the large crew requiring such an official. Captain Hodgson was in his sea-going clothes, a shabby old suit that had already borne the souse of much salt water. He had a broad belt round his waist, in which was stuck a six-shot Colt's revolver, while a brass-hilted hanger swung at his left side. Each of the mates, too, as well as the boatswain, cooper, carpenter, &c., had a revolver and cutlass ostentatiously displayed. The captain's eye ranged along our ranks, calculating and keen. I had thought that he would wince when our glances met, and I dare say I looked stern enough in my just indignation, but I mistook him. His eye met mine quite coldly and unconcernedly, and all he deigned to say was,

"The forecastle hands will be picked from the strongest, of course, Mr. Coffin. Put that man along with them."

And as his forefinger pointed me out, Jonadab and Titus whisked me a little on one side, where several quiet large-limbed mariners were standing and chewing their quids. "That man!" It was thus he designated one who but yesterday had been his flattered guest. I choked with wrath, and when I did find my tongue, my voice was so peremptory and loud, that Jona-

dab and Titus let go my arms in sheer surprise.

"Before Heaven, sir, you shall repent this outrage, if there be law in America. You shall——"

"Hold your tongue, sir!" bawled the captain. "Do you think, under my own flag, on my own deck, I'll submit to the impertinence of a whelp like you. I'll teach you your duty, unless you prefer Old Nick for a schoolmaster."

And then followed a volley of oaths.

"If we fall in with a cruiser, British or American, I give you my word——" I began, but I was cut short.

"Gag the hound, Mr. Coffin," said the skipper; "stop that tongue of his, or cut it out at once."

Gagged I was, accordingly, in spite of my feeble resistance, but even had not my brain been humming with the effects of the drug, I could not have shaken off the united strength of my three or four brawny tormentors with the biblical names. Thus roughly reduced to silence, I was lashed to a shroud and left to be a passive spectator of the scene. The captain then ran his eye over the shrinking mass of landsmen, and I could see that his violence had produced its effect, and that they were cowed into servility. "Bring forward those articles, and the writing-desk," was the next order. "Now, men," said the skipper—but his oaths I leave unrepeated—"you have shipped, as you are aware, for California direct, on board this screamer of the seas, Bird of Freedom. Hush! no interruptions allowed; I don't ask you how you all came on board, and I don't care. I make no distinction. Here you are, and here you stop. I don't ask you to ship for the return voyage, because I know for certain that I couldn't keep a scamp out of the lot, once we drop anchor at San Francisco. But for the voyage out, I've got you, and I'll keep you. Mutiny shall be punished. Skulkers and shammers shall get their deserts. Provisions you'll find good, the biscuit won't hurt your teeth, nor the salt meat neither; there's lemon juice, there's a doctor, there's no stint of cocoa and tea, and Uncle Sam's full allowance of grog" (here there was a feeble cheer, set up by some sycophants in ragged garments). "As for wages, we won't quarrel. Twelve dollars for A.B.'s, eight for landsmen, four for boys. Supercargo and steward will find you in Jerseys, frocks, and shirts, if your kits are not in order. Now, each man will step forward, answer to his name, and sign the register."

Daniel Coffin unfolded the paper, as his superior's oration closed, and called the first man's name, "Kit Marsh!" "Here!" replied a brisk little English sailor, whose red eyes and sallow face told tales of the debauch at a tavern ashore, which had thrown him, helpless as a sack, into the hands of the crimps and the captain. But Kit cared little. It was only that he had spent his money like a fool, and must now go to sea months earlier than he intended. The kidnapping appeared to him in no very dreadful light, and he was always at home in a forecastle. So Kit Marsh signed articles with his shaky hand, remarking that he was but ten days back from China, and had not a cent left. The others followed suit, and name after name was appended to the register. Some of the men tried to remonstrate; one went down on his knees to beg to be put ashore; he was an emigrant house-painter, a Swiss, and had a wife and child in New York, who must starve in his absence. But the oak planks he knelt on, were not harder than the heart of Captain Hodgson, and the suppliant was bidden to "leave off snivelling, and go for'ard." Of course I do not for a moment mean that every one there, was an unwilling recruit. Far from it. There were several New Englanders, hard of head and hand, who had a small venture in the ship, and were treated considerately by the skipper and mates. There were also certain seamen, English, Scottish, or Dutch, who had been coaxed into shipping when intoxicated, and who had merely been wheedled out of their liberty. But hardly one of the landsmen was there of his own free will. They had been beguiled on all sorts of pretexts; had been drugged, cajoled, and intimidated; in fact, had been enlisted very much as French recruits were in the days of Louis the Fifteenth, and before France had a conscription. For seamen were terribly scarce in New York, and were chiefly manned by crimped foreigners; the natives being unwilling to ship, except in whalers or coasters, where they could have a share in the venture.

The poor house-painter had been victimised in a cruel way. He had been tempted on board to do some job in the way of his trade, but scarcely had he fallen to work, before he was unceremoniously forced into the hold, and there detained under hatches till the ship sailed. He told me this story with many tears; tears of no selfish sorrow, for his heart, poor fellow, was with the helpless creatures he had left in a garret at New York, and he was in a most distressing agony of mind when he recalled the privations and sufferings which in all likelihood awaited them.

When all but myself had signed, a pen was placed between my fingers, Nathan held my wrist, Mr. Coffin guided my hand, and between them they managed to affix a spluttering signature to the important document. Then we were all sent forward; libations of grog were served out, petty officers appointed, and the mates came up to teach us our duty. "You air in my watch," said Mr. Dan Coffin, as he very deftly removed the gag, and undid the cord that confined my wrists; "you air in my watch, and kinder under my care. Keep your mouth shut, now, ef you don't want to bite oakum again. I am speaking out of pure kindness, and for your good; for I don't mind saying I have taken a sort of fancy to you, mister, and we're old acquaintances. Don't bear malice, stranger, for I mean no harm, and I wish you no worse than jest to go quietly through the voyage, and keep a whole skin and sound bones. For that, mister, you must keep a civil

tongue, and be less bumptious to cap'en. He's terrible, cap'en is, once he takes a spite, and already you've roused his grit. I see by your eye you're riled, but jest you consider this; 'tis better to go ashore at San Francisco, alive, than mebbe to be food for the fishes, atween this and the Gulf. I'm hard, myself, but not like cap'en. I'm hickory, but he's flint."

For all my righteous rage, for all my natural repugnance to submit to so unjustifiable an outrage, I felt that Dan Coffin gave good advice. I also felt sure that he spoke truth; he *had* taken a "sort of fancy" to me, although he had been the original decoy-duck concerned in my capture. I had heard queer stories and read strange paragraphs, respecting the doings on board American vessels, even while in British waters. What then was to bridle the imperious will of Captain Hodgson, on the long voyage that was just begun: a voyage round the great western continent, from lax New York to lawless San Francisco? Entrapped as I had been, it was still necessary that I should obey and toil, until a chance of escape should present itself. I consented to work as a foremast man. The actual labour was the least part of what I had to undergo, for I was vigorous enough to get through my "duty" with comparative ease.

The voyages I had previously made, had seasoned me against sea-sickness, and I could tread the deck with tolerable firmness; whereas many of the kidnapped men were in agonies of nausea, and slipped and tumbled as they went about their work. But the cockroaches and vermin in the forecastle, the foul air, the noise, the broken slumbers, the grease, dirt, and squalor, and the many disgusts of such a life! Nor was it agreeable to be the only educated man among companions who often jeered at me for not drinking rum and chewing tobacco like the rest—for being so "mealy-mouthed" when oaths were in question—and the like. But here, too, my robust constitution stood me in good stead, for nobody ventured on practical jokes or personal rudeness, whereas a more slightly made man would probably have had to endure a good deal of annoyance. Of my enforced messmates the majority were rather well-disposed fellows, although ignorant and fond of drink, and as impressionable as schoolboys. Half a dozen of them were sad ruffians, quarrelsome evil-eyed scamps, who were the bullies of the forecastle, and whose ordinary talk was full of blasphemy and threats. Among these, I have heard proposals for a mutiny broached twenty times, but nothing ever came of them. When once the ship's officers came hectoring in among the crew, to distribute the daily dole of cuffs and curses, the ruffians were always utterly cowed, and would bear any amount of beating.

But while it was needful to keep a tight hand on this portion of the ship's company, nothing could excuse the capricious severity of those in authority. Captain, mates, and boatswain, were never without revolvers, and seldom without a cutlass or hanger, which latter they would fetch and buckle on at the slightest murmur or remonstrance from the sailors. The boatswain always carried a thick rattan, and was unsparing in its use; the mates had knotted ropes-ends, or "colts," in their pockets, and mercilessly applied them to every laggard. But what the crew most feared, was the free use of the "brass knuckles," or "knuckle dusters," which our taskmasters wore six times out of seven. These are brass finger-guards, not unlike what the Roman gladiators called the cestus; they constitute a regular portion of the equipment of an officer of the American mercantile marine, and they convert the fist into a metal mace for cutting and gashing the face which it strikes. The punishment was unsparing and continual. The crew was an incongruous one, with its incapables, its skulkers, and its sick men—real and feigned. Picked up as it had been, it was certainly a very indifferent ship's company, and would have tried the patience of even a good-humoured commander. But in our case pity and patience were put out of court at once. Sick or well, lazy or willing, stupid or shrewd, every man must work, and every man must obey any order, smartly and well, or bear the penalty. And the weather was exactly that least suited to a display of the clipper's qualities. Baffling winds, rough seas, and adverse currents, made the Bird of Freedom beat about in a most unsatisfactory style, and soured the temper of skipper and subalterns. If there came a fine sunny day, with favouring wind and moderate sea, the passengers would appear on the poop, basking like butterflies; but soon the cloudy sky and increasing sea sent them all out of sight again. It was curious on these occasions for me to look from my post forward at the gay groups in silk and broadcloth, and the fluttering muslins, with spy-glasses and parasols and books, to hear the silvery peals of ladies' laughter, and the voices of educated men, from whose society I was shut out. And it was curious to see the captain a prime favourite among them, amusing, courteous, and kind, and then to see how the same captain came among us, swearing, black-browed and cruel as Nero.

Four men died, before we were off Cape Hatteras, every one of whom might have lived but for the brutal usage and neglect on board. The surgeon only attended to the passengers. He declared the sick seamen were shamming; they were driven to quarters, and buffeted while they could stand. They died like dogs, and had dogs' burial. A worn out hammock, a round-shot sewn up in it, a grating tilted over the gangway, and a sullen plunge in the sea, without prayer or blessing—and they were gone. By this time, many others had received severe injuries, few or none were without cuts and bruises, for the mates thought nothing of felling a seaman with their brass knuckle-dusters, every blow of which broke the skin. As little did they think of a knock-down blow with a marlinspike or belaying-pin, and the canes and knotted colts were always in full play. I cannot say that the more deadly weapons were much used. I have certainly seen

the captain give a flesh wound with his hanger to a sluggish sailor, and two of the men were pistolled by the first mate for disobedience, but the wounds were slight, and the shots had been designedly aimed at the calf of the leg. But I could have no doubt that on very slender provocation the shooting and hacking would have been resorted to freely. Yet many of the men were content and cheerful. The provisions were excellent, and liberally furnished; check shirts and sea frocks were supplied freely against wages; and the grog was good. It was only when fresh from punishment that the more thoughtless were out of spirits.

But there were those to whom the discipline was unbearable, and the captain as much an object of dread as if he had been really a demon. The mates were harsh enough, but the captain was a worse tyrant still. He bore heavily on the weak, and most of all on the poor young Swiss, the kidnapped house-painter. He was a well disposed fellow, rather puny and timid, and never quite free from the qualms of sea-sickness. He had been an excellent workman ashore, but never would have made a sailor. I protected him from the forecastle bullies, and spoke in his favour to Dan Coffin, but Nathan and the captain were very severe with him. Poor wretch! what he went through, will hardly bear detailing—the oppression, the injustice, the sickening brutality. I shall never forget how he crept to my side one night as we kept watch on deck, and whispered to me that he had seen his wife and child in a dream, nights before, dead of want, and that in another dream he had seen them free from pain and trouble, happy in Heaven, beckoning and smiling to him to join them. "I shall be with them soon," he said, wildly; "I can no longer bear the life on board this ship, this hell upon the waters." I looked down at his white face in the moonlight, scarred with ill usage as it was, and saw a new resolve there. I tried to comfort him, to put hope into him, and enable him to struggle on. He pressed my hand and thanked me, and glided off like a ghost. That night he drowned himself, springing over the side during the bustle of relieving the watch. "The thief! He has cheated me, has he?" was all the captain said about it.

We were in the tropics then, and the winds were light, and the clipper went like a wraith over the waters. She was a wonderful sailer. The men were now less maltreated than in rough weather. Nevertheless, seven had died before we crossed the line.

We were not much south of the line when an accident occurred. The great iron tank, a patent one, proved defective, and the water ran out, floating the cargo, and mixing itself with the bilge-water of the hold. Only the casks remained. We sailors were restricted to a quart a day, then to a pint, and that in the tropics. But the torture of thirst conquered even fear; we spoke out loudly, in spite of steel and pistols, and we got our way. The captain was obliged to put into the harbour of Rio Janeiro to obtain a fresh supply. He was very unwilling. He would let no one go ashore, except the American seamen whom he trusted, lest he should lose his white slaves. Those Americans I speak of, were not ill treated; they were on a different footing from that of the crimped men.

With great trouble I succeeded in writing a letter, and bribing, with the few dollars I had about me, a black canoe-man who sold fruit and yams, to carry it secretly ashore. This letter I addressed to the British Consul, my schoolfellow in former days, and on whom I felt I could depend. Nor was I disappointed. Before the water was all shipped, the Bird of Freedom was boarded by the gentleman in question, who had wisely procured the attendance of a lieutenant and boat's crew from the United States frigate in harbour. The consul civilly but firmly claimed me as a British subject, under illegal restraint, and the American officer backed the claim.

I never shall forget the face of our "old man," as the sailors called Captain Hodgson, as he stood biting his lips and looking from the consul to me. The whole thing had been managed so suddenly that he was for once, outwitted. "Take your Britisher!" he said at last; and as I passed over the side to the consul's boat he eyed me with the malignity of a fiend. But over me, at least, his power no longer extended, though my heart ached for the poor fellows I had left, as I next day saw the Bird of Freedom unfold her white wings and glide away out of the port, and out of my life, over the blue sea.

LADY MABEL'S LOVERS.

I.

Mount Pleasant's wide-spread terraces were radiant in the sun,
The flowers their dewdrop coronets were wearing, every one,
Uncrowned, yet with a royal train, did Lady Mabel pace,
The gentle morning sunshine shone softly on her face.

Fair and stately rose Mount Pleasant (by a Tudor king 'twas reared),
There the Dacres once held revel, each one loved and each one feared,
O'er the woods, by Autumn gilded, gazed the royal turrets down,
To the friendly with a greeting, to the foeman with a frown.

There were gables rose-encumbered, cross-paned windows ribbed with stone,
Scutcheoned doors, embrasured niches, chimneys to the swallows known,
Gilded weathercocks that circled restlessly to every wind,
Fickle as a lady's favour, changeful as a woman's mind.

The sunny porch bore "1500," carved in letters long and quaint,
The chapel had its western windows guarded by many a saint,

From the gatehouse spread the gardens, girt by
marble statues round,
Where the yew-tree's sable hedges, by rich belts of
flowers were bound.

Further still, the great deer forest reared its emerald
walls on high,
Beneath the calm broad river wandered, sapphire
blue as summer sky,
In the distance past the ploughmen, mill and
smithy, park and stile,
Crept the high road, white and glaring, winding on
mile after mile.

II.

Half a dozen silken suitors followed pretty Lady
Mabel,
Smirking, simpering, bowing, prating, past each
oriel and gable,
Waving plumes and fluttering satins—one alone,
now three, then two,
They paced the lozenge-paven terrace, by the close-
clipped walls of yew.

Young Sir Roger Wildrake Fenton, rich in fallow,
moor, and fen,
Old Sir Francis, proud and stately, with his well-
filled park and pen,
Then the Welsh knight, Griffith Wynkin, rather
curved about the leg,
Bragging coarsely of his stables, and his brown mare,
"Little Meg."

Next to them Sir Brian Bulstrode, fiery red about the
face,
Then that lawyer, Master Vellums, proud of money,
not of race;
Last of all that noisy fopling, Marmaduke Mac-
gillivray,
Talking nonsense, or loud ranting lines from Shirley's
latest play.

One was fixing firm his feather, with a shrill uneasy
laugh,
One his scented glove was pulling, or was tying up his
scarf;
One was stooping, gay adjusting fluttering ribbons
on his knee,
Or was merry, disentangling chains and badges two
or three.

One proposed full cups of clary; one cried out to
"boot and horse;"
The lawyer he was recommending "no eviction, if by
force;"
The fop was picking clove carnations for the Lady
Mabel's hair,
Vowing by "Sir Phœbus' chariot" that she was
"excelling fair."

Far behind them, lone and musing, sober-garbed
and very sad,
Paced a poet-student, sunken-cheeked and thin; the
lad
By his mistress was unnoticed, by the pages held at
scorn:
He stood upon that terrace-walk the unhappiest
creature born.

Careless the lady paced along, her train borne up by
twice three pages;
The falcon on her little wrist fretted in pretty wanton
rages.

One cord of pearls alone she wore, twisted around
her hair;
Whene'er she moved a breath of spring filled all the
amorous air.

Vain the sighs of "Queen and Goddess," "Dian
chaste," as "Dian cold,"
Mabel walked in silent anger past the beds of
flowering gold;
Not a look she gave of greeting to that base, un-
worthy crew
Swirling round her train of satin o'er the soft grass
bloomed with dew.

III.

Suddenly beside a fountain on her lovers Mabel
turned,
A maiden blush was on her cheek, her eyes with
anger burned.
"Villain suitors!" cried the lady, "eating up my
poor estate;
I, Penelope unguarded, still for a deliverer wait.

"Is there no one really loves me? none to free me
from these knaves?
From their insolence release me—none to chase away
these slaves?—
Smell-feasts, who with churlish clamour, seek my
poor defenceless hand,
Only that they may the sooner gnaw into my gold
and land?"

Silent stood that flock of suitors, not one sought to
lead the rest;
But each one, sullen, flung his cloak athwart his
craven breast
Then stepped the gentle student-boy before those
recreant men,
And drew his sword, and cried aloud, "Back each
one to his den!"

Then every face grew black to hear that bitterness
of speech,
From every gilded sheath flashed out the angry
sword of each:
"Let's whip this bookworm, poor and hungry, to his
scurvy garret lair,
To read his Ovid's wanton songs, and pine and
scribble there."

Then as a traveller would turn to brush the gnats
away,
The lover strode, his eyes flashed red, as royal stag
at bay;
He would not draw his sword for fear to fright the
lady fair,
But leapt and seized the foremost man, his strong
hand in his hair.

He wrapped his cloak around his arm, he smote
among their swords,
Striking hard and sturdy buffets on the mouths of
those proud lords;
Snapping blades and tearing mantles, like a lion at
his meal,
Laughing at the stab of dagger and the flashing of
their steel.

From one he tore his feathered hat, from one he
rent his cloak,
Though blood ran out and daubed his face, still fell
his angry stroke.

A wild bull goring could not drive with more impetuous horn
Than he, the stripling so despised, when he arose in scorn.

They fled, the cowards, every one, with gems the walks were strown:
Here lay a brooch of Indian pearl, and there an emerald stone;
They threw their swords away and fled, each pale as parted corse,
They did not stay to rest or eat, but took at once to horse.

A moment pale and motionless the poet stood—nor spoke—
Looked with fixed eyes as in a trance—neither the silence broke.
He spurned the jewels with his foot, then knelt to kiss her hand—
He the poor vagrant London poet, and she the lady of the land.

Humbly Mabel turned to thank him, with an almost tearful smile,
Looking at his breast and forehead, lest some wound should bleed the while.
Low he bowed, and was departing, picking up a broken sword,
Fearing ambush from the vengeance of some bruised and beaten lord.

"Edward," said she, soft and gently, as a whisper in a dream:
Like a prophet's revelation then upon him burst love's beam.
He turned, and kissed her lips and forehead, and one long wind-driven tress,
Then whispered, and a soft low murmur, scarcely syllabled, said "Yes."

INDIA AND COTTON.

THERE is a cry for cotton in the North, where millions of our countrymen depend upon that article for their daily bread. How the cry is to be satisfied—how the bread is to be supplied—has become a question of vital importance. Cotton, to be sure, may be obtained in nearly every part of the world. In the East, in the West, in the South, the capabilities for its growth are immense; but what is wanted is a source of certain and sustained supply. In America our chances are not worth a year's purchase. Of all other countries, India is generally admitted to afford the finest as well as the readiest field for the employment of that vast amount of capital which must soon remain idle unless an outlet be found for it. The Cotton Supply Association, in its report just published, declares decisively in favour of India, as having advantages beyond all its competitors in this respect; it remains, therefore, only to make good use of them in order to be independent of America for ever.

It is at this point that our difficulties begin. Nature has given us every advantage in India that soil and climate can furnish; but, although she has done so much for us, we have done so little for ourselves that the work may be considered barely commenced. There are immense cotton-fields, it is true; but neither capital, skill, enterprise, nor even honesty, are employed in raising the plant; which is therefore an inferior article, fetching an inferior price. The natives, to whom the cultivation is almost entirely confined, have very little power to improve the state of things, and what power they have they do not care to employ. Each man has a little patch of ground which he cultivates for himself. He is responsible to no other person for looking after his own interests, except, indeed, to the native usurer, from whom he has received advances for the purchase of seed, and who faithfully sells him up if he neglects to pay them back. The first mistake which he makes is in the matter of this same seed. The seed produced from his own district is sown over and over again, year after year, and has been allowed to reproduce itself in this manner for centuries past. The usual fate of a very old family which has been too exclusive in its alliances, of course attends it. The plant becomes weak and imbecile, and, coming from an exhausted stock, suffers the additional disadvantage of having its education entirely neglected. It never could be an aristocrat, and the ryot (or cultivator) effectually prevents it from taking even a respectable middle-class rank. The seed having been sown, the ryot is happy for a time in throwing the responsibility upon nature, under whose auspices it usually grows up in due time. The period for gathering depends less upon the ripeness of the cotton than the private convenience of the ryot—a marriage or death in his family, or the occurrence of some native festival—so that the process is usually performed either too soon or too late. The other preparations which it has to undergo are made upon the same lax principle; and the delay of transport being added to the other delays, the cotton most likely catches the rainy season on its way to the coast, where it arrives damaged if not utterly spoiled. The purchaser, indeed, may consider himself fortunate if he receives the article only dirty and ill prepared; for I have heard of such things as straw being packed by mistake in the bales, not to mention the carcases of animals, and other little matters of the kind.

A European undertaking the cultivation of cotton, would, it may be easily believed, set to work in a different manner. In the first place, he would make arrangements to receive regular supplies of seed from a distance, so as to give vigour to the produce, the education of which would receive his unremitting attention. When the plant became ripe, he would take care that it was gathered at once. If a marriage or a death took place in his family at the critical period, he would be very glad in the one case, and very sorry in the other, as in duty bound; but neither occasion would he make an excuse for the neglect of business; and as for *his* national holidays, they are so few that their observance would not be likely to interfere with his interests. The consequence would be the production of the best article that could be produced,

commanding the highest price in the market; and land being plentiful and labour cheap, all Lancashire could, under Anglo-Saxon superintendence, be supplied, over and over again, from India alone. The European grower would not be merely gratifying his own selfish interests, but would be effecting incalculable good to the people among whom he lived. Of course he would employ natives, and these natives, in the districts where cotton is now cultivated, would be the same natives who now employ themselves. The difference to them would be, that, instead of living in a state of independent semi-starvation with nobody to take the smallest interest in their woes except the native usurer, they would be in the employment of a man of capital, who would most probably make them advances without interest, give them their seed (good seed, new to the land) at cost price, and pay them good wages, upon the sole condition that he got good work in return.

We all know that honesty is the best policy, even though we may not have "tried both," like the practical Scottish gentleman, and that where work is to be done it is an especially admirable arrangement; it being easier, in the long run, to do one's duty than to neglect it. This fact, after a little experience, becomes as apparent to the ryot as to ourselves. But the experience must be forced upon him—he will never seek it for himself; and, in order to force it upon him, European supervision is a matter of absolute necessity. It is continually seen, even in England, that a man who thoroughly understands the work to be performed, and who is determined that it shall be performed in the best manner, exercises an influence upon his subordinates which the most idle and wilful among them find it difficult to withstand. How much more potent, then, must be the influence of an energetic European upon men belonging to the lowest class of Asiatics, who, be their prejudices what they may, look up to him as a superior being, and in whom they cannot choose but place their trust! Europeans are too commonly accused of being actuated by "selfish interests" in pushing their fortunes in India—as if the majority of men had any other object in view in their way through the world; but it is impossible for them, be they as selfish as they will, to benefit themselves without benefiting those around them. This is not a mere matter of opinion. It is a simple fact, which can be proved, that wherever Europeans are settled in India—engaged in merchandise, or manufacture, or what not—the natives in that neighbourhood are better fed, better clothed, and better instructed than in those parts where they are left to themselves, or, rather, to the tender mercies of money-lenders, rapacious landlords, and extortioners of all descriptions. It is true that these tyrants are "still, at least, their countrymen," but even that recommendation, however admirable in sentiment, may be found insufficient when unaccompanied by any other.

It is plain, therefore, that to make India an efficient field for cotton cultivation, we must have European agency. To secure this, nothing would seem to be more easy. Lancashire has only to send out her money, and competent persons to employ it, and in a comparatively short time she may have at command any amount of the raw material by which they feed millions and make millionnaires of so many, in that great hive of industry. But this is exactly what Lancashire will not do. Her capitalists say, We will not trust our money in India, where we have no security for our property. We cannot forget the fate of the indigo interest; and what has happened to indigo may happen to cotton at any time. The question then arises, what *has* happened to the indigo interest? An intelligent public, which reads the newspapers, has probably a general idea that the interest has been ruined; but the accounts of the process which have appeared in the local papers, not having been extensively reproduced in this country, and such accounts as have been copied being very little read, and blue-books and official documents generally being voted bores (especially when they relate to India), it may not be unprofitable to give an outline of the circumstances of the case. It is a long story, but it may be made a short one, and I promise that the nutshell in which I will place it shall not be that of a cocoa-nut.

The facts, then, are briefly these: The indigo season of 1859, in Bengal, was an unprosperous one. Prices had been rising for the previous three or four years, and at that time seemed permanently settled upon a higher scale, rice in particular being at a greater price than had been known for a long period. The indigo crop, moreover, was partially destroyed by a gale at the end of July, just when it was ripe. There was some distress felt among the ryots (cultivators), which the planters were naturally desirous to relieve; but as very few of them had made any profits during the year, this could be only partially effected. Some planters paid higher rates for coolies (unskilled labourers), carts, &c., and one of them even doubled the usual remuneration of this class, and granted to the ryots a partial remission of their engagements. (It may be here mentioned that there are two ways of raising indigo: one by *neez*, or private cultivation; the other by the *ryotwaree* system, that is to say, by contracts made with the ryots to grow the plant, they receiving advances of money from the planters, from whom they purchase their seed at cost price, and selling the produce back to the planters at a certain fixed rate per bundle. This latter is the system most prevalent in Bengal.) The distress would have passed away, as distress had passed away before, but for the appointment of a gentleman to the government of Bengal, who, almost as soon as his accession to office, manifested a hostile feeling towards the planters—a class never very popular with the local government, but who had met with toleration in consideration of the good that they effected—the importance of which may be estimated from

the fact that the annual outlay upon the indigo concerns in Bengal alone is about two millions sterling, the entire of which sum is spent in the indigo districts.

The lieutenant-governor, himself hostile to the planters, had a subordinate—a certain magistrate of Baraset—who but too well carried out his policy. There is a scandalous story of the cause of this latter gentleman's hostility which I will not repeat. Let it suffice to say that, taking advantage of an equivocally-worded minute made by the lieutenant-governor, he caused a proclamation to be issued in his district, giving the ryots to understand that they were not bound to perform the contracts which they had undertaken, and on account of which they had received large advances, unless it pleased them to do so, and suggesting to them the nature of the excuses which they might make for the repudiation of their engagements. In England, I fear, there is many a gentleman who would not trouble himself to pay his tailor's bill if the law offered him the option of leaving it unpaid; and there are not many workmen who would, under similar circumstances, do an hour's work for money which they had received beforehand. It is therefore not very wonderful if the Indian ryots took advantage of the gracious permission of a paternal government, and transferred their labour to markets in which they were not already indebted. The consequence was, that a large proportion of the crops were spoiled last year, and the ryots, believing that it was the wish of the government to turn the planters out of the country, lent their assistance in every way towards this object. Riots became matters of every-day occurrence, and the whole of Lower Bengal was soon in a state which it is scarcely exaggeration to call insurrection.

The late Mr. Wilson saw that strong measures were necessary, and passed a temporary act (to endure for six months) for the summary enforcement of contracts, the only redress hitherto afforded being by process in the notoriously corrupt civil courts, to recover the money advanced, the loss incurred through the breaking of the agreement not being taken into consideration, and the proceedings involved being about as complex as those of our Court of Chancery. Mr. Wilson's act produced an immediate effect. The ryots were surprised to find that the supreme government, at any rate, did not intend to ruin the planters, and a tolerable degree of quiet was restored, the crops, however, being beyond recovery. In the mean time, the "friends of the people"—missionaries and others—made the most outrageous charges against the planters of extortion and oppression, and in order to examine into these and all the circumstances attending the disturbances, a commission, known as the "Indigo Commission," was appointed. The members consisted of two members of the civil service, one missionary, one native baboo in the employment of the Bengal government, and one European merchant. There was a long and elaborate inquiry. Every scrap of evidence that could be produced against the planters was forthcoming, and if ever a case could be made out to their prejudice this was certainly the time. But the result of the investigation was, that not one of the charges was established, while nearly every one was utterly and entirely disproved. The fact is, these charges were all old ones—some of them going so far back as fifty years; they had all been refuted over and over again, and whatever amount of fact they might have been founded upon, reflected upon a past generation of men, among whom the black sheep, it must be said, were not so rare as they are now.

But although the report of the commission necessarily exonerated the planters, the main recommendation which it contained was not in their favour. The commission, as we have seen, consisted of five members. Of the two members of the civil service, one was an avowed anti-planter and "Bengal clique" man, while the other, who had been reared in the good school of Sir John Lawrence, and who had been sent for by Mr. Wilson from the Punjab to act as financial secretary, was a man of large views and liberal tendencies, and above local prejudices. The Bengal civilian recommended that the act for the enforcement of indigo contracts should not be renewed, and in this he was supported by the missionary, inspired by a strong class hatred of the planter, which would effectually prevent him from taking any other course, and by the native baboo, who would be equally certain to vote whichever way "the master" pleased. Thus, from the very constitution of the commission, the Bengal government had a necessary majority, the minority being composed of the Punjab civilian and the European merchant, who were in favour of the enforcement of contracts by a summary process. Accordingly, on the expiration of the act, no renewal took place, except of the insurrection, which became so violent that it was found necessary to send large bodies of police and military to the spot, where they have been obliged to remain ever since, the ryots in the mean time having gone so far as to resist the payment of rents.

The above are the main facts—not too many for a moderate nutshell, I hope—of this great controversy, which has been now some two years in agitation, and which is by no means settled at the present moment. It should be remarked, however, that although the commission acquitted the planters of all the particular offences charged against them, the opposition upon general grounds remains as strong as ever. The system of advances, say the supporters of the Bengal government, is a vicious one, as it keeps the ryot at the mercy of the planter, and compels him to cultivate an unprofitable crop.

With regard to the first of these assertions, it is true enough that the system of advances is a bad one, because it makes the ryot lazy and improvident, and prevents him from having that heart in his work which he would have under a more healthy arrangement. But

it is the custom of the country, which the planter did not invent, and to which he unwillingly yields. The system is common all over India, where you can scarcely get a native to make even a pair of boots without giving him an advance. It is one which the government themselves are compelled to adopt in the opium and salt manufactures—both of which are monopolies in India—though it must be said that the system in the case of the government does not lead to such disastrous results, as they take care to reserve to themselves the remedy which they deny to the indigo planters, and to enforce the fulfilment of *their* contracts by summary process. Moreover, the planters' advances, sometimes reinforced by additional loans, are made without any interest whatever, and however large the arrears may accrue, a case has never been known in which the planter has sued the ryot for their recovery. Yet these arrears extend over years of time and hundreds of rupees, which are so much money sunk as effectually as if cast into the Bay of Bengal. The native zemindars and usurers, on the other hand, when *they* make loans and advances, sell up the poor man without mercy; his bullocks, and his extremely little all, are ruthlessly seized and disposed of, and he is fortunate if he finds himself able to "take up his bed and walk" to some more promising district—that light but necessary article of furniture being most frequently sent the way of the rest of his chattels, if he happen to have any others.

As for his being compelled to cultivate an unprofitable crop, the assertion is disproved by incontrovertible facts. One would fancy, if one accepted all the nonsense put forth upon the subject, that the ryot was obliged to starve by growing indigo, while he would have an ample fortune at his command by simply growing rice. But it happens that the land best adapted to indigo is least adapted to rice. More than one-half of the indigo crop in Lower Bengal is sown upon new alluvial-formed lands, or churs, on the banks of large rivers or the beds of old rivers, which are unfit for rice or any other crop. Moreover, indigo is a fertilising and not an exhausting crop. The rich strong black loam, in fact, is the best land for rice, and nine-tenths of this is bheel land, which is land on which indigo is never sown. The planter aims at having a proportion of different descriptions of soil, so that under any varieties of weather he may have the chance of a good crop on the average. The only land upon which indigo and rice will grow in common is high land, and it is notorious that what they call the *aous* rice, which is grown upon this, is a failure. Indigo is doubtless a precarious crop, but so are all crops in a tropical country subject to inundations, and none more so than rice. Taking every circumstance into consideration, it has been shown that the same piece of land would produce either *aous* rice at a profit of sixpence, or indigo at a profit of two shillings. The *ammon*, or better kind of rice, is more remunerative, but that is grown only where indigo is of no use. Nevertheless, it is declared that indigo, compared with rice, is a losing speculation to the ryot.

The above facts—which are only a few out of the many which might be cited on the same side—may give some idea of the encouragement afforded to independent enterprise in India when the independent enterpriser happens to incur the displeasure of the government, or even of the magistrate of the district in which he lives. And, looking at the treatment of indigo and its English planters, it is not wonderful that Lancashire should have some fears for the fate of cotton, and be indisposed to embark its capital upon the venture. It is but justice to the government, both in India and at home, to notice that some of the evils complained of are in a fair way of being remedied. The odious Mofussil courts, for instance, are to be replaced by Small Cause courts, presided over by barristers, who, whatever their failings, will be free from corruption, and will administer an intelligible law. There is to be an arrangement for the cheap and ready registration of indigo contracts. The Sudder, or high native court of appeal, is to be merged into the Supreme Court, and competent and independent judges will have jurisdiction in the provinces. The civil service will no longer be a close service, but will be open, under certain restrictions, to any qualified persons who may be found best fitted for particular posts. Non-official Europeans, as well as natives, are to be admitted into the legislative council, and their advice, instead of being received on sufferance from the outside, will be forced upon the attention of the government.

These and other reforms are in progress, and although far from perfect, they will effect a great deal of good. Still, much remains to be done before the settler in India can have confidence in the country, and before he can be made to feel that his property and privileges are safe. Wherever the settlers and the natives are left to themselves they get on very well together, and the prosperity of the district is a proof of the mutual benefit that they receive. During the mutiny and the rebellion no indigo-planter was interfered with, except when he was found in arms assisting the government; and in several cases, as is well known, these gentlemen held their districts successfully after the authorities had fled. In the position of honorary magistrates several of them subsequently did good service, until deprived of those positions through official jealousy. It is only when the government interposes between the settler and the native that mischief arises, as in the affair of the indigo-planters which we have noticed.

What the settler requires is the privilege to purchase waste lands in fee simple; to have the same right of enforcement of contracts that the government take to themselves to enforce their own; to be encouraged by the government to stay in the country, instead of being thwarted at every turn; to be protected from corrupt native

judges, under whom no Christian has a chance of justice; and to enjoy the benefits of a system of law as much as possible in accordance with that of his own country, and which shall be a sufficient protection to his property. This is nearly all that he demands. He does not want to domineer or to dictate. He does not desire to oppress the native, with whom he is always ready to live upon friendly terms. He wants, in fact, the remains swept away of that policy by which he was once kept out of the country, and which even now exists in sufficient force to render it hazardous for him to remain in it. Considering the incalculable benefits which his presence confers—through the capital which he circulates, the industry which he employs, the example of energy and prudence which he sets—it is scarcely too much to ask that he should enjoy something like the rights of an Englishman at home or in any of the colonies of the crown.

SOME SNAKE EXPERIENCES.

I HAD been but a short time in Australia, before I first became cognisant that snakes in great numbers contribute their quota of society towards the grand total of living inhabitants of that much lauded land. "Guides to Emigrants" to Australia are silent on that point, but then they also ignore the presence of mosquitoes and other disagreeables. Would that unfortunate emigrants could do the same!

My first encounter with snakes took place in the district of Moreton Bay. I was travelling in the bush, and had camped for the night at a lonely shepherd's hut. Feeling rather chilly, and as it is the custom of the bush always to make one's self at home, I set about replenishing the fire. Selecting a huge log of wood from the heap of fuel outside the hut, I threw it on to the hearth. Ere it had fairly reached the fire, a snake sprung from the interior of the hollow log, and all but attained its aim at my face. I say almost—my preservation from, perhaps, a mortal bite, I owed to the sexagenarian shepherd who stood by my side. Quick as had been the reptile's spring, his eye was quicker, and with the paddle-shaped piece of wood with which bushmen build up their wood fires—that providentially he held in his hand—he struck my assailant to the ground and destroyed him.

Bushmen, both white and black, invariably declare that the bite of most of the snakes of the country is fatal. Shepherds following their flocks are always exposed to danger from this source. The "run" is often strewed with fallen trunks of trees, the abiding-places of snakes. To tread upon such a log is almost to ensure the bite of a snake. Still, I cannot say, of my own experiences, that many instances of deaths of white men by snake-bites occur in Australia; but the aborigines frequently succumb to them. More than once during my residence in Moreton Bay, on asking a native what had become of his companion, I was answered in the colonial jargon of "A snake yacka that fellow, him bong!" which, being interpreted, means, "A snake bit him—he is dead." This is not to be wondered at, when one considers that the natives are always prowling about the bush, with legs and feet entirely undefended—in fact, their entire persons generally in a state of nudity; and that they do not possess any remedy for snake-bites. In revenge, however, the aborigine always kills the snake when he sees one. It is the same to him as a poor hungry man in London finding a leg of mutton—he has a dinner. Several times when I have slain a large snake I have presented it to my black friends, who would cut off its head, coil it up like a rope, and cover it carefully up in the embers of their wood fire. When sufficiently baked, the skin by that time being converted into a hard crust, was peeled off, and I must confess that the white, firm, and delicate flesh was a sore temptation to a man who had lived like myself for the last three months on the inevitable bush fare of mutton and damper. One particular the natives, however, carefully inquired into when they received a snake from my hands, and that was, if I had slain it in their own fashion, namely, by striking it over the head, otherwise they would reject it. The reason of this is, that snakes when wounded in any other place but the head, invariably turn round and bite the wounded part, thus diffusing the virus through the whole system, and of course rendering the flesh unfit for food.

More than once in California I had narrow escapes from rattlesnakes. At one time, in conjunction with a friend, I was camped in a valley of the Shasty Plains, working a claim. The temperature of the valley, always hot, resembled sometimes that of the torrid zone, while the ground was of a peculiarly dry, rocky, and slaty nature, a state of things I need hardly remark, highly favourable to the development of the reptile kingdom. Our tent was pitched some fifty yards distant from the scene of our mining operations; it was just big enough to allow room for our bedding, with a small intervening space. We slept upon the ground on skins, my pillow consisted sometimes of a heap of spare clothing, often only my boots. One afternoon while engaged on our claim, a hail from a stranger who was passing the rear of our tent caused us to throw down our tools and hasten to ascertain what he wanted. A single glance explained matters. Half in and half out of the tent was a huge rattlesnake, his head buried amongst the heap of clothes that formed my pillow, underneath which he was rapidly coiling himself. Of course he was slain in an instant. My escape was most providential, for, on retiring to rest at night, the pressure of my head upon the pillow would have disturbed the snake, and brought upon me certain death. This snake measured about six feet in length, and possessed no less than eight rattles, proving it to be a full grown one, as each rattle, as the

story goes, represents a year of the reptile's existence.

Lately, I see a question has arisen as to whether snakes will or will not bite cattle. All I can say is, that I undoubtedly lost a valuable mule in California by the bite of a rattlesnake; and was very glad to compound in that way for my own life. I was travelling with a pack-mule train to one of the northern mines. One day, it was my duty to head the train along the trail, which we traversed in the usual manner in Indian file. Riding slowly along, and keeping a bright look-out for "Indian sign," for we were traversing a hostile district, I noticed that the prairie, which had been hitherto perfectly level, dipped a little, and the trail led through a marshy spot on which coarse grass and reeds grew luxuriantly. So luxuriantly, indeed, that my riding mule, a fine animal of the Andalusian-Mexican breed, nearly fifteen hands high, was buried to her croup, and parted with some little effort the bushy herbage that completely overhung the trail on both sides. In a moment I heard a hissing sound close to me. I recognised a terrible danger, my mule also instinctively trembled and tried to shy to the left. It was too late. The threatening, protruding head of a rattlesnake sitting erect on his coils, higher than my stirrup, and in fearful proximity, glared on us for a second, then struck once, twice, in the direction of my boot, and commenced to glide away. Now, as I have remarked before, we were in hostile Indian country, and as that day I occupied the post of danger as advanced guard, my revolver was not in its usual patent leather case, which buttoned over with a flap, but simply stuck in a handkerchief tied round my waist, so that I was luckily enabled, without a moment's delay, to grasp the weapon and empty the five barrels in the direction of the small portions of the reptile I could see retreating through the "chapparal." With success, too; for, as my comrades rode up in haste from the rear, my explanation caused a search to be instituted, and the dead body of an immense rattlesnake was dragged to light. I wore a pair of heavy miner's boots, which reached to my thigh, and were quite impervious to the bite of a snake, and, believing the reptile had directed his attack entirely against myself, I gave the signal to "make tracks," and we proceeded on our journey. But I soon discovered that something ailed my riding mule; restive and uneasy, it was with some difficulty I could get her along. At length she came to a dead stand, her back hunched up, head down, her legs drawn together as if with pain, her beautiful black velvet hide ruffled and teeming with perspiration, her eyeball starting, and her protruding tongue covered with foam.

"Lookee h'yar!" said one of our natives, after a cursory examination of my mule. "You may jest send a ball through her head. See here, boys!" and he pointed to a swelling on the right side of the belly of the mule. "That's whar yon cussed riptile stung her."

It was all too true. A shot from a revolver put an end to one of the staunchest, handsomest, and best-tempered mules in all California.

GREAT FIRES.

The recent terrible fire in Tooley-street, which excited all London for several days and nights, destroyed upwards of two millions sterling of property, and took the life of one of the most useful, watchful, and hard-working servants of the public, has turned the attention of most people to memorable fires. Comparisons have been made between the destruction of property on the night of June 22nd, 1861, and the havoc made by the great fire of London on the 2nd of September, 1666. The population of London, at the latter time, within the walls, could not have been more than half a million, or about double the number of the present population in Southwark, Bermondsey, and Newington. The houses destroyed in 1666 were small wooden structures, filled up with plaster; and though they numbered some thirteen thousand, their value must have been small compared with the town mansions of the present day. The eighty-nine churches destroyed represented a large item in the general loss, together with the movable property consumed. The flame at one time is said to have formed a column a mile in diameter, and to have mingled with the clouds. It rendered the night as clear as day for ten miles round the city.

The great fire of 1666 fortunately still stands at the head of these calamities upon English ground, although it has many companions whose destructive powers are put upon record. We have scarcely a public building of any importance now standing that is not a representative of some other building with the same name formerly burnt to the ground. Old St. Paul's perished in the great fire, after being burnt in 964 and 1631; the Mint was all but destroyed in 1815, losing two wings, with its interior and machinery; the Custom House, in Thames-street, with many adjoining houses, was burnt down in 1814; it was also burnt down in 1718; St. James's Palace had a narrow escape in 1809, losing its south-east wing; the Houses of Parliament were destroyed by fire in 1834; the Royal Exchange soon after fell a victim to the same calamity; the Tower of London followed, losing a great part of its interior, and four hundred thousand stand of arms; the great tower over the choir of Westminster Abbey was destroyed in 1803; and the King's Bench prison had a narrow escape in 1799, losing about fifty apartments. London itself has had more destructive general fires than the great calamity of 1666. There is one which occurred in 982, destroying a great part of the city; another in 1087; another in 1132, and another in 1136, said to have been equally damaging to houses and property. There is a fire recorded as having occurred on London-bridge, July 10th, 1212, in which two thousand persons perished. The water-side appears to have been always afflicted

with fires, and especially Southwark. Six hundred houses were destroyed in this district by one fire, in 1676, and scarcely a year passes without some wharf, with its masses of property, being consumed. Many of us remember the frequent fires within the last half century on the south side of London-bridge, and especially the one about twenty years ago at Topping's wharf, which made the Borough end of the bridge red-hot for several hours. Cotton's wharf—the place now belonging to the Messrs. Scovell, where the recent awful calamity occurred—was burnt in 1751, but fortunately the property then consumed was only valued at forty thousand pounds. There was a great fire at Wapping, July 22nd, 1794, when upwards of six hundred and thirty houses were destroyed, together with an East India warehouse, containing thirty-five thousand bags of saltpetre. The whole loss on this occasion was estimated at above one million sterling. There was forty thousand pounds' worth of sugar in one sugar-house; and the calamity, taken altogether, was then considered to be the worst of its kind since the great fire of 1666. Another fire occurred at Wapping, October 6th, 1800, when thirty houses, besides warehouses, valued at eighty thousand pounds sterling, were burnt, and many lives lost. One hundred and fifty houses were destroyed by fire in Nightingale-lane, Wapping, December 4th, 1716; and sixty houses, with several vessels, September 14th, 1791, between Cherry-Garden-stairs and West-lane, Rotherhithe. The destruction of Barclay's brewery, in 1832, was a great river-side fire; and also the burning of the Savoy to its foundation, in 1776. The most singular fires connected with the river Thames are, perhaps, the destruction of the London-bridge waterworks, in 1779, and the Shadwell waterworks, in 1797. The latter had machinery capable of raising nearly a thousand gallons of water a minute for the consumption of its customers, and yet the whole building and plant was destroyed for want of water in an hour and a half. The London-bridge waterworks were largely fitted up under certain arches of London-bridge, and yet this favourable position, right in the Thames, could not save them from the ravages of fire. The Eddystone Lighthouse was burnt twice—in 1759 and 1770.

Theatres have been frequent victims to fire, notwithstanding the caution exercised by their proprietors. When one of them is once burnt, it seems to be easily destroyed again. Drury Lane was consumed in 1671, with sixty houses, by fire, and again in 1809. Covent Garden Theatre was destroyed in 1808, and again in 1857, by way of finish to a masquerade. The Opera-house in the Haymarket, known as Her Majesty's Theatre, was destroyed in 1789; the Pantheon, in Oxford-street, was burnt in 1792; Astley's Theatre, near Westminster-bridge, was consumed, with nineteen houses, in 1794; and the Olympic Theatre was destroyed about 1853. St. Martin's Hall may be classed amongst these unfortunate buildings, as it was consumed in 1860, and the Surrey Music Hall, destroyed by the carelessness of a few plumbers only a few weeks ago. The Old Globe Theatre—Shakespeare's theatre—was destroyed by fire on June 29th, 1613.

Perhaps the most singular explosion in London upon record occurred in Tower-street, City. Sixty houses were blown up opposite Barking Church, in this street, January 4th, 1649, by the accidental explosion of some barrels of gunpowder at a ship-chandler's. A tavern full of company was sent into the air, and a child in a cradle is said to have been found, a few hours afterwards, unhurt upon the leads of the church.

Country towns in the United Kingdom have had their visitations by fire at different times. York city, with its cathedral and thirty-nine churches, was destroyed in 1137; Woburn, in Bedfordshire, was burnt in 1724; Stratford-upon-Avon met with the same fate in 1614; Wareham, in Dorsetshire, was burnt in 1731, again in 1742, and had one hundred and fifty houses destroyed in 1762; Rochester was burnt three times—in 677, 1130, and 1137; Shrewsbury was greatly damaged by a fire in 1774, which consumed fifty houses, with many barns and stables; Nottingham was burnt to ashes in 1140; and Northampton town was burnt in 1675.

Liverpool had its Exchange burnt in 1795, and in 1802 warehouses and goods, valued at one million sterling, were consumed by fire at France's wharf.

Newcastle was burnt by accident in 1349. Honiton, in Devonshire, was nearly destroyed by a fire in 1747, and it had one hundred and forty houses burnt in 1765, thirty-seven more burnt in May, 1790, and forty-seven more burnt in August, 1797. Gravesend was burnt in 1727; and Hindon, in Wiltshire, lost one hundred and fifty houses by fire, July 2nd, 1754. Frampton, in Dorsetshire, was nearly destroyed by fire in 1796; Edinburgh was burnt in 1544; and Crediton, in Devonshire, had four hundred and sixty houses destroyed by fire in August, 1743, and a great part of the town was again burnt down in 1769. Two other towns in Devonshire, Chudleigh and Chumleigh, were nearly destroyed by fire, the first in 1807, the second in 1803. Aldbourn, in Wiltshire, had two hundred houses burnt down, August 23rd, 1777; Bath was burnt in 1116, and again in 1137; Blandford, in Dorsetshire, lost three hundred houses by fire in June, 1731; Tiverton, in Devonshire, lost two hundred houses in the same month of the same year; twenty-six more houses in May, 1762; between sixty and seventy more in April, 1785; and about two hundred more in June, 1794.

Hundreds of other country towns are on the record as having been seriously damaged, if not destroyed, by fires at different times; the causes being the want of water and appliances to extinguish fire, and the want of authority or will to pull down houses in order to check the progress of the flames. This authority the police now have, and they often use it to the advantage of the general public.

If it were necessary to go to other countries for records of great fires, we might pick out New York, where, on the 17th of December, 1835, there was a fire which raged over fifty-four acres of ground, and destroyed six hundred and seventy-four houses, and property to the amount of four millions sterling. There is St. Petersburg, which was very unfortunate during the last century, losing two thousand houses by a fire in 1736; eleven thousand houses by another fire in 1780; and a hundred vessels in its harbour with a magazine of naval stores by another fire in 1796. Copenhagen has had its trials, being burnt in 1728, when seventy-seven streets were destroyed; losing its palace with all the rich furniture, equal in value to nearly five millions sterling, in 1794; and fifty streets, containing nearly fourteen hundred houses, in 1795. Many other foreign cities have been equally unfortunate, but, perhaps, Constantinople has been the most unfortunate of all. It lost twelve thousand houses and seven thousand inhabitants by a fire in September, 1729; it lost another twelve thousand houses by another fire in 1749; ten thousand more houses by a similar calamity in 1750; four thousand more houses by fire in 1751, while the plague destroyed seven thousand people; it was nearly engulphed by an earthquake, and had three thousand inhabitants killed in 1754; it had five hundred more houses burnt in 1756; fifteen thousand more houses and one thousand persons destroyed by fire in July, 1756; considerable havoc made by fire in 1761, 1765, 1767, 1769, and 1771; it had six hundred more houses burnt in February, 1782; seven thousand more burnt in June, 1783; ten thousand houses, fifty mosques, and one hundred corn-fields destroyed in August, 1782, and ten thousand more houses in August, 1784. In 1791, it had thirty-two thousand houses destroyed by fire; seven thousand more destroyed in 1792; an equal number more destroyed in 1795, and a fire in 1799, at the suburb of Pera, which consumed thirteen hundred houses and many magnificent buildings. In August, 1816, it lost twelve hundred houses, and three thousand shops by another fire; and above one thousand houses more by a similar calamity in 1829. In August, 1831, it was visited by another fire, which destroyed about five thousand houses and many mosques; and another fire broke out at Pera, August 30, 1833, when nearly one-fourth of the city was consumed.

The principles of fire insurance are not understood or carried out practically in any country as they are in England, although both New York and Paris equal if not surpass us in their fire brigades. Even in this country it is estimated that not more than one-third of the insurable property is secured from loss by fire, owing probably to the heavy government stamp-duty of three shillings per cent—a charge just double what the fire offices demand for all their labour and risk on ordinary policies. The duty drawn every year by the Chancellor of the Exchequer from this most objectionable tax—a tax upon prudence—is now nearly a million and a half sterling, representing property insured that is valued by the owners at the immense sum of a thousand millions sterling. The loss by the late London-bridge fire, large as it is, hardly represents one-fifth per cent. of this sum; and hardly a fifteenth per cent., if we add the estimated property insurable but uninsured. This two-thirds of property uninsured is the margin always acted upon by such calamities as the late great fire; and the insurance offices, while they pay out rather heavily with one hand, receive something back with the other in the shape of premiums paid upon policies taken out under the influence of extraordinary fear.

PRIVATEERING.

In the last French war, all Dover used to dread what was called "the privateer wind," that sou' something by something, which enabled French privateers to flash out of Cherbourg, make a loop line out at sea, snatch up all they met and bear it back, with vulture speed, to Dunkirk, or some not too distant port.

How well I remember, forty years ago, when I was articled to a solicitor (the town clerk of Dover), being awoke some murky morning by the news of a privateer being in sight of the town. On one particular occasion, Le Petit Renard, a celebrated piratical privateer lugger, from Dunkirk, the terror of the Channel, attempted to cut out an English vessel that she had been pursuing, from under the very guns of the batteries. All the town was in a state of effervescence. The guns of Archcliff fort were replying to those of a further battery. Everywhere down the streets you saw running specks of scarlet, which were soldiers hurrying to their posts. There was no danger, of course, but there was all the sportsman's anxiety for capture. Boom! boom! bang! bang! From the higher cliffs you could see, every now and then issue, from a rock gallery, a widening puff of smoke, through which flashed a thread of fire; then, far away on the grey wave you saw the shot leap and splash in the direction of the saucy lugger that was waiting like a shark for its food.

But Le Petit Renard was too sly a bird to be caught. It was not going to run its head into a wasps' nest for all Dover was worth, so it sent a shot at the town in impudent defiance, and swept off home, amid the curses and shouts of our artillerymen. We heard no more of Le Petit Renard till a week after, when she bore off a rich merchant vessel. Her captain was one of the vilest of sea thieves. He had two sets of ship's papers, one set English, the other French. If he were boarded by a vessel of Napoleon's, he produced triumphantly his French papers; if by one of King George's, he produced his English license, so that no one knew where to have him. I believe Le Petit Renard brought in some thousands of guineas to her employers, and was lying safe in a French

port the very day the peace was signed. I do not think the captain committed many murders, but he must certainly have impoverished many merchants.

A few days afterwards, something happened that gave me a sense of the horrors of war, and especially of war carried on by legalised robbers, cruel and reckless. A privateer was seen by a government cruiser lurking about the harbour. Entangled in a fog, the French robber was surprised by daybreak within two miles of Dover chalk-cliffs, and out flew at him our winged bull-dog. The fight was stubborn. The enemy, when their shot was exhausted, loaded with poker knobs, shreds of iron, and tenpenny nails —I am not quite sure if even on this occasion the old story of the captain firing round Dutch cheeses at us was not revived. Our sailors were vexed at the escape of Le Petit Renard, and at the numerous murders and robberies committed by the French privateers. The Channel, once safe as the king's highway, had grown dangerous as a cut-throat lane near Bagshot, and our cruisers were to turn "runners," and brush off the scum. Our seamen, too, were the crew of a proverbially smart vessel, and had the honour of their ship to maintain, and their pride was hurt that the men of Le Petit Renard should be able to brag over their wine, in Dunkirk cabarets, how they had been under our very nose, and made us burn a ton of powder without killing a Frenchman or blowing away even an old sail. So, they first pounded the thief well, crushed him up as hungry men do a biscuit, riddled his sails, cut away his figure-head, half stove in the stem, then poured in the boarders with a flood of cutlasses. In ten minutes the vessel was theirs, and the captain, found close to the powder-magazine door, was nailed to that door with a boarding-pike.

I saw our vessel, the Sea Swallow, return, blossoming with flags, and having the French ship in tow. I went down to the pier in the crowd to cheer and to look. I shall never forget that bright morning, with the sun burning the fog away, so that it shrivelled from the sky like so much dross from a caldron of melting gold. The sky was liquid blue; the two vessels were close to the pier; the English ship was little hurt; already the sails were being patched, and the rigging repaired, but the French ship lay a wreck, sails blown to tinder, ropes dangling in innumerable knots and halters. There was a crimson sheen on the white splintered planks and on the white torn seams; the cabin-doors were broken and split; and the dead men, brainless and battered, were laid ready for rough sea-burial, in red heaps. Suddenly some rough voices broke into a hearty French song:

> "Oh! s'il n'est pas en Paradis,
> Il est en Purgatoire-a!"

It was a handful of the French sailors who had come safely out of it (though a few had their heads tied up); they were sitting round the galley fire, cooking some soup, and singing. Light-hearted song-birds, so soon to get accustomed to their new cage!

None of our family ever had a share in a privateer but one, and he was not lucky. The Sea Hawk struck on the bar on her first trip from the harbour at Jersey, and the second trip, after being repaired at a great expense, she was snapped up by Le Petit Renard, and never heard of afterwards—not even in that dark fleet of English merchant-ships and small craft, found in Dunkirk harbour at the peace. My kinsman being a conscientious man, and a prudent man, would never, therefore, have anything more to do with privateers. There seemed to be, he thought, a curse upon them.

A friend of mine went the other day to the seaport where he was born. His first inquiry was about one of his father's old friends.

"Dead and gone!" said the old sea-captain he asked, looking thoughtfully at the bowl of his pipe, as if it aided memory or reflection— "dead and gone, and his money all melted from him like snow, too. He was the last of the men in our town who made privateering fortunes, and they all went to the bad; sou'-west or nor'-nor'-west, away it all went. It is true enough, depend upon it, what has been often said in this ere town, that no good ever came of privateering money; there was innocent blood on it."

Can we wonder at the general exclamation of horror which arose in England when it was reported that the Southern States of America were about to let fly their privateers at the North, and all without even a special protest from England on the folly and inhumanity of the act? Any attempt to partly blockade a Southern port, and keep in her cotton, England would not allow; but to let fly a swarm of pirate ships, many of them chartered by the scum of the North—men who would dive into an Atlantic full of blood, to pick out a dollar—is not even to be protested against. We no longer poison bullets or stab prisoners, yet we allow legalised pirates to pursue their devilish calling, merely because those pirates choose to hoist a Southern flag and call themselves Southern privateers. Yet do not think that in future wars the toleration of such inhumanity will not recoil on us. Who is there who can sow the wind and yet refuse to reap the whirlwind?

Yet, that statesmen should tolerate such things is no wonder. Those great-minded helmsmen are too busy in keeping their legs, to trouble themselves about ideals. They have to laugh away popular wrath, to smile away opposition, to scoff away attacks, to badinage away reforms that they do not themselves originate. They do not want vexatious debates on abstract subjects. Wars are bad things, but they employ officers and encourage promotion; they keep the opposition quiet, and are excuses for taxes; they postpone reform, and increase ministerial popularity. But the bayoneting, the shooting, the

burning, the ruining of women, the defacing God's image?

Yes, all inconveniences—undeniable inconveniences, but not to be thought of when national welfare requires war to express its anger, to assert its right, to retrieve its honour, to extend its territory, or to augment its glory; and of this justifiable war, in a good cause, privateering is a necessary volunteer adjunct.

But let me sketch the probable evils resulting from this determination of the South to let loose her privateering murderers. As soon as this news is telegraphed from the secession capital of Alabama, to the Southern seaports, that instant the worst of the bankrupt merchants, the rich "rowdies," and old slave dealers, will rake up every possible old schooner and raking clipper they can find to scour the seas, for rapine and plunder. They will buy some old guns, which they will get rifled; they will lay in grape-shot and round-shot; and then put up placards in the bar-rooms and dram-shops, and collect sailors. And whom will they get? The patriot — the honest—the merciful—the brave? No: the thieving drunkard—the homicide—the gang-driver—the slave-hunter—the runaway-convict—the swindler—the murderer,—the seven Deadly Sins for officers, all the Passions for crew, and Apollyon himself for sailing-master.

And what will they do first? These men are mere midnight murderers; they will steal up creeks, and float with muffled oars round harbours; they will seize free negroes, and send them to die in the rice swamps round Savannah River; they will cut brave men's throats in their sleep, and seize unsuspecting fishing-boats, burn quiet seaside villages, seize outlying barks, do the devil's work in God's name, and go home and exult over their patriotic labours, and thank Heaven for making them other men than those proud Pharisees of the North.

The motive of a privateersman is plunder. He comes out to steal—to fight and steal—but not to fight if he cannot steal. The privateersman is the common enemy of mankind, as the pirate is, and he should be treated as such, and hanged by whomsoever can get a rope on his neck. The laws of God and man are against him.

Let us suppose for a moment that duel is a lawful combat, and that the most skilful shot could decide the right or redress a wrong. Because I, A., challenge B. for slandering and basely injuring me, is that any reason why all B.'s kinsmen should think themselves permitted to go about armed, looking for all my (A.'s) relations, in order to stab, rob, and pistol them? How much more, then, would it be insufferable, if not only B.'s friends, but all the scum and hang-dogs of B.'s parish should arm themselves and sally out to burn my ricks and harry my stables; and this because some ridiculous parochial law existed, permitting anybody paying eighteenpence, and buying a stamped paper, to take up B.'s quarrel and injure and torment me, A.!

No! laws are not perfect, nor nations either; still the nation that encourages privateering is tolerating a wicked and unjust thing. There must be snakes, nature says; and even the mosquito may have its use in the vast circumference of things. But bad and useless as war is, it is not so bad and useless as privateering. It belongs to the day when religious disputants burnt each other, and generals plundered towns that had been absurd enough not to allow themselves to be taken without resistance. It belongs to the age that shut up Galileo for saying that the earth moved, and it belongs to that earlier age that stoned the prophets. It is a disgrace to the time, and is contrary to all the laws of humanity. We no longer employ Indians to scalp our enemies, nor do we cram our prisoners into great ogre images and then set them on fire. We have learnt to temper the horrors of war. But to encourage privateersmen is to let loose swarms of murderers to scourge the seas, and to render the commerce of every nation unsafe; to give the bad, privilege, under the protection of a flag, to commit every crime with impunity.

Privateering, whatever Grotius, Vattel, Puffendorf, or anybody else, may say, is legalised piracy. The nation that grants letters of marque, grants the right to speculate in human blood and human life. An age that has grown ashamed of pouring red-hot shot into defenceless towns; of ravaging unoffending territories; of carrying away poor harmless women into infamous captivity; of torturing prisoners; of poisoning springs; of robbing and slaying sacked towns, ought also to be ashamed of privateering.

THE KING OF THE PIGEONS.

In a notice by the writer of The King of the Pigeons of the Hytopadesa in No. 113 (page 312) of this journal, it is inaccurately stated that the publisher of the work in English, Mr. Stephen Austin, "had lived at Hertford, and ruined himself for the sake of devotion to Eastern wisdom."

Mr. Austin still lives, we find, at Hertford, and still prosperously devotes himself to Eastern literature; of which we have ample proof from an elegant little catalogue of Asiatic books printed and published by him. We learn from it, that not only profit, but honour has sprung from his labours, Mr. Austin having received gold medals from Queen Victoria and the Empress of the French, in approval of the skill and good taste which he has displayed in his art.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

Will be concluded in the Number for Saturday, 3rd August,

And on SATURDAY, 10th AUGUST,

Will be commenced (to be completed in six months)

A STRANGE STORY,

BY THE

AUTHOR OF "MY NOVEL," "RIENZI," &c. &c.

The right of Translating Articles from ALL THE YEAR ROUND *is reserved by the Authors.*

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"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR."—SHAKESPEARE.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

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CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

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GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER LV.

He was taken to the Police Court next day, and would have been immediately committed for trial, but that it was necessary to send down for an old officer of the prison-ship from which he had once escaped, to speak to his identity. Nobody doubted it; but, Compeyson, who had meant to depose to it, was tumbling on the tides, dead, and it happened that there was not at that time any prison officer in London who could give the required evidence. I had gone direct to Mr. Jaggers at his private house, on my arrival overnight, to retain his assistance, and Mr. Jaggers on the prisoner's behalf would admit nothing. It was the sole resource, for he told me that the case must be over in five minutes when the witness was there, and that no power on earth could prevent its going against us.

I imparted to Mr. Jaggers my design of keeping him in ignorance of the fate of his wealth. Mr. Jaggers was querulous and angry with me for having "let it slip through my fingers," and said we must memorialise by-and-by, and try at all events for some of it. But, he did not conceal from me that although there might be many cases in which the forfeiture would not be exacted, there were no circumstances in this case to make it one of them. I understood that, very well. I was not related to the outlaw, or connected with him by any recognisable tie; he had put his hand to no writing or settlement in my favour before his apprehension, and to do so now would be idle. I had no claim, and I finally resolved, and ever afterwards abided by the resolution, that my heart should never be sickened with the hopeless task of attempting to establish one.

There appeared to be reason for supposing that the drowned informer had hoped for a reward out of this forfeiture, and had obtained some accurate knowledge of Magwitch's affairs. When his body was found, many miles from the scene of his death, and so horribly disfigured that he was only recognisable by the contents of his pockets, notes were still legible, folded in a case he carried. Among these, were the name of a banking-house in New South Wales where a sum of money was, and the designation of certain lands of considerable value. Both these heads of information were in a list that Magwitch, while in prison, gave to Mr. Jaggers, of the possessions he supposed I should inherit. His ignorance, poor fellow, at last served him; he never mistrusted but that my inheritance was quite safe, with Mr. Jaggers's aid.

After three days' delay, during which the crown prosecution stood over for the production of the witness from the prison-ship, the witness came, and completed the easy case. He was committed to take his trial at the next Sessions, which would come on in a month.

It was at this dark time of my life that Herbert returned home one evening, a good deal cast down, and said:

"My dear Handel, I fear I shall soon have to leave you."

His partner having prepared me for that, I was less surprised than he thought.

"We shall lose a fine opportunity if I put off going to Cairo, and I am very much afraid I must go, Handel, when you most need me."

"Herbert, I shall always need you, because I shall always love you; but my need is no greater now, than at another time."

"You will be so lonely."

"I have not leisure to think of that," said I. "You know that I am always with him to the full extent of the time allowed, and that I should be with him all day long, if I could. And when I come away from him, you know that my thoughts are with him."

The dreadful condition to which he was brought, was so appalling to both of us, that we could not refer to it in plainer words.

"My dear fellow," said Herbert, "let the near prospect of our separation—for, it is very near—be my justification for troubling you about yourself. Have you thought of your future?"

"No, for I have been afraid to think of any future."

"But, yours cannot be dismissed; indeed, my dear dear Handel, it must not be dismissed. I wish you would enter on it now, as far as a few friendly words go, with me."

"I will," said I.

"In this branch house of ours, Handel, we must have a——"

I saw that his delicacy was avoiding the right word, so I said, "A clerk."

"A clerk. And I hope it is not at all unlikely that he may expand (as a clerk of your acquaintance has expanded) into a partner. Now, Handel——in short, my dear boy, will you come to me?"

There was something charmingly cordial and engaging in the manner in which after saying "Now, Handel," as if it were the grave beginning of a portentous business exordium, he had suddenly given up that tone, stretched out his honest hand, and spoken like a schoolboy.

"Clara and I have talked about it again and again," Herbert pursued, "and the dear little thing begged me only this evening, with tears in her eyes, to say to you that if you will live with us when we come together, she will do her best to make you happy, and to convince her husband's friend that he is her friend too. We should get on so well, Handel!"

I thanked her heartily, and I thanked him heartily, but said I could not yet make sure of joining him as he so kindly offered. Firstly, my mind was too preoccupied to be able to take in the subject clearly. Secondly——Yes! Secondly, there was a vague something lingering in my thoughts that will come out very near the end of this slight narrative.

"But if you thought, Herbert, that you could, without doing any injury to your business, leave the question open for a little while——"

"For any while," cried Herbert. "Six months, a year!"

"Not so long as that," said I. "Two or three months at most."

Herbert was highly delighted when we shook hands on this arrangement, and said he could now take courage to tell me that he believed he must go away at the end of the week.

"And Clara?" said I.

"The dear little thing," returned Herbert, "holds dutifully to her father as long as he lasts; but he won't last long. Mrs. Whimple confides to me that he is certainly going."

"Not to say an unfeeling thing," said I, "he cannot do better than go."

"I am afraid that must be admitted," said Herbert: "and then I shall come back for the dear little thing, and the dear little thing and I will walk quietly into the nearest church. Remember! The blessed darling comes of no family, my dear Handel, and never looked into the red book, and hasn't a notion about her grandpapa. What a fortune for the son of my mother!"

On the Saturday in that same week, I took my leave of Herbert—full of bright hope, but sad and sorry to leave me—as he sat on one of the seaport mail coaches. I went into a coffee-house to write a little note to Clara, telling her he had gone off sending his love to her over and over again, and then went to my lonely home—if it deserved the name, for it was now no home to me, and I had no home anywhere.

On the stairs I encountered Wemmick, who was coming down, after an unsuccessful application of his knuckles to my door. I had not seen him alone, since the disastrous issue of the attempted flight; and he had come, in his private and personal capacity, to say a few words of explanation in reference to that failure.

"The late Compeyson," said Wemmick, "had by little and little got at the bottom of half of the regular business now transacted, and it was from the talk of some of his people in trouble (some of his people being always in trouble) that I heard what I did. I kept my ears open, seeming to have them shut, until I heard that he was absent, and I thought that would be the best time for making the attempt. I can only suppose now, that it was part of his policy, as a very clever man, habitually to deceive his own instruments. You don't blame me, I hope, Mr. Pip? I am sure I tried to serve you, with all my heart."

"I am as sure of that, Wemmick, as you can be, and I thank you most earnestly for all your interest and friendship."

"Thank you, thank you very much. It's a bad job," said Wemmick, scratching his head, "and I assure you I haven't been so cut up for a long time. What I look at, is the sacrifice of so much portable property. Dear me!"

"What *I* think of, Wemmick, is the poor owner of the property."

"Yes, to be sure," said Wemmick. "Of course there can be no objection to your being sorry for him, and I'd put down a five-pound note myself to get him out of it. But what I look at, is this. The late Compeyson having been beforehand with him in intelligence of his return, and being so determined to bring him to book, I do not think he could have been saved. Whereas, the portable property certainly could have been saved. That's the difference between the property and the owner, don't you see?"

I invited Wemmick to come up-stairs, and refresh himself with a glass of grog before walking to Walworth. He accepted the invitation. While he was drinking his moderate allowance, he said, with nothing to lead up to it, and after having appeared rather fidgety:

"What do you think of my meaning to take a holiday on Monday, Mr. Pip?"

"Why, I suppose you have not done such a thing these twelve months."

"These twelve years, more likely," said Wemmick. "Yes. I'm going to take a holiday. More than that; I'm going to take a walk. More than that; I'm going to ask you to take a walk with me."

I was about to excuse myself, as being but a bad companion just then, when Wemmick anticipated me.

"I know your engagements," said he, "and I know you are out of sorts, Mr. Pip. But if you *could* oblige me, I should take it as a kindness. It ain't a long walk, and it's an early one. Say it might occupy you (including breakfast on the walk) from eight to twelve. Couldn't you stretch a point and manage it?"

He had done so much for me at various times, that this was very little to do for him. I said I

could manage it—would manage it—and he was so very much pleased by my acquiescence, that I was pleased too. At his particular request, I appointed to call for him at the Castle at half-past eight on Monday morning, and so we parted for the time.

Punctual to my appointment, I rang at the Castle gate on the Monday morning, and was received by Wemmick himself: who struck me as looking tighter than usual, and having a sleeker hat on. Within, there were two glasses of rum-and-milk prepared, and two biscuits. The Aged must have been stirring with the lark, for, glancing into the perspective of his bedroom, I observed that his bed was empty.

When we had fortified ourselves with the rum-and-milk and biscuits, and were going out for the walk with that training preparation on us, I was considerably surprised to see Wemmick take up a fishing-rod, and put it over his shoulder. "Why, we are not going fishing!" said I. "No," returned Wemmick, "but I like to walk with one."

I thought this odd; however, I said nothing, and we set off. We went towards Camberwell Green, and when we were thereabouts, Wemmick said suddenly:

"Halloa! Here's a church!"

There was nothing very surprising in that; but again, I was rather surprised, when he said, as if he were animated by a brilliant idea:

"Let's go in!"

We went in, Wemmick leaving his fishing-rod in the porch, and looked all round. In the mean time, Wemmick was diving into his coat-pockets, and getting something out of paper there.

"Halloa!" said he. "Here's a couple of pair of gloves! Let's put 'em on!"

As the gloves were white kid gloves, and as the post-office was widened to its utmost extent, I now began to have my strong suspicions. They were strengthened into certainty when I beheld the Aged enter at a side door, escorting a lady.

"Halloa!" said Wemmick. "Here's Miss Skiffins! Let's have a wedding."

That discreet damsel was attired as usual, except that she was now engaged in substituting for her green kid gloves, a pair of white. The Aged was likewise occupied in preparing a similar sacrifice for the altar of Hymen. The old gentleman, however, experienced so much difficulty in getting his gloves on, that Wemmick found it necessary to put him with his back against a pillar, and then to get behind the pillar himself and pull away at them, while I for my part held the old gentleman round the waist, that he might present an equal and safe resistance. By dint of this ingenious scheme, his gloves were got on to perfection.

The clerk and clergyman then appearing, we were ranged in order at those fatal rails. True to his notion of seeming to do it all without preparation, I heard Wemmick say to himself as he took something out of his waistcoat-pocket before the service began, "Halloa! Here's a ring!"

I acted in the capacity of backer, or best-man, to the bridegroom; while a little limp pew opener in a soft bonnet like a baby's, made a feint of being the bosom friend of Miss Skiffins. The responsibility of giving the lady away, devolved upon the Aged, which led to the clergyman's being unintentionally scandalised, and it happened thus. When he said, "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" the old gentleman, not in the least knowing what point of the ceremony we had arrived at, stood most amiably beaming at the ten commandments. Upon which, the clergyman said again, "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" The old gentleman being still in a state of most estimable unconsciousness, the bridegroom cried out in his accustomed voice, "Now, Aged P., you know; who giveth?" To which the Aged replied with great briskness, before saying that *he* gave, "All right, John, all right, my boy!" And the clergyman came to so gloomy a pause upon it, that I had doubts for the moment whether we should get completely married that day.

It was completely done, however, and when we were going out of church, Wemmick took the cover off the font, and put his white gloves in it, and put the cover on again. Mrs. Wemmick, more heedful of the future, put her white gloves in her pocket and assumed her green. "*Now*, Mr. Pip," said Wemmick, triumphantly shouldering the fishing-rod as we came out, "let me ask you whether anybody would suppose this to be a wedding party!"

Breakfast had been ordered at a pleasant little tavern, a mile or so away upon the rising ground beyond the Green; and there was a bagatelle board in the room, in case we should desire to unbend our minds after the solemnity. It was pleasant to observe that Mrs. Wemmick no longer unwound Wemmick's arm when it adapted itself to her figure, but sat in a high-backed chair against the wall, like a violoncello in its case, and submitted to be embraced as that melodious instrument might have done.

We had an excellent breakfast, and when any one declined anything on table, Wemmick said, "Provided by contract, you know; don't be afraid of it!" I drank to the new couple, drank to the Aged, drank to the Castle, saluted the bride at parting, and made myself as agreeable as I could.

Wemmick came down to the door with me, and I again shook hands with him, and wished him joy.

"Thank'ee!" said Wemmick, rubbing his hands. "She's such a manager of fowls, you have no idea. You shall have some eggs, and judge for yourself. I say, Mr. Pip!" calling me back, and speaking low. "This is altogether a Walworth sentiment, please."

"I understand. Not to be mentioned in Little Britain," said I.

Wemmick nodded. "After what you let out the other day, Mr. Jaggers may as well not

know of it. He might think my brain was softening, or something of the kind."

CHAPTER LVI.

He lay in prison very ill, during the whole interval between his committal for trial, and the coming round of the Sessions. He had broken two ribs, they had wounded one of his lungs, and he breathed with great pain and difficulty, which increased daily. It was a consequence of his hurt, that he spoke so low as to be scarcely audible; therefore, he spoke very little. But, he was ever ready to listen to me, and it became the first duty of my life to say to him, and read to him, what I knew he ought to hear.

Being far too ill to remain in the common prison, he was removed, after the first day or so, into the Infirmary. This gave me opportunities of being with him that I could not otherwise have had. And but for his illness he would have been put in irons, for he was regarded as a determined prison-breaker, and I know not what else.

Although I saw him every day, it was for only a short time; hence, the regularly recurring spaces of our separation were long enough to record on his face any slight changes that occurred in his physical state. I do not recollect that I once saw any change in it for the better; he wasted, and became slowly weaker and worse, day by day, from the day when the prison door closed upon him.

The kind of submission or resignation that he showed, was that of a man who was tired out. I sometimes derived an impression, from his manner or from a whispered word or two which escaped him, that he pondered over the question whether he might have been a better man under better circumstances. But he never justified himself by a hint tending that way, or tried to bend the past out of its eternal shape.

It happened on two or three occasions in my presence, that his desperate reputation was alluded to by one or other of the people in attendance on him. A smile crossed his face then, and he turned his eyes on me with a trustful look, as if he were confident that I had seen some small redeeming touch in him, even so long ago as when I was a little child. As to all the rest, he was humble and contrite, and I never knew him complain.

When the Sessions came round, Mr. Jaggers caused an application to be made for the postponement of his trial until the following Sessions. It was obviously made with the assurance that he could not live so long, and was refused. The trial came on at once, and, when he was put to the bar, he was seated in a chair. No objection was made to my getting close to the dock, on the outside of it, and holding the hand that he stretched forth to me.

The trial was very short and very clear. Such things as could be said for him, were said—how he had taken to industrious habits, and had thriven lawfully and reputably. But, nothing could unsay the fact that he had returned, and was there in presence of the Judge and Jury. It was impossible to try him for that, and do otherwise than find him Guilty.

At that time, it was the custom (as I learnt from my terrible experience of that Sessions) to devote a concluding day to the passing of Sentences, and to make a finishing effect with the Sentence of Death. But for the indelible picture that my remembrance now holds before me, I could scarcely believe, even as I write these words, that I saw two-and-thirty men and women put before the Judge to receive that sentence together. Foremost among the two-and-thirty, was he; seated, that he might get breath enough to keep life in him.

The whole scene starts out again in the vivid colours of the moment, down to the drops of April rain on the windows of the court, glittering in the rays of April sun. Penned in the dock, as I again stood outside it at the corner with his hand in mine, were the two-and-thirty men and women; some defiant, some stricken with terror, some sobbing and weeping, some covering their faces, some staring gloomily about. There had been shrieks from among the women convicts, but they had been stilled, and a hush had succeeded. The sheriffs with their great chains and nosegays, other civic gewgaws and monsters, criers, ushers, a great gallery full of people—a large theatrical audience—looked on, as the two-and-thirty and the Judge were solemnly confronted. Then, the Judge addressed them. Among the wretched creatures before him whom he must single out for special address, was one who almost from his infancy had been an offender against the laws; who, after repeated imprisonments and punishments, had been at length sentenced to exile for a term of years; and who, under circumstances of great violence and daring, had made his escape and been re-sentenced to exile for life. That miserable man would seem for a time to have become convinced of his errors, when far removed from the scenes of his old offences, and to have lived a peaceable and honest life. But, in a fatal moment, yielding to those propensities and passions, the indulgence of which had so long rendered him a scourge to society, he had quitted his haven of rest and repentance, and had come back to the country where he was proscribed. Being here presently denounced, he had for a time succeeded in evading the officers of Justice, but being at length seized while in the act of flight, he had resisted them, and had—he best knew whether by express design, or in the blindness of his hardihood—caused the death of his denouncer, to whom his whole career was known. The appointed punishment for his return to the land that had cast him out, being Death, and his case being this aggravated case, he must prepare himself to Die.

The sun was striking in at the great windows of the court, through the glittering drops of rain upon the glass, and it made a broad shaft of light between the two-and-thirty and the Judge, banding both together, and perhaps reminding some among the audience, how both were passing on, with absolute equality, to the greater Judgment

that knoweth all things and cannot err. Rising for a moment, a distinct speck of face in this way of light, the prisoner said, "My Lord, I have received my sentence of Death from the Almighty, but I bow to yours," and sat down again. There was some hushing, and the Judge went on with what he had to say to the rest. Then, they were all formally doomed, and some of them were supported out, and some of them sauntered out with a haggard look of bravery, and a few nodded to the gallery, and two or three shook hands, and others went out chewing the fragments of herb they had taken from the sweet herbs lying about. He went last of all, because of having to be helped from his chair and to go very slowly; and he held my hand while all the others were removed, and while the audience got up (putting their dresses right, as they might at church or elsewhere) and pointed down at this criminal or at that, and most of all at him and me.

I earnestly hoped and prayed that he might die before the Recorder's Report was made, but, in the dread of his lingering on, I began that night to write out a petition to the Home Secretary of State, setting forth my knowledge of him, and how it was that he had come back for my sake. I wrote it as fervently and pathetically as I could, and when I had finished it and sent it in, I wrote out other petitions to such men in authority as I hoped were the most merciful, and drew up one to the Crown itself. For several days and nights after he was sentenced, I took no rest except when I fell asleep in my chair, but was wholly absorbed in these appeals. And after I had sent them in, I could not keep away from the places where they were, but felt as if they were more hopeful and less desperate when I was near them. In this unreasonable restlessness and pain of mind, I would roam the streets of an evening, wandering by those offices and houses where I had left the petitions. To the present hour, the weary western streets of London on a cold dusty spring night, with their ranges of stern shut-up mansions and their long rows of lamps, are melancholy to me from this association.

The daily visits I could make him were shortened now, and he was more strictly kept. Seeing, or fancying, that I was suspected of an intention of carrying poison to him, I asked to be searched before I sat down at his bedside, and told the officer who was always there, that I was willing to do anything that would assure him of the singleness of my designs. Nobody was hard with him, or with me. There was duty to be done, and it was done, but not harshly. The officer always gave me the assurance that he was worse, and some other sick prisoners in the room, and some other prisoners who attended on them as sick nurses (malefactors, but not incapable of kindness, God be thanked!), always joined in the same report.

As the days went on, I noticed more and more that he would lie placidly looking at the white ceiling, with an absence of light in his face, until some word of mine brightened it for an instant, and then it would subside again. Sometimes he was almost, or quite, unable to speak; then, he would answer me with slight pressures on my hand, and I grew to understand his meaning very well.

The number of the days had risen to ten, when I saw a greater change in him than I had seen yet. His eyes were turned towards the door, and lighted up as I entered.

"Dear boy," he said, as I sat down by his bed: "I thought you was late. But I knowed you couldn't be that."

"It is just the time," said I. "I waited for it at the gate."

"You always waits at the gate; don't you, dear boy?"

"Yes. Not to lose a moment of the time."

"Thank'ee dear boy, thank'ee. God bless you! You've never deserted me, dear boy."

I pressed his hand in silence, for I could not forget that I had once meant to desert him.

"And what's best of all," he said, "you've been more comfortable alonger me, since I was under a dark cloud, than when the sun shone. That's best of all."

He lay on his back, breathing with great difficulty. Do what he would, and love me though he did, the light left his face ever and again, and a film came over the placid look at the white ceiling.

"Are you in much pain to-day?"

"I don't complain of none, dear boy."

"You never do complain."

He had spoken his last words. He smiled, and I understood his touch to mean that he wished to lift my hand, and lay it on his breast. I laid it there, and he smiled again, and put both his hands upon it.

The allotted time ran out while we were thus; but, looking round, I found the governor of the prison standing near me, and he whispered, "You needn't go yet." I thanked him gratefully, and asked, "Might I speak to him, if he can hear me?"

The governor stepped aside, and beckoned the officer away. The change, though it was made without noise, drew back the film from the placid look at the white ceiling, and he looked most affectionately at me.

"Dear Magwitch, I must tell you, now at last. You understand what I say?"

A gentle pressure on my hand.

"You had a child once, whom you loved and lost."

A stronger pressure on my hand.

"She lived and found powerful friends. She is living now. She is a lady and very beautiful. And I love her!"

With a last faint effort, which would have been powerless but for my yielding to it and assisting it, he raised my hand to his lips. Then, he gently let it sink upon his breast again, with his own hands lying on it. The placid look at the white ceiling came back, and passed away, and his head dropped quietly on his breast.

Mindful, then, of what we had read together, I thought of the two men who went up into the

Temple to pray, and I knew there were no better words that I could say beside his bed, than "O Lord, be merciful to him, a sinner!"

UNDERGROUND LONDON.

CHAPTER I.

THERE are more ways than one of looking at sewers, especially at old London sewers. There is a highly romantic point of view from which they are regarded as accessible, pleasant, and convivial hiding-places for criminals flying from justice, but black and dangerous labyrinths for the innocent stranger. Even now, in these days of new police and information for the people, it would not be difficult to find many thousands who look upon them as secret caverns full of metropolitan banditti. When the shades of evening fall upon the City, mysterious whispered "Open sesames" are heard in imagination near the trap-door side-entrances, and many London Hassaracs or Abdallahs, in laced-boots and velveteen jackets, seem to sink through the pavement into the arms of their faithful comrades. Romances, as full of startling incidents as an egg is full of meat, have been built upon this underground foundation, and dramas belonging to the class which are now known as "sensation" pieces, have been placed upon the stage to feed this appetite for the wonderful in connexion with sewers. I have some recollection of a drama of this kind that I saw some years ago at one of the East-end theatres, in which nearly all the action took place under huge dark arches, and in which virtue was represented in a good strong serviceable shape by an heroic sewer-cleanser. Much was made of floods and flooding, which the flusher, who played the villain of the piece, seemed to have completely under his control; and it was not considered at all singular by the audience, that a dozen men and women should be found walking high and dry under these mysterious arcades, as if in some place of public resort.

Imagination generally loves to run wild about underground London, or the sub-ways of any great city. Take away the catacombs of Paris—the closed, magnified, mysterious catacombs—and the keystone of a mass of French fiction falls to the ground. The dark arches of our own dear river-side Adelphi—familiarised, not to say vulgarised, as they have been by being turned into a thoroughfare to coal-wharves and half-penny steam-boats—are still looked upon as the favourite haunts of the wild tribes of London or City Arabs, whatever these may be.

A popular notion exists that those few sloping tunnels are a vast free lodging-house for hundreds of night wanderers; and that to those who have the watchword, they form a passage leading to some riotous hidden haunt of vice. This belief prevails very largely amongst very quiet, respectable people; the class who live in the suburbs, and feed upon "serious" literature, and shudder when the metropolis, the modern Nineveh, is mentioned in conversation, and who, by no chance, ever heard the chimes at midnight, or were caught wandering about the streets after nine P.M.

This passion, however, is not entirely confined to people who are totally ignorant of the existing out-door world. Hundreds of traditions are cherished about secret passages said to have extended from St. Saviour's, Southwark, under the river Thames, or from Old Canonbury House to the Priory at Smithfield. The people who cherish these traditions are not easily deceived by any fancy stories about life in London as it is now; they are too knowing for that; but they like to have their little dream of wonder about life in the middle ages. In vain does Mr. Roach Smith write, or do Archæological Societies lecture, upon these fragments of old masonry, laid bare during the building of city warehouses or suburban settlements. The poor old monks are not to be saved so easily from a few damaging theories regarding their presumed habits; and the vestiges of ancient conduit heads, or covered ways to protect water-pipes,* are always thought to be the remains of murder-caverns, or cells for the unhappy victims of religious hatred. A piece of ordinary rust, or of moist red brick, is soon pictured as the trace of blood; and those who do not take this sanguinary view of these unearthed sub-ways, are always ready to regard them as cellars full of buried gold.

Next to the romantic way of regarding sewers, there is the scientific or half scientific way, which is not always wanting in the imaginative element. I remember attending an exhibition, about four years ago, at the Society of Arts, which, although it consisted only of engineering plans for the improvement of London sub-ways, was amusing from the unpractical character of the schemes proposed.

A number of designs were submitted to the Metropolitan Board of Works for the total sub-surface re-construction of the metropolitan streets, and these designs—about forty in number—were referred to a committee of eminent engineers, whose task it was to give away certain money prizes. Nearly all the designs, as far as I recollect, exhibited the same features: a centre tunnel under the roadway, accessible by traps from the street, and containing the different pipes for gas, water, telegraphic wires, and sewage. The plan that got a prize of one hundred guineas, proposed to have arched brick vaults extending from the houses on each side of the tunnel, giving a solidity to the roadway, and increasing to a great extent the cellar accommodation of houses and warehouses. Another plan, which got a prize of fifty guineas, had no central tunnel under the roadway, but provided for the same purposes two side tunnels running parallel to each other, and connected with the houses on either side. The difference in the estimate of cost of the

* The water-pipes used in old times were not always embedded in the earth as they are now, but enclosed within a capacious arch of brickwork, into which workmen could descend to repair any decay or accident.—Ellis's History of Shoreditch.

two plans was very great; the central tunnel scheme requiring something like thirty-six pounds the lineal yard to carry it out; and the side tunnel scheme being estimated to cost only fifteen pounds for each lineal yard. As the latter plan had two tunnels to construct in place of one, the great difference in cost must have arisen, if the calculations were correct, in the great area which the central tunnel projector proposed to build over with vaults. Many of the schemes exhibited were enlivened with pictures of the father of a family going down under the roadway in front of his house to see that the gas and water pipes were in proper order, and that no one had run away with the main sewer. A little more fancy on the part of the draughtsmen might have represented whole parties of visitors inspecting the underground labyrinth, as they would a conservatory at an evening party. Both the prize plans were regarded as very ornamental and excellent as pictures, but too expensive for practical application. The short central tunnel in King-street, Covent-garden—a pure experiment on the part of the Board of Works, undertaken, perhaps, to silence theorists—may appear to have been copied from the first plan; but, copied or not, it will probably be the only piece of fancy sub-way that London will see during the present century. The huddling together of gas and water pipes and telegraphic wires on each side of the New Road, to make room for the Metropolitan Railway, is some approximation to the second plan, though very hurriedly and rudely carried out.

If we feel disposed to examine the scientific-theoretical way of looking at sewers, there is no lack of material, and we may be at once surrounded by almost as many "doctors" as we should find at a meeting held to denounce the Bank Charter. It is a peculiarity of theorists upon sewers and drainage that they nearly all pull in different directions. Their name is legion, but we should find it difficult to gather half a dozen of them together who would agree upon any consistent scheme of drainage. The two great plans that have occupied public attention for many years have been the purification of the Thames and the utilisation of London sewage. It is easy to talk about a noble river being made the flowing cesspool of some three hundred and sixty-three thousand inhabited houses (according to the census of 1861) and of some two million eight hundred thousand inhabitants. It is easy to talk largely of fourteen millions of cubic feet, or ninety millions of gallons of sewage washed away every day through costly sub-ways by two hundred millions of gallons of rainfall, when it contains a daily fertilising value of three hundred and sixty pounds sterling, or a sum that would reach more than a million sterling by the end of a year. It is this muddy stream, trickling from innumerable house-tops, rushing down thousands of gullies, oozing through beds of gravel, draining off marshy meadows and ploughed land, or flowing from thousands of dwellings, that helps to wash out the hundreds of downward sewers and their miles of tributary channels. This process of washing scatters and dilutes the valuable elements of fertility, until they are said to be lost beyond all hope of recovery. Men of science, capitalists, and social reformers, have consumed many years and much money in trying to restore this lost mass of valuable sewage to the hungry land; but nothing practical and remunerative, in a commercial sense, has ever been put before the public in this connexion. We have been taunted with the superior wisdom of the despised Chinese, who have no elaborate underground sewage system, and who, instead of carrying away their floods of sewage wealth into the sea, by tunnels built at the cost of millions of money, gather it every morning by public servants with more regularity than our dust is called for by the contractors, and take it away to nourish agriculture. Our reply to this taunt is, that people (adopting the vulgar superstition) who are as numerous as ants, and who have to live in boats because the land is too crowded to hold them with any comfort, must be often at their wits' end to procure food, and are, therefore, no models for a well-to-do civilised nation.

The two chief plans put forward about thirteen or fourteen years ago to secure the sewage refuse as manure were both carried so far as to form two public companies, with acts of parliament. The plan of one company was to collect the contents of some of the Westminster and Pimlico sewers, and convey them by a deep underground channel to Hammersmith, where a steam-engine and other machinery were to distribute the manure in a liquid state to the market-gardens of that neighbourhood. The plan of the other company was to collect the contents of three main sewers falling into the Thames between Vauxhall-bridge and Westminster-bridge, and, after allowing the liquid part to flow into the Thames, to deprive the refuse of its offensive smell, and sell it as manure in a solid state. Both these projects fell through from their presumed commercial impracticability; but numberless plans and suggestions have, at different times, been brought before government commissions, the old Commissioners of Sewers, the present Metropolitan Board of Works, and the City Commissioners of Sewers. Even no further back than 1857, when the great intercepting scheme of the Metropolitan Board of Works, which is now in rapid progress towards completion, was under discussion, about one hundred and forty different plans were sent in by well-meaning amateurs, competent engineers, and persons interested in the great sewage question. Some of these proposals naturally bore the well-known trade mark of Laputa, while others were almost practical in all their details—not quite. Without any wish to speak disrespectfully of sewage, I have a secret sympathy with old Sir Thomas Browne's feeling, and regard this daily mass as a melancholy adjunct of our fallen state. Sewage, whether fluid or solid, mixed or unmixed, is very much like our convicts; everybody wants to get rid of it, and

no one consents to have it. The hundred and forty gentlemen who kindly came forward uninvited to suggest a method of purifying the metropolis, were compelled, in the main, to suggest that some selected spots should receive what London wished to reject. These spots were not Stratford-on-Avon, Windsor Park, the Crystal Palace, the South Kensington Museum, or Belgrave-square, for very obvious reasons, but inferior settlements, inhabited by inferior people, in the inferior outskirts. Most of these unfortunate places showed no sign of indignation, because they were ignorant of the dark propositions for their defilement lurking in blue-books, or hinted at amongst the technicalities of a government engineering report. One favourite proposition was to defile the sea, near the coast, and poison the great salt-water baths to which London resorts every summer for health and pleasure. Fortunately for the bathers, the sea opposed these propositions in a quiet chemical way. The action of marine salts upon sewage—not to speak too scientifically—is so offensive, that fresh water must always be the first diluting agent employed before the whole mass is pumped into the sea.

Amongst the different schemes lately placed at the service of the country for intercepting and removing the London sewage, many proposed to divide the metropolis into sewage districts, and deal with the offensive material on true local self-government principles. One gentleman proposed to furnish each house with three iron-tanks, hermetically sealed, in which the house sewage was to be collected each week, and then carried by drays to some railway, and then by excursion trains thirty miles into the country. Another gentleman proposed similar tanks supplied with charcoal and ashes as deodorising boxes; another proposed the Chinese plan of preserving the sewage for certain companies, under penalties, which companies were to manufacture manure by boiling the sewage with clay or sawdust. Other projectors proposed to favour the mouth of the Kensington Canal, the bank of the river Lea, the Deptford Creek at Greenwich, and Battersea Creek, with four great divisional depôts, where the whole of the London sewage was to be deodorised. Another gentleman proposed to bring half the southern sewage across the river at the Thames Tunnel, and the other half across the river in iron pipes, at some higher spot not specified: the material, when delivered, to be filtered, deodorised, and utilised. The peculiarity of this scheme was the bold proposal to defile the Thames Tunnel, and wake up this wonder of joint-stock credulity from its long sleep of idleness. Another projector proposed to favour Erith, Rainham, Wandsworth, and Putney, with four great sewage receiving depôts; or else to carry the whole mass to Newhaven, in Sussex, and throw it into the sea. Another gentleman suggested that the sewage should be collected from the houses and streets into large portable cisterns floating in the river, and that, at stated times, steam-tugs should call at each station and tow this unsightly fleet far out to sea to get rid of its contents. Several other gentlemen proposed to moor vessels at the mouths of each of the existing sewers which run into the river—one hundred and eighty-five in number—and to connect the vessels with the sewers by means of iron or flexible pipes. The water of the sewage was to pass off by filtration, and the more valuable matter was to be left in the vessels. When laden, these barks were to hawk their contents about at any ports where manure was likely to be in demand. No provision seems to have been made for back cargoes.

One gentleman wished to take the sewage away in iron vessels, and drop it quietly, when no one was looking, into the sea; while another gentleman, evidently thinking that criminals ought to suffer a little sewage infliction for their offences, proposed to form great deodorising caverns from Blackfriars-bridge to the House of Correction. Another projector proposed to deal with the mass as if it were gas or water, and to lay it on to the country in main and branch pipes. Several projectors hit upon this plan, and two proposed to carry it out by pumping the sewage up to a sufficient height to allow it to gravitate along pipes radiating in different directions into the country. Another projector suggested that the railways should be favoured with four great out of town main sewers running parallel with their lines of roadway. Another gentleman boldly proposed to cut the Thames in half, by diverting the stream from the river at Teddington to afford a pure water-supply for London. The sewers were to be scoured by this diverted stream, and the sewage was to be removed by means of a tunnel, and emptied into the sea at Rochford, in Essex. The southern sewage was to be conveyed across the river to the north side at the Thames Tunnel; and the main feature of this scheme was to provide a river channel, up which the salt water should flow unadulterated to London. Another projector proposed to divide the Thames into tidal Thames and stream Thames, and to stop the sewage, by deodorising works, from flowing into the river. Certain other projectors proposed to take one-half of the Thames Tunnel as a sewer for conveying the northern sewage to join the southern sewage. When combined, they suggested, like many others, that the whole mass should be taken to some point of the south coast and poured into the sea. One projector suggested that all communication between the sewers and the river should at once be cut off, and the sewage preserved for manure; and a lady—the one female projector amongst the number—proposed to have sewers radiating from all parts of London, from which the sewage could be poured in fertilising streams all over the country on each side of the Thames. Her final reservoir was still the unoffending sea; and she proposed to construct small reservoirs, at convenient distances, along the sewers, which were to be opened as shops, where the farmers could call and purchase cheap liquid manure.

Another projector, more fanciful than any of his competitors, proposed to carry the sewage through the air by vast atmospheric tubes on both sides of the river, beginning somewhere about Putney, and terminating, as usual, in a great deodorising reservoir on the sea-coast. Another projector proposed to construct two great sewers *under* the river Thames—a favourite but costly plan;—and another gentleman thought he could deodorise sewage and ventilate the sewers, by passing all the smoke of London into them. Another projector suggested that sewage should be first deodorised and then totally consumed by burning, and asked for government aid to commence experiments on the power of fire to consume solid sewage. He suggested that Erith should be the locality favoured with these terrific experiments. Another projector proposed that the Thames should be purified by throwing into it about two thousand tons of chloride of sodium per week, which would cost about thirty-nine thousand pounds sterling per annum; another gentleman proposed to boil the sewage slightly, by way of deodorisation, before it reached the sewers; another projector suggested that the ordinary course of things should be reversed, and that instead of the Thames being flushed by the sewers, the sewers should be so altered that they should be flushed by the river.

Most of these plans, with a hundred others, are based upon an idea that the Thames would be converted into a crystal stream, if the sewage now flowing into it from nearly two hundred downward main sewers could only be diverted. The plan which Mr. Bazalgette is now carrying out, as the engineer of the Metropolitan Board of Works, is certainly framed to divert this sewage by a system of intercepting and outfall sewers; but Mr. Bazalgette, Mr. Haywood, the eminent engineer of the City Commissioners of Sewers, and even their government opponents, never looked forward to such a purification of our noble river. There was a time, within the memory of our fathers, and not more remote than forty years ago, when dozens of fishing punts were moored between the London bridges, and the fishermen, mostly amateurs, had no reason to be discontented with their hauls. In those days, if business were slack at the office, the warehouse, or the shop, or if the morning postman brought no letters that took more than an hour to answer, the old gentlemen used to take their hats, wink at their clerks as they passed out under the shallow pretence of keeping appointments, and slink down the winding alleys towards the river. At one of those little, brown shops, a few of which are still left as vestiges of a decayed trade, where a tapering rod hung out like a barber's pole, and a glistening stuffed fish over the low doorway spun round like a doll at a marine-store with every breeze of wind, they called for the tackle which they had not the courage to carry through Cheapside or Cornhill, and were soon pushed off by sympathising watermen into the middle of the stream. Those were the days of Gravesend hoys; of a belief in long distances; of five-shilling rowing fares to Chelsea; but with all this peace and quietness, it is doubtful if the river were without stain and without reproach. It had nothing to do then, with the refuse of the one million of people on its banks; for the cesspool system was strictly applied to houses, and the sewers conveyed nothing but rain and waste water. For all this, however, competent authorities decline to believe in its crystal clearness, and Messrs. Bidder, Hawksley, and Bazalgette, have said as much in their great report of 1858, on Metropolitan Main Drainage. "Within the metropolis," they say, "the Thames never could have been a 'silvery' stream. There can, indeed, be no doubt that if every particle of sewage were removed from the river, the Thames, as it now exists, with its rapid tide and its enormous traffic, must still remain a muddy water, differing but little in appearance from its present condition. The referees* themselves admit that they do not anticipate that the Thames will present the appearance of a clear stream until the projecting headlands at the termination of every Reach shall have been protected from being washed away bit by bit.

"Several causes have contributed to the present condition of the river and its banks. The removal of Old London-bridge has greatly augmented the tidal scour; the improved drainage of the land has brought down the upland waters with increased expedition after rainfall; thereby diminishing the quantity of water in the river in hot weather, and adding to the quantity of earthy matter conveyed by the floods. The agitation of the water by the action of steamboats, and the augmented velocity of the current induced by the removal of obstacles to the tidal flow. These operate to retain the mud in a state of suspension.

"The scour, the floods, and the agitation, are the most influential contributors to the existing appearance of the river, and these will remain in operation, and continue to produce like effects, after the sewage shall have been withdrawn. We may therefore at once state, that the production of a clear or sensibly purified stream in or near the metropolis, will prove a hopeless task, unless some powerful ruler shall in a future age determine to improve the appearance of the river at the expense of its commerce, by damming back the tide at Greenwich or Woolwich. Were there no population whatever existing on the Thames, the banks of the river, from its mouth to above the western limits of the metropolitan area, would, in the present condition of things, be covered with mud deposits, in consequence of tidal action alone, and the water would remain almost as turbid as it is now." This is rather a rude blow given to a thousand of those splendid dreams which are fed even by such muddy food as London sewage. Turning our backs, to a great extent, upon sewer

* Messrs. Galton, Simpson, and Blackwell, Government Referees on the Metropolitan Main Drainage Scheme. 1857.

theorists and their theories, it may be well to make something like a stock-taking survey of underground London. Much capital has been sunk, year after year; much more will have to be sunk; and many ratepayers may like to hear in a gossiping way what they have got for their money. The task of collecting this information and setting it forth is not quite so agreeable as a tour in Iceland; but some harmless drudges must do this parochial work, as some men must black boots, empty dustholes, and sweep crossings. It is good sometimes to put the great epic, the great picture, or the great statue, aside, and to walk round the parish pump with a desire to know something about it.

This subject, therefore, shall be resumed next week.

GRIMGRIBBER POSITION-DRILL.

In the spring, according to Mr. Tennyson, the wanton lapwing gets himself another nest, a brighter iris changes on the burnished dove, and a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. These are unanswerable facts; but here is another vernal incident, which, probably because Locksley Hall was written before the institution of the volunteer movement, has been unnoticed by the poet. In the spring the gentlemen attached to the various rifle corps, whose ardour has been chilled by the dreary winter, and whose time has been consumed in festivity, suddenly recal the fact that the eyes of their country are earnestly fixed on them for its defence. I am proud to say that we of the Grimgribbers were, theoretically, early in the field. No one who knows Captain de Tite Strongbow will imagine that he would have allowed us to be laggards. This indefatigable young man has never relaxed in his exertions. After the presentation of our bugle, recorded in a previous number of this journal,* the ardour of the members thawed, and the general voice resolved itself into a-dieu; that is to say, half the men went to the Continent, and the other half to the seaside. Before we broke up, Captain Strongbow called a battalion drill, when the prevalent disorder showed itself in an eruption of moustaches of a week's growth, and in the bulging of Continental Bradshaws from uniform pockets. Strongbow noticed this, and, as I may express it in the language of the Wardour-street Elizabethan drama, "advantaged himself of the occasion." He put us through some of the most difficult and most perspiration-causing movements in the Field Exercise book, and then, having formed us into a square, and faced us inward, he solemnly addressed us. He said that he grieved to find a general disposition for a holiday, a disposition by no means in accordance with that solemn pledge which we had given when we voluntarily placed our services at her Majesty's disposal. He mildly hinted that any one declining to attend parade or drill when summoned, was guilty of perjury in its grossest form; and he asked us where we expected to go to? Through the dead silence which followed this appeal, the voice of the ill-conditioned private J. Miller was heard, suggesting "Margate;" but the ribaldry had effect on none but a few hardened scoffers. However, it was useless attempting to stop the threatened exodus; and, after suggesting that those who visited the Continent should keep a sharp eye upon the foreign troops "with whom they might be called upon to cross bayonets" (an idea which made a profound impression on private Pruffle); and that they should take measures for becoming generally acquainted with the defensive works of such foreign fortresses as they might happen to come across; and after recommending the stay-at-homes to attach themselves to the garrison of the seaport town where they might be staying, and pass an easy month of relaxation in attending three drills a day and perusing the Field Exercise book in the evening; Captain Strongbow dismissed us with a benediction.

I do not believe that any one, save Strongbow himself (who went first to Hythe and then to Shorncliffe, and passed the remainder of the autumn in endeavouring to improve the Armstrong gun), paid the smallest attention to the recommendation. Pruffle was seen with a wide-awake hat and a telescope, on Southend pier. Lobjoit broke three colts and his own leg among the Yorkshire spinneys. Skull went to Worthing, and fell into a chronic state of sleep and seaweed. Private Miller, though he certainly visited Aldershott, only went for one night to assist at the military theatre in an amateur performance. We all went away, and did cathedrals, and mountain passes, and ruined abbeys, and lay on beaches, and swam, and mooned, and enjoyed ourselves, and by the time we returned to Grimgribber, we had nearly forgotten the existence of our noble corps.

The Quakers were in ecstacies; they knew it; had they not prophesied it? "Friend, did I not tell thee?" &c. &c. All of which so roused the ire of De Tite Strongbow, that one day early in October, every dead wall, tree, and post in Grimgribber blossomed with a blue and red announcement of a "Parade on the Common on Saturday next."

The day came and the hour, but not the men; that is to say, there was not a very great muster. Parties of two and three came straggling up the lane, evidently intending merely to look on; but they were spied by the videttes posted by Strongbow at available situations, and immediately hailed by that energetic officer in stentorian tones and appealing phrases, all of which commenced, "Hallo! you sirs!" The persons addressed, recognising the voice, generally feigned total deafness, looked round in a vacant manner, and commenced a retreat; but Strongbow was by their side before they had gone three paces, and by coaxing, wheedling, and bullying, induced most of them to proceed to the Common, so that at last two-thirds of our total number were present.

That day will be for ever remembered by the

* All the Year Round, vol. iii. p. 499.

Grimgribber Volunteers; on it, they were initiated into the mysteries of rifle-shooting; on it, they laid the foundation of that system of skill which will, I doubt not, enable them to carry off the Queen's prize and a few other trifles at the forthcoming Wimbledon meeting; on it, they commenced the practice of a series of fearful gymnasties, compared with which the crank is a light and easy amusement, and the stone excavating at Portland a pleasant pastime.

We had executed our "company-drill" in a singularly fanciful manner, remarkable chiefly for its divergence from prescribed rule. Long absence from parade had rendered us rusty and entirely oblivious of the meaning of the various commands. Thus, at the word "fours," the rear rank, instead of stepping smartly back, remained perfectly stationary, while a pleasant smile overspread the faces of most of its members at what they considered the extraordinary conduct of the two or three knowing ones who moved. In wheeling, the difference of opinion between the men was even more plainly exemplified; for, while some clung close to the pivot man, others ambled away into the far distance, while the centre portion distributed their favours equally between the two, rushing sometimes to the one end, sometimes to the other, so that, instead of coming up "like a wall," as had so often been urged upon us, we serpentined about in a very graceful festoon, and resembled nothing so much as the letter S. From my ensign's position in the rear, I had watched Captain Strongbow's face during the performance of these manœuvres, and had every moment expected to see it overcloud, but, to my astonishment, he remained perfectly calm, and, at the conclusion of the drill, he called us together, told us we should soon "pick up our movements," but that he had something of far greater importance in store for us. He here stated that it was most important that we should perfect ourselves in the practical portion of shooting; that he had already prepared four sergeants who would undertake to instruct various sections of the corps; and that on that evening the first meeting for position-drill would take place at his (Strongbow's) rooms. He hoped he should have a good attendance, and concluded by telling us to bring our rifles, and not to eat too much dinner. What could that last caution mean? Alas, in a very few hours we knew its value!

OUR INSTRUCTION IN POSITION-DRILL.

SCENE—*A barn attached to Captain Strongbow's house. Rather a bleak and cheerless place, with targets painted in black-and-white on the walls. A flaring lamp on a bracket, lights only the end portion of the place. Some ten members of the corps, sergeants and privates, are lounging about, waiting to begin business. Captain Strongbow by himself, aiming at a painted target with marvellous precision. Enter Private Miller, smoking a short clay pipe; he stares round at the painted targets on the walls, and then shouts in a hoarse voice,* "Here, y'ar! Now's your time! Three shots for sixpence! Try your fortune at the Little Vunder, gents! Pint o' nuts for him as hits the bull's eye!"

Capt. Strongbow (*aghast*). For Heaven's sake, stop this most discreditable noise, Mr. Miller!

Miller (*in broken and melodramatic tones*). Pardon me, noble captain, but the sight of these targets reminded me of the Greenwich fairs of early youth!

Strongbow. Pray silence, Mr. Miller! It is impossible to get on if you indulge in buffoonery. Now, gentlemen. Fall in! (*Sergeants and privates range themselves in line.*) I am about to put you through position-drill; a course of instruction which habituates for the correct position for firing, and teaches you the natural connexion between the HAND and the EYE. What are you smiling at, Mr. Skull?

Skull. Nothing, nothing; only Miller——

Strongbow. Miller; what?

Skull. Miller said that Mr. Mace in the last prize fight, taught Mr. Hurst the natural connexion between the hand and the eye!

Strongbow. This is most disheartening! Now! There are three practices. The first word of command in the first practice is, "As a rear rank, standing, at three hundred yards, Ready." On the word ready, make a half-face to the right, feet at right angles, grasp the rifle firmly with the left-hand, fingers of right-hand behind the trigger-guard, body erect, left side perpendicular, left breast over left foot, shoulders——

Private Pruffle. Stop, sir, pray stop (*confusedly*). I can't recollect half that! I've a short memory! What did you say after making a face?

(*Captain Strongbow repeats the instructions. All listen attentively, especially Private Miller, who places his hand behind his ear, bends forward, and assumes the attitude of the stage savage expecting the "pale-face."*)

Strongbow. Now, as a rear-rank standing at three hundred yards, ready! (*all move except Skull*). Did you hear me, Mr. Skull? Ready!

Miller. Don't you hear, Skull? Ready! Present! Fire! (*kicks Mr. Skull just above the calf of his leg, and nearly brings him to the ground*).

Strongbow. Try that again! (*motion repeated several times*). Now, at the word "Present," without moving the body, head, eye, or hand, in the slightest degree, throw the rifle smartly to the point of the right shoulder, at full extent of the left arm——

Lobjoit (*a coarse person*). Gammon!

Strongbow. What, sir?

Lobjoit. Stuff, sir! Can't fling a rifle about without moving your hands! Don't believe in that!

Strongbow. Pray don't interrupt; it's all correct; done at Hythe; perfectly possible. Now —*P'sent!*

(*Five men throw out their rifles bravely to the front, three bring up theirs slowly and sneakingly, two boldly support their elbows on their knees, and*

look as if they were performing a rather meritorious action than otherwise.)

The position-drill proceeded, but it was very hard work. We speedily noticed that when Strongbow had any instruction to give, he invariably chose the time when we were at the "Present," i.e. when the strain upon our muscles in holding out the rifle was tremendous. After two seconds you would perceive the muzzle of the extended rifle begin to quiver in a very singular manner, then the body of the gentleman holding it would begin to rock about from the knees upwards, and finally, when he received the grateful command to "ease springs," he would give vent to an exclamation something between the ejaculation of a paviour, and the "characteristic 'hugh'" of Mr. Fenimore Cooper's Indians, and add, "'Gad, I'm nearly done up!"

The art of comporting oneself as a "rear-rank standing," having been acquired, we were initiated into the mysteries expected from a "front-rank kneeling;" and these gymnastics proved even yet more serious and invincible. For a gentleman of large frame, and accustomed to a well-stuffed easy-chair, to have to sit for five minutes on *his right heel*, and that alone, is by no means an easy matter; but the difficulty is considerably aggravated, when he has to perform, while in this attitude, feats of manly strength in connexion with throwing out a rifle to the full extent of his left arm. He has then to take aim at the target on the wall; and about this time, and just when he begins to puff dreadfully, he will hear a stentorian shout from the instructor, "What are you doing, sir? restrain your breathing! restrain your breathing, for Heaven's sake!" The unhappy man endeavours to do this, and to follow all the other directions given him in the slowest time—thus: "P'sent! to—oo—ooo! thre—ee—eee! fo—o—war! f—'ive!" until at the end, when he is called upon to spring smartly up to "Attention!" what with breath-holding and extra exertion, he resembles a boiled lobster in colour, and is shaking in every limb.

The judging-distance-drill is an equally humorous but considerably less fatiguing evolution. Its object is to enable the soldier to note the difference in the appearance of men at different distances: a happy result, which is apparently accomplished by sending several of the persons to be observed completely out of the range of any but the sharpest sight. Points are thrown out at certain allowed distances up to three hundred yards, and the men under instruction are told the distance, and made to observe the appearance of the "points." Then the "points" are sent out at unknown distances, and the men have to give their opinion of the distance at which these points are placed, the answers being noted in a register. We had some little difficulty at first in preventing the "points" from running away altogether, or slipping into the public-house when the instructor's back was turned. The guesses of some of the men were perfectly miraculous in their inaccuracy, and it was observed that whenever private Miller whispered his ideas on distance to the sergeant, that functionary would be convulsed, and rendered so oblivious of decorum as to attempt to write without any ink, and to make futile scratches on his register. It was afterwards discovered that the ill-conditioned Miller, instead of giving his ideas of distance, was whispering the latest riddle in the ears of the instructor. Even he, however, owned to the value of the judging-distance practice, declaring that after a few lessons he should be able to recognise, and consequently to avoid, his tailor, if he saw him at the other end of Pall-Mall.

So we progressed through our difficulties, until we numbered some excellent shots among us. We are to be inspected by Colonel M'Murdo very shortly, to take part in the Wimbledon rifle contest and in the grand review, where we shall have plenty of opportunities of distinguishing ourselves. I shall not fail to chronicle our movements.

SECRET INSTRUCTIONS OF THE JESUITS.

When the gate of a city is kept so closely locked that a dog or a cat cannot thrust its nose outside without being asked by the warder whether it be of the number of good men and true; and when we then behold a cartload of gunpowder openly marched through that gate by the light of day without the warder's saying a word; we naturally conclude that the possessor of the key gave full consent to the explosive exportation.

That closed city gate in some respects represents the state of the Parisian press. Neither the Duke d'Aumale nor the Duke de Broglie—not to mention many much more harmless gentlemen—is permitted to peep, in literary form, beyond the grating of the portcullis. Even with printed sheets which do manage to get abroad, there is a time to let pass free, and a time to stop. Edmond About's pungent remarks on the state of things at Rome, first appeared in the official journal of the government. The Pope soon stretched out a long arm, and motioned the door of the Moniteur to shut. It *was* shut, as the maid shut the door to keep out her sweetheart; "then she went to bed, and tied up her head, and fastened the door with a skewer." For About's letters soon took the form of a book, which was published in Belgium, and which crossed the French frontier, to be seized after a while. But the seizing phase has passed away, for *it;* the volume is now on sale, revised, neatly printed, at a popular price.

Therefore, the looker-on concludes there is a time to seize, and a time to let go unseized. Whatever may be the case to-day or to-morrow, yesterday was not the time to seize the Monita Secreta Societatis Jesu; for a copy dressed in red and black (the garb of a melodramatic demon), with the Latin original and a French translation on opposite pages, is now lying on the writer's table. Nor would seizure be of much use (ex-

cept for form's sake) at present; because the first three editions were sold in ten days, and the fourth is already out.

If the deed has been done with Imperial connivance, it can hardly have obtained Jesuitical permission. On the contrary, there is a loud ultramontane shout denying the authenticity of the document; but to dissipate all doubts on the subject, it suffices to turn to history, and compare the conduct of the Society of Jesus with the secret instructions now divulged to the world. This is not the first time they have been brought to light; but every time the Society has contrived to secure the copies, and put them out of sight, as soon as the first excitement of publicity had passed away. The Superiors of the Jesuits are ordered to retain and to hold these private instructions, with great care, in their own hands, and to communicate them only to a few of the professed; some of the instructions may be imparted to non-professed persons, when advantage to the Society is likely to follow: but it must be done under the seal of secrecy, and not as if they were written rules, but merely suggestions drawn from the actual experience of the person who gives the advice. Since many of the professed are acquainted with these secrets, the Society has, from its commencement, laid down the rule that those once initiated can enter no other religious order, except that of the Carthusians, on account of the retirement in which they live, and the inviolable silence they maintain.

Special care is ordered to be taken that these admonitions fall not into the hands of strangers, who might put upon them an unfavourable construction, through envy of the Order. Should such ever happen (quod absit!—far be it from us!), it must be stoutly denied that these are the real sentiments of the Society, confirming the assertion by calling to witness such members as remain still in ignorance, and by opposing to these the general instructions and the printed or the written rules.

The Superiors are required constantly to watch, with prudence and solicitude, to find out whether any members have betrayed these instructions to any stranger. No one may copy them for himself, nor allow them to be copied for another, except with the consent of the General or the Provincial; and, if the Society doubts the fidelity of any of its members in this matter, let the suspected member be first assured that no such doubts exist, and then let him be dismissed. Such is the mode of action.

The Society may compress and try to keep things close, but all elements do not submit to compression with equal facility. Some, like air, you can squeeze into next to nothing; others, like water, you can scarcely squeeze at all: if pressed too hard, they will contrive to ooze out, even through the pores of solid metal. Thus, between two opposing pressures—the ministerial and the clerical—the Monita Secreta have forced their way through the bolts and bars by which Gallic typography in general is secured. It is for us to profit by the occasion, and edify our friends with the arcana so promulgated.

Truly or falsely, the Jesuits have got a name for ability, power, unscrupulousness, and indestructibility. Crush them here, they shoot out again there. Break them up, each dispersed fragment heals and forms to itself a new head and new members. Pound them to pieces and bury them in the south, they crop out unhurt in the north. Suppressed throughout orthodox Catholic Europe, they secure a retreat in schismatic Russia. Often are they hated and feared; never are they despised or sneered at. They are high-flying hawks, who strike only at the noblest game. The place of confessor is, with all Catholic princes, a sort of ministerial office more or less powerful, according to the age, the passions, the temper, and the intelligence of the penitent.

Père Lachaise held this post for a long period, and obtained for his Society great consideration. Supple, polite, adroit, with a cultivated mind, gentle manners, and an even temper, he knew how to alarm or to soothe his penitents' conscience according to occasion, and never lost sight of his own interests nor of those of his Company. A masked opponent of all opposite parties, he spoke of them with moderation, and even praised some few individuals belonging to them. A few days before his death, he said to the king, "Sire, I entreat you to do me the favour to choose my successor out of our Company. It is extremely attached to your majesty; but it is very wide-spread, very numerous, and composed of very different characters, who are all very susceptible touching the glory of the corporation. No one could answer for it if it fell into disgrace; and a fatal blow is soon struck." The king was so surprised at this address, that he mentioned it to Maréchal, his head surgeon, who spoke of it to other intimate friends. A fatal blow *is* easily struck, in more than one way. Pope Clement XIV. issued, in 1774, a bull abolishing the Society of Jesuits, and was poisoned very shortly afterwards. The King of Sardinia, Victor Amadeus, told one of the ministers of France that his Jesuit confessor, being on his death-bed, begged the king to visit him. The dying man said, "Sire, I am overwhelmed with your kindnesses, I wish to testify my gratitude. Never take a Jesuit for your confessor; ask me no questions, for I could not answer them."

A propos to which we will dip into the second chapter of the instructions: "How the Fathers of the Society are to acquire and keep the intimacy of princes, great men, and persons of the highest consideration."

Above all things, every effort must be made to gain the ear and the mind of princes and persons of the first quality everywhere, in order that no one may dare to rise up against us, but, on the contrary, may be compelled to depend upon us. But, as experience teaches that princes and great men are particularly well affected towards

ecclesiastics, who conceal their odious acts and put a favourable interpretation upon them—such as their marriages within the prohibited degrees of kindred and the like—they are to be spurred on in such and similar conduct, under the hope of obtaining through our agency such dispensations from the Pope, which his holiness will grant, reasons being given, and precedents quoted, and arguments adduced, having for their pretext the common good and the greater glory of God, which is the object of the Society.

In order to obtain the mastery of the minds of princes, it will be of service that our people (nostri) offer themselves adroitly, and by the agency of third persons to execute honourable and favourable embassies to other princes and kings, and especially to the Pope and the highest monarchs; for on these occasions they will be able to recommend themselves and the Society. The favourites of princes and their confidential servants are especially to be gained over by small presents and various marks of affection, in order that, in the end, they may faithfully acquaint our people with the humours and inclinations of princes and great men, which will enable the Society to accommodate itself the more easily to their caprices. Experience has taught what advantages the Society has gained by intermeddling with royal marriages, in the house of Austria, and in the kingdoms of France, Poland, and in other continental countries. Wherefore, it will be prudent to propose well-chosen matches, who are friendly or familiar with the relations or friends of our people.

The wives of princes are most easily to be gained through their femmes de chambre, for which purpose they are to be made much of by every possible means, for thus we shall obtain access to every circumstance, even the most secret, which occurs in the family. In directing the consciences of great people, our confessors will follow the opinion of those authors who advocate a certain liberty, in opposition to the stricter interpretation of other religious orders. In consequence, great folk, one and all, will quit the others, preferring to depend on our direction and advice. Moreover, cautious and prudent insinuations must be made respecting the very ample power which the Society possesses of granting absolution even in cases reserved from the jurisdiction of other pastors and monks, namely, in dispensations from fasting, the payment of or the suing for debts, matrimonial impediments, and other well-known matters, which will cause the majority to have recourse to us and to incur obligations to us. The enmities and dissensions of great people are to be referred to us for reconciliation, for thus we shall little by little obtain the knowledge of their private and secret affairs, and so gain the confidence of one or other of the parties. If any servitor of a monarch or prince look coldly upon our Society, great pains must be taken either by our own people, or better through the means of other persons, to make him friendly and familiar with the Society, by the promise of favour and promotion to be obtained from his monarch or prince.

Our members must exercise their influence over princes and great men in such a way as to make it appear that they are solely aiming at the greater glory of God and at a degree of conscientiousness which the princes themselves must approve of, for they must arrive little by little, and not abruptly, at worldly and political power. Therefore they must strongly inculcate that the distribution of honours and dignities must be made with a view to justice, and that God is highly offended by princes who act contrary to justice, and proceed from the impulse of passion. They will often and seriously protest that they have no wish whatever to meddle with public matters, but that they are compelled to speak against their will in consequence of the duties of their office. As soon as this point is well understood and admitted, they will explain the good qualities which are required to fit persons for advancement to the highest dignities and public offices, and, in the end, they will manage to suggest and nominate persons who have proved themselves to be sincerely attached to the Society. Our confessors and preachers must, above all, remember to treat princes with suavity and gentleness, and on no account to be severe with them either in their sermons or in private conversation, but to make faith and political justice the main topics of their exhortations.

When the Society is founding a new establishment, our people must be careful at first not to purchase landed property; but if they do buy any well-situated land, let it be done under the assumed name of some faithful and secret friend, in order that our poverty may be the more apparent. Let landed property near any of our colleges be made over to some distant college, to prevent the authorities from ascertaining the exact amount of the Society's revenues. Our people will select rich cities only as their collegiate residence, in imitation of our Lord Jesus, who sojourned mainly at Jerusalem. In each province, let none but the Provincial know precisely what the revenues are; but let the sums in the treasury at Rome be regarded as a holy mystery.

"How to gain rich widows for the Society" furnishes a chapter of considerable interest. For this purpose must be selected Fathers advanced in age, of a lively complexion and agreeable conversation. Let them visit these widows, and as soon as they perceive in them any liking for the Society, let them place at their disposal the good offices and the spiritual merits of the Society. If they accept, and begin to visit our churches, let them be provided with a confessor, by whom they may be well directed, with the intention of keeping them in their widowhood, by enumerating and lauding its advantages and pleasures. He may promise and answer for their certainly thus obtaining eternal bliss and avoiding the pains of purgatory.

The confessor will induce them to busy them-

selves with the embellishment of a chapel or oratory in their own house, where they may attend undisturbed to their spiritual exercises, so as to avoid the conversation and visits of any parties coming to woo; and even if they have a chaplain, our people must not neglect to celebrate mass there, and to keep the chaplain under their thumb. Everything belonging to the management of the house must be cautiously and gradually changed, due regard being had to the mistress, the neighbourhood, her likings, and her spiritual condition. Servants who do not communicate or correspond with the Society are especially to be got rid of (but little by little); and such are to be recommended (if there be any need to fill up the vacancies) as depend, or are willing to depend, on our people. We shall thus be informed of everything that passes in the family.

The confessor's grand object must be to get the widow to ask and follow his advice on all occasions; he will opportunely make her understand that such obedience is the only foundation of her spiritual advancement. Let him counsel the frequent usage of the sacrament of penitence especially, in which she may freely discover her most secret thoughts, and every temptation by which she is assailed. A thorough knowledge of her every inclination will be forwarded by her repeating a "general confession," even though she has made it elsewhere to another. Let her be repeatedly exhorted as to the benefits of widowhood and the vexations of matrimony, especially of a second marriage. Now and then, and dexterously, suitors whom she is known to detest may be proposed to her; of others, whom she is believed to favour, the vices and immoral lives may be described, so that, in any case, she may be disgusted with the idea of a second match.

As soon, therefore, as all has been made right with regard to the widowhood, then a spiritual (not a religious or conventual) life is to be recommended. Let the confessor, as soon as possible, close every access to a second marriage by making her take a vow of chastity for a term of two or three years at least; during which period all conversation with the opposite sex and recreation even with relations must be prohibited, on the ground that a more binding union has been formed with God. The ecclesiastics by whom the widow is visited, or whom she visits, if they cannot be all excluded, must still be such as depend upon our nod.

"How widows are to be kept, and how the goods they have are to be disposed of." Let them be urged continually to go on in devotion and good works, so that not a week may pass without their voluntarily depriving themselves of some superfluity in honour of Jesus, the Blessed Virgin, or the saint whom they have chosen for their patron—of something which they may lay out on the poor, or on the embellishment of churches, until they have stripped themselves of the spoils of the Egyptians. If they manifest especial liberality towards our own Society, and persist in it, let them participate in the benefit of all the Society's good works and merits, with a special indulgence from the Provincial, or, if they be persons of sufficiently exalted quality, from the General of the Order.

If they have taken a vow of chastity, let them renew it, according to our custom, twice a year, a decent recreation being granted to them for that day, in company with our own people. Let them be frequently visited, and amused and cheered with pleasant talk and witty stories and jokes, according to the humour and inclination of each. They must not be treated too severely in confession, lest they should fall into too low spirits, unless all hope be lost of regaining their favour which has been acquired by other parties: in all which great discretion is required to judge properly the inconstant temper of women. They must be ingeniously prevented from visiting and attending the festivals of other churches, especially those belonging to religious orders; and it must be impressed upon them that the indulgences of other orders are united in the Society. If they have to go into mourning, a handsome style of dress may be permitted, combining at the same time the spiritual with the worldly, so that they may not apprehend that they are completely governed by a spiritual person. Finally, provided there be no fear of their inconstancy, and if they prove faithful and liberal to the Society, let them be allowed whatever they require for sensuality [concedatur illis quidquid ad sensualitatem requirunt]—in moderation and avoiding scandal.

Their health and their amusement must also be attended to quite as carefully as their salvation; wherefore, if they suffer from indisposition, they must immediately be prevented from going on with fastings, hair-shirts, and other penitential corporal discipline, and not even be allowed to go out to church, but be managed with prudence and caution at home. No notice will be taken of their being brought into the (Jesuits'?) garden or the college, provided it be done secretly. They may be allowed to have interviews and secret recreation with the individuals who please them best.

To induce a widow to dispose of her revenues in favour of the Society, it will be well to set forth to her the perfection of the state of these holy men who, relinquishing the world and giving up their relations and their goods, served God with great resignation and joyfulness of mind; and also to quote the examples of widows who, by these means, attained sanctity in a short space of time, holding out the hope of canonisation if they persevere unto the end, and demonstrating that our credit with the Pope is quite sufficient for the purpose. Confessors will take very great care that widows of this class who are their penitents, do not visit other ecclesiastics on any pretence whatsoever, nor enter into the slightest familiarity with them. To prevent such occurrences, they will endeavour to vaunt the Society, on suitable occasions, as a more excellent Order than the others, as extremely useful to the Church, of the highest authority

with the Pope and temporal princes in general, very perfect in itself, because it dismisses noxious and unfit persons, and therefore contains within itself neither froth nor dregs, of which there is plenty amongst the monks, who are for the most part ignorant, stupid, lazy, negligent of their own salvation, gluttonous, &c.

If a widow during her life do not make over her goods entirely to the Society, let opportunities be taken of stating to her (especially when she is ill or in great danger) the poverty, the novelty, and the multitude of many colleges not yet founded, and of inducing her with suavity and urgency to undertake the expense, which will secure eternal glory to the foundress.

"How to act to cause the sons and daughters of widows to embrace the religious or devotional profession." As the mothers in this case must act with energy, our people may go gently to work. The mothers must be instructed to keep their children at a distance, by rebukes and punishments, from their tender years; and, as their daughters especially grow up, to deny them female finery, frequently expressing the wish and praying God that they may aspire after the monastic state, and promising a handsome dowry or portion if they consent to make themselves nuns. Let them enlarge upon the difficulties which are common to matrimony in general, as well as those they experienced in their own particular case; and let them express sorrow that they did not, in their time, prefer a single to a married life. In short, let them behave in such a way that their daughters especially, tired of the life they lead with their mother, may think of entering a convent.

Our people will converse familiarly with the sons; and if any appear fit to enter the Society, let them be opportunely brought into the college, and be shown and have explained to them whatever in any way is likely to please them and to induce them to join the Society; such as gardens, vineyards, country-houses, and farms, where our people go for recreation. Let them be told of our travels in different countries, of our intercourse with the princes of the world, and other matters interesting to youth. Let them see the cleanliness of our refectories and dormitories, the pleasant converse of our members, the easiness of our rule, which, nevertheless, is consistent with the glory of God, the pre-eminence of our Order over others, and let facetious talk be intermingled with pious discourse.

Our people will contrive that the preceptors of these young persons be attached to our Society, and watch over and export them for the end in view; but if they resist, let them suffer privations which will make them weary of their life. Let their mother explain the annoyance of a family. Finally, if they cannot be brought to enter the Society willingly and voluntarily, let them be sent, under the pretence of study, to some distant school of the Society, where they will receive very few indulgences from their mother, but where the Society can entice and inveigle them, so as to transfer their affections to ourselves.

It must be frequently announced and given out that the Society is partly composed of professed members so indigent that, without the daily bounty of the faithful, they would be in utter want, and partly of other fathers who are poor indeed, but who possess landed property, simply that they may not be a burden to the neighbourhood in the pursuit of their studies and their religious functions, as other mendicants are.

In 1701, the flotilla brought to Spain a box of chocolate for the General of the Jesuits. The weight not answering to the description of the contents, it was opened. Inside were found ingots of gold coated over with chocolate. The government sent the gold to the mint to be coined, at the same time forwarding a box of genuine chocolate to the Jesuits, who dared not make any complaint or claim.

What has been said of widows is equally applicable to rich merchants and citizens, and to married persons in general without families, whose sole heir the Society not unfrequently become if these practices are prudently put in execution. If it happen that widowers or rich married persons, attached to the Company, have daughters only, our people will gently induce them to enter a devout or religious life, in order that, after leaving them something of a portion, the rest of the property may fall, bit by bit, into the Society's hands. If they have any sons suited to join the Company, they can be drawn into it; the others may be made to enter other religious orders, with the promise of a certain small sum. But if they have an only son, he must be secured to the Society, never mind how; all fear of his parents must be eradicated from his mind, and the vocation of Jesus inculcated, demonstrating to him that he will offer a most grateful sacrifice to God even if he run away from his parents without their knowledge and against their will. He can then be passed on to a remote novitiate, after the General has been informed of the matter.

Widows and other devout persons who ardently desire to attain perfection, must be brought to give up all their possessions to the Society, and to live on the income which will be paid to them for life, according to their requirements, so as to serve God with greater liberty, undisturbed by care or anxiety, and thus to arrive at the pinnacle of perfection. To convince the world more thoroughly of the Society's poverty, let the superiors borrow money from rich persons attached to the Company, by means of bills payable at a distant date. Afterwards, especially during a dangerous illness, visits may be made and hints thrown out, which will lead to the returning of the bill. In this way our people will not be mentioned in the last will and testament, and still we shall have gained considerably without exciting the jealousy of the heirs. Women who complain of their husbands' vices and the sorrow they cause them,

may be taught that they may secretly take any sum of money needful to expiate their husbands' sins and purchase their pardon.

In every place where our people reside, they must have some medical man, faithful to the Company, whom they will specially recommend to sick persons, and whose abilities they will exalt above all others; in order that he, in turn, recommending us above all other religious orders, may cause us to be called in by his most wealthy patients, and especially those who are on their death-beds.

After these specimens, "The choice of young people to be admitted into the Society, and the mode of retaining them," "How to behave to nuns and devotees," and other equally racy chapters, may be imagined to a certain extent.

ANDALUSIAN TALES.

A COLLECTION of the legends and popular songs of Andalusia, lately published in Spanish, by the lady known as Fernan Caballero, is worth talking about. Spain, rich in popular legends, is very poor in such collections; indeed, this authoress may claim to be the first person who has heartily undertaken to search out and print the legends, songs, and proverbs, of the people. What she produces has the usual close relationship with the traditions of all other countries, and the usual local colour. Fernan Caballero tells the stories in the very language of the common people, which in Spain is singularly free from all that has with us given its bad sense to the word vulgar. By the way, are there not many of us who suppose that there is a bad sense in the word common, when they speak in English of the common people, as if the phrase meant anything more or less than the community? That is digression. We were only saying that the Andalusian peasant, when he tells a story, has the tongue of a gentleman, even although he has not studied at the crimson rock.

To study at the crimson rock is a legendary Spanish proverb for the acquiring of all possible accomplishments. The tale goes, that a certain Marquis Villena studied at the crimson rock with the Old Gentleman himself. His companion every day brought out a great table, and when they sat at it, all that was written on the crimson rock became plain to their eyes. The marquis in this way learnt more than the Old Gentleman, who became jealous thereat, and in a great passion threw the table over on his comrade, meaning to kill him. But the Marquis Villena being clever enough to foresee that danger, slipped out of the way, so that the table only fell upon his shadow and destroyed that. It is for this reason that the marquis was ever afterwards a shadowless man; and thus we see that Peter Schlemihl had, unknown to himself, an ancestor in Spain.

Now let us sit under a chesnut-tree, among the peasants, letting them tell us their own stories, and perhaps oblige us with a song.

Manuel the Muleteer begins:

Did you ever hear the tale of the marriage of Lady Fortune to Don Guinea (Doña Fortuna and Don Dinero)? I'm told they were so much in love together that you never saw the one without the other. Wherever Don Guinea went, there was Lady Fortune following him like his shadow. People began to make remarks, and so these two agreed they would get married. Don Guinea was a dolt with a round head of Peruvian gold, a belly of Mexican silver, feet of Segovian copper, and half-boots of paper from the Madrid factory. Lady Fortune was a great fool, faithless, and always running into extravagance, flighty, perverse, and as blind as a mole. These married people hardly got through their wedding-cake before they fell into strife; the wife wanted to rule the roost, but Don Guinea, inflated and vain as he is, found that not to his taste. As each wanted the top seat, and neither would yield to the other, they agreed to try which was the stronger of the two.

"Look yonder," said the woman to the man; "do you see that poor wretch in the shadow of the olive-tree, who droops his head so hopelessly? Let us try which of us two, you or I, can mend his lot." The man was content; they went to the olive-tree, he hopping like a frog, she at a leap, and then the two swells made their presence known.

The poor wretch, who never in all his life had seen either the one or the other, opened his eyes till they cracked at seeing their two mightinesses plant themselves before him.

"Do you not know me?" said Don Guinea to the pauper.

"I do not know your highness; but I am at your service."

"Have you never seen my face, then?"

"Never in all my life."

"How? Do you possess nothing?"

"Yes, my lord, I possess six children, naked as they were born, and hungry as wolves; but I possess no goods, I live only from hand to mouth."

"Then why do not you work?"

"Why, indeed! Because I find no work. I have such bad luck that everything goes the crab's way with me; it has hailed misfortune ever since I married. Just now an employer agreed with us for the digging of a well here, on condition that each should get a doubloon when water was found, but before then not a maravedi."

"Well bethought," said Don Guinea. "'Moneys in pocket, hands in pocket,' says the proverb. But proceed, man."

"We began to work with all our might; for, with all the doleful face your highness sees me in, I am a man, master."

"Ay, to be sure you are," said Don Guinea.

"You see, master," said the pauper, "there are four classes of men: there are men that are men, and there are mannikins; there are lads and there are laddies, who are not worth the water they drink. But as for us, we dug and dug, and the deeper we got the drier we found it. It was as if the earth were dried up to its

very heart. At the end of all ends, master, we found nothing but an old shoe."

"Well, then, now I will show you my favour," said Don Guinea, as he pressed a hard dollar into the man's hand.

It seemed a dream to him, and he flew rather than ran, for joy gave wings to his feet, and he pounced into a baker's shop, where he bought bread. But when he wanted to take out his money to pay for it, he found nothing in his pocket but a hole, through which the dollar had run out without waiting for leave.

The poor wretch, in despair, set himself to hunt for it; but how should he find it? To the pig that is meant for the wolf, Saint Anthony himself cannot bring help. Besides the dollar, the man lost his time; besides his time, his patience; and he began to complain against his adverse fortune, in a way to make one's flesh creep.

Lady Fortune held her sides for laughter, and the face of Don Guinea turned the yellower for wrath; but there was nothing for him to do but open his purse again, and now he gave the unfortunate wretch an ounce of gold, bidding him hold it tight in his hand, and put no more trust in a ragged pocket. Thereat the poor fellow could not contain himself for joy. But this time he did not go to the baker's, but, with the gold tight in his grasp, he went to the draper's to buy clothes for his wife and little frocks for his children. But then, when he gave his ounce in payment and expected change, a change there was, for the draper raised a great commotion, said it was bad money, and that its owner was a wicked coiner, whom he should deliver up to justice. When the poor man heard that, his cheeks turned so red hot that you could have roasted beans at them. He escaped out of the turmoil, and ran back to Don Guinea, to whom he told, with streaming tears, all that had happened. At the hearing of it Lady Fortune almost split herself with laughter, and Don Guinea was as near bursting with rage. "Take this," he said, offering to the poor fellow two thousand reals. "You really have most wretched luck, but I will help you out of it, unless I'm nobody."

The unlucky man was so overjoyed that he did not know whither he ran until he got his nose between a couple of highway robbers, who stripped him to the skin.

Lady Fortune then mocked her husband with a mischievous bit of endearment, and he made a face like that of an ape in a fury.

"Now it is my turn, dear," she said to him, "and we shall see which has the more might, petticoat or breeches."

She approached the miserable being who had thrown himself on the ground, where he was kicking and tearing out his hair, blew over him, and straightway he heard the dollar ring on the ground as he kicked it out of the leg of the trousers in which it had stuck.

"Something is something," said he. "Let me go and buy bread for the children, who have starved these three days and have stomachs as thin and easy to see through as a paper lantern."

As he passed by the draper's on his way to the baker's, out came the draper and cried after him, humbly begging pardon for his fancy that the gold ounce was bad money; an officer of the mint had called after he left and assured him that it was not only good, but even somewhat over-weight. Would his honour take it again, and the stuff also that he had bought, as compensation for the unjust accusation brought against him? The poor man was content to do that; packed all together, and as he strode with his pack across the market-place he came upon a troop of constables, who were just bringing in the thieves by whom he had been robbed. Behind them marched the judge, and such a just judge, that he ordered his two thousand reals to be restored to him without costs or drawback. With this money the man joined a cousin in the speculation of search for an iron mine, and he had not dug three yards before he came to a vein of gold, a vein of silver, and a vein of copper, out of which he got guineas, shillings, and halfpence, for all the rest of his days, and became a man of immense wealth and consideration.

Since that time Lady Fortune has had her husband quite under her thumb; but she leads a wilder and more whimsical life than ever, without sense or reason, scattering her luck. However, I've my share of it just now, if you have liked my story.

So tells the peasant moralist under the chestnut-tree. His neighbour Perez, the water-carrier, who is a Catalonian, strums his guitar, and sings to it this romance:

Mighty clash and clang of weapons,
Shout and shriek uplifted yonder
In the royal fort of Burgos,
Where the men of might assemble,
Bring the king himself, and with him
All his courtiers, down the staircase.
At the great gates of the palace
Is the girl Jimena Gomez,
Weeping with dishevelled tresses,
For the count her father fallen,
Where Rodrigo de Vivar
Grasps a wet and blood-red sword.
"Right and vengeance, gracious king—
Vengeance on the head of traitors!
Can you thus look down with smiling
On your children's bloody deeds?
Is no justice here, I seek it
From the mighty mountains yonder,
Since from man I have no comfort.

"Kings who do not shelter justice
Are unworthy of their crowns,
Of the bread upon their tables,
Of their following of nobles."
Stand the courtiers in confusion,
Waiting for the royal word,
And the king with cheerful favour
Answers thus Jimena Gomez:
"When Rodrigo de Vivar
Stabbed your father to the heart,

Such was then the force of fortune,
That I too must do her homage,
For I cannot lose two nobles,
Because one is lost already;
Take the other for your husband,
And be royally betrothed.
Do you murmur? Then seek justice
From the mighty mountains yonder,
Since from man you have no comfort."

And all the Andalusians sigh for the sorrows of Jimena Gomez, as their comrade sweeps his hand with a last musical wail over the guitar strings. But next to Percy sits one who, after taking a draught from his water-skin, begins in another humour.

Somewhere or other there once lived an ugly old widow, thin as asparagus, and yellow as the fever; with such a shockingly bad temper that Lot himself would not have endured her. So she was called Aunt Holofernes, and whenever she put her head out of window, all the young people scampered away. Nevertheless, Aunt Holofernes was tidy and industrious, for which reason she had trouble enough with her daughter Pamphila, who was so indolent that it would take an earthquake to shake her into motion. The quarrelling between the two began at sunrise. "You are as dull as Dutch tobacco," said the mother to the daughter, "and one wants a team of oxen to draw you out of bed. When you *are* up it is nothing but sweethearting and looking out of window. But I'll make you leap about, I will." Pamphila, while her mother scolded, gaped and yawned, and, slipping behind her, passed out of the house door.

Aunt Holofernes then began to sweep with all her might, and accompany the wish, swish, wish with such a monologue as this:

"In my young days girls worked as hard as mules."

Wish, swish, wish went the broom.

"They lived as close as nuns"—wish, swish. "Now they are a pack of fools"—wish, swish; lazy—wish, swish; dressy—wish, swish; flighty." But while the mother swept the daughter had beckoned to a swain, of whose back the old woman caught sight through the open door, and instantly down came the broomstick with a thwack upon it. When she had beaten the youth off, she beat her daughter.

"What's the matter," said Pamphila; "am I never to marry?" "Marry, indeed! How dare you think of such a thing?" "But you were married, and so was my grandmother." "Yes, and for that reason," said the old woman, "I know better than that any child of mine should ever do such a thing." But Pamphila went her old way, till one day when Aunt Holofernes had a wash, there was a great kettle of water boiling on the fire that Pamphila was to pour over the clothes, but just then there was a young man singing at the window, and so she slipped out. Hard-washing Aunt Holofernes lifted the kettle herself; but as she was too old to carry it, the water was spilt and her foot was burnt. Then, while she was scolding at the pain, she looked out of window, and seeing her daughter again with the swain, began to scold at her, and prayed that if she was to be married, the Father of Mischief himself might be her husband.

Some time afterwards there came a suitor to Pamphila, so pretty, so soft-spoken, that not Aunt Holofernes herself knew how to say him nay. So he was accepted; but, as the wedding-day drew near, there were odd things said about the village. The new comer had a strange familiar manner with the scamps of the district, and shook hands with them in a fatherly way that puzzled men. Aunt Holofernes had her suspicions, and she did not at all like two little bumps on the top of his head that pushed up his hair in an odd manner. She remembered what she had wished when she burnt herself, and was not sure that she had not got more of her wish than she wanted.

But the wedding-day came. Aunt Holofernes had ready her sweet cakes and her bitter reflections. She had a great olla podrida for dinner, and a tun of wine ready that was very generous, as well as a plan that was very mean. When the married couple was about to enter the bridal chamber, the old woman, calling her daughter aside, said, "When you are first in your chamber, shut door and window carefully, stop every crack and cranny, and be sure that there is no hole anywhere open, except the keyhole. Then take this olive-branch that has been blessed in church to strike your husband on the back. That is a custom observed in all marriages, which signifies that in-doors the wife has rule, and its intention is to consecrate and confirm her authority.

Pamphila, for the first time in her life obedient to her mother, did all that she was told to do. And when the newly married husband saw the consecrated olive-branch in his wife's hand, he was in a hurry to escape. But as every hole and cranny was stopped up, except the keyhole, he was obliged to squeeze himself through that, for the suspicion of the old woman was correct: this was the Father of Mischief himself, who may be very clever, but who had now got into the hands of a stepmother more than his match. For when he had wriggled himself through to the other side of the keyhole, he was in a bottle that had been fixed there to receive him, and when he was in the bottle the old woman carefully corked and sealed it up. The son-in-law, with the humblest and politest expressions, begged her to let him free. But Aunt Holofernes, who was not to be cheated even by him, took the bottle and marched with it up to the top of a mountain, without resting, till she got to its steep, rocky, deserted peak; on that she left the bottle, and came down again shaking her fists at her son-in-law as she departed.

There his highness was enthroned for the next ten years. And what years they were!—peace all over the world; everybody minded his own business without meddling with other folk's

affairs; nobody wanted to wear anybody else's shoes; swords grew rusty, prisons were empty; it was a golden time, with only one misery in it: the lawyers all died of hunger and holding their tongues.

But every good thing in the world comes to an end. The soldier Boldwit having leave to return for a short time to his own home, which was the village in which Aunt Holofernes dwelt, was not a man to lengthen his way by going round about a mountain. If it lay in his way, he marched straight over it, and so he came to the peak where Aunt Holofernes had left her bottled son-in-law, expecting his release. The soldier was surprised to find a bottle there with a live thing jumping about in it, for the poor devil, with long fasting and drying in the sun, looked like a dry, wrinkled prune. "What queer sort of beetle can this be?" said Boldwit. "I am a respectable and well-deserving father," said the prisoner, "Father of Mischief and step-son to Aunt Holofernes, the most treacherous of stepmothers. Valiant soldier, let me out, and I will give you the first thing you wish."

"The first thing I wish for is discharge from the army," replied Boldwit, instantly.

"You shall have it. Now uncork me."

Boldwit raised the cork a little, and up came a mephitic smell that made him sneeze. So he screwed down the cork again, and sent it further in with a stout thump of his fist, whereat the prisoner twisted and screamed, "What are you doing, wretched worm, more faithless and cruel than my stepmother?"

"It has come to my mind," said Boldwit, "that I have a right to make one other condition if I do you this great service. You must pay me for your release four dollars a day."

"Miser! I have no money."

"Then stay in the bottle," said the soldier, and began to march down hill; but the prisoner cried after him, "Wait, wait. If I cannot give you money I can put you in the way of getting it. But let me out! let me out!"

"Easy!" the soldier answered. "Nobody is here to hurry us; nobody in the world wants you. If you come out, you must also understand that I hold you fast by the tail till you have kept your promise. If not, you stop where you are." "Tail or nose, dear friend, tail or nose!" shouted the prisoner. But he whispered to himself, "I'll pay you out, my friend."

So the bottle was uncorked, and the stepson of dame Holofernes crept out slowly as a chick from the shell, head first, then arms, then body; but when the tail came out, Boldwit seized it, however much the imp tried to tuck it in between his legs.

When the freed bit of mischief had stretched himself and rubbed his joints a little, they set forth, he hopping before like a frog, and Boldwit, who marched stoutly after him, holding tight by his tail. So they came to the king's court, and then the Father of Mischief said to his liberator: "I will get inside the princess's body, and when the king her father, who loves her beyond measure, sees what mischief is going on inside her, so that no doctor can do her any good, you shall come and cure her for a pension of four dollars a day. So we shall be quits."

All happened so; but when all was done, Mischief was wrong in thinking he could go his ways. Boldwit held him fast by the tail again, and said: "On full consideration, sir, four dollars a day is beggarly reward for what I have done to serve you. Find a way of being more liberal, and so get yourself a little credit in the world."

The tail being in firm grip, there was only one way of getting free; but "I will play you a trick, young soldier," said Mischief to himself. "Come along, then," he said, aloud. "There is another being, daughter at the court of Naples; we will go through the same business with her, and you shall ask her hand and half the throne for curing her."

So it was done; but when the soldier made his conditions, the King of Naples made also his, namely, that the adventurer should be hanged if at the end of three days he had not made a complete cure. Now Mischief heard that, and behaved accordingly. He jumped for joy at his prospects, and every jump inside her made the princess twist in her bed. She was very bad on the first day, worse on the second day, and so bad that she shrieked for the doctor to be sent for on the third day. Boldwit saw what his friend proposed to himself, but was not a man to lose his head over a difficulty. Directly opposite the palace gate his majesty had already built the gallows. When, on the third day, Boldwit entered the princess's chamber, she screamed, "Throw the quack out of window!" But he said to the king, with professional gravity, "All my resources are not yet exhausted. Will your majesty have patience with me for a few more minutes?" Upon that he left the chamber, and in the princess's name ordered all the bells in the town to be set ringing.

When he returned to the princess's chamber, the Mischief, who is a hater of bell-ringing, and, besides, is at all times very much plagued with curiosity, asked what saint they were ringing for.

"They ring," replied the soldier, "a welcome to your stepmother, whom I have had fetched."

But the Father of Mischief no sooner heard that his stepmother was arrived than he made off with such expedition that a sunbeam wouldn't have overtaken him. Thus he was forced to leave the soldier to his reward and to the glory of having been as much too clever for him as his stepmother herself.

And so the tales go round. We have picked these up, not with the dropped fruit under a chesnut-tree, but from a learned German journal of romance literature, to which an account of Fernan Caballero's new volume has been contributed by Ferdinand Wolf. The Catalonian romance was quoted in the same journal with sundry others, not direct from the lips of a guitar-player, but from a manuscript in the

library of Barcelona, where it is marked with a note here and there, to guide the singer under the shade or by the fountain.

SALMON.

We are most of us accustomed daily to sit down to a good dinner, whereat fish, flesh, and fowl are presented in various tempting forms to our appetites. But does it ever occur to the diner to consider whence come all these luxuries? Does he ever reflect upon the amount of labour, intelligence, and capital, that must be expended before he can take his bit of fish, his slice of roast beef, or his wing of a pheasant? Thank goodness we are not likely to run short of the two former articles, but we think our guest would drop his knife and fork, open his eyes pretty widely, were we to tell him that there is a great probability that in a few more years there will be no more salmon to be had for money, that fish, inhabitants of both fresh and salt water, are becoming every year more and more scarce, and that he must soon dine fishless. Since the creation of man, many creatures have positively perished from off the face of the earth, many wantonly destroyed, more consigned to the boiling pot and the spit. It will doubtless be news to many that, among the silent effects which our present age is producing upon the animal creation—one of those mighty results which silently and slowly grow from day to day, from year to year, till at last they burst upon our view a stupendous fact, a thundering avalanche composed of thousands of minute flakes of snow—is the gradual extinction of the salmon. The cry of "Salmon in danger!" is now resounding throughout the length and breadth of the land. A few years, a little more over-population, a few more tons of factory poison, a few fresh poaching devices and newly-invented contrivances to circumvent victims, and the salmon will be gone—he will become extinct. In all human probability, our grandchildren will be as proud of knowing "a man who has tasted a salmon" as even we, in the present day, are of the acquaintance of a friend who has eaten a salmon caught in the river Thames. Here is a great fact under our very noses. Salmon lie on the marble slabs of Billingsgate and Hungerford, shining beauties, plump and of good kind, radiant in their lustrous silver coats. But whence come they? From north, south, east and west. From the Thames? No, not one. Yet the time was, and this no more than sixty years ago, when the salmon-fishers drew their nets at the village of Barnes; when they covered the shingle there with shining fish, and sent off in a tax-cart fish to market, caught not eight miles from London-bridge. Here is a fact patent to all, and within the actual experience of many. What has happened to the Thames will, in all likelihood, happen first to one river then to another within the British Isles, and gradually, slowly, the race will become extinct.

And are we, active, healthy Englishmen in heart and soul, full of veneration for our ancestors, and thoughtful for the yet unborn, upon whom the honour of this country will depend in future generations, to stand still with arms folded, and allow this great evil to continue? Shall we not rather face the truth, throw off all disguise, and probe the mischief to its bottom? Shall we not step in between wanton destruction and fair allowance of capture, be it by net or rod, and so ward off the obloquy which will be attached to our age, when the historian of 1961 will be forced to record "that the inhabitants of the last century destroyed the salmon, and did much injury to other species of fish *now* so rare in this country?"

We know the trite story of a patient being under several quack oculists for inflammation of the eye. The poor man was leeched, blistered, physicked, and green-shaded, all to no purpose. At last he went to an army surgeon, who looked in his eye, and found a great bit of cinder from a railway engine, which had been keeping up all the irritation. The salmon doctors must go to work in the same way. They must find out the reason why salmon should be now so scarce, as is proved by the price of the daily markets. Let us contrast the present prices with those of former years. We read in the daily papers: "Billingsgate Market, June 18, 1861, salmon, 1s. to 1s. 6d. per pound." A different state of things, this, from the times when, according to an old story, apprentices bargained that they should not be fed with salmon *more than three times a week*. This story has of late been doubted. I bring three witnesses, who write in the Field newspaper, March 2, 1861, to prove it. Mr. G. Shotton, of South Shields, says: "My uncle, a magistrate of the borough, and eighty years old, tells me, I have seen and read an indenture of apprenticeship of a boy to a boat-builder of this town, where it was expressly conditioned that the apprentice was not to be fed upon salmon oftener than three times a week." Mr. G. H. Smith, Hansworth, Birmingham, says: "My father, who died last year, aged seventy-eight, said he himself had once put his name to a draper's apprentice's indentures at Worcester, in which it was distinctly worded that the apprentice should not be compelled to eat salmon more than three times a week. I myself have known sewin, caught in the Tivy, at Carmarthen, cried through that town at 2½d. per pound by the public crier, about twenty-five years since." X Y X says: "I can produce plenty of credible evidence that on the shores of the Solway Firth farmers' servants formerly rebelled in their hirings against salmon altogether, by reason of the almost daily repetition of them."

Here is a sad contrast: the salmon doctors must, therefore, deal with the exciting causes of the complaint, and one by one must get rid of them. What are these causes? First and foremost, nets and paid engines (the angler's aversion)—nets in all forms, shapes, and sizes—nets half as long as Regent-street, and as deep as the first-floor windows are high—nets placed

across the rivers like the hurdles across the much-worn paths in Hyde Park—day nets, night nets, and nets that fish by themselves day and night. Imagine Rotton Row a salmon stream, the good citizens salmon. Four P.M., the spate and the fish running up, a great net is spread at the three arches at Hyde Park-corner, another great net from the statue to the Duke's house, nets half way across the Row every fifty yards,* and every now and then a wall with nets in the gaps; add to this, fierce and cunning ogres fishing for us from the walk with rods and hooks baited with devices the most tempting to our nature. How many of us would get up to Kensington Gardens, where, all collected there listening to the band, suddenly from the tree-tops is let down a huge net, and the assembled crowd encircled with its lethal meshes, and taken out like a net of cabbages out of a kitchen boiler; even suppose a few did, and imagine the young fish coming down again from the Gardens to the sea (which we will call Piccadilly), the innocents would be stopped short by the nets and caught by the rods;† they would be knocked in the head by the wheels (mill-wheels); one out of a thousand would get away safely. Rotton Row would soon become depopulated, Kensington Gardens spawnless, and the race extinct; the ogres would give up preserving our race.

The case above drawn is no exaggeration if applied to fish. And here are five causes of the decrease of salmon written in black and white:

1. The employment of fixed engines, machinery, and other methods of fishing, which are prejudicial to the interests of the fisheries, whether at the mouths of rivers or up stream, and their name is legion.

2. The wilful polluting and poisoning of rivers. Fish can no more live in impure water than we can in carbonic acid gas.

3. The killing, sale, and exportation of unseasonable fish. We don't eat a pheasant in June.

4. Want of observance of a strict and proper limited close-time while the fish are breeding, so as to ensure the free passage of travelling fish to their spawning-beds up stream.

5. The obstruction caused in rivers by mill-dams and weirs, built with little or no regard to the progress of the salmon, and in a great many rivers totally preventing the fish from going up stream, except in heavy spates and high floods.

These five heads include, in a very few words, such a vast amount of human rascality, as would indeed form an excellent theme for a novelist, were he in search of new facts whereby to demonstrate the selfishness, and cruelty, and wickedness of our race. It would, indeed, seem that the salmon was our deadliest enemy instead of our best friend. The order is, catch him with nets, fairly if possible, but, anyhow, catch him; poison his atmosphere, smoke him out, spear the spawning mother, rendered tame for the moment by her natural instinct to propagate her species, sell her carcase (for it can be called nothing else), cut the throat of the golden goose and sell her body, and hang the consequences! Whensoever and wheresoever man has taken upon himself to interfere with Nature, Nature retaliates by giving him trouble. If there were no game-laws, where would now be our pheasants, partridges, hares, and rabbits? If the coverts were netted, the birds shot down, the eggs destroyed, the breeding parents exterminated, where would the future supply come from? In a short time a British pheasant would become as rare as a British bustard, a Jack hare as scarce as a Saxon wolf. Yet the poor salmon is persecuted in every way, and the natural consequence is that his race is fast waning, and, if strenuous means are not adopted, will utterly fade away. Again, the selfishness of man is brought into operation in the persecution of this unfortunate fish. They come—to use a complimentary phrase applied by a local paper to the good folks at Ascot Races—in "countless hordes" to the mouth of a river which shall be nameless, the proprietor of the fisheries at the mouth of the river stops their progress by every possible impediment, and does his utmost to hinder a single fish ascending higher than his own pools; he thins their ranks like a charge of English grape-shot sent into a crowded Chinese fort: then the next proprietor above has *his* turn at them; and so on, till the few fortunate survivors of this sub-aqueous "forlorn hope" arrive at their haven of bliss, the clear upper waters, where they anticipate peace and quietness.

No such thing; the upper proprietors are determined to have *their* share of the fisheries, and a goodly average of the fish are destroyed. The upper proprietor says, "I will not preserve the fish that their progeny may go into the net of the lower proprietor." This gentleman plants his hands in his pockets, fixes his hat on his head, and orders more nets and more fishing-boats.

The middle proprietors care neither for their neighbour on their right hand, nor for their neighbour on their left, and "all is fish that comes to *their* net." Personal quarrels and conflicting interests all heap death and destruction on the salmon. We never see the inevitable dog crossing

* In the rivers Ribble and Hodder, I am informed, on good authority, the young salmon (smolts) were caught by the thousands on their way to the sea in "shakle nets," and are sold to be *eaten* at 8d. a pound. Ye foolish fishers, ye are eating bank-notes at 8d. a pound. In Scotland, millers, navvies, labourers of all kinds, arm themselves with a wand, and catch all they can as bait for their own hungry maws and to catch (gads) pikes.

† In the Field newspaper, May 28, 1861, is a fac-simile drawing of a piece of a stake net from the Solway Firth. It will be seen that a pound trout could hardly pass through the mesh; which, moreover, has been so thickly covered and heavily coated with pitch, that it is much reduced in size, and rendered almost as rigid as thick wire. A formidable list of the stake nets in the Solway Firth is given; some of them extend out into the Firth two-thirds of a mile, and when to some fifty of these nets are added the three hundred poke nets, it is a wonder that anything ever enters into the numerous and beautiful rivers that flow into the Solway Firth.

the race-course, hunted and hooted by everybody, without thinking of the salmon. Parliament, as will be seen hereafter, is about to intrude itself, like a policeman into a riot, and will shortly endeavour to settle all the suicidal disputes. In the mean time, a number of influential gentlemen, proprietors of fisheries, scientific men, and others, have formed themselves, under the able presidency of Lord Saltoun, into an "Association for the Preservation of the Fisheries of Great Britain and Ireland;" and diligent and sharp-eyed fish-lawyers, who collect the facts to go into the High Court of Parliament before the cause comes on, have been doing their best. They have classified the causes of the decrease of salmon given and amplified under five heads as above; they have also discovered that our neighbours, the French, are so mightily fond of British salmon that they will eat them when out of season. British poachers will therefore catch them out of season.* The association, therefore, boldly formed a deputation to Lord J. Russell, in order to request him to use his influence with the French government to stop the sale of salmon at Paris during the British fence months. Lord Saltoun stated that it was found that during the fence months (about twenty weeks) not less than fifty tons of foul fish were exported to Paris. Persons who had seen the contents of these fish-boxes had described them as a mass of putrefying garbage, with the spawn running out all over the fish, oozing through the packages, and utterly unfit for human food; and how the French cooks managed to make them eatable he could not imagine. They found, also, that on many rivers in Devonshire the fry were taken by bushels to be converted into sardines. Oh, for the pen of Ovid to describe the process!

We wish the association every support, and it is certain the fish do.

Now, let us see what the salmon would do if left alone. That the flesh of fish is admirably suited to man's constitution there can be no doubt; the various kinds of fish have been analysed, and have been found to contain iodine. Who ever saw the disease of goitre among fishermen? Salmon fresh from the sea contain a certain amount of iodine and a wonderfully nutritious oil. He is the bacon pig among fishes. Dead or alive he is "the king of the fish." There are miracles still amongst us no longer considered miracles because of daily occurrence. The Great Distributor of his bountiful gifts to man sends to the inhabitants of sandy deserts flights of locusts and of quails; he sends to us "of the isles" the produce of the vast expanse of waters, which would otherwise be a real desert. What can the reflecting man call the annual self-sown, self-presented harvest of the herring, of the cod, of the mackerel, and of the royal fish the salmon, but a standing miracle? What the herring does now, the salmon would do if left alone. There are spots on the earth, where men are found few and far between, in which salmon are as plentiful as herrings. At Petropaulovski, we read, they come up the river in such thousands that their dead bodies cause a plague. Crossing the Rocky Mountains, a traveller came to a pool literally alive with salmon, as thick in it as tadpoles in a puddle. Suppose England to be depopulated for a few years, doubtless our salmon rivers would assume the same appearance. This fish is a very self-preserving fellow, his instincts are strong, his bodily powers great to carry out his instincts; he will charge the fierce and boiling stream, he will rush at a cataract like a thorough-bred steeple-chase horse, returning to the charge over and over again, like a true British fish as he is. And what is all this for? His instinct compels him to ascend in order to place the eggs in a position favourable for their development, and where they shall, in due season, become young fish. Arrived at a suitable place, the female fish makes a nest—not an elaborate one, certainly—but the word egg implies the word nest, and Madame Salmon deposits her eggs in a nest of shingle and gravel. Birds, for the most part, consider it their duty to sit patiently upon their eggs. Not so the fish. The matronly barn-door hen superintends a nursery of from twelve to eighteen young chicks, but imagine any living female beast, bird, or fish presenting at one and the same time some twenty thousand tiny images of their dear mamma. Yet this is a fact: it has been ascertained and calculated, both at home and abroad, that "for every pound weight a fish produces one thousand eggs;" and fish of twenty pounds weight not unfrequently spawn in our rivers. The mother fish, therefore, we may imagine, foreseeing the trouble that such a numerous family would be likely to entail, just gives them one fond look, turns tail, and leaving them to their little selves, goes away down into the sea to recruit her strength. Then come the persecutors of the orphan eggs; trout,* eels, water-ouzels and other birds, and all sorts of minute water creatures, find out the nest, and show as much mercy on them as does the old carrion crow to an unprotected nest of pheasants. Some, however, escape, and then these orphan youngsters have to begin their sad experiences of life, and a general massacre of the innocents takes place by enemies both on land and in the water.

These natural hinderances to the too great increase of salmon would be all right and proper if man did not interfere, for there would be too *many* salmon, but when man claims his share of the spoil the candle is burnt at both ends, and

* A recruit from Berwick we lately medically examined for the Life Guards, confessed to us that his occupation had been of late spearing salmon in the Tweed, and selling them at a high and remunerative price for the French market.

* "We lately saw ten full-grown smelts cut out of the stomach of a yellow trout of one and a half pounds weight. Out of the stomachs of similar marauders from five hundred to six hundred ova have been taken, the result of a single meal."—The Field, May 25, 1861.

even yearly individual families of twenty and thirty thousand cannot keep up the demand. Men, therefore, wise in their generation, are now in the habit, not of bird-nesting, but fish-nesting. Whereas, however, the fishes' nest is difficult to be taken, the art of impregnating the eggs artificially—the discovery of two observant but humble fishermen in France named Gehin and Rémy—has now become a science; by a simple and easy process the eggs are taken from the mother, fecundated artificially with nature as a guide, and placed in artificial nests, which consist of boxes half filled with gravel, and with a stream of water, managed by hatch-ways, running perpetually over them. In time the eggs develop themselves, and out comes the little Master and Miss Fish. There is no kind nurse to give them their proper soft food, but Nature, the kindest of nurses, has packed their food up all ready for them in a pretty little bag which she has fastened on to the lower part of their bodies. This forage-bag also acts another part: the baby-fish is born in a rapid stream, and is liable to be swept away into a hundred feet of water at the instant of birth; his pap-bag, however, serves as an anchor, and keeps his transparent body down snugly under some stone; at last the bag is absorbed, and away goes the young fish, if hatched artificially, into a nice pond, where he is as comfortable as our own little ones are in a large nursery; if hatched in the river, he soon finds out some quiet place where he can grow at his leisure and become an ornament to his family. Should the reader ever visit Perth, he should obtain permission to visit the salmon-breeding pools at Stormontfields, where he will see the whole apparatus. I have the pleasure of the friendship of Mr. Beust, of Perth, who is one of the active managers of the Stormontfields ponds, and in the Field, for May 25, 1861, we learn that on May 18th the ponds were visited by a party of gentlemen; for eight days previous the helper had observed strong indications of a desire for freedom (i.e. to go to the sea), on a part of his finny wards. The sluices were removed, and a considerable number at once sought the river. The ova of which the present fry is the produce was placed in the boxes at various times, from 15th November to 13th December, 1859. The whole fry, amounting, it is estimated, to somewhat approaching to two hundred thousand fish, is the produce of nineteen male and thirty-one female salmon. This is now the fifth crop from the ponds, and the experiment, small as is the scale upon which it has been conducted, has succeeded well. It has proved that the eggs of salmon may be as carefully hatched as those of fowls, and with comparatively as small a loss, while those spawned in the open river are destroyed in millions by countless natural enemies, as well as droughts, spates, and fluctuations of the water.

The French government have seen the vast importance of pisciculture, so they have established at Huninguen, near Basle, a regular fish manufactory, where they hatch salmon-trout, fera, ombre-chevalier, and Danube salmon. A single apparatus, of about nine feet in length and three feet in width, is estimated to hatch the ova of twenty thousand salmon, or twenty-five thousand trout, or thirty thousand ombre-chevalier. It is as difficult to transport baby-fish as it is to carry about human babies, but fishes' eggs are as easily sent about as fowls' eggs. Millions of eggs of the five kinds of fish above mentioned are collected, incubated, and sent to stock various remote rivers all over France.

What has been done in France may surely be done in England. Many private gentlemen have now seen the importance of pisciculture, and have, at the cost of a few pounds, turned a useless stream of clear running water into a vivifier of thousands of fish. What we require is a regular establishment, where the art should be carried out and brought to perfection here in our own favoured land.

The subject of our fisheries is now beginning to assume considerable importance in the national mind. Parliament has found out that it is necessary to interfere to prevent the wholesale slaughter of the salmon which is going on. They wisely foresee the consequences of the suicidal fishing that everywhere is prevailing. They have determined to deal with the evil with a strong hand, and to make a magna charta for the inhabitants of our streams. This act is now before us, and the laws and regulations are as strict as those of Newgate prison. As it has not yet passed, we will defer noticing it till the fight which must ensue about it is over, and then tell our readers what is to be done. It will be an important fight—a regular ichthyomachia—a battle between man and fish.

The clouds have gods, and gods have eyes,
Ye fish, ye fish, your great avengers rise.

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BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER LVII.

Now that I was left wholly to myself, I gave notice of my intention to quit the chambers in the Temple as soon as my tenancy could legally determine, and in the mean while to underlet them. At once I put bills up in the windows; for, I was in debt, and had scarcely any money, and began to be seriously alarmed by the state of my affairs. I ought rather to write that I should have been alarmed if I had had energy and concentration enough to help me to the clear perception of any truth beyond the fact that I was falling very ill. The late stress upon me had enabled me to put off illness, but not to put it away; I knew that it was coming on me now, and I knew very little else, and was even careless as to that.

For a day or two, I lay on the sofa, or on the floor—anywhere, according as I happened to sink down—with a heavy head and aching limbs, and no purpose, and no power. Then there came, one night which appeared of great duration, and which teemed with anxiety and horror; and when, in the morning, I tried to sit up in my bed and think of it, I found I could not do so.

Whether I really had been down in Garden-court in the dead of the night, groping about for the boat that I supposed to be there; whether I had two or three times come to myself on the staircase with great terror, not knowing how I had got out of bed; whether I had found myself lighting the lamp, possessed by the idea that he was coming up the stairs, and that the lights were blown out; whether I had been inexpressibly harassed by the distracted talking, laughing, and groaning, of some one, and had half suspected those sounds to be of my own making; whether there had been a closed iron furnace in a dark corner of the room, and a voice had called out over and over again that Miss Havisham was consuming within it; these were things that I tried to settle with myself and get into some order, as I lay that morning on my bed. But, the vapour of a lime-kiln would come between me and them, disordering them all, and it was through the vapour at last that I saw two men looking at me.

"What do you want?" I asked, starting; "I don't know you."

"Well, sir," returned one of them, bending down and touching me on the shoulder, "this is a matter that you'll soon arrange, I dare say, but you're arrested."

"What is the debt?"

"Hundred and twenty-three pound, fifteen, six. Jeweller's account, I think."

"What is to be done?"

"You had better come to my house," said the man. "I keep a very nice house."

I made some attempt to get up and dress myself. When I next attended to them, they were standing a little off from the bed, looking at me. I still lay there.

"You see my state," said I. "I would come with you if I could; but indeed I am quite unable. If you take me from here, I think I shall die by the way."

Perhaps they replied, or argued the point, or tried to encourage me to believe that I was better than I thought. Forasmuch as they hang in my memory by only this one slender thread, I don't know what they did, except that they forbore to remove me.

That I had a fever and was avoided, that I suffered greatly, that I often lost my reason, that the time seemed interminable, that I confounded impossible existences with my own identity; that I was a brick in the house-wall, and yet entreating to be released from the giddy place where the builders had set me; that I was a steel beam of a vast engine, clashing and whirling over a gulf, and yet that I implored in my own person to have the engine stopped, and my part in it hammered off; that I passed through these phases of disease, I know of my own remembrance, and did in some sort know at the time. That I sometimes struggled with real people, in the belief that they were murderers, and that I would all at once comprehend that they meant to do me good, and would then sink exhausted in their arms, and suffer them to lay me down, I also knew at the time. But, above all, I knew that there was a constant tendency in all these people—who, when I was very ill, would present all kinds of extraordinary transformations of the human face, and would be much dilated in size—above all, I say, I knew that there was an extraordinary tendency in all these people, sooner or later to settle down into the likeness of Joe.

After I had turned the worst point of my illness, I began to notice that while all its other features changed, this one consistent feature did not change. Whosoever came about me, still settled down into Joe. I opened my eyes in the night, and I saw in the great chair at the bedside, Joe. I opened my eyes in the day, and, sitting on the window-seat, smoking his pipe in the shaded open window, still I saw Joe. I asked for cooling drink, and the dear hand that gave it me was Joe's. I sank back on my pillow after drinking, and the face that looked so hopefully and tenderly upon me was the face of Joe.

At last, one day, I took courage, and said, "*Is* it Joe?"

And the dear old home-voice answered, "Which it air, old chap."

"O Joe, you break my heart! Look angry at me, Joe. Strike me, Joe. Tell me of my ingratitude. Don't be so good to me!"

For, Joe had actually laid his head down on the pillow at my side and put his arm round my neck, in his joy that I knew him.

"Which dear old Pip, old chap," said Joe, "you and me was ever friends. And when you're well enough to go out for a ride—what larks!"

After which, Joe withdrew to the window, and stood with his back towards me, wiping his eyes. And as my extreme weakness prevented me from getting up and going to him, I lay there, penitently whispering, "O God bless him! O God bless this gentle Christian man!".

Joe's eyes were red when I next found him beside me; but, I was holding his hand, and we both felt happy.

"How long, dear Joe?"

"Which you meantersay, Pip, how long have your illness lasted, dear old chap?"

"Yes, Joe."

"It's the end of May, Pip. To-morrow is the first of June."

"And have you been here all the time, dear Joe?"

"Pretty nigh, old chap. For, as I says to Biddy when the news of your being ill were brought by letter, which it were brought by the post and being formerly single he is now married though underpaid for a deal of walking and shoe-leather, but wealth were not a object on his part, and marriage were the great wish of his hart——"

"It is so delightful to hear you, Joe! But I interrupt you in what you said to Biddy."

"Which it were," said Joe, "that how you might be amongst strangers, and that how you and me having been ever friends, a wisit at such a moment might not prove unacceptabobble. And Biddy, her word were, 'Go to him, without loss of time.' That," said Joe, summing up with his judicial air, "were the word of Biddy. 'Go to him,' Biddy say, 'without loss of time.' In short, I shouldn't greatly deceive you," Joe added, after a little grave reflection, "if I represented to you that the word of that young woman were, 'without a minute's loss of time.'"

There Joe cut himself short, and informed me that I was to be talked to in great moderation, and that I was to take a little nourishment at stated frequent times, whether I felt inclined for it or not, and that I was to submit myself to all his orders. So, I kissed his hand, and lay quiet, while he proceeded to indite a note to Biddy, with my love in it.

Evidently, Biddy had taught Joe to write. As I lay in bed looking at him, it made me, in my weak state, cry again with pleasure to see the pride with which he set about his letter. My bedstead, divested of its curtains, had been removed, with me upon it, into the sitting-room, as the airiest and largest, and the carpet had been taken away, and the room kept always fresh and wholesome night and day. At my own writing-table, pushed into a corner and cumbered with little bottles, Joe now sat down to his great work: first choosing a pen from the pen-tray as if it were a chest of large tools, and tucking up his sleeves as if he were going to wield a crowbar or sledge-hammer. It was necessary for Joe to hold on heavily to the table with his left elbow, and to get his right leg well out behind him, before he could begin, and when he did begin, he made every down-stroke so slowly that it might have been six feet long, while at every up-stroke I could hear his pen spluttering extensively. He had a curious idea that the inkstand was on the side of him where it was not, and constantly dipped his pen into space, and seemed quite satisfied with the result. Occasionally, he was tripped up by some orthographical stumbling-block, but on the whole he got on very well indeed, and when he had signed his name, and had removed a finishing blot from the paper to the crown of his head with his two forefingers, he got up and hovered about the table, trying the effect of his performance from various points of view as it lay there, with unbounded satisfaction.

Not to make Joe uneasy by talking too much, even if I had been able to talk much, I deferred asking him about Miss Havisham until next day. He shook his head when I then asked him if she had recovered.

"Is she dead, Joe?"

"Why you see, old chap," said Joe, in a tone of remonstrance, and by way of getting at it by degrees, "I wouldn't go so far as to say that, for that's a deal to say; but she ain't——"

"Living, Joe?"

"That's nigher where it is," said Joe; "she ain't living."

"Did she linger long, Joe?"

"Arter you was took ill, pretty much about what you might call (if you was put to it) a week," said Joe; still determined, on my account, to come at everything by degrees.

"Dear Joe, have you heard what becomes of her property?"

"Well, old chap," said Joe, "it do appear that she had settled the most of it, which I meantersay tied it up, on Miss Estella. But she had wrote out a little coddleshell in her own hand a day or two afore the accident, leaving a

cool four thousand to Mr. Matthew Pocket. And why, do you suppose, above all things, Pip, she left that cool four thousand unto him? 'Because of Pip's account of him the said Matthew.' I am told by Biddy, that air the writing," said Joe, repeating the legal turn as if it did him infinite good, "'account of him the said Matthew.' And a cool four thousand, Pip!"

I never discovered from whom Joe derived the conventional temperature of the four thousand pounds, but it appeared to make the sum of money more to him, and he had a manifest relish in insisting on its being cool.

This account gave me great joy, as it perfected the only good thing I had done. I asked Joe whether he had heard if any of the other relations had any legacies?

"Miss Sarah," said Joe, "she have twenty-five pound perannium fur to buy pills, on account of being bilious. Miss Georgiana, she have twenty pound down. Mrs——what's the name of them wild beasts with humps, old chap?"

"Camels?" said I, wondering why he could possibly want to know.

Joe nodded. "Mrs. Camels," by which I presently understood he meant Camilla, "she have five pound fur to buy rushlights to put her in spirits when she wake up in the night."

The accuracy of these recitals was sufficiently obvious to me, to give me great confidence in Joe's information. "And now," said Joe, "you ain't that strong yet, old chap, that you can take in more nor one additional shovelfull to-day. Old Orlick he's been a bustin' open a dwelling-ouse."

"Whose?" said I.

"Not, I grant you, but what his manners is given to blusterous," said Joe, apologetically; "still, a Englishman's ouse is his Castle, and castles must not be busted 'cept when done in war time. And wotsume'er the failings on his part, he were a corn and seedsman in his hart."

"Is it Pumblechook's house that has been broken into, then?"

"That's it, Pip," said Joe; "and they took his till, and they took his cash-box, and they drinked his wine, and they partook of his wittles, and they slapped his face, and they pulled his nose, and they tied him up to his bedpust, and they giv' him a dozen, and they stuffed his mouth full of flowering annuals to prewent his crying out. But he knowed Orlick, and Orlick's in the county jail."

By these approaches, we arrived at unrestricted conversation. I was slow to gain strength, but I did slowly and surely become less weak, and Joe stayed with me, and I fancied I was little Pip again.

For, the tenderness of Joe was so beautifully proportioned to my need, that I was like a child in his hands. He would sit and talk to me in the old confidence, and with the old simplicity, and in the old unassertive protecting way, so that I would half believe that all my life since the days of the old kitchen was one of the mental troubles of the fever that was gone. He did everything for me except the household work, for which he had engaged a very decent woman, after paying off the laundress on his first arrival. "Which I do assure you, Pip," he would often say, in explanation of that liberty; "I found her a tapping the spare bed, like a cask of beer, and drawing off the feathers in a bucket, for sale. Which she would have tapped yourn next and draw'd it off with you a laying on it, and was then a carrying away the coals gradiwally in the soup-tureen and wegetable-dishes, and the wine and spirits in your Wellington boots."

We looked forward to the day when I should go out for a ride, as we had once looked forward to the day of my apprenticeship. And when the day came, and an open carriage was got into the Lane, Joe wrapped me up, took me in his arms, carried me down to it, and put me in, as if I were still the small helpless creature to whom he had so abundantly given of the wealth of his great nature.

And Joe got in beside me, and we drove away together into the country, where the rich summer growth was already on the trees and on the grass, and sweet summer scents filled all the air. The day happened to be Sunday, and, when I looked on the loveliness around me, and thought how it had grown and changed, and how the little wild flowers had been forming, and the voices of the birds had been strengthening, by day and by night, under the sun and under the stars, while poor I lay burning and tossing on my bed, the mere remembrance of having burned and tossed there, came like a check upon my peace. But, when I heard the Sunday bells, and looked around a little more upon the outspread beauty, I felt that I was not nearly thankful enough—that I was too weak yet, to be even that—and I laid my head on Joe's shoulder, as I had laid it long ago when he had taken me to the Fair or where not, and it was too much for my young senses.

More composure came to me after a while, and we talked as we used to talk, lying on the grass at the old Battery. There was no change whatever in Joe. Exactly what he had been in my eyes then, he was in my eyes still; just as simply faithful, and as simply right.

When we got back again and he lifted me out, and carried me—so easily—across the court and up the stairs, I thought of that eventful Christmas Day when he had carried me over the marshes. We had not yet made any allusion to my change of fortune, nor did I know how much of my late history he was acquainted with. I was so doubtful of myself now, and put so much trust in him, that I could not satisfy myself whether I ought to refer to it when he did not.

"Have you heard, Joe," I asked him that evening, upon further consideration, as he smoked his pipe at the window, "who my patron was?"

"I heerd," returned Joe, "as it were not Miss Havisham, old chap."

"Did you hear who it was, Joe?"

"Well! I heerd as it were a person what sent the person what giv' you the bank-notes at the Jolly Bargemen, Pip."

"So it was."

"Astonishting!" said Joe, in the placidest way.

"Did you hear that he was dead, Joe?" I presently asked, with increasing diffidence.

"Which? Him as sent the bank-notes, Pip?"

"Yes."

"I think," said Joe, after meditating a long time, and looking rather evasively at the window-seat, "as I *did* hear tell that how he were something or another in a general way in that direction."

"Did you hear anything of his circumstances, Joe?"

"Not partickler, Pip."

"If you would like to hear, Joe——" I was beginning, when Joe got up and came to my sofa.

"Lookee here, old chap," said Joe, bending over me. "Ever the best of friends; ain't us, Pip?"

I was ashamed to answer him.

"Wery good, then," said Joe, as if I *had* answered; "that's all right; that's agreed upon. Then why go into subjects, old chap, which as betwixt two sech must be for ever onnecessary? There's subjects enough as betwixt two sech, without onnecessary ones. Lord! To think of your poor sister and her Rampages! And don't you remember Tickler?"

"I do indeed, Joe."

"Lookee here, old chap," said Joe. "I done what I could to keep you and Tickler in sunders, but my power were not always fully equal to my inclinations. For when your poor sister had a mind to drop into you, it were not so much," said Joe, in his favourite argumentative way, "that she dropped into me too, if I put myself in opposition to her, but that she dropped into you always heavier for it. I noticed that. It ain't a grab at a man's whisker, nor yet a shake or two of a man (to which your sister was quite welcome), that 'ud put a man off from getting a little child out of punishment. But when that little child is dropped into, heavier, for that grab of whisker or shaking, then that man naterally up and says to himself, 'Where is the good as you are a doing? I grant you I see the 'arm,' says the man, 'but I don't see the good. I call upon you, sir, theerfore, to pint out the good.'"

"The man says?" I observed, as Joe waited for me to speak.

"The man says," Joe assented. "Is he right, that man?"

"Dear Joe, he is always right."

"Well, old chap," said Joe, "then abide by your words. If he's always right (which in general he's more likely wrong), he's right when he says this:—Supposing ever you kep any little matter to yourself when you was a little child, you kep it mostly because you know'd as J. Gargery's power to part you and Tickler in sunders, were not fully equal to his inclinations. Theerfore, think no more of it as betwixt two sech, and do not let us pass remarks upon onnecessary subjects. Biddy giv' herself a deal o' trouble with me afore I left (for I am most awful dull), as I should view it in this light, and, viewing it in this light, as I shouldser put it. Both of which," said Joe, quite charmed with his logical arrangement, "being done, now this to you a true friend, say. Namely. You mustn't go a over-doing on it, but you must have your supper and your wine-and-water, and you must be put betwixt the sheets."

The delicacy with which Joe dismissed this theme, and the sweet tact and kindness with which Biddy—who with her woman's wit had found me out so soon—had prepared him for it, made a deep impression on my mind. But whether Joe knew how poor I was, and how my great expectations had all dissolved, like our own marsh mists before the sun, I could not understand.

Another thing in Joe that I could not understand when it first began to develop itself, but which I soon arrived at a sorrowful comprehension of, was this: As I became stronger and better, Joe became a little less easy with me. In my weakness and entire dependence on him, the dear fellow had fallen into the old tone, and called me by the old names, the dear "old Pip, old chap," that now were music in my ears. I too had fallen into the old ways, only happy and thankful that he let me. But, imperceptibly, though I held by them fast, Joe's hold upon them began to slacken; and whereas I wondered at this, at first, I soon began to understand that the cause of it was in me, and that the fault of it was all mine.

Ah! Had I given Joe no reason to doubt my constancy, and to think that in prosperity I should grow cold to him and cast him off? Had I given Joe's innocent heart no cause to feel instinctively that as I got stronger, his hold upon me would be weaker, and that he had better loosen it in time and let me go, before I plucked myself away?

It was on the third or fourth occasion of my going out walking in the Temple Gardens leaning on Joe's arm, that I saw this change in him very plainly. We had been sitting in the bright warm sunlight, looking at the river, and I chanced to say as we got up:

"See, Joe! I can walk quite strongly. Now, you shall see me walk back by myself."

"Which do not over-do it, Pip," said Joe; "but I shall be happy for to see you able, sir."

The last word grated on me; yet how could I remonstrate! I walked no further than the gate of the gardens, and then pretended to be weaker than I was, and asked Joe for his arm. Joe gave it me, but was thoughtful.

I, for my part, was thoughtful too; for, how best to check this growing change in Joe, was a great perplexity to my remorseful thoughts. That I was ashamed to tell him exactly how I was placed, and what I had come down to, I do not seek to conceal; but, I hope my reluctance

was not quite an unworthy one. He would want to help me out of his little savings, I knew, and I knew that he ought not to help me, and that I must not suffer him to do it.

It was a thoughtful evening with both of us. But, before we went to bed, I had resolved that I would wait over to-morrow, to-morrow being Sunday, and would begin my new course with the new week. On Monday morning I would speak to Joe about this change, I would lay aside this last vestige of reserve, I would tell him what I had in my thoughts (that Secondly, not yet arrived at), and why I had not decided to go out to Herbert, and then the change would be conquered for ever. As I cleared, Joe cleared, and it seemed as though he had sympathetically arrived at a resolution too.

We had a quiet day on the Sunday, and we rode out into the country, and then walked in the fields.

"I feel thankful that I have been ill, Joe," I said.

"Dear old Pip, old chap, you're a'most come round, sir."

"It has been a memorable time for me, Joe."

"Likeways for myself, sir," Joe returned.

"We have had a time together, Joe, that I can never forget. There were days once, I know, that I did for a while forget; but I never shall forget these."

"Pip," said Joe," appearing a little hurried and troubled, "there has been larks. And, dear sir, what have been betwixt us—have been."

At night, when I had gone to bed, Joe came into my room, as he had done all through my recovery. He asked me if I felt sure that I was as well as in the morning?

"Yes, dear Joe, quite."

"And are always a getting stronger, old chap?"

"Yes, dear Joe, steadily."

Joe patted the coverlet on my shoulder with his great good hand, and said, in what I thought a husky voice, "Good night!"

When I got up in the morning, refreshed and stronger yet, I was full of my resolution to tell Joe all, without delay. I would tell him before breakfast. I would dress at once and go to his room and surprise him; for, it was the first day I had been up early. I went to his room, and he was not there. Not only was he not there, but his box was gone.

I hurried then to the breakfast-table, and on it found a letter. These were its brief contents.

"Not wishful to intrude I have departured fur you are well again dear Pip and will do better without "Jo.

"P.S. Ever the best of friends."

Enclosed in the letter, was a receipt for the debt and costs on which I had been arrested. Down to that moment I had vainly supposed that my creditor had withdrawn or suspended proceedings until I should be quite recovered. I had never dreamed of Joe's having paid the money; but, Joe had paid it, and the receipt was in his name.

What remained for me now, but to follow him to the dear old forge, and there to have out my disclosure to him, and my penitent remonstrance with him, and there to relieve my mind and heart of that reserved Secondly, which had began as a vague something lingering in my thoughts, and had formed into a settled purpose?

The purpose was, that I would go to Biddy, that I would show her how humbled and repentant I came back, that I would tell her how I had lost all I once hoped for, that I would remind her of our old confidences in my first unhappy time. Then, I would say to her, "Biddy, I think you once liked me very well, when my errant heart, even while it strayed away from you, was quieter and better with you than it ever has been since. If you can like me only half as well once more, if you can take me with all my faults and disappointments on my head, if you can receive me like a forgiven child (and indeed I am as sorry, Biddy, and have as much need of a hushing voice and a soothing hand), I hope I am a little worthier of you than I was—not much, but a little. And, Biddy, it shall rest with you to say whether I shall work at the forge with Joe, or whether I shall try for any different occupation down in this country, or whether we shall go away to a distant place where an opportunity awaits me, which I set aside when it was offered, until I knew your answer. And now, dear Biddy, if you can tell me that you will go through the world with me, you will surely make it a better world for me, and me a better man for it, and I will try hard to make it a better world for you."

Such was my purpose. After three days more of recovery, I went down to the old place, to put it in execution; and how I sped in it, is all I have left to tell.

UNDERGROUND LONDON.

CHAPTER II.

If the ghost of Dr. Johnson had not been so extremely hard worked of late years, it would be a pleasure to call it up (of course in connexion with the ghost of Mr. Boswell), in order to get a satisfactory definition of a main sewer; but inasmuch as we cannot avail ourselves of the doctor's defining wisdom, we must scramble through the entrance to our subject as we best can, and state, with no dogmatic precision, that main sewers are only properly so called when they follow the run of water-courses. This is a definition that most sewer engineers would not, perhaps, hesitate to support, and it shows us the natural, melancholy connexion between "limpid streams" or "purling brooks" and black slimy muddy underground rivers, that no one ever thought of writing a sonnet to, since poetry was born.

A volume of antiquarian sentiment might be written on the old London water-courses, or bournes. There is the ancient stream called Walbrook, which runs into the City, from what were once fields between Islington and Hoxton. In old times it turned a

number of corn-mills, and even as late as 1810 gave motion to a lead-mill near the turnpike in the City-road. In its younger days, like all similar streams, it was spanned by many bridges throughout its course; and its lower end was wide enough to allow barges to be rowed up it as far as Bucklersbury to a spot now called Barge-yard. This river discharged into the Thames east of Dowgate Dock. Its line within the old City wall and ditch, was by Walbrook, Princes-street, crossing beneath the Bank and along Bell-alley to London-wall, and thence out of the City, across Old-street, to its source. It had several branches. Its bed was thirty-two feet beneath the present level of Princes-street, as was discovered when the London-bridge sewer—its great substitute—was built, and its waters have trickled under the foundations of the Bank. Even now, in its present dark obscurity, it has reason to be proud. It may consider itself the father of one of the lustiest young sewers in the metropolis; for the London-bridge sewer and its neighbour, the Fleet, are the largest channels of underground London.

The Fleet itself—the "Turnmill Brook"—the "River of Wells"—bubbles up in a hundred volumes. It trickles through poems; forms little pools in plays; and sparkles, here and there, in less imaginative pages. Some historians of the Fleet Brook have regarded it with more veneration or enthusiasm than others, and have mused over its probable condition in the remotest times. They have pictured the period when Roman villas studded its banks; when Snow-hill was famous for its snowdrops; when Saffron-hill was a wooded slope, like the Thames' banks at Richmond; and when the stream wandered down from its source in the Hampstead Hills, carrying swarms of silver trout into the Thames. They have dreamed over the time when large vessels may have floated up as high as King's-cross, where this black river is now carried over the underground Metropolitan Railway in an iron pipe or tunnel.* Some excuse for this dream about an extinct inland river may be found in the tradition that an anchor was found some years ago as high up as the site of the Elephant and Castle, at Pancras-wash, where the road branches off to Kentish Town.

The Fleet Brook has always been celebrated for its periodical floods in winter. It is the most unruly sewer in the whole vast property handed over in trust to the Metropolitan Board of Works. Last winter it was impassable for many weeks; and thirty or forty years ago, after continued rains, or a sudden thaw with much snow upon the ground, it often overflowed its bounds, broke up its arches, and flooded the surrounding neighbourhood. A flood of this kind is recorded, which took place about 1820, when several oxen were drowned, and many butts of beer and other heavy articles were carried down the stream, from houses on the banks into which the water had broken. The greatest flood happened in January, 1809. The snow was lying very deep, a rapid thaw came on, and the arches, not affording a sufficient passage for the increased current or storm waters, the whole space between Pancras, Somers Town, and the bottom of the hill at Pentonville, was covered with water. The flood rose to the height of three feet in the middle of the highway; the lower rooms of all the houses within that space were completely inundated; and the inhabitants had much of their goods and furniture damaged which they had not time to remove. Two cart-horses were drowned, and persons were obliged to be conveyed to and from their houses, and to receive their provisions in at the windows, by means of carts. Much of the water of the Fleet Brook—originally drawn from springs on the south side of the hill between Hampstead and Highgate, by Ken Wood, where it forms several large ponds—has been carried off in pipes by the Hampstead Water Company, now merged in the New River Company.

That branch of the Fleet Brook down in the London valley, known by the unsavoury title of the Fleet Ditch, is even more closely embanked with anecdote, history, and poetical satire. It was once supplied with the waters of certain local wells on each side of its course, such as Clerken-well, St. Chad's-well, Am-well, Sadler's-wells, St. Pancras-wells, Bagnigge-wells, and others. It was also fed by a small brook, called Old-bourne, the original of Holborn. "After the great fire," says Mr. Cunningham, "it was converted into a dock or creek, about forty feet in breadth, at a cost of about eight-and-twenty thousand pounds sterling, called the 'New Canal.' It was an unprofitable speculation. The toll was heavy, the traffic inconsiderable, and in spite of its new name and the money that had been spent upon it, the Ditch was doomed to continue a common sewer."

As early as Ben Jonson's days the Fleet Ditch was considered a fair object for humorous satire and description. In the Famous Voyage—an account of an adventurous journey up the stream—the following passage occurs:

> All was to them the same; they were to pass,
> And so they did, from Styx to Acheron
> The ever-boiling flood; whose banks upon,
> Your Fleet-lane Furies and hot cooks do dwell,
> That with still scalding steams make the place Hell;
> The sinks run grease, and hair of meazled hogs. . . .
> Cats there lay divers.

The Ditch was a nuisance in Cromwell's time, "by reason of the many encroachments thereupon made, by keeping of hogs and swine therein and elsewhere near it." As the New Canal, with its sides built of stone and brick, its wharves and landing-places, it still maintained its repulsive character. Some animals seem to have fattened in its thick stream, to judge by the following passage in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1786:

"A fatter boar was hardly ever seen than one taken up this day (August 24, 1736), coming out of Fleet Ditch into the Thames. It proved

* See All the Year Round, January 26th, 1861.

to be a butcher's near Smithfield-bars, who had missed him five months, all which time he had been in the common sewer, and was improved in price from ten shillings to two guineas." A prodigal son, missing for this period, would not have increased in value.

Gay, in his Trivia, has had a fling at the old Fleet Ditch:

If where Fleet Ditch with muddy current flows,
You chance to roam; where oyster-tubs in rows
Are ranged beside the posts; there stay thy haste,
And with the savoury dish indulge thy taste:
The damsel's knife the gaping shell commands,
While the salt liquor streams between her hands.

Of course, the oyster-shells were thrown into the "slow-creeping" stream, either by the stall-keeper or her customers.

Pope has added his mite to Fleet Ditch satire and history, in the Dunciad:

This labour past, by Bridewell all descend
(As morning prayer and flagellation end)
To where Fleet Ditch with disemboguing streams
Rolls its large tribute of dead dogs to Thames.

Swift, with his usual bold felicity in dealing with such subjects, has outdone all his brother poets in his City Shower:

Now from all parts the swelling kennels flow,
And bear their trophies with them as they go;
Filth of all hues and odours seem to tell
What street they sailed from by their sight and smell.
They, as each torrent drives its rapid force,
From Smithfield to St. Pulchre's shape their course,
And in huge confluence joined at Snowhill ridge,
Fall from the Conduit prone to Holborn Bridge;
Sweepings from butcher's stalls. . . .
Drowned puppies, stinking sprats, all drenched in mud,
Dead cats and turnip-tops, come tumbling down the flood.

The two old bridges which formerly spanned the Ditch at Holborn and Fleet-street, at the junction with Ludgate, are built into and form part of the present great sewer. Its length, within the City, is now about three-quarters of a mile, but it extends for miles beyond the City boundary, and drains an area of four thousand two hundred and twenty acres. Some few houses, at different parts of its course, still hang over the black uncovered stream, like those traditional bygone dens of Field-lane, which have been the source of a thousand stories in the romance of crime. Jonathan Wild, Jack Sheppard, and other similar criminals, are said to have haunted this spot; and, along with accounts of fat boars, city refuse, and coarse heroic couplets, we have many traditions of robbery and murder. Some of the houses overhanging the Fleet Ditch in the last century had trap-doors opening over the stream, through which many victims are said to have been thrust, as well as many heaps of muck and ashes. The Fleet certainly rushed down to the river, in times of flood; and bodies picked up floating backwards and forwards with the tide, would, no doubt, have been taken ashore to be owned — if not owned, would have been buried by the parish with a Bow-street record of "found drowned." So far, the machinery seems to have been well adapted for the commission of such crimes, and we may therefore allow that a certain small per-centage of existing stories are founded upon fact.

It is a relief to turn from these black records of one of the oldest and largest of the northern main sewers, to stories such as are told of the less famous Effra. This great southern sewer was once a small river, which, rising in the Norwood hills, flowed down in a winding course to Kennington, and then wound through South Lambeth to the Thames, near where Vauxhall-bridge now stands. "Forty years ago," says a contemporary writer, "nightingales in great numbers made their home in the sequestered portions of the Effra's banks, and flocks of larks might have been seen sweeping over Rush Common. The river was then wider than at present, with a current racing along faster than a man could walk. Although its channel was very deep, a day or two of heavy rain invariably caused an overflow, which laid South Lambeth, Kennington, and the lower portions of Brixton, under water."

The abbots of Merton had lands given them for the especial purpose of repairing the bridge over the Effra, at the point where Kennington church now stands; and Brixton was a happy hunting-ground, well stocked with game, where Queen Elizabeth used to disport herself, during her visits to Lord Norris. A local tradition exists that the strong-minded queen once came up the river Effra in her barge to visit Sir Walter Raleigh, at old Raleigh House, which still stands on the hill. Looking at the partly open, partly closed, black stream, now known as The Wash, or Effra main sewer, and thinking of the frilled fulness which characterised the Elizabethan style of dress, it is difficult to believe that the former could have ever been broad enough to admit the latter. There, however, is the tradition, firmly rooted, like many other traditions, in the popular faith.

Most of the old water-courses can adduce like stories of what they were in their younger days, when they were honoured as rivers, and not degraded into sewers. It must not, however, be inferred from this that our sewerage system, our drainage plans, and our sanitary theories, are things of yesterday, based solely upon the well advertised civilisation of the last twenty years. As early as the year 1290, the monks of Whitefriars complained to parliament about the nuisance of the Fleet Brook. Their case was, that putrid exhalations of the thick stream overcame the frankincense burnt at the altar during the hours of divine service. At a parliament held in 1307, Henry Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, also complained, "that whereas in times past the river Fleet had been of such depth and breadth, that ten or twelve ships with merchandise were wont to come to Fleet-bridge, and some of them to Old Borne-bridge, now, the same course, by the filth of the tanners, and such others, and by the raising of

wharfs, is stopped up." The stream was frequently cleansed; and in the year 1502, the whole course of the Fleet Dyke, as it was then called, was scoured down to the Thames.

The municipal organisation for sanitary purposes which we now have in the Metropolitan Board of Works, and the sewer committees of the different London vestries, is the steady growth of five centuries. Every step in its progress may be clearly traced; from the signature of the great charter by King John, to the recent act of 1855 for the better local management of the metropolis.

The aim of the earliest legislation was to preserve the uninterrupted flow of the natural watercourses, to remove existing obstructions, and to prevent their future growth; these objects are specifically provided for in the great charter—the first bill of sewers. This law was generally put in force by a petition to the crown, setting forth the grievance complained of. If the petition were entertained, some well-informed persons were entrusted with a commission to inspect the complaint and enforce the law against the offenders. The first commission of this kind, granted within the present metropolitan area, is one for Surrey and Kent, in the year 1295, some eighty years after the signature of the great charter.

These commissions, having no better rule than the local customs of each separate area of jurisdiction, soon felt the want of a more defined principle of action. Accordingly, Henry the Third, on occasion of a complaint from the occupiers of Romney Marsh, sent down an eminent judge, Henry de Bathe, who, after due examination of the most intelligent and able witnesses, drew up from their evidence a code, known as the Laws and Customs of Romney Marsh, in the County of Kent. They were revised and increased by successive judges, extended to all other marshes, especially those on the Thames, by Edward the First, and are cited as the rule of law in most subsequent commissions. These ordinances provide for a general survey and admeasurement of the whole marsh, and the banks* to be repaired; for the election of twenty-four jurats by the commonalty, who should apportion the duties and costs to each tenant, as well as of a bailiff who should give him notice of his liabilities, execute the work in his default, and levy double the cost thereof upon his property.

The advantages of a steady administration over the fitful action of bodies assembled for a temporary purpose, could not fail to be soon perceived; accordingly, parliament, in the 6th of Henry the Sixth, A.D. 1427, ordained that the chancellor shall issue commissions of sewers. This law, though rather briefer, does not differ in any essential material from similar laws passed down to the present day, and especially directs the members to make necessary ordinances according to the Laws and Customs of Romney Marsh, thus giving the crown-appointed commissions a parliamentary sanction. Two years later, another act of parliament enabled the commissioners not only to make ordinances, but to execute them. In 1472, the nuisance of weirs and impediments continuing, a short act recapitulated and confirmed former acts for their removal, and enforced penalties on offenders.

The next step in sewer legislation was taken during the reign of Henry the Eighth, in the year 1531, in an act commonly known as the Bill of Sewers. This act has served as the basis of later legislation, and was the only *general* statute till the passing of the Metropolitan Sewers Act of September 4, 1848, but several other sewer acts were passed in the interim down to the reign of Queen Anne.

From Anne's time no general law increasing the powers of the commissioners appears to have been passed, although several local acts were obtained to amend and enlarge those conferred by the statute of Henry the Eighth. In Westminster and the Tower Hamlets the commissioners were not considered to have power to build new sewers; while in the City of London, Holborn and Finsbury, Surrey and Kent, they were considered to have full power for that purpose. All the acts were very defective for minor drainage. The earlier statutes did not in any way contemplate house drainage; and most of the local acts prohibited its discharge into the sewers, and enforced the construction of cesspools. In 1810 there must have been two hundred thousand cesspools in London; but in that year their increase was checked, in consequence of many mechanical improvements in connexion with an enlarged water supply. It was not, however, until 1830 that their abolition was very marked. As some mitigation of the evil arising from those acts, overflow-drains from the cesspools were permitted, but in the greater number of cases, and in all the poorer parts of the metropolis, cesspools without overflows were the rule, and covered drains the exception.

The attention of Drs. Arnott, Kay, and Southwood Smith was forcibly drawn to the evils resulting from this state of things, when they were the medical officers employed by the Poor-law Commissioners in 1838. The House of Lords took the first step in the matter in 1839, by petitioning the crown for an inquiry and report to be made upon the physical causes of sickness and mortality, to which the poor are peculiarly exposed. The Poor-law Commissioners made a report; a commission to inquire into the state of large towns and populous districts was issued in 1843, and the Public Health Act was the result. The case of the metropolis had so many features peculiarly its own, that it was considered

* Although no records of the construction of the Thames embankments are accessible, those works are unquestionably of very ancient date; and, viewed as productions of engineering energy, are of a magnitude and extent which entitle them to be considered as the most remarkable, as they are certainly the most ancient, of any similar works in the kingdom. There is every reason to believe that they were constructed at a period contemporaneous with the Roman occupation of Britain.—Report on Metropolitan Drainage. 1857.

desirable to obtain further information before making it the subject of a new enactment, and accordingly, in 1848, the Metropolitan Sanitary Commission was issued. The practical result was to supersede all the separate commissions—Westminster, Holborn, and Finsbury, Tower Hamlets, Poplar Marsh, Surrey and Kent, and Greenwich—and to consolidate them by issuing new commissions to the same individuals for all these separate jurisdictions. These commissions became fused into one by the Metropolitan Sewers Act of 1848—an important measure, that did not make any alteration in the principle of the law, but considerably extended the powers and authority of the commissioners, who were, however, still Crown appointed. The area of jurisdiction was extended to a circle of twelve miles' radius from St. Paul's, excluding the square mile, or thereabouts, contained in the City proper; all doubts as to the legal right to construct sewers were removed, all sewers were vested in the commissioners, and full power was given them over all private drainage. Their authority to make rates was defined and extended, and in place of the old troublesome qualification of a ratepayer, as one who received benefit or avoided damage, the principle was established of levying the rate over a certain definite area or district.

It is not necessary here to go into the history of the different Metropolitan Commissions of Sewers since 1848, until the creation of the Metropolitan Board of Works in 1855. The commissioners were often men of high scientific eminence, business talent, and well-earned popularity. They endeavoured to grapple with the great London drainage question, by inviting plans from competent engineers; and, in the different discussions and examinations of witnesses, the public were much enlightened on the subject of London drainage. So much opposition was shown to entrusting new sewer works of great magnitude and cost, to a limited crown-appointed commission, that Government, yielding to the expression of the general sentiment, infused a new element by the nomination to the new board of one local representative for each of the metropolitan boroughs. In 1855, the bill for the better local management of the metropolis became law, and, under its provisions, that sifted upper parish parliament, known as the Metropolitan Board of Works, came into existence. After six hundred and forty years of legislation, practice, and experience, the management of underground London and something more was handed over to a purely representative assembly. The changes effected by the Metropolitan Sewers Bill have already been adverted to; but much more extended powers are conferred by the Metropolis Local Management Act and its amendments.

The amount of rates leviable under the Sewers Act, has been successively one shilling, threepence, and sixpence in the pound; it is now *unlimited*. The purposes for which such rates might be levied were confined to drainage only. The new acts comprise paving, cleansing, lighting, and improvements, the many details of street management, and the important duty of supervising all constructions formerly controlled by the Building Act. These powers above and below ground are exercised by a corporation entirely parochial in its origin, which numbers forty-six members. These members are picked vestrymen, sent by their respective parishes to sit at the Metropolitan Board of Works; and as the vestries are elected by the ratepayers, the root of the sewer corporation is representative. No member can hold office, without re-election, more than three years, and, once a year, one-third of the members retire by lot. The chairman is chosen by a majority of his fellow-members, and may be turned out of office, at any time, by two-thirds of a special meeting convened to consider his appointment. His salary is fifteen hundred a year; but none of the members are paid, and he is assisted by a paid staff, chosen in a similar manner, consisting of secretary, engineers, solicitor, clerks, and messengers.

The vast underground property itself held in trust, managed, or being constructed by this corporation, the City commissioners, and the district parish boards, for the benefit of the ratepayers, must be reserved for description in a concluding chapter.

LACENAIRE.

In the middle of January, 1835, a fashionably dressed traveller, while making a halt at Beaune, in Burgundy, was brought before the magistrate to explain a swindling transaction of which he was accused. He was also charged with assuming the false name of Jacob Levi. He protested so vehemently his innocence of both these charges, in such correct, fluent, and clear language, that the magistrate was about to discharge him, when the procureur du roi, the king's attorney, wishing for further information, ordered him to be detained as a precautionary measure.

A few days afterwards, the Beaune police were not a little astonished to learn that their chance prisoner was no other than the famous Lacenaire, whom the authorities had been in search for, as the author, amongst other crimes, of a double murder recently committed in the Passage of the Cheval Rouge, Paris.

The noise which Lacenaire's trial for this crime made throughout the whole of France is still remembered. There was revealed to the wondering Parisians a speculator in whose eyes a murder was merely a matter of business—a man who conceived and calculated the chances of an assassination with the coolness of a banker, and who performed the operation with the calmness of a surgeon. He made some people shudder, attracted others, and found enthusiastic admirers. He received visitors who were urgent to the point of importunity; and—who would believe it?—scented and sympathetic notes from not a few women of fashion. For more than two months, Paris would listen to and talk of nothing else than the adventures of Lacenaire,

who remains fixed in the popular imagination as the type of the polished, methodical, and lettered villain.

Pierre-François Lacenaire was born in 1800, at Francheville, a village in the environs of Lyons. He was the fourth child of a man past the middle age, possessed of a fortune of twenty thousand pounds acquired in a business partnership, and which was afterwards lost in unlucky ventures. His birth was regarded by his parents as a misfortune rather than a happiness; he was treated like an unwelcome guest, and soon sent out of the house to nurse. The elder brother was ever afterwards the favourite. The younger, in consequence of this injustice, became a jealous, ill-tempered, cunning boy. His natural intelligence told him that he was not wanted; he was delighted at being sent to the College of Saint-Chamond, some twenty miles off, where he made rapid progress, and gained four prizes in the course of twelve months.

On his return for the vacation, with these proofs of good conduct, he received a temporary manifestation of parental affection. "It is certain," Lacenaire afterwards asserted, "that if my mother had continued to treat me with the same affection, she would have changed her own destiny, and mine also." Perhaps so; for, in truth, as soon as these brief moments of tenderness had once passed away, Lacenaire behaved to his mother with the cold reserve, the silence, and the stiffness which her early unkindness had inspired.

From that time forward, it was he who was always in the wrong. He was expelled from Saint-Chamond, then from the seminary of Alix, then from the Lyceum of Lyons, unjustly, it is said. At the latter establishment, in consequence of his father's entreaties, he was again received as a day pupil only, of which he took advantage by truanting, and spending his time in low public-houses. Such amusements are expensive. Consequently, he made a tool of his elder brother to rob their mother; which went on until a quarrel about a Louis d'or put an end to the horrid partnership. Neither reform nor repentance followed.

One day, he and his father happened to cross the Place des Terreaux. They were not aware that an execution was going to take place, until they found themselves in front of the guillotine. M. Lacenaire, in a rage with his son for the commission of some fresh offence, stopped short, and pointing to the scaffold, said, "Look there; if you don't alter, that's how you will finish!"

"From that moment," Lacenaire subsequently related, "a link seemed to exist between myself and the fearful machine. I often thought of it, without knowing why. At last I became so accustomed to the idea, that I fancied I could not die in any other way. How often have I been guillotined in my dreams!

He was dismissed from the College of Chambery for fighting with a priest. An attorney's office, a notary's office, and a bank, had in succession the honour of his transitional presence. Accused of appropriating ten francs, he denied it with the indignant protestation, "I am not yet a thief!" He ran away to Paris with the illusion that he could gain his livelihood by literature, and at the same time lead a life of idleness. Soon undeceived, he enlisted for a soldier under a false name. Insubordinate, and dishonest, he deserted, to escape the sentence of a court-martial, and travelled homewards. An aunt lent him three hundred francs, which he risked, and lost, at trente-et-quarante. Unabashed, he returned to the poor woman, and squeezed out of her three hundred francs more. In three strokes the gambling-table devoured them all.

Extortion and forgery were the natural sequences of theft. "Send me money by return of post," he wrote to his brother, "or I will get some, in a way that won't please the family." No money came, but plenty of good advice; so forged bills of exchange were put in circulation, which the wretched father, already in pecuniary difficulties, bought up or stifled at a sacrifice of five thousand francs. After braving for a while the scorn and anger of his native town, he retreated first to Switzerland, and afterwards to Italy. At Verona, advancing in the career of crime, he became an assassin. He there committed his first murder. So that, when he returned to Paris, robbery was his profession; homicide only an occasional excitement. But the criminal intellect ripens fast. One Bâton suggested the idea of making wholesale cold-blooded murder (as an easy means of robbery) *the* profession. The proposed victims were clerks of bankers, whose duty is to collect money about town. Bâton himself was too weak and too cowardly to serve as an active accomplice. A swindling transaction about a carriage procured Lacenaire a twelvemonth's imprisonment at Poissy, where he composed plenty of verses, and found, what he had long been seeking, a young man, named Avril, a human animal, strong, hot-blooded, sensual, obstinate, improvident, whom he dazzled by his intellectual superiority, and tempted to become the ready instrument of any crime, so that it did but bring in money.

Bâton, the accomplice in the scheme of murdering bankers' clerks for the cash they had collected, was also a dancer at the theatre of the Ambigu-Comique, and through him Lacenaire contrived to obtain access to the theatre. He was passionately fond of dramatic art and artists, and succeeded in making acquaintance with several of them, particularly with M. Albert, then one of the stars of the Boulevard. No one was less like a malefactor in appearance than the well-gloved scoundrel.

One day he happened to be at the Ambigu, at the rehearsal of a new piece, when one of the scene-shifters fell from the flies and broke his leg. Albert, who had a part in the piece, proposed a subscription in favour of the sufferer. The idea was taken up immediately, and the poor fellow received assistance and some money in consequence. Lacenaire wrote verses on the kind action he had witnessed, and dedi-

cated them to Albert, praising the goodness of his heart, his talent, and his dramatic triumphs. The epistle was signed, for very good reasons, with a name which was not actually that of the author. All men, without exception, are fond of praise; but dramatic artists are so avid of the incense, that, when deprived of it, they pine away, like creatures that are stinted of vital air. Albert was neither better nor worse than the rest of his colleagues in this respect, and could not feel otherwise than pleased with the compliments in rhyme addressed to him. He thanked the versificator, and, as in duty bound, invited him to call on him. Lacenaire took advantage of the permission, and paid frequent visits to his new acquaintance. Their conversation almost always turned upon theatrical matters.

"I like your acting," he often said to Albert. "It stirs me and lays hold of me. You sometimes carry your effects to the utmost, occasionally you even exaggerate; but there is no harm in that. On the stage, you know, you must hit hard to strike home. That's Voltaire's opinion; and I had rather see you outstretch the meaning of a part than leave the public uninformed of the intention of the character."

After every new creation the actor received from his habitual admirer the warmest compliments, occasionally mingled with just and intelligent criticisms. His guest, moreover, was a strict observer of the rules of politeness, full of tact and knowledge of the world, who never committed an indiscretion, nor intruded himself on the artist's friends who happened to be thrown in his way.

All at once the familiar disappeared; and, after a certain time, his host forgot him. A few months later, all Paris was in excitement about a trial. Albert, like everybody else, was tempted to witness the development of this judicial drama, and made his way into the Palace of Justice. He obtained a place very near the bench. What was his surprise, on glancing at the three accomplices, to recognise in the grand criminal his panegyrist of the Ambigu, the accustomed laureat of his triumphs! Lacenaire, smiling, gave him a slight but friendly nod; Albert, overcome by the shock, was seized on the spot with jaundice, which he did not get rid of for a couple of years.

Lacenaire, an amateur of the drama, and short of cash, had previously paid a visit to M. Scribe, the fertile dramatic author, with the intention of putting his liberality to the test, and in case of refusal, of nailing him with a dagger to his desk, and then making off with anything he could lay hands upon. M. Scribe, without allowing him to finish his story, took a couple of Louis d'or out of a drawer, and said,

"Accept this; you are in distress. I have no occasion to learn any further particulars."

Lacenaire, touched by his generosity, stammered out his thanks and retired.

"Note the effect of benevolence!" he afterwards said. "I went to M. Scribe with the intention of murdering him; but, ever since that day, I remember him with gratitude."

The adventure which led to the final catastrophe was this. In 1829, at Poissy, Lacenaire became acquainted with one Chardon, a thief. Chardon tried to hide his vices under the mask of religion, and sold devotional emblems made of spun glass. He tacked to his name the title "Brother of the Charity of Sainte-Camille," and in a petition addressed to the Queen Marie Amélie, he prayed for the establishment of a conventual hospital for men. He lodged with his aged mother, the widow Chardon, on a first floor in the Passage of the Cheval Rouge, between the Rue St. Martin and the Rue du Ponceau. Lacenaire had a deadly quarrel in prison with Chardon about money matters, and ever since their liberation they carefully avoided each other.

One Germain, also an ex-prisoner of Poissy, called unexpectedly on Bâton, his friend, and found him busy writing with Lacenaire. He immediately reported the circumstance to Chardon, whom he constantly visited, bitterly hating him all the while.

"They are up to forgery," said the pretended Brother of Charity, with that instinctive certainty peculiar to old offenders—and he was right! "But Lacenaire had better take care. I will get him arrested!"

Germain, who was the most perfidious and active of mischief-makers, lost no time in acquainting Lacenaire with the temper of his old companion in captivity, assuring him, besides, that Chardon kept in a closet a quantity of silver plate, and of large gold pieces with the effigy of Henri the Fifth, and, amongst other sums of money, a donation of ten thousand francs from Queen Marie Amélie, destined to the building of the conventual hospital invented by the false begging friar.

"Chardon is easy enough to clean out," added Germain, in Bâton's presence. "All you want is false keys, which I can get you, as well as rendering other services. What say you to the job?"

"That I'll have nothing to do with it," replied Lacenaire, mistrusting both of the parties present. "I have no faith in Chardon's money, and, in any case, I am the last man to do him an injury." He had conceived a surer plan than that. "If I rob him with false keys," he thought, "he knows very well whom to suspect; but if I silence him——"

So he spoke to Avril of the closet in question as if it had been a gold mine, inflaming his imagination, but giving no hint of intended murder; all the while, he insisted strongly on the risk they ran, from Chardon and his mother, *after* the robbery. Avril then proposed to make an end of the mother and son; it was what Lacenaire wanted. The bargain was made.

But next day, Avril had considered the matter. "I can't make up my mind," he said. "I know what you are; as soon as you have got me under your thumb, you will——"

"Those who are not first to betray me, never need fear anything."

"I don't care. I can't make up my mind to-day."

"Very well. Let's say no more about it."

For a whole week the subject was not once mentioned, though it was never once out of Lacenaire's thoughts. He knew what would happen when the screw began to pinch. Money became scarce. The partners dwelt in an ill-famed lodging, kept by an old woman—the widow Duforest. Avril grew thirstier and thirstier; the widow began to refuse wine and brandy. Avril was thoughtful—a bad sign; his depression increased—which was what his horrible companion wanted. He made allusions to Chardon's famous closet, and directed the conversation to that individual's circumstances. Lacenaire, observing that he was coming round, dropped the subject, and left Avril to his own reflections. The one, cool and malevolent as a serpent coiled in the midst of a thicket, was in no hurry to act, being sure of the effects of his poison; the other, whose brain already boiled with murder, was the tiger spurred on by hunger, ready to spring on his prey.

On Sunday morning, the fourteenth of December, 1834, Lacenaire cast a cold and side-long glance on his comrade, who, half-slumbering, half-awake, was agitated by the hallucinations of anticipated crime. The morning was dull and foggy, the sky heavy and lowering. "If you like," said Avril, stretching himself, "we will go and see Chardon to-day. I have made up my mind at last."

"Very well; but let us breakfast before we go," replied Lacenaire, with the utmost composure.

So they went and had their meal outside the Barrière. The greasy and red-stained tablecloth suggested jokes about the work in hand, and they drank an extra bottle or two in earnest of the expected devil-send. When they reached the Passage of the Cheval Rouge, the clock of St. Nicolas-des-Champs struck one in the afternoon. They inquired of the porter for Chardon, the son; he was out. Doubting the porter's veracity, they went up-stairs and knocked at the door. No answer. They went down again, and were going away, when Chardon, stepping out of a register-office in the Passage, met them.

"We were going to see you," said Lacenaire.

"Come along, then," answered Chardon.

Never was there—not even Burke's—a better den for butchery. A dark corkscrew staircase, with narrow muddy stairs, and a greasy rope by way of balustrade, conducted to an isolated apartment, where, after a few common-place sentences, Avril seized Chardon by the throat, Lacenaire drew out of his pocket a long packing-needle fixed in a cork as a handle, and with it struck him first behind and then in front. Chardon was in his shirt-sleeves, and was, besides, exhausted with enervating debauchery. He tried to call for help; his voice was stifled. He attempted to escape; impossible. He fell; and his legs convulsively kicked against and opened a little buffet full of plate.

Lacenaire then left them, and went into the next room. The old mother was fast asleep. He murdered her with the same instrument that had slain the son. He used such violence that the packing-needle pierced through its handle of cork and wounded the assassin in the hand. They covered the old woman's corpse with the mattress and blankets, and then set to to rob. In the widow's closet they found five hundred francs, four or five silver forks and spoons, and a soup-ladle. Avril took possession of the plate; Lacenaire took the money, an ivory Virgin, and Chardon's own cloak, which he put on with a laugh. They left the house at last, with blood-stained hands and linen. They first went into a café, where they rinsed their fingers by stealth in a glass of sugar-and-water; thence to the Turkish baths, where they washed their clothes. After these horrible ablutions, they proceeded to a public-house on the Boulevard du Temple. Thence, Avril slipped away alone, to sell the plate to receivers of stolen goods and the cloak to an old-clothes man. He brought back two hundred francs, the amount of the plate, and twenty francs, the price of the cloak. The ivory Virgin was thrown into the Seine. The money earned by the crime was divided the same evening. The murderers enjoyed a hearty dinner, drinking between them nine bottles of wine, and finished their evening at the Variétés, where, said Lacenaire, "they were highly amused."

This murder did not divert the wretched confederates from their systematic plan of murdering bankers' clerks. Indeed, they took steps to carry it out the very next day, December 15, 1834. That afternoon they observed at the door of No. 66, Rue Montorgueil, a card announcing that a small set of rooms was to be let immediately. It consisted of two chambers and an ante-chamber, and being on the fourth floor, was capitally suited for their purpose. Three days afterwards, the first of the two rooms was furnished with a few squalid articles; the furniture of the second room consisted of one of those immense hampers called a "manne" (intended for the provisional reception of the victim's body), and upon it a board serving for a table, with a pen, paper, an inkstand, and a round bag stuffed with straw to represent five-franc pieces; a considerable quantity of straw was also strewn in one of the corners of the room. Lacenaire and Avril lodged six days in this apartment. The former was employed in forging the papers necessary for their terrible scheme; but, before the day of the crime arrived, Avril, yielding to his brutal instincts, got arrested on the Boulevard for quarrelling with the police about a dissolute woman. Here, then, we have No. 1 of the brigands caught, never to get loose again, and that quite irrespective of the deed which called aloud for vengeance.

Avril being thus forced out of the partnership, Bâton, in spite of his want of energy, offered himself to fill the vacancy, strongly urging the facility with which bankers' clerks might be made their prey. Lacenaire contrived so well that a victim was expected on the 31st. Meanwhile, a young man named François, an old

offender, called on him to borrow a few sous; the police were in search of him for a theft lately committed.

"If I am caught," he said, "I shall be sentenced for life. I don't know where to go to; I would commit a murder for twenty francs!"

"Really?" said Bâton, pricking up his ears. "I have had the offer of a job which is better than that; but I am indisposed; I can't undertake it. If you like, I will introduce you to the party."

Accordingly, François was accepted. About three in the afternoon the clerk, named Genevay, presented himself at the lodging. He had about him twelve hundred francs in silver, and twelve thousand francs in bank-notes. He knocked, was let in, and the door instantly closed after him. As François tried to snatch the money-bag, and Lacenaire struck him a violent blow with a pointed instrument on the left shoulder, Genevay began shouting "Thieves! Murder!" with all his might, and, after a struggle, got loose; at which, the robbers made their escape down stairs into the street, as if they had been the parties attacked instead of the aggressors. François tried to gain time by shutting the door upon Lacenaire, and so causing him to be taken; but the latch went with a string and was easily opened. Genevay at first attempted to pursue them, but was soon obliged to give it up; his wound, although deep, did not turn out to be dangerous.

After this failure, Lacenaire amused himself in a reading-room, till he joined François on the Boulevard du Temple, where they dined. To make up for their ill success, they stole a clock from a shop in the Rue Richelieu. Three days afterwards François, who had spent his share of the proceeds, was taken up for a piece of swindling committed some time previously. Brigand No. 2 is caught, never to recover liberty, in consequence of something quite unconnected with the principal misdeed.

Lacenaire, after winning three hundred francs at play, and having nothing particular to do in town, thought fit, like other Parisian celebrities in vacation time, to take a jaunt into the country—a most imprudent move. There comes a time in criminal biography, when the guilty party hovers about the scaffold as the moth circles round the flame of a candle. Lacenaire, who had remained peaceably on the scene of his crimes without being molested in any way—who had squandered the price of blood in the most frequented taverns of the Boulevards—Lacenaire, the brigand No. 3, set off to be arrested, as we commenced by stating, in a small provincial town, as a vulgar cheat. He might well impatiently say to the magistrate, who took much pains to investigate these peccadilloes, "Really, Monsieur, you put me in mind of a surgeon who should carefully cut the corns on a patient's foot before amputating the leg itself." On another occasion he remarked, in reference to his journey back to the capital, "I was very glad to get to Paris; I always wished to die there. I must confess that it would have annoyed me very much to have to do with a country executioner!"

The heads of the police tried hard to learn the names of his accomplices. "We reprobates," he answered, "take a pride in never betraying our associates, unless they first betray us or try to injure us. That's our honesty."

"But had you not something to do with the murder of the Chardons?" was abruptly asked.

"No," replied the prisoner laconically, without displaying the slightest emotion.

"Well! We know that you committed it, and the person who told us so is François."

"If what you say is true, you shall have François bound hand and foot."

Convinced also that Avril (enraged at not being concerned in the affair of the Rue Montorgueil, which he believed had been of great success) had really tried to get him arrested out of revenge, he considered himself disengaged from his former friend, and requested to be confronted with both the traitors. The interval was cruel for the culprits; they bowed the head before Lacenaire, who treated them like revolted slaves.

"You have betrayed me. Very well; both your heads shall fall with mine. François was my accomplice in the trap laid in the Rue Montorgueil. As for Avril, he as well as I struck Chardon in the Passage of the Cheval Rouge."

No one, hitherto, suspected the amount of Avril's culpability. To complete his revenge, Lacenaire added, that that crime was to have been committed with the little fellow Bâton; but that, on the way to the victim's lodging, his companion's paleness made him defer the business and take Avril as a more suitable agent.

A few weeks after Lacenaire's capture, the noise of his exploits, his conversations, and especially his verses, completely occupied the trumpet of Fame. The Parisians were astonished at the cynicism of his theories. The fools, "who constitute the majority ever since the days of Adam," were surprised at the sight of a murderer who spoke French correctly. Novel readers declared that he resembled Lord Ruthven, the Vampire. The blue-stockings were all excitement, and admired the assassin who was in love with a Sylphide—as Lacenaire styled his poetical Egeria. Other women took great interest in a criminal who published rêveries, souvenirs, love-songs, and prayers, and they mourned over the wolf who was moved to tears by the perusal of pastoral poetry. But Lacenaire, instead of being as ethereal as these charming creatures believed, was the incarnation of materialism.

At the trial his appearance was youthful, fresh, elegant, with a smiling and pleasant countenance, relieved by a silky moustache. He regarded the audience complacently. The gravity of his position did not extinguish his literary mania; he caused to be passed about the court a copy of verses, in which he claimed the authorship of a then popular ballad. His sole anxiety seemed to consist in proving the guilt of Avril and François. Without either raising or lowering his voice, he entered into the minutest details

respecting the localities and the circumstances of the crimes. He employed the most accurate expressions. You might have taken him for a scientific lecturer expounding a theory to his pupils. While the police were giving their evidence, he amused himself with reading the Journal des Débats. The effort this assumed indifference cost him may be conceived from the fact that, during his imprisonment, he drank as many as twelve bottles of wine in one day, without being intoxicated.

Lacenaire and Avril were condemned to death, François to hard labour for life.

"François has saved his head," said Lacenaire, as he rose to leave the court, "but it will not be for long."

After the condemnation, he was much more anxious about the publication of his Memoirs, the composition of his verses, and the correction of his proofs, than about the shocking end which awaited him. His daily occupations consisted in receiving visits, writing letters, reading the journals, and carrying on a paper war with The Corsair, and he thought a great deal more of a person whom he accused of plagiarising his ballads than he did of François and Avril. The latter criminal's mind underwent a complete change. His anger against Lacenaire had almost entirely evaporated. Like a soldier who repented of having threatened his superior, Avril let fall expressions intimating a desire for reconciliation with his former chief; in consequence of which, Lacenaire admitted his quondam friend to a supper. To all religious exhortations he continued obdurately deaf, cherishing his literary vanity almost to the last moment. "Victor Hugo," he said, "has made a capital book on The Last Day of a Condemned Criminal, but I am certain that, if I had but the time, I could beat him into fits. And yet, whatever people may say, M. Hugo is a man of talent."

At the place of execution, a score of national guards in uniform, who had rushed away from their respective posts, several dramatic artists, some workmen on their way to their labours detained by the torchlight preparations, a few ladies in carriages returning from an official ball, and in search of violent emotions, were already in waiting. The rest of the spectators were dissolute women, and that scum of population which is met on the way to all executions.

Avril walked firmly and deliberately up to the guillotine, with the air of a man who is entering a tea-garden. Lacenaire was slower in his movements, and whilst his accomplice was under the hands of the executioner, he inquired of M. Allard whether such and such a person was there, exactly like an actor waiting in the wing to go upon the stage. He then made a slight signal to the sous-chef of the Police of Surety; the functionary approached.

"Would you kindly allow me the satisfaction of embracing you, Monsieur Canler?" he said, in an under tone. "'Faith, no; I think not," the other gently replied, after some hesitation. "Last night I would have done it with pleasure; but to-day, in the presence of all these people—honestly, I do not care about it."

The executioner of Beauvais had come to assist his Parisian colleague. To prevent Lacenaire from beholding Avril's execution, he wanted to make him turn his back on the machine. With that ceremonious politeness which never left him, Lacenaire said, "Monsieur le Bourreau, would you be good enough to allow me to see Avril?" And he did actually see the head fall; but the prolongation of his own agony punished him for the bravado. The guillotine was very old; no workman in Paris could be persuaded to repair it, and the executioner and his assistants were obliged to mend it themselves, from time to time, as well as they could. Lacenaire walked up the steps; soon his head was thrust through the red aperture.

He was in that horrible position for more than a minute—an immense interval at such a time—and still the blade did not slip in the groove, which had swelled and was too tight for it. Instead of falling on his neck, the triangular knife stuck by the way. They were obliged to draw it up again. During this interval, by a supreme effort, Lacenaire raised himself on his elbows, and steadily looked up at the instrument of death.

Perhaps at that concluding moment, he was preparing to utter a final sarcasm, for his mouth contracted, as if to scoff; but death swept off the pleasantry that was hovering upon his pallid lips.

M. Victor Cochinat, from whose Memoir the above account is abbreviated, was shown the hand of Lacenaire "preserved by a chemical process." It is the most repulsive hand that ever was seen. The fingers, lean and thoroughly *canailles*, flattened and broad at their extremities, like the heads of deadly serpents, betray a crawling cruelty of disposition. The hairs which cover the back of the hand shine with red reflections, like a prism held against the light.

JULY.

What do I hear, sunk deep in pleasant drowse,
Amid the oat-lands, in the winking time,
Before the dawn has gathered half its prime,
And brown-dusked are the gables of the house;
Whilst the white chimneys stare across the wold
Over the sun-dried thatch; whilst whispers come
Blown through musk-hedge tops where the April bloom
Has slowly reddened into July gold?
Is it the harvest, crowned with russet-leaves,
That dances through the meadows, or the day
That, breaking through the stillness of the bay,
Lays one bright arm along the yellow sheaves?
For all the levels of the twinkling plain
Are filled with verdurous murmurs; the wind shakes
The cistus-blossoms into scented flakes,
And on the glass there lisps the noise of rain.

Noon o'er the world—a sultry breathing noon,
With cattle couching in the grasses high,
And, like a withered shadow in the sky,
The reflex of a star-abandoned moon!

Here let me dream on crisping lavender,
And fragrant elder-fronds, palm-branched and dank,
And flowered rushes, by the river bank,
While not a bee along the fields doth stir.
Float up, soft cloud, dim fringed with cooling rain
Unto the thirsting uplands. Forest wind,
Leave all thy cavern darknesses behind,
And touch, with golden ripples, the dry grain.
Or, moving past the brown skirts of the hay,
Catch, in thy damp palms, the sweet burial breath
Of clover-bells and thyme-blooms shorn to death,
And brome-grass bleaching in the mower's way.

I know by the shrill sheep-bells, from the height,
The sun is wasting. Many and many a day
Have I seen gathered down these pastures grey;
But none with such a tender farewell light.
Now, let the brown sail seek the chesnut cove,
Let the black rook hie westward to the wood,
And let the heron fly the sheltered wood;
With me remains the plenitude of love.
Yea, as the sunset strikes the mountain scars,
Folding the vales in vapour, and the farms
Gather the long herds to their smoking arms,
With me remains the plenitude of love.
And I am filled with quiet; field and fen,
And breathing plant and creature, but unite
My being, in a higher sense and light,
With that vast world that lies beyond our ken.

NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOURS TO THE GORILLA.

If the reader wishes to get entirely out of the beaten track of travel; if he is sick of inns, passports, guide-books, and bills; if he has any taste for fever and ague; for coming home with his spleen swelled to six times its natural size, and his liver like a piece of cork; if he wants to know what it is to be blistered by the sun till he is covered with blotches from head to foot; if he is in search of the untutored savage in all his native lustre; if he is interested in red huge spiders, scorpions, armies of ants, deadly serpents, gorillas, gigantic cockroaches, leopards, and alligators; if he loves journeying through reeking mangrove swamps and over shaky bridges, or in frail canoes amid swarms of sharks; if he does not object to having clothes and flesh torn to strips with thorns and aloe-jungle, with the occasional chance of being drowned in several different ways, and starved in one very probable way; of falling into elephant traps, and being caught fast in tough vines; of being soaked in cold rains, and turned out of his house by tornadoes; and otherwise generally stung, tost, scorched, gored, &c., let him seek some strong sensations in the shape of African travel.

Every person has had the misfortune to encounter the man who sets up for a cynic, who thinks it clever to put a bad construction upon every word and deed; to represent society as hopelessly corrupt; commerce on the brink of irretrievable ruin; the country drifting into war; laws getting into a dead-lock; prestige abroad gone to Hades, and any other person except himself as either a fool for not seeing this, or a knave for profiting by it. A gentleman of this disposition would enjoy himself to his entire satisfaction in the GORILLA COUNTRY, and the best thing he can do is to go there, and —to stay there.

He can have a prince to wash for him, and can teach the women to cook and wash, as better men have had to do; he can enjoy the awful spectacle of murderous feuds, and the excitement of a life where, as in the desert, every man's hand is against his brother; he can shiver through cold nights and weeks of rain beneath the equator; have his spirits raised by the sharp yell of the leopard and the cheerful roar of the gorilla; be poisoned by his cook with the arsenic he intended for stuffing his birds and beasts; he might even, if lucky, find the cloven-footed people, and hear the scream of their mighty eagle; and if dozy he might, amid the thousands of bleaching skeletons in the burying-grounds of the barracoons, muse over the sad destiny of man, and think how he must resemble Count Volney meditating on the fall of Euripides amid the ruins of some Egyptian temple.

Of course his first visit on reaching West Africa will be to the natives, whom he will find, with a few exceptions, liars, cheats, and drunkards; rather dirty, too, but none the less picturesque for that. By far the greater part of them are murderers, and many are cowards also. Except the Eans, who labour under the disadvantage of being cannibals, they have not the slightest idea of fighting out their bloody feuds with anything like honour. To slaughter a hapless woman going about her daily work; to hack a poor child or feeble old man to pieces; to shoot through a window, like certain savages of the Sister Isle, are the deeds of the hero, and a gentleman who distinguishes himself in this way, instead of being hanged, covers himself with glory, and, if it be the custom of his tribe, files his teeth. Murder is now, as in the days of Hannibal, Pharaoh, Mahomet, and Bruce, an inborn mad lust of the African blood. Southern advocates of the "Divine Institution" may think that many of these heroes would be almost as well occupied in planting rice and sugar-cane in the States, as in hacking each other's heads off. The question bids fair to be solved in a very practical way, as they not only war with each other on the most trifling pretext, till villages are depopulated and the greater part of both tribes either killed or starving, but they now and then get up little private massacres among themselves.

They lie beyond all calculation. Far from lying or slandering being looked upon as disgraceful, they are considered accomplishments. When a fellow has made up his mind to swear to anything, only a native can get at the truth. However, where advertising traders and quack will-forgers are allowed to tell such infamous and mischievous falsehoods as they are in England, we should not be too hard upon the "noble savage." Their ideas of wit require the same Christian-like indulgence, but the reader has doubtless often enjoyed the spectacle of seeing

some of his own countrymen go into ecstasies at a very small amount of wit indeed.

Although they are such incorrigible cheats and thieves that it is considered rather a distinction for a man to have robbed his mother, they don't seem to have quite as much genius in West Africa for highway robbery as we have. Neither do they organise a raid or sheep-stealing party on such sound principles. They are easily deterred, too, by threats, such as curing a lurking taste of this kind with a revolver, and many of them are very affectionate despite their fallen state.

Any short-comings in this way they make up for by their powers of drinking, and they ought to be proficients, considering that they begin when children. From the king on his throne to the slave he sells, they are all drunkards. One monarch who visited Mr. du Chaillu, brought several of his queens with him; they were all in a state of rum. At a ball a king does not disdain to get as drunk as any of his subjects, and jump about as insanely as they do. Happy equality! Charming picture of savage life! And think not, reader, this is the white man's doing. When these gentry can't get rum, they manage to get exceedingly drunk upon mimbo and palm wine. They prefer the foreign article, however; their land of promise is the land of the white-bosomed stranger, where the rum flows in rivers. Yet with all this debauchery there seems to be little blindness, deformity, or disease.

As for dirt, it is hard to say whether the ladies or gentlemen of some tribes are the worst. Perhaps of the two, the ladies are a trifle filthier, and smell a little stronger. Once they have got grease upon them in any shape, they hate getting it off again. Washing, especially of their clothes, they clearly look upon as a sin. They have a strong taste for paint. By way of welcoming the moon, one king painted himself red, white, and black, with an irregular design of spots about the size of a peach, to relieve the monotony of these colours. On another occasion, when public opinion was dissatisfied with the appearance of the moon, every man covered his body with red and white chalk-marks, and went to bed. Even the chief medical man of the Cammas, when he officiated as witch-finder—upon which occasion he looked like a devil, having a pile of black feathers in his hat, like those hideous things we see on hearses—considered it necessary to have his eyelids painted red, and a red stripe running up his forehead dividing it into two, with a second red stripe round his head; face painted white, with two red spots on each side; a large white stripe on each arm from hand to shoulder, and hands painted white. It seems they are susceptible of improvement in some respects. One king, who was reproved for cracking fleas upon his nail, not only gave up the habit, but insisted that others should do the same. The traveller will doubtless not be so unreasonable as to expect that they keep their huts clean, and here he will seldom be disappointed. Now and then a place is found in an unexpected state of neatness, and some of the villages are well built. In fact, the people who can make the Ashira grass-cloth and the Fan weapons ought to be capable of some thing better.

Their religion is a hopeless, joyless creed. They know of nothing and believe in nothing beyond the tomb, except it be a dread of horrors to come in the shadowy realms of death, vague and awful as the formless shades which Fingal beheld issuing from the halls of Cruth-Loda. After death, all is over, they say. Custom compels the neighbours of the gorilla to howl over a corpse, much as instinct teaches the savage ape to howl over the corpse of its mate. The Camma women, when a death occurs among their lords, throw ashes on their heads and dust on their bodies, shave off their hair, and rend their clothes. When the day of mourning is past, they give themselves up to rum and reckless debauchery.

They hate death with the instinct of the beast; but, less happy than the beast, the dread of it is ever before their minds. Every death, the cause of which is not palpable to their dark intellects, is set down to witchcraft, and the bare thought of this brings on such a paroxysm of fear and rage, that they will not hesitate to sacrifice the nearest relative. Two deaths happening together will generally ensure a few murders in cold blood. Women and children are hacked to pieces, and, when the paroxysm is over, the poor terror-haunted survivors mourn over the decáy of their tribe. They deserve to decay, if, as it is said, they ruthlessly turn out the old, sick, and feeble to die of hunger. They have no good spirits. Their spirits are only potent for ill; the solitude of the grave and the sweet stillness of the gloaming fill their minds with horror. The Camma people, in addition to an ordinary devil, have invented one who soon cures any one of a taste for lonely musing amidst such scenes, by kicking and beating him to death, which is said to be his principal occupation.

Their worship is little more than a mortal dread of hideous idols. Of the duties of religion they have no idea. One king quietly talked about putting off the Sunday. The idols are much what one might expect. One, a goddess, purchased by Du Chaillu, has on a wide-awake; her face is perfectly flat; her bosom looks rather like a case for a seraphina, and is studded with knobs; around her waist, which is a small square piece of wood, are bound a few scraps of grass, and her lower limbs are carved out of one solid piece; she is slightly bow-legged. This lady belongs to the slaves. Their king, who would not sell his own idol, which was several degrees uglier, had no objection to dispose of theirs for a consideration. Abango's idol had copper eyes, one cheek red and the other yellow; charms which had doubtless induced the deity to confer upon her the power of speech, as she was said to be endowed with this gift.

The women of equatorial Africa, it appears, are sometimes afflicted with inspiration in the

revival style; a malady which, in civilised countries at least, should be met by the most prompt and liberal use of the parish fire-engine, shaving the head, large blisters, and half-pint doses of black draught. These ladies get up religious meetings, which the men are not allowed to come near. Mr. du Chaillu says he ventured on one of these occasions to look into their temple, a miserable hut sacred to these infernal rites, and beheld three naked old hags sitting on a clay floor, with a great heap of greegrees, which they seemed to be silently adoring. He had to beat a hasty retreat to save himself from being torn to pieces by a mob of women, and only the threat of using his revolver kept them off. At this ceremony the women painted their faces, and made even a more diabolical uproar than the men. Another time he went to see a negro friend, who had just died. His late acquaintance was seated in a chair, clothed in a black tail-coat and pantaloons, with several strings of beads round the neck.

Of their costume, perhaps the less said the better. It is very simple, and chiefly consists of a very small dirty rag round the loins. One king, incidentally alluded to as a drunken autocrat with a family of more than six hundred children, is described as a dirty, dissipated looking negro, in a shirt, dilapidated pair of trousers, and a flaming yellow coat. Another king was dressed in a thick overcoat without trousers: a costume neither so easy nor so graceful as that of the Sandwich Island king, whose evening dress consisted of a cocked-hat and a pair of spurs. The Ashira women, who are rather heavy swells, wear their shiny tresses frizzed out into the shape of a cocked-hat, with something like the handle of a stiletto projecting from the centre of the forehead.

The women are bad wives, and, of course, the men bad husbands. The men make the women do all the work, and keep them in awe by the unsparing use of a fearful looking whip of river-horse skin, so that few are not marked, with stripes. This brutal implement, indeed, like that used in Russia and the States, is quite capable of taking pieces out of the skin. Some husbands, again, a little more fiendish, punish the women by fastening thick cords round the neck, waist, ankle, and wrist, which they then twist with sticks till they cut through the skin. The women often have to bear loads of wood on their backs through forest and jungle for six or seven miles at a stretch. To their honour be it said, that if profligate they are kind-hearted; whereas the men are shockingly reckless of human life and sufferings, and look upon their slaves with as much contempt as the most bilious "owner" of "hands" in the old dominion. The slave is not considered a man; he does not speak in his own name; his blood is tainted. One chief fastened a whole cargo of slaves hand and foot, so that they could not even ward off the mosquitoes, till the buyer came to his terms. He had no ill-will against them: he wanted his price for his goods, and held out the threat of damaging them.

Nothing seems to come amiss to them in the shape of food—gorilla, snake, river-horse, leopard, elephant, crocodile, are staple articles of food. Of the crocodile they seem to be very fond; unluckily, it has not much meat on its bones. Its flesh is stated to be white and tender, but dry and tasteless. The river-horse is delicate, but the elephant is so hard as often to require two days' boiling; even then it is horribly tough and stringy. However, they make up by quantity for any defects in quality. Indeed, the amount of meat consumed is astounding. Fifty pounds of elephant's flesh for one man's share for a few days, half a pig for one hungry traveller, are talked of in a style that makes one think an English navvy's allowance would be looked upon as short commons. A gorilla, or any other great ape, vanishes as though the stomach had been converted by an equinoctial sun into a fiery furnace. A leopard was only a snack apiece for a small party. It seems that both travellers and blacks, if they run short of flesh for any time, get a complaint called the gouamba: a terrible sickening, gnawing pain at the stomach, which no amount of green meat will appease. We may assume that the men-eaters don't suffer so much in this way; war, pestilence, and murder must yield them an ample supply, particularly to those who don't object to cases of natural death, or even to their food being a little high. It is to be hoped that some enterprising traveller will soon tell us whether a famous custom of this kind still exists in Ethiopia. Formerly, in that "band of the sun," when a lady presented her lord with twins, they used to get up a little family party, cook the twins, and eat them. Some of the tribes don't seem to understand what other use can be made of slaves than to convert them into food. One chief where Du Chaillu visited, immediately ordered a slave to be killed for his dinner. Meat, however, often fails, and then they are always on the brink of starving, as they have scarcely any vegetable food except plantains and mancoe. Plaintains soon rot, and they don't know how to preserve them. Mancoe may be kept for two months, though long before that time it gets to be very poor eating. When these fail, there remains but the last refuge of the starving beast—grubbing in the woods for roots.

So then old tales are true; the Noble Savage is the same in every clime and age. What Park and Landor, Bruce and Burton told us, is only amplified, and the great and benevolent Thomas Malthus was right after all: savage life means starvation, wretchedness, and crime, and the poverty of Sparta was a sign, not of how high she had risen in the scale of virtue and freedom, but how far she had sunk towards the state of the brute.

It all seems an awful parody on our civilised life. One king had come to grief because he and his people had robbed the whites till they would no longer trade with them. Another time a king, who had made his visit to the traveller's hut in great haste—on the same prin-

ciple as the good parson among the wreckers broke off his sermon to preach practical justice, "Every body start fair, and me first"—was tempted out of the house by some trumped-up message, while his subjects came in his absence to cheat the white man. His majesty, not liking such practical jokes, returned in double-quick time and administered the law by thrashing his subjects with a stick. They give poor wretches accused of witchcraft a drink which is almost sure to poison them; but, more just than our forefathers, they don't kill them if they throw off its effects. If the victim be rich, they take care that the poison is strong enough, for the simple reason that they want his money. The doctors drink it with impunity, as regards life; but it is most deleterious stuff, as in five minutes after they have taken it they begin to stagger, and talk thick; their eyes turn bloodshot, and they rave. The throne of a king is a clumsy seat in a rickety hut; his sceptre a bell; his robes of state a tarnished playhouse coat. One of the most singular fancies is the attitude in which a man takes his ease in his arm-chair. That of a Yankee, with his legs over the sharp edge of an empty cask; a Turk cross-legged, with no rest to his back; of a tourist on the back of a dromedary, which Albert Smith used to tell us was so like being on a music-stool on the top of a Hansom cab, going over a ploughed field; of a knight in armour, or an acrobat twisted into any letter of the alphabet; all seem luxurious compared with the posture of the West African. His chair is a long sloping log of wood, with a cross-bar near the top, and not a vestige of covering; his legs, from the middle of the thigh downwards (to trust the engraving at least), being straight out, and from this point sloping upward; his arms, which are up to his ears, are hooked over the cross-bar, and his face points full towards the heavens. In this position, which an ordinary person could with difficulty maintain for two minutes, he lies with his pipe (shaped like a great door-key) stuck in his mouth, in such a manner that it seems next to impossible that he can avoid the ashes falling into his eyes and the oil running into his mouth. Another strange taste is lying before a huge fire on a hot day. Mr. du Chaillu found a princess enjoying this luxury, and her pipe at the same time, the thermometer being 85 deg. in the shade. When a king is elected, the people, with all the pluck of free and independent electors, kick, pelt, and spit upon him, well knowing it is their last chance of free and independent action.

The musical instruments with which they make such a terrible uproar are huge tam-tams, or long clumsy drums, brass kettles, and hollow pieces of wood. The Bakalai have a small rude harp, and there is also the itek, an instrument with six little wooden keys. On these two they accompany the low, monotonous, mournful songs they sing. As to the assertion that this harp, being strung with the fibres of tree roots, would not emit one musical note, those who have heard the beautiful notes of the straw-dulcimer, the beechen fiddle, or the Russian lute, will know what weight to attach to it. The Fan people possess an instrument constructed on a novel principle. It is a wooden dulcimer, the depth of the notes being increased by fitting hollow gourds, covered with hard red wood, below the bars or keys. Each gourd has a little pole in the side, covered with the skin of a spider. One source of harmony on great occasions is firing off guns at random, and as they load nearly to the muzzle (their idea of doing things properly, when they shoot at all, being to put in as much powder as they dare, and as much shot as they can afford to throw away), the cheerful nature of this part of their ceremonies may be imagined. Travellers fond of barrel-organs, street rows, &c., will be quite at home in the gorilla land.

Among the unusual luxuries of travel, armies of ants and venomous flies may be safely reckoned on. Crocodiles, mosquitoes, sharks, and serpents are such common-place matters, that it is not worth while to dwell upon them.

The bashikouai ants must be a terrible pest. They travel, we are told, night and day, in armies miles long. The elephant and gorilla fly before them; the black men run for their lives so soon as the ants are seen. A friend told the author of this paper that one day, as he was going up one of the mouths of the Zambese, he saw a whole village suddenly deserted by the inhabitants, who fled with all they could carry off—a proceeding which, as there was no foe in sight, rather puzzled him, till he found they were fleeing from the ants. When ants enter a hut they clear it of any living thing in a few minutes. Huge cockroaches, almost as large as mice, centipedes, mice, and rats, are instantly devoured. A strong rat is killed in less than a minute; in another minute its bones are picked. A leopard, dog, or deer is soon despatched and eaten up, for they kill by their numbers. They are quite half an inch long, and one variety is so strong that it will bite pieces clean out of the flesh. They possess one meritorious property; they mortally hate, and whenever they can, they put to death the mischievous white ants which make such destruction in houses.

In addition to these and the sand ants—which bite like scorpions, leaving a distressing pain behind them—there are several varieties of flies which sting horribly, such as the igogonai, small gnats, the bites of which go through the tough hides of the negroes, and itch terribly; the ibolai, flies or gnats, which sting as though with a needle, and which whistle as they dash at you; the richouma, which fill with blood before you know they are there, and then leave an itching that lasts for hours, varied at intervals by sudden sharp stabs of pain; the eloway, or nest-building flies, not quite so big as a bee, which cling to a man even in the water, and assail the natives with such ferocity, that if a canoe by chance touch one of their nests, the men instantly dive overboard. These seem the most spiteful imps of all. The spots where they bite remain very painful for two or three days after.

The gorillas ought scarcely to be counted among the amenities of travel, as they do not, like the flies and ants, intrude upon the haunts of man. Mr. du Chaillu tells us that the tales of the gorilla sitting on a tree, shrouded in the gloom of the forest, and fishing for the hindermost negro of a party, hooking him up, ans deliberately throttling him, are all fables, and that the brute, though deadly in its attack, had to be hunted out. Of course, if the traveller goes after the gorilla with the full intention of killing it, he cannot complain if it kills him instead.

It must certainly be as nice a party as any one could wish to meet on a summer-day's stroll. An African traveller once told us, that nothing ever made such an impression on him as the awful silence of one of these deep forests, and the unearthly effect of the apes and baboons climbing up and down the trees with such prodigious rapidity, and without the least noise. The sight of the gorilla at such moments must be appalling. The old pictures of the Evil One are far behind the actual brutishness of this creature; particularly an old male, which, like the Australian devil, seems to be always boiling over with rage.

No proper explanation has been given of its vast strength. The size of the muscles is certainly inadequate to account for it. The gorilla is not nearly so high as man. Mr. du Chaillu measured his specimens to the tips of the toes. Except in the vast length of its arms and the girth of the chest (which the author strongly suspects was not taken as it should have been *under* the armpits), many of our prize-fighters and wrestlers equal it, or very nearly so. Among wrestlers and acrobats the length of the arm bears no proportion to their strength. Richard Chapman, so long the hero of the Cumberland wrestling ring, and a man of great physical strength; James Ward, the champion, and one of the strongest men in England, who in the prime of life could pitch a quoit fifty yards, are both rather short-armed. Yet it is very doubtful if either of these men could cope with a moderate sized baboon, an animal not half so long as a gorilla. Man is, in point of fact, inch for inch, one of the weakest animals created, resembling the horse and sheep in this respect. All sorts of stories have been told of the strength and swiftness of foot man might and sometimes does attain to in the wild state; yet no wild race has been found which even equals the European in these points. All we can learn teaches us that man is by nature a weak, slow-footed animal, a bad climber and swimmer; that but for his cunning he might starve. An ape of the same size would easily master a lion, but then the muscles even of the wild man are never hard and vitalised like those of the ape: most probably from such a much larger quantity of the vitalising power being required for the more developed brain.

The other great apes appear to have nothing of the implacable hatred of man shown by the gorilla. As for the kooloo kamba, he looks too much astonished at himself and every one else to think of mischief. The nshiego mbouvé seems very social. One caught young used to sit by the fire at night with the men; and the description of his master watching him, and wondering what he was thinking of as he sat gazing so sadly at the fire, is inexpressibly quaint. He turned out very badly, however, got drunk, and stole, so that we are afraid his morals were not much higher than those so prevalent among the other neighbours of the gorilla.

GHOSTLY QUARTERS.

The Greeks and Romans had some advantage over us in their ghost theories. We believe that man is a compound of matter and spirit only; they gave to the material part of man three spirits—the Manes, the Spiritus, and the Umbra. The manes invariably went down after death to the infernal regions; the spiritus ascended to the skies, and became absorbed in the divinity; the umbra hovered about the tomb, as if loth to part company with the corpus, or body. It was the umbra, therefore, which on all fitting occasions—and sometimes on occasions not fitting—held intercourse with the friends or enemies of the deceased.

The ghosts of modern days, if they show themselves at all, must, by some extraordinary means, and for some special purpose, escape for a season from their prison-house. When they come as mere sounds, be these sounds ever so extravagant, they are very vulgar ghosts, and being vulgar, they are almost always hunted away, not unfrequently by police-officers. Others, which appeal to the sense of right, are generally traceable to diseases of the brain, or to intemperance—especially in the case of opium—or to some defect in the optic nerve. The well-known story of Gaffendi and the demoniac is a case in point. The philosopher, arriving in a Lombard village, once upon a time, found a wretched man about to be burnt to death because of his familiar intercourse with the devil. The accused not only acknowledged his offence but deeply deplored it. He was quite willing to die. But Gaffendi prevailed upon the magistrates to suspend the execution, in order that the criminal might introduce him—as he undertook to do—to his Satanic Majesty. Such interviews, as a matter of course, occurred only at night; and the demoniac, a little before twelve o'clock, swallowed a pill, gave another to Gaffendi, and besought him to follow his example. Gaffendi took the pill, and quietly gave it to his dog. By-and-by the demoniac fell asleep, and in his sleep writhed and tossed himself about terribly, and so did the poor dog. At last the man awoke, and began to congratulate Gaffendi on having seen the devil. Nor could he be persuaded to believe that the whole was a troubled dream, until his attention was drawn to the dog, who still writhed under the influence of the opium which Gaffendi had given it.

Deep grief, especially the grief of bereavement, not unfrequently acts as a conjuror-up of the spirits of the departed. I have myself held, in a dream, no doubt, converse with the dead. The following instance of the extent to which imagination can carry us with a little assistance, is more remarkable. A somewhat parallel case is related by Sir Walter Scott as having occurred to himself at Abbotsford.

A friend of mine, some years ago, lived happily in one of the towns of North America. His family consisted of himself, his wife, two children, and two of his wife's sisters, one of whom was married to his brother. My friend had determined to remove from the town and take up his residence in a country-house; for building which all the plans were arranged; when just as the workmen were about to begin, his wife sickened and died. He had been greatly attached to her, and could not endure to remain even for a few weeks in a house where every room and piece of furniture reminded him of the loss he had sustained. He therefore caused a log-hut to be erected near the site chosen for the country-house; and, as soon as the weather would permit, he removed thither with his family.

Two or three evenings after their arrival in this new home—long after the children had gone to bed, and just as the elder members of the family were about to retire—my friend, who had been walking up and down the room, came and stood at one of the windows and looked out upon the lawn. The candles were lighted upon the table, and Mr. T. had not stood there many minutes when he called to his sister, who was just leaving the room, and said, "Come here, Ellen, and tell me what you see." She looked out accordingly, but not wishing to say what she saw, she merely observed, "I see the lawn, and the trees at the end of it." "Yes," he said, "but you see something more." "Well," she said, after some hesitation, "I see Fanny sitting in her arm-chair at the end of the garden."

They then called the servant, one who had been long with them, and, without saying anything to her, bade her look out on the lawn. "Oh, sir!" she exclaimed immediately, "there is Mrs. Henry sitting in her chair."

There was now the evidence of three persons. What they saw could scarcely be an illusion, and my friend was preparing to go out and ascertain what the appearance was, when his sister, taking up the candle, went into the next room, and the figure instantly vanished. She came in again, put the light in its former place, and again the figure appeared. They then saw that by removing the light and bringing it back they could make the figure go and come at their pleasure. After a very short time they discovered the cause of this strange effect.

In the drawing-room there was an arm-chair exactly similar to the arm-chair in which Mrs. Henry had sat the night before her death. Over this chair was thrown a lady's dressing-gown, like the dressing-gown of the deceased. This formed the robe of the figure. A hearth-brush, which chanced to have been put out of its right place, was pushed up in such a manner as that the border of it seemed to form the frill of a nightcap. By taking these things away, they removed the whole apparition; by replacing them exactly, they built it up again. Had not a mere accident led to the discovery of the real cause of this apparition in the garden, the three witnesses would probably, to their dying days, have been firmly persuaded that the spirit of Mrs. Henry had come to visit them in their new home; and the fact of its having been seen by three persons would have given weight and apparent reality to the story. For imagination had so coloured up the rough fabric of chance, that it gave the exact likeness of the friend whom they had lost.

Apparitions of this sort often spring from some physical derangement, which, acting on the sight, causes one to see things which really do not exist, and sometimes to hear sounds which have not in reality vibrated. Bodily weakness, a disordered state of health, loss of blood, will often produce organic deceptions of this class.

A lady-friend of mine told me a curious instance of this, which happened to her own maid. The young woman, who was subject to inflammation of the lungs, had generally to be leeched when these attacks came on. Frequently after the loss of blood she would see persons and things which she knew perfectly at the time could not be real. During the Crimean war she and her mistress were residing in an hotel in Constantinople, and the maids' workroom, which was a very small one, was at the top of the house, while the bedrooms were below. The door of this room did not fasten very well—no uncommon occurrence in Turkish hotels. She often missed little articles, such as cottons, scissors, and so forth, and naturally wished to discover by whom they were taken. One day, while weak from recent illness and loss of blood, she went up-stairs to fetch something for her mistress, and on entering the room perceived a man seated on a corner of the sofa. Her first thought was that she had caught the thief in the act; but the next moment, perceiving the illusion, and determining to overcome it, she walked straight up to the place where the man seemed to be, with his eyes fixed on her. As she approached, the figure appeared to glide along the sofa without rising or taking its eyes from her, until, reaching the other corner, it remained stationary there. She then went up to it, and, putting her hand where the head seemed to be, brought it violently down on the sofa. Although assured of the deception, she hurried, pale and trembling, back to her mistress, to whom she recounted the adventure.

There are other causes, however, for such apparitions. The early training of young children has often much to do with them. A child who has been often frightened by threats of Bogie, will have its mind so filled with a

dread of visits from supernatural beings, that the feeling may cling to it, in a certain measure, against better sense, and against all reasoning and experience, all through life. An unrestrained imagination will often produce the same results.

The following story, however, has always been a mystery to me. The more I have thought of it, the more unaccountable it has always appeared. It seems impossible to assign a cause for the catastrophe with which it winds up. It is from a source absolutely incapable of misleading, and exceedingly unlikely to be misled:

"It is about thirty years since the events occurred which I am about to relate to you," writes the friend who has set the story down for me, "but so deep was the impression which they made on my mind, that it almost seems to me as though the time should be counted by months rather than years.

"I was then a young officer in one of those regiments which had borne the brunt of the earlier part of the war in the Peninsula, and which, being greatly reduced in numbers, were first formed into provisional battalions, and ultimately directed to return home. We were none of us over well pleased with this arrangement; neither was our great chief, who knew the value of veteran troops, and considered the provisional battalions among the best of his army. But there was no help for it, and so, like good soldiers, who know that their first duty is obedience, we received the order with little murmuring, and prepared to obey it.

"It was necessary to convey us for a brief space to the rear, until transports should be ready; and few in number as we were, it was further necessary to do so in detachments. I went with several others in the direction of the village which had been pointed out to us on the route, and good fun we made of each other on the way. Among my comrades was a fellow named Harrison, a kind-hearted, amiable lad, full of fun and even mischief, yet firm and unflinching in principle, and ever an honourable gentleman. As to higher considerations than even these, we were all careless and reckless enough, thinking of nothing so much as how we might best amuse ourselves. Harrison was a prime favourite in our corps. He was young and handsome, well knit, and capable of enduring any amount of fatigue. I loved him as if he had been my brother, and we were inseparable.

"Well! My party and I, after wandering about for a while, reached at length a small and beautiful village. It was situated in a valley, and was surrounded by trees, and shrubs, and plants, of many kinds. Orange and olive, pomegranate and fig-tree, all filled the air with their delicious fragrance. There were mountains, too, in the distance, adding beauty to the scene, and on a little eminence close to the village stood an old half-ruined monastery, partly covered with ivy and wild passion-flower, and adorned by a plantation of beautiful trees. On one side of the monastery lay a lovely little lake, by the margin of which Harrison and I often afterwards wandered together in the cool hours of the evening.

"Immediately on reaching the village our attention was attracted to the old monastery, and we all pronounced it to be the place of all others in which to quarter both officers and men. Accordingly the few monks who still inhabited it were with no small difficulty persuaded to move out, and we very unceremoniously took their places. Tired by the toil of the day, I had sat down, with one or two others, to rest under one of the large olive-trees, when an old monk, whom I had noticed hovering about the place ever since his companions left, approached us. His silver hair and beard streamed over his brown serge dress; but there was a fierce light in his eye which age had not quenched. He shook his head gravely as he came near, and holding up his hand, said, 'Signor, you will repent that ever you came here; you will find no rest day nor night in this place. San Francesco guards his servants with jealous care, and you will call down his just wrath for desecrating this sanctuary. None ever offend him yet go unpunished. Remember my words, signor; they are not vain words.'

"The old man crossed himself two or three times, and then hurried down by the wooded path which led into the valley, leaving us rather surprised, but of course not alarmed. Harrison laughed; we all laughed, finally resumed our conversation, and forgot all about the monk.

"Our next step was to make arrangements for getting supplies from the country people of the neighbourhood, and on the whole we considered ourselves snugly and romantically disposed of for some weeks to come. For, besides the beautiful rides and walks within our reach, we had the assurance of good fishing in the lake, and shooting in the woods; and what with rides and walks, and fishing and shooting, and occasional dances with the village girls, time was not likely to hang heavy on our hands.

"Matters did not, however, turn out exactly as we had anticipated. It happened one day as I was going round inspecting the rooms, that I noticed that the men were collected into knots of two and three, rather excited, and talking earnestly together; many of them forgot to give me the usual salute as I passed, and the expressions on their faces were new and strange and perplexing to me. I said nothing, and pretended to notice nothing unusual, but went round, thinking that perhaps the men had had some slight misunderstanding with the Spaniards, who, though they received us kindly at first, had shown themselves to be violent and quick-tempered. I had finished my rounds, and was returning to my room, when I heard a quick step behind me. The sergeant of our company came up, and touching his cap, begged to say a few words to me when I was at leisure.

"'I am quite at leisure now,' I said; 'what do you want?'

"'Well, sir,' he began, with some embarrassment, clearing his throat two or three times, 'I am sorry to trouble you, but did you observe, sir, how odd the men were just now, as you went round their room?'

"'I did observe something unusual, but thought it best to take no notice for this once. What is the matter with the men?'

"'Well, sir,' continued the sergeant, his embarrassment growing greater, 'it does seem rather ridiculous, and yet it is true. The fact is, sir (for it is no use mincing the matter), the men declare they have seen a ghost passing through their room for two nights past, and they swear they won't sleep there again.'

"'A ghost!' I repeated, with a stare of amazement at the man, half doubting whether he were in his right senses. 'What humbug is this, sergeant? Let me hear no more of it. If ghosts were realities—which they are not—I should be ashamed of the men if they could be afraid of ghosts.'

"The sergeant said no more, but, touching his cap, turned and withdrew, while I slowly pursued my way. I had looked upon the matter as nonsense, I had treated it lightly, and been almost angry at the silliness of the tale; yet it had left a deeper impression upon me than I liked, or chose to admit to myself. Was this a dim, vague presentiment of what was to come? Perhaps it was.

"I was half angry with myself for harbouring the feeling, and determined to shake it off. I entered a room where two or three of my companions were assembled, and recounted what had passed between me and the sergeant. They all laughed, and declared that I had done quite right in forbidding anything more to be said on the subject.

"The monastery consisted of three buildings: one long front building, and two wings. The right wing formed the chapel, and the other contained the rooms and cells once occupied by the monks. In the centre of these buildings was a large court-yard, from which you passed into the garden, and thence descended into the valley beneath, planted with trees and shrubs. The court-yard was quite empty, save that a fountain stood in the centre; an arrangement not unusual in southern countries.

"The day passed as other days had passed; some fished, some lounged about doing nothing, Harrison and I wandered away from the rest taking our guns with us, and did not return until late in the evening. We had been more than usually joyous, and I had almost forgotten the occurrence of the morning, when, on entering the court-yard of the monastery, we were surprised to perceive the men's blankets all arranged in order round the yard. Before either of us had time to make a remark, the sergeant who had spoken to me before came up, and without further preface informed me that, the night being extremely hot, the men had brought out their blankets to sleep in the open air, as they could not be persuaded to receive another visit in their room from their midnight intruder. I made no objection to their preferring the cool air to the stifling heat of their room, and at dinner it was quietly arranged that a few of us should not go to bed at the usual time, but should remain up to watch.

"It was a clear bright night. Beautiful as nights can be only in southern climates. I had seldom seen anything more striking than that grim old monastery, with its turrets and belfries, its grated windows and massive iron portals, and its large surrounding trees, standing out clear and distinct under the rays of a full moon. And beyond it, about half a mile off, lay the small lake, calm and quiet beneath the branches of the graceful trees which grew on its edge, and bent their slender boughs into its water. Upon its smooth surface the heavens were reflected; each particular star looking down upon its image.

"A few of the officers, including Harrison and myself, had gone into the court-yard about eleven o'clock, determined to wait there until the clock struck one, and then, if nothing appeared, return quietly to our rooms. The men had all laid down, but I am sure there was not one of them asleep; not a light was to be seen anywhere about the building, for at an appointed hour they had been all put out. Growing tired of waiting for the ghost in vain, Harrison and I walked up and down the yard, the others following our example; and we were already thinking of going in, when, as the clock struck half-past twelve, Harrison suddenly stopped short, touched my arm, and, without saying a word, pointed towards the chapel. His movement had been noticed by the rest, and all eyes were immediately turned in that direction, when we perceived issuing from one of the windows overlooking the yard a faint greenish light. We said nothing, but drawing to one side, stood still. In a few moments we saw emerging from the same window a white spectral figure, holding in its right hand a small lamp, evidently the source of the strange light which had attracted our notice. The apparition moved slowly along over the beds of the men, though evidently its feet did not rest upon anything, and looked at them all as it passed; then, reaching our group, it turned its gaze upon us for a moment, and disappeared through the left wing of the building.

"A dead silence succeeded; we were all too much astonished to speak, and we looked at one another. Then the silence was broken by a murmur of triumph among the men, and we were obliged to acknowledge that we had seen their ghost, and could not account for it. Various surmises and conjectures were broached, and we determined to discover what the ghost was.

"Next day we were all astir early, and every room in the old monastery was examined; not a corner but was thoroughly searched. Up and down, right and left, above ground, and in the vaults below, not a place but re-echoed the

tread of our footsteps; yet nowhere could we discover any trace of our strange visitor. You may imagine whether we searched the chapel through and through. Seeing nothing that gave the faintest clue to the mystery, we sent for doors walled up. The windows were all barred and bolted, and we hoped that we had most effectually shut out, or shut in, the ghost.

"The day passed much as usual, except that we awaited the evening with much anxiety, which increased as the time for taking up our watch approached. This time, all the officers remained up, to keep watch together. Slowly the hours passed over, until the great clock struck twelve. Then we stood ready and intent, awaiting the next stroke. Half-past twelve, a quarter to one, and we were beginning to congratulate ourselves on having effectually walled up the ghost, when the pale green light of the previous night again became visible. It shone through the same window as before, and presently, bars and bolts giving way, the window flew open, and the spectral figure, with the lamp in its hand, stepped out into the air. It followed the same course as it had taken previously, and in the same manner; with only this difference, that it paused for a moment in its progress over the beds of five or six of the men, and breathed a sort of infernal hiss into each of their faces. Again it came close to us, and then vanished. We were petrified; all our precautions had availed us nothing, and this time the dread apparition had emitted sounds sufficiently audible to be heard by us, who were some distance.

"What was to be done next?

"'Whatever this is,' said Harrison, while his lips curled slightly with contempt, 'I am determined to drive it from this place. We must not allow ourselves to be frightened. Since I was a child I have been taught to reject ghosts, and I have no belief in ghosts. To-morrow night, if this thing appears, we must give chase. You will help me?' he added, turning to me.

"Of course I promised to stand by him, though more than doubtful of our doing any good. It was agreed that on the following night we, the officers, should divide into two parties, one standing at the right wing, the other at the left; and that we should both rush on this mysterious appearance at the same time, and by closing in upon it render escape impossible. In this plan the men joined most heartily.

"We were not cowards, yet, I confess it, the sight of this strangely mysterious apparition, with its unearthly light, had made my blood run cold, while the looks of my companions had proved that they liked it as little as I did.

"Again night arrived, and again we took post in the court-yard, waiting for the accustomed hour. Our hearts beat faster when we saw the now well-known green light appearing at the chapel window. Slowly the white figure passed over the men's beds, holding up its pale lamp; and I remarked, with something like a shudder, that it uttered the same diabolical hiss to the same six men as on the previous night. At a masons from the village, and had the chapel signal, we rushed forward from both sides and closed in. The spectre seemed to understand our attempt, gave one of its fearful hisses into Harrison's very face, and then we saw it walking (so it seemed) above our heads; and it vanished over the monastery.

"Without a word from any one—for we were all too much horrified to speak—we re-entered the house, and sought our rooms. Harrison and I occupied a room together, and, as we went into it, I remarked that his face and lips were ashy pale.

"'For Heaven's sake,' he said, in a voice so hollow that it made me start, 'never speak of this thing again, and let us leave this place as soon as possible.'

"We went to bed, but did not sleep. The apparition was constantly before my eyes, while his hiss seemed still ringing in my ears. I could hear, by the restless tossing of my companion, that he, too, shared my vigils. At length, after some weary hours, I fell asleep, and when I awoke, late in the morning, I was pleased and relieved to see Harrison sleeping soundly.

"We all met at breakfast; but, as if by one consent, seemed to avoid the subject of the apparition. I had serious thoughts of leaving the village, and seeking for billets elsewhere, only it was difficult, now that all our arrangements were made, to leave the place; not to speak of the embarrassment of explaining such an unusual proceeding. We agreed to remain where we were for a few days longer, in the hope that the order to march for Lisbon would soon arrive. I do not know that an immediate removal from the monastery would have effected any change in the catastrophe of the story, except, perhaps, in some of its details; but I greatly regretted at the time, and cannot but regret to this day, that we did not devise some pretext to escape from that terrible place.

"We kept no more watch for the ghost, and three nights passed by without any report being made from the men of its reappearance.

"One sunny afternoon—it was either the fourth or the fifth day after the last appearance of the apparition—Harrison, and two other officers, set out on horseback for a neighbouring point of interest. It was a glorious day, and we were all in capital spirits, which seemed to be shared by our horses, for they carried us lightly and swiftly along. Harrison had a beautiful horse—a noble animal—a light chesnut, and as quiet and gentle a horse as ever man rode. It was the pride of its master, and the admiration of the regiment. We had ridden about a mile or more from the abbey, and were pausing to look at the view, which was very fine, when we perceived an orderly coming towards us. He

wanted to speak to Harrison, and, as our horses were impatient, we rode on slowly before, leaving Harrison to overtake us when his business was done.

"'What on earth can be keeping Harrison!' said one of my companions, after a time; 'we shall lose our ride.'

"'Perhaps he had to turn back,' I replied. 'We had better ride on; mounted as he is, he will soon come up with us.'

"We rode on, expecting every moment to see him arrive, yet no sound of his horse's feet reached us; and so time passed, and he came not. At any other time I would have thought nothing of it, except that pressing business must have obliged him to return to the monastery; but the disagreeable occurrences of the previous week had rendered me unable to rid myself of a certain dim, vague presentiment of evil to come. Often and often since then have I reproached myself for not having obeyed its warning voice!

"A sudden turn in the road widened the prospect before us, and we stopped again to wait for Harrison, and to admire the spreading country around. About two hundred yards from us towards the abbey was the lake already mentioned. We had not reined up many minutes, when, in a voice of wonder and alarm, one of my companions exclaimed,

"'There's Harrison! Good God! what is he about?'

"We all looked in the direction to which he pointed, and saw Harrison galloping at full speed along the path which girded the lake. The reins were loose upon the horse's neck; the rider's hat had fallen off, and his hair, blown about by the wind, gave a wild appearance to his face. Before many seconds had elapsed, the horse gave a sudden swerve, and galloped straight into the lake. The waters gurgled for a moment, and then both horse and rider disappeared!

"A few minutes brought us to the monastery, where we gave the alarm, and the men turned out with ropes and poles and such rude drags as they could lay hold upon. Not a trace of Harrison or his horse could be discerned, and for a full hour all our efforts to discover the exact spot where they had sunk proved fruitless. At last, one of our drags struck upon some object, and first the horse and then Harrison himself was pulled to shore. Both were dead, of course, but never, to my own dying day, shall I forget the peculiar expression that overshadowed my friend's pale face. It was one of such fearful agony, such intense anguish, that my heart sickened, and though not a word was said by those around me, I could perceive that all were equally struck and confounded by it. More dreadfully painful and mysterious still, was the horror depicted over the face of the horse.

"Slowly and sadly the body of Harrison was brought home and laid on the bed he had so lately occupied in life. As we undressed him, I found in his bosom a small miniature likeness. It was the picture of a fair young face; I knew whose face, for Harrison had confided his happiness to me. I bent over my friend, and cutting off a lock of his dark hair, I wound it gently round the little picture, and then put them up in paper, and laid them carefully aside.

"The evening came. All that remained to be done for our lost comrade had been done, and we—that is, I myself and a few of the others—had gathered in his room to look over his effects, and see whether he had left any memoranda of wishes to be fulfilled. In his desk there was a sealed letter to his mother, and another to the original of the miniature; nothing else. That night I resolved to pass in his room, with two or three of my companions, keeping watch by his body. A fearful gloom hung over us as we sat there in silence beside our dead comrade, the favourite of every man among us. We were silent, near the window, when, just as the clock struck twelve, the apparition—seen by all of us—passed into the room, glided over to the bedside, bent over the dead form, hissed into the face, and vanished.

"Next day, the body of poor Harrison was buried beneath a large spreading tree. I have been at the funerals of many officers and comrades, but never in my life have I attended one so sad. That very day we began our march to Lisbon, and before the end of the week embarked on board the transports prepared for us. Of the six men into whose faces the apparition had hissed, or seemed to hiss, not one reached England. One threw himself overboard in a fit of madness, and five died on the voyage.

"I have never been able to unravel the mystery of Harrison's death. It will never be unravelled now, I suppose, until the day when all secrets are revealed."

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GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER LVIII.

THE tidings of my high fortunes having had a heavy fall, had got down to my native place and its neighbourhood, before I got there. I found the Blue Boar in possession of the intelligence, and I found that it made a great change in the Boar's demeanour. Whereas the Boar had cultivated my good opinion with warm assiduity when I was coming into property, the Boar was exceedingly cool on the subject now that I was going out of property.

It was evening when I arrived, much fatigued by the journey I had so often made so easily. The Boar could not put me into my usual bedroom, which was engaged (probably by some one who had expectations), and could only assign me a very indifferent chamber among the pigeons and post-chaises up the yard. But, I had as sound a sleep in that lodging as in the most superior accommodation the Boar could have given me, and the quality of my dreams was about the same as in the best bedroom.

Early in the morning while my breakfast was getting ready, I strolled round by Satis House. There were printed bills on the gate, and on bits of carpet hanging out of the windows, announcing a sale by auction of the Household Furniture and Effects, next week. The House itself was to be sold as old building materials and pulled down. LOT 1 was marked in white-washed knock-kneed letters on the brewhouse; LOT 2 on that part of the main building which had been so long shut up. Other lots were marked off on other parts of the structure, and the ivy had been torn down to make room for the inscriptions, and much of it trailed low in the dust and was withered already. Stepping in for a moment at the open gate and looking around me with the uncomfortable air of a stranger who had no business there, I saw the auctioneer's clerk walking on the casks and telling them off for the information of a catalogue-compiler, pen in hand, who made a temporary desk of the wheeled chair I had so often pushed along to the tune of Old Clem.

When I got back to my breakfast in the Boar's coffee-room, I found Mr. Pumblechook conversing with the landlord. Mr. Pumblechook (not improved in appearance by his late nocturnal adventure) was waiting for me, and addressed me in the following terms.

"Young man, I am sorry to see you brought low. But what else could be expected! What else could be expected!"

As he extended his hand with a magnificently forgiving air, and as I was broken by illness and unfit to quarrel, I took it.

"William," said Mr. Pumblechook to the waiter, "put a muffin on table. And has it come to this! Has it come to this!"

I frowningly sat down to my breakfast. Mr. Pumblechook stood over me, and poured out my tea—before I could touch the teapot—with the air of a benefactor who was resolved to be true to the last.

"William," said Mr. Pumblechook, mournfully, "put the salt on. In happier times," addressing me, "I think you took sugar? And did you take milk? You did. Sugar and milk. William, bring a watercress."

"Thank you," said I, shortly, "but I don't eat watercresses."

"You don't eat 'em," returned Mr. Pumblechook, sighing and nodding his head several times, as if he might have expected that, and as if abstinence from watercresses were consistent with my downfal. "True. The simple fruits of the earth. No. You needn't bring any, William."

I went on with my breakfast, and Mr. Pumblechook continued to stand over me, staring fishily and breathing noisily, as he always did.

"Little more than skin and bone!" mused Mr. Pumblechook, aloud. "And yet when he went away from here (I may say with my blessing), and I spread afore him my humble store, like the Bee, he was as plump as a Peach!"

This reminded me of the wonderful difference between the servile manner in which he had offered his hand in my new prosperity, saying, "May I?" and the ostentatious clemency with which he had just now exhibited the same fat five fingers.

"Hah!" he went on, handing me the bread-and-butter. "And air you a going to Joseph?"

"In Heaven's name," said I, firing in spite of myself, "what does it matter to you where I am going? Leave that teapot alone."

It was the worst course I could have taken, because it gave Pumblechook the opportunity he wanted.

"Yes, young man," said he, releasing the

handle of the article in question, retiring a step or two from my table, and speaking for the behoof of the landlord and waiter at the door, "I *will* leave that teapot alone. You are right, young man. For once, you are right. I forgit myself when I take such an interest in your breakfast, as to wish your frame, exhausted by the debilitating effects of prodigygality, to be stimilated by the 'olesome nourishment of your forefathers. And yet," said Pumblechook, turning to the landlord and waiter, and pointing me out at arm's length, "this is him as I ever sported with in his days of happy infancy. Tell me not it cannot be; I tell you this is him!"

A low murmur from the two replied. The waiter appeared to be particularly affected.

"This is him," said Pumblechook, "as I have rode in my shay-cart. This is him as I have seen brought up by hand. This is him untoe the sister of which I was uncle by marriage, as her name was Georgiana M'ria from her own mother, let him deny it if he can!"

The waiter seemed convinced that I could not deny it, and that it gave the case a black look.

"Young man," said Pumblechook, screwing his head at me in the old fashion, "you air a going to Joseph. What does it matter to me, you ask me, where you air a going? I say to you, sir, you air a going to Joseph."

The waiter coughed, as if he modestly invited me to get over that.

"Now," said Pumblechook, and all this with a most exasperating air of saying in the cause of virtue what was perfectly convincing and conclusive, "I will tell you what to say to Joseph. Here is Squires of the Boar present, known and respected in this town, and here is William, which his father's name was Potkins if I do not deceive myself."

"You do not, sir," said William.

"In their presence," pursued Pumblechook, "I will tell you, young man, what to say to Joseph. Says you, 'Joseph, I have this day seen my earliest benefactor and the founder of my fortun's. I will name no names, Joseph, but so they are pleased to call him up-town, and I have seen that man.'"

"I swear I don't see him here," said I.

"Say that likewise," retorted Pumblechook. "Say you said that, and even Joseph will probably betray surprise."

"There you quite mistake him," said I. "I know better."

"Says you," Pumblechook went on, "'Joseph, I have seen that man, and that man bears you no malice and bears me no malice. He knows your character, Joseph, and is well acquainted with your pig-headedness and ignorance; and he knows my character, Joseph, and he knows my want of gratitoode. Yes, Joseph,' says you," here Pumblechook shook his head and hand at me, "'he knows my total deficiency of common human gratitoode. *He* knows it, Joseph, as none can. *You* do not know it, Joseph, having no call to know it, but that man do.'"

Windy donkey as he was, it really amazed me that he could have the face to talk thus to mine.

"Says you, 'Joseph, he gave me a little message, which I will now repeat. It was, that in my being brought low, he saw the finger of Providence. He knowed that finger when he saw it, Joseph, and he saw it plain. It pinted out this writing, Joseph. *Reward of ingratitoode to earliest benefactor, and founder of fortun's.* But that man said that he did not repent of what he had done, Joseph. Not at all. It was right to do it, it was kind to do it, it was benevolent to do it, and he would do it again.'"

"It's a pity," said I, scornfully, as I finished my interrupted breakfast, "that the man did not say what he had done and would do again."

"Squires of the Boar!" Pumblechook was now addressing the landlord, "and William! I have no objections to your mentioning, either up-town or down-town, if such should be your wishes, that it was right to do it, kind to do it, benevolent to do it, and that I would do it again."

With those words the Impostor shook them both by the hand, with an air, and left the house; leaving me much more astonished than delighted by the virtues of that same indefinite "it." I was not long after him in leaving the house too, and when I went down the High-street I saw him holding forth (no doubt to the same effect) at his shop door, to a select group, who honoured me with very unfavourable glances as I passed on the opposite side of the way.

But, it was only the pleasanter to turn to Biddy and to Joe, whose great forbearance shone more brightly than before, if that could be, contrasted with this brazen pretender. I went towards them slowly, for my limbs were weak, but with a sense of increasing relief as I drew nearer to them, and a sense of leaving arrogance and untruthfulness further and further behind.

The June weather was delicious. The sky was blue, the larks were soaring high over the green corn, I thought all that country-side more beautiful and peaceful by far than I had ever known it to be yet. Many pleasant pictures of the life that I would lead there, and of the change for the better that would come over my character when I had a guiding spirit at my side whose simple faith and clear home-wisdom I had proved, beguiled my way. They awakened a tender emotion in me; for, my heart was softened by my return, and such a change had come to pass, that I felt like one who was toiling home barefoot from distant travel and whose wanderings had lasted many years.

The schoolhouse where Biddy was mistress, I had never seen; but, the little roundabout lane by which I entered the village for quietness' sake, took me past it. I was disappointed to find that the day was a holiday; no children were there, and Biddy's house was closed. Some hopeful notion of seeing her busily engaged in her daily duties, before she saw me, had been in my mind and was defeated.

But, the forge was a very short distance off, and I went towards it under the sweet green limes, listening for the clink of Joe's hammer. Long after I ought to have heard it, and long after I had fancied I heard it and found it but a fancy, all was still. The limes were there, and the white thorns were there, and the chesnut-trees were there, and their leaves rustled harmoniously when I stopped to listen; but, the clink of Joe's hammer was not in the midsummer wind.

Almost fearing, without knowing why, to come in view of the forge, I saw it at last, and saw that it was closed. No gleam of fire, no glittering shower of sparks, no roar of bellows; all shut up, and still.

But, the house was not deserted, and the best parlour seemed to be in use, for there were white curtains fluttering in its window, and the window was open and gay with flowers. I went softly towards it, meaning to peep over the flowers, when Joe and Biddy stood before me, arm in arm.

At first Biddy gave a cry, as if she thought it was my apparition, but in another moment she was in my embrace. I wept to see her, and she wept to see me; I, because she looked so fresh and pleasant; she, because I looked so worn and white.

"Dear Biddy, how smart you are!"

"Yes, dear Pip."

"And Joe, how smart *you* are!"

"Yes, dear old Pip, old chap."

I looked at both of them, from one to the other, and then——

"It's my wedding-day," cried Biddy, in a burst of happiness, "and I am married to Joe!"

* * * * *

They had taken me into the kitchen, and I had laid my head down on the old deal table. Biddy held one of my hands to her lips, and Joe's restoring touch was on my shoulder. "Which he warn't strong enough, my dear, fur to be surprised," said Joe. And Biddy said, "I ought to have thought of it, dear Joe, but I was too happy." They were both so overjoyed to see me, so proud to see me, so touched by my coming to them, so delighted that I should have come by accident to make their day complete!

My first thought was one of great thankfulness that I had never breathed this last baffled hope to Joe. How often, while he was with me in my illness, had it risen to my lips. How irrevocable would have been his knowledge of it, if he had remained with me but another hour!

"Dear Biddy," said I, "you have the best husband in the whole world, and if you could have seen him by my bed you would have—— But no, you couldn't love him better than you do."

"No, I couldn't, indeed," said Biddy.

"And, dear Joe, you have the best wife in the whole world, and she will make you as happy as even you deserve to be, you dear, good, noble Joe!"

Joe looked at me with a quivering lip, and fairly put his sleeve before his eyes.

"And Joe and Biddy both, as you have been to church to-day, and are in charity and love with all mankind, receive my humble thanks for all you have done for me, and all I have so ill repaid! And when I say that I am going away within the hour, for I am soon going abroad, and that I shall never rest until I have worked for the money with which you have kept me out of prison, and have sent it to you, don't think, dear Joe and Biddy, that if I could repay it a thousand times over, I suppose I could cancel a farthing of the debt I owe you, or that I would do so if I could!"

They were both melted by these words, and both entreated me to say no more.

"But I must say more. Dear Joe, I hope you will have children to love, and that some little fellow will sit in this chimney corner of a winter night, who may remind you of another little fellow gone out of it for ever. Don't tell him, Joe, that I was thankless; don't tell him, Biddy, that I was ungenerous and unjust; only tell him that I honoured you both, because you were both so good and true, and that, as your child, I said it would be natural to him to grow up a much better man than I did."

"I ain't a going," said Joe, from behind his sleeve, "to tell him nothink o' that natur, Pip. Nor Biddy ain't. Nor yet no one ain't."

"And now, though I know you have already done it in your own kind hearts, pray tell me, both, that you forgive me! Pray let me hear you say the words, that I may carry the sound of them away with me, and then I shall be able to believe that you can trust me, and think better of me, in the time to come!"

"O dear old Pip, old chap," said Joe. "God knows as I forgive you, if I have anythink to forgive!"

"Amen! And God knows I do!" echoed Biddy.

"Now let me go up and look at my old little room, and rest there a few minutes by myself, and then when I have eaten and drunk with you, go with me as far as the finger-post, dear Joe and Biddy, before we say good-by!"

I sold all I had, and I put aside as much as I could, for a composition with my creditors—who gave me ample time to pay them in full—and I went out and joined Herbert. Within a month, I had quitted England, and within two months I was clerk to Clarriker and Co, and within four months I assumed my first undivided responsibility. For, the beam across the parlour ceiling at Mill Pond Bank, had then ceased to tremble under old Bill Barley's growls and was at peace, and Herbert had gone away to marry Clara, and I was left in sole charge of the Eastern Branch until he brought her back.

Many a year went round, before I was a partner in the House; but, I lived happily with Herbert and his wife, and lived frugally, and paid my debts, and maintained a constant correspondence with Biddy and Joe. It was not until I became third in the Firm, that Clarriker

betrayed me to Herbert; but, he then declared that the secret of Herbert's partnership had been long enough upon his conscience, and he must tell it. So, he told it, and Herbert was as much moved as amazed, and the dear fellow and I were not the worse friends for the long concealment. I must not leave it to be supposed that we were ever a great House, or that we made mints of money. We were not in a grand way of business, but we had a good name, and worked for our profits, and did very well. We owed so much to Herbert's ever cheerful industry and readiness, that I often wondered how I had conceived that old idea of his inaptitude, until I was one day enlightened by the reflection, that perhaps the inaptitude had never been in him at all, but had been in me.

CHAPTER LIX.

For eleven years, I had not seen Joe nor Biddy with my bodily eyes—though they had both been often before my fancy in the East—when, upon an evening in December, an hour or two after dark, I laid my hand softly on the latch of the old kitchen door. I touched it so softly that I was not heard, and looked in unseen. There, smoking his pipe in the old place by the kitchen firelight, as hale and as strong as ever though a little grey, sat Joe; and there, fenced into the corner with Joe's leg, and sitting on my own little stool looking at the fire, was——I again!

"We giv' him the name of Pip for your sake, dear old chap," said Joe, delighted when I took another stool by the child's side (but I did *not* rumple his hair), "and we hoped he might grow a little bit like you, and we think he do."

I thought so too, and I took him out for a walk next morning, and we talked immensely, understanding one another to perfection. And I took him down to the churchyard, and set him on a certain tombstone there, and he showed me from that elevation which stone was sacred to the memory of Philip Pirrip, late of this Parish, and Also Georgiana, Wife of the Above.

"Biddy," said I, when I talked with her after dinner, as her little girl lay sleeping in her lap, "you must give Pip to me, one of these days; or lend him, at all events."

"No, no," said Biddy, gently. "You must marry."

"So Herbert and Clara say, but I don't think I shall, Biddy. I have so settled down in their home, that it's not at all likely. I am already quite an old bachelor."

Biddy looked down at her child, and put its little hand to her lips, and then put the good matronly hand with which she had touched it, into mine. There was something in the action and in the light pressure of Biddy's wedding-ring, that had a very pretty eloquence in it.

"Dear Pip," said Biddy, "you are sure you don't fret for her?"

"O no—I think not, Biddy."

"Tell me as an old, old friend. Have you quite forgotten her?"

"My dear Biddy, I have forgotten nothing in my life that ever had a foremost place there, and little that ever had any place there. But that poor dream, as I once used to call it, has all gone by, Biddy, all gone by!"

Nevertheless, I knew while I said those words that I secretly intended to revisit the site of the old house that evening alone, for her sake. Yes, even so. For Estella's sake.

I had heard of her, as leading a most unhappy life, and as being separated from her husband, who had used her with great cruelty, and who had become quite renowned as a compound of pride, avarice, brutality, and meanness. And I had heard of the death of her husband, from an accident consequent on his ill-treatment of a horse. This release had befallen her some two years before; for anything I knew, she was married again.

The early dinner hour at Joe's, left me abundance of time, without hurrying my talk with Biddy, to walk over to the old spot before dark. But, what with loitering on the way, to look at old objects and to think of old times, the day had quite declined when I came to the place.

There was no house now, no brewery, no building whatever left, but the wall of the old garden. The cleared space had been enclosed with a rough fence, and, looking over it, I saw that some of the old ivy had struck root anew, and was growing green on low quiet mounds of ruin. A gate in the fence standing ajar, I pushed it open, and went in.

A cold silvery mist had veiled the afternoon, and the moon was not yet up to scatter it. But, the stars were shining beyond the mist, and the moon was coming, and the evening was not dark. I could trace out where every part of the old house had been, and where the brewery had been, and where the gates, and where the casks. I had done so, and was looking along the desolate garden-walk, when I beheld a solitary figure in it.

The figure showed itself aware of me, as I advanced. It had been moving towards me, but it stood still. As I drew nearer, I saw it to be the figure of a woman. As I drew nearer yet, it was about to turn away, when it stopped, and let me come up with it. Then, it faltered as if much surprised, and uttered my name, and I cried out:

"Estella!"

"I am greatly changed. I wonder you know me."

The freshness of her beauty was indeed gone, but its indescribable majesty and its indescribable charm remained. Those attractions in it, I had seen before; what I had never seen before, was the saddened softened light of the once proud eyes; what I had never felt before, was the friendly touch of the once insensible hand.

We sat down on a bench that was near, and I said, "After so many years, it is strange that we should thus meet again, Estella, here where our first meeting was! Do you often come back?"

"I have never been here since."

"Nor I."

The moon began to rise, and I thought of the

placid look at the white ceiling, which had passed away. The moon began to rise, and I thought of the pressure on my hand when I had spoken the last words he had heard on earth.

Estella was the next to break the silence that ensued between us.

"I have very often hoped and intended to come back, but have been prevented by many circumstances. Poor, poor old place!"

The silvery mist was touched with the first rays of the moonlight, and the same rays touched the tears that dropped from her eyes. Not knowing that I saw them, and setting herself to get the better of them, she said quietly:

"Were you wondering, as you walked along, how it came to be left in this condition?"

'Yes, Estella."

"The ground belongs to me. It is the only possession I have not relinquished. Everything else has gone from me, little by little, but I have kept this. It was the subject of the only determined resistance I made in all the wretched years."

"Is it to be built on?"

"At last it is. I came here to take leave of it before its change. And you," she said, in a voice of touching interest to a wanderer, "you live abroad still?"

"Still."

"And do well, I am sure?"

"I work pretty hard for a sufficient living, and therefore—Yes, I do well."

"I have often thought of you," said Estella.

"Have you?"

"Of late, very often. There was a long hard time when I kept far from me, the remembrance of what I had thrown away when I was quite ignorant of its worth. But, since my duty has not been incompatible with the admission of that remembrance, I have given it a place in my heart."

"You have always held your place in my heart," I answered. And we were silent again, until she spoke.

"I little thought," said Estella, "that I should take leave of you in taking leave of this spot. I am very glad to do so."

"Glad to part again, Estella? To me, parting is a painful thing. To me, the remembrance of our last parting has been ever mournful and painful."

"But you said to me," returned Estella, very earnestly, "'God bless you, God forgive you!' And if you could say that to me then, you will not hesitate to say that to me now—now, when suffering has been stronger than all other teaching, and has taught me to understand what your heart used to be. I have been bent and broken, but—I hope—into a better shape. Be as considerate and good to me as you were, and tell me we are friends."

"We are friends," said I, rising and bending over her, as she rose from the bench.

"And will continue friends apart," said Estella.

I took her hand in mine, and we went out of the ruined place; and, as the morning mists had risen long ago when I first left the forge, so the evening mists were rising now, and in all the broad expanse of tranquil light they showed to me, I saw the shadow of no parting from her.

THE END OF GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

Our readers already know that the next number of this Journal will contain the first portion of a new romance by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, which will be continued from week to week for six months. On its completion, it will be succeeded by a new serial story by Mr. Wilkie Collins, to be continued from week to week for nine months.

The repeal of the Duty on Paper will enable us greatly to improve the quality of the material on which All the Year Round is printed, and therefore to enhance the mechanical clearness and legibility of these pages. Of the Literature to which we have a new encouragement to devote them, it becomes us to say no more than that we believe it would have been simply impossible, when paper was taxed, to make the present announcement.

ADVENTURES OF MONSIEUR MIRES.

It was in the ancient city of Bordeaux, and in the month of December, 1809, that Jules Isaac Mirès, the offspring of Jewish parents, first saw the light. His father, a money-changer and watchmaker, kept one of those little shops which line the Exchange of Bordeaux; but the proverbial success of his nation does not seem to have accompanied his operations, as he left nothing to his son when he died, but the charge of supporting three penniless sisters. When six years old young Mirès was sent as a day-scholar to pick up what education he might at the feet of a learned professor named Jolly. This Gamaliel, however, did not give himself much trouble with his pupil, or his pupil took little pains to learn; for Monsieur Mirès tells us that when he left school, at the ripe age of twelve, he had acquired but a very imperfect knowledge of the French language. It is most likely that the elder Mirès had never heard of Dogberry's theory, that "reading and writing come by nature;" but he acted as if he had no great faith in tuition, removing Jules at the age aforesaid from Professor Jolly's care, and placing him in the shop of Monsieur Beret, a dealer in glass. It is not on record that, like Alnaschar, Jules Mirès kicked down his fortunes in a fit of presumptuous castle-building, but he admits that visions of future greatness made the details of the glass-trade distasteful to him, and dreaming

of a more important and profitable employment, "like a bird," he sentimentally says, "I quitted my happy nest to seek adventures"—and to feather another nest of his own making.

At eighteen years of age, then, the world was to Jules Mirès the "oyster," which he sought, in the best way he could, to open. On leaving Monsieur Beret he entered the office of Monsieur Ledentu, a commission-agent; but, at the end of three years, the business assumed proportions which the young clerk's limited education disqualified him from conducting, and he was, consequently, dismissed. His next employment was a clerkship in a government office, specially formed for ascertaining house and property value in and around Bordeaux, and the experience he acquired in this position enabled him to support himself and his three sisters, after the office was suppressed, for several years. But it was a bare struggle for existence, and at last, in the year 1841, when he had completed his thirty-first year, Jules Mirès took that step which is taken by nine Frenchmen out of ten when they are out of luck—he went to Paris.

A native of Bordeaux, his first thought was to do something in wines; but as he had neither capital, credit, nor friends, he gave up that idea in less than a month. He then tried to turn to account the knowledge he had gained of house-surveying, but the civic authorities of Paris were so little desirous of having their property looked up by an itinerant Jew, and were, moreover, so generally hostile to his project, that he was obliged, after trying it on for nearly two years, to give that up also. A third attempt, to get up a special agency for collecting direct taxes, was no more successful than either of the preceding ventures, and at the end of 1844 Jules Mirès was, as it were, high and dry in the streets of Paris.

Our speculator had hitherto kept as closely within the limits of honesty as circumstances and his natural tendencies would admit of; but, when, after roughing it for five-and-thirty years, he found himself without the cash of which he stood in need, he determined to trade upon the money of others. The very best opening for one who wishes to cultivate this line of business is the Bourse of Paris, and on the Bourse of Paris Jules Mirès accordingly went, commencing his speculative career as a dabbler in promissory shares. "This commerce," says Monsieur Mirès, in his recently published Account of his Life and his Affairs, "was at that time in a very flourishing condition, and from the very first of my adopting it I obtained a relative success, which gave me a taste for financial operations which I had never before experienced for any other kind of business."

The year 1845 was, as many have good reason to remember, a year of crisis. The railway fever was at its height, collapse followed, and the law against over-speculation was accompanied by the express interdiction of promissory share negotiation. Those who had profited by this mode of conducting affairs—and Monsieur Mirès seems to have been one of them—were exposed —most unjustly, of course—to all sorts of virulent accusations; and some of these share dealers, Monsieur Mirès tells us, went the length of actually "blushing like guilty persons, if it became known that they had gained money by shares, or the promise of shares!" But, as hard words break no bones, so, blushing at irregular profits does not empty the full pocket; and a change having taken place in the manner of share dealing, which passed into the hands of the regular "agents de change," Monsieur Mirès associated himself as an intermediate with one of these brokers, and occupied this position when the revolution of February broke out, completely upsetting every species of "financial operation"—a phrase of most convenient application, and one which Monsieur Mirès greatly delights in.

The ground again cut from under his feet—for intermediates seem no longer wanted when the principals had left off doing business—Monsieur Mirès listened to a proposition made to him by a certain Monsieur Millard, to purchase in conjunction a newspaper called the Journal des Chemins de Fer, and then, he says, he began "that series of enterprises which has cost me so much unfriendly criticism, partial minds never considering that the very publicity to which I had recourse was the real proof of my sincerity." It is in this spirit of perfect openness that Monsieur Mirès goes on to relate the history of all the speculations in which he has been engaged, firmly convinced—or, at all events, appearing to entertain the conviction—that nothing could be more legitimate or financially correct than the operations which have ruined so many and brought him within the grasp of the law.

To "brazen it out" seems, in fact, to be an essential feature of the system which Monsieur Mirès acted upon, for the benefit of the public—and of himself; and, drawing a marked line between "Ma Vie" and "Mes Affaires"—as if the mere physical had nothing in common with the financial existence—he enters into the amplest details, with a sincerity that would be truly astonishing, if he only revealed the truth. "At the moment," he says, "of speaking of the affairs and enterprises which I have conducted from 1848 to 1860, I am naturally led—in order that the history of my financial career may be complete—to describe what my participation has been in the principal financial events which have occurred during this period. I may say with pride that I have greatly contributed to, if I have not actually initiated, them; and that I have been at least the instigator of the practical thought which has brought them about." Let individuals suffer as they may, to the country at large Monsieur Mirès declares he is its greatest benefactor. "Happily for France," he continues, "the three great financial facts cannot be destroyed which have marked the last few years, and which both now and for the future will contribute to her greatness. These three facts are: the creation of the Crédit Mobilier; the adoption of the system of public subscrip-

tion for loans; and the reconstitution of the capital of the Bank of France." Monsieur Mirès gives himself the credit—such as it is—of having suggested the first of these schemes, by the practical but incomplete attempt which he made between 1850 and 1853, under the title of Caisse des Actions Réunies; his share in the second was not, he asserts, less direct; and he claims the merit of having set the third on foot by propositions made by him to the Bank of France, which, though not directly accepted, were afterwards partially adopted. These circumstances are recalled by Monsieur Mirès "because they add to the services which he has rendered to industry, since the month of September, 1848," when he undertook the direction of the Journal des Chemins de Fer, which had ceased to appear a few weeks after the revolution of February.

For this newspaper, on the editing of which he greatly prides himself—as well he may—Monsieur Mirès gave a trifle more than a thousand francs (say, forty-five pounds sterling). His first care, he tells us, was to reassure the public mind, to restore depressed confidence in the value of railway shares, and to prevent their being sold at a ruinous price. His process in editing resembled the literary arrangement between the King of Prussia and Voltaire. "At first," says Monsieur Mirès, "I experienced some difficulty in rendering my thoughts so as to convey the impression I desired. I wrote the articles such as I conceived them, and then handed them to an editor, who corrected the style. But, thanks to daily perseverance for several years, I succeeded at last in expressing my ideas with a facility I never expected when I first became the proprietor of the journal."

This was not his sole success. Monsieur Mirès succeeded in persuading the public that the best thing they could do was to take shares in certain companies of his formation. The first of these was called "La Caisse des Actions Réunies," and the object of it was the creation of a financial society, the capital of which was to be employed in buying shares at a favourable moment, in order to sell them again at a profit to be divided amongst the subscribers. Incessant advertising, with the promise of a profit ranging from thirty to forty per cent, rendered this project successful—to Monsieur Mirès certainly, if not to the shareholders—for, at the expiration of three years when the affairs of the society were wound up, he was in a condition to enter upon speculations of the greatest magnitude. By that time he had bought two more newspapers, Le Pays and Le Constitutionnel; and, having thus got two of the most influential organs of the press in his power—with Monsieur le Vicomte de la Guerronière as editor-in-chief of the first-named journal—he took his full swing. For these two newspapers Monsieur Mirès paid, he says, 2,700,000 fr., and having added 300,000 fr. more, he created a company, with a capital of 3,000,000 fr., which, for nine years, produced an average of more than ten per cent. Something must have paid Monsieur Mirès well to put him in a condition, in the course of three years, of buying a property worth 120,000*l.* sterling.

From this time forward we hear nothing more of operations on an ordinary scale; all figures not expressed in millions are passed over as "vulgar fractions." Thus, in 1852, the city of Paris wanted a loan of 50,000,000 fr.; all the great financial influences contended for it, and the adjudication was made to a firm with which Monsieur Mirès had combined. Again, in 1853, Monsieur Mirès entered into arrangements with the "Crédit foncier" of the two cities of Marseilles and Nevers to supply each of them with 24,000,000 fr.; but here the contracts were annulled through the interposition of certain powerful financiers in Paris, and the result was a loss to Monsieur Mirès of 500,000 fr. He complains of this loss; but what was it to the man whose speculations "for the account," in the course of the four last years of his career, amounted to the incredible sum of 60,880,000*l.* sterling? The grand affair of 1853 was the formation of the "Caisse Générale des Chemins de Fer" (General Railway Banking Company), the founders of which were the Baron de Pontalba and Messieurs Blaise and Solar, the bankers. A project of this nature could not, as a matter of course, get on without the co-operation of Monsieur Mirès; and, in an evil hour (according to his own account), he consented to take the place of Monsieur Blaise; the financial management (or "raison sociale") being constituted by J. Mirès and Co., the "Co." being Monsieur Solar, who had the wit not to wait for his trial when he and Monsieur Mirès were first inculpated.

The capital of this new company was originally only twelve millions of francs, but it was speedily increased to fifty millions; and, with this amount for the base of his operations, Monsieur Mirès "went at it." There was, first of all, the purchase of the collieries of Portes and Senechas, with the construction of the necessary railway, for supplying Marseilles with coal at a greatly diminished rate. Then came the iron foundries of St. Louis, in the suburbs of Marseilles, worked with ores of Elba and the coke of Portes; an enterprise subsidiary to the collieries. After this, ensued the contract for lighting Marseilles with gas—the four undertakings being fused into one company. There would have been two more schemes, the purchase of ground in Marseilles for new docks, and a network of railways, called "le Réseau Pyrenéen," if, from some unexplained cause of hostility, the successive Ministers of Public Works (MM. Magne and Rouher) had not refused their consent to the sale of the one, or the cession of the other, to Monsieur Mirès. That this refusal should have been persisted in, surprises Monsieur Mirès excessively. "I never could discover how this hostility originated: the proprietor of journals devoted to the defence of the policy of the government, I had

left the absolute direction of them entirely to the board of management, and only possessed the right of paying the political and literary editors, which cost me 300,000 francs a year. I interrogated my past life; I asked myself if there existed by chance any obscure passage in it which could justify the ostracism by which I was struck; but I found in it no single act contrary to honour or to simple delicacy. I knew, however, that the financial world was hostile towards me, and that cruel rivalries existed in that region; but I could not persuade myself that outside that circle I was exposed to significant enmity. Yet, how otherwise" (poor innocent!) "explain the constant animadversions of which I was the object, and the full expression of which I found in the affected disdain of my proposition with respect to the Réseau Pyrenéen?"

Let us turn, then, to these "foreign affairs," which affect—not the honour of Monsieur Mirès—that is impossible—but his patriotism and his private feelings. First, figure in the list the Roman railways; then, follows the Spanish loan of sixteen millions sterling; then, the construction of the railway from Pampeluna to Saragossa; finally, the Turkish loan of also sixteen millions sterling. Monsieur Mirès contends that none of these were hazardous enterprises, and, had good faith presided over them, there might, perchance, have been no great difference of opinion between the public and himself; but when, as in the case of the Pampeluna Railway, six thousand three hundred and twelve shares, representing a value of one million three thousand one hundred and twenty pounds sterling, were issued in excess of the number originally subscribed for, it appears tolerably certain that the holders of the extra shares at least must have hazarded something considerable.

The Spanish loan, which was knocked on the head in consequence of the opposition it met with from the really great capitalists of Europe, furnishes Monsieur Mirès with the opportunity of writing up the Jews of the south of France at the expense of their co-religionists in the north; or, in other words, of falling foul of the house of Rothschild for transacting business in an honest, straightforward manner. The arguments he employs are curious; but, as we are dealing with the facts of Monsieur Mirès's case and not with his theories, we pass over a very amusing chapter, to come to the "financial reaction" which took place in the year 1857. Monsieur Mirès complains that the public mind was turned against him by the dramatists and political writers. First, appeared a piece written by Monsieur Ponsard, called La Bourse, which was highly approved of by the Emperor; then, came the Question d'Argent, by Alexandre Dumas the younger; and, a few months afterwards, Les Manieurs d'Argent, by Monsieur Oscar de Vallée, Advocate-General of the Imperial Court of Paris. At the same period Paris was inundated with biographies of the principal mushroom financiers, representing them in a most unfavourable light; and soon followed a deluge of pamphlets and newspaper articles, the outpourings of "a venal press," which, says Monsieur Mirès, "if they excited some indignation by their injustice and defamatory character, flattered at bottom the bad passions of the ignorant multitude, ever prone to raise its voice against riches and success. These publications," continues Monsieur Mirès, "some of which were encouraged, and others tolerated, necessarily determined the vague instincts of opinion, gave them a form and body, and converted, finally, a general hostility into a question of persons." The principal object of these unjust attacks was the Caisse Générale des Chemins de Fer, represented by Monsieur Mirès. But the heaviest blow dealt against him came from the government itself, in the shape of a warning, consequent upon the appearance of an article on the state of the money-market, which appeared in the Journal des Chemins de Fer. Monsieur Mirès had replied vigorously to the dramatists by whom he had been covertly assailed; but when the government turned against him it was too much: he resolved to retire altogether from business, and took that resolution on the very day the warning appeared. He accordingly convened a meeting of the shareholders in the Caisse Générale des Chemins de Fer, and tendered his resignation, accompanying the act by a report, "which was, naturally, an energetic refutation of the dominant ideas and restrictive measures which had consecrated those ideas;" phrases not particularly intelligible, but, as it appears, highly effective in rehabilitating Monsieur Mirès, for the meeting unanimously insisted upon his remaining at his post; a proceeding which he agreed to, "much against his will." If 1857 was unlucky for Monsieur Mirès, 1858 was still more so; in fact, he dates all his misfortunes from it. The works at Marseilles were stopped, and a decree of the Council of State not only prevented the development of the Roman railways, but seriously affected the credit of the Caisse Générale des Chemins de Fer, which could no longer, by issuing shares, procure the sums it stood in need of to meet its engagements. In spite, however, of this disastrous result, the works on the Pampeluna Railway (in 1859) were briskly prosecuted, and (in 1860) the Turkish loan was negotiated.

Without doubt, if we agree with Monsieur Mirès, these two last affairs would have set him on his legs more securely than ever; but, before this consummation of his hopes arrived, an untoward circumstance occurred. On the 15th of December, 1860—the identical day on which Monsieur Mirès sent out a notice to the shareholders in the Caisse Générale des Chemins de Fer, informing them of the advantageous terms on which the Turkish loan had been negotiated for—came thundering down upon his devoted head, a judicial instruction provoked by the Baron de Pontalba, who, in the simplest and most positive terms, denounced his friend and colleague, Monsieur Mirès, as an unmitigated swindler. What in France is called a

"descente judiciaire" immediately took place: the offices of the Caisse Générale des Chemins de Fer were taken possession of by justice, and seals were set on all the books of Monsieur Mirès, whose credit disappeared from that day, and with it fell, "in the height of its prosperity, (!) the financial establishment which I had contributed to maintain in a favourable situation, notwithstanding the obstacles of every kind that were accumulated in my path."

The denunciation of the Baron de Pontalba was to the effect that Monsieur Mirès had, on his own personal account, made an operation for a fall in the funds, resulting in a loss of 206,000 francs, which loss Monsieur Mirès saddled upon the company; that he had liquidated the accounts of numerous clients without any previous intimation, the fact being only made known to them by the intimation of the liquidation itself; that in the course of the years 1857 and 1858, MM. Mirès and Solar had sold on their own account shares in the Caisse Générale des Chemins de Fer which either did not exist or which belonged to certain clients; that the sale of these shares had given rise to a double payment of coupons, which, instead of being paid by MM. Mirès and Solar, had been turned to their own profit; and that they had issued twelve millions' worth of bonds of the Port de Marseilles, when only ten millions ought to have been negotiated.

All these charges Monsieur Mirès severally denied, after stating that the Baron de Pontalba's denunciation was caused by the refusal of his exorbitant claims for certain services rendered—claims which were, however, eventually admitted. On their payment—to the tune of fourteen hundred thousand francs—the seals were taken off Monsieur Mirès's books, and the whole thing seemed to have blown over. But Monsieur Mirès made a mistake in supposing so; for, though he was led by the Prefect of Police to believe, on the 6th of January of the present year, that he might freely resume the management of his affairs, proceedings against him were resumed on the 13th of February; on the 15th and 16th of the same month his books were seized anew; and on the 17th he was himself arrested and taken to the criminal prison of Mazas.

How far it comports with English notions of justice, to keep a man a close prisoner for months without allowing him to communicate with friend or advocate, or making him aware of the specific charges to be brought against him, we shall not stop to inquire: let it suffice that, after two postponements, to give Monsieur Mirès time to prepare his defence, he was finally put on his trial before the Tribunal Correctional of Paris, on the 27th of June, 1861. Monsieur Solar, who was included in the same indictment, did not answer to his name; he was consequently condemned in default; and the trial of Monsieur Mirès was separately proceeded with, so far as related to the charge of "escroquerie;" the other directors of the General Railway Banking Company being held civilly responsible for the acts of their manager.

MM. Mirès and Solar, then, were formally accused in court of making use of fraudulent manœuvres to create a belief in a chimerical event, by which they obtained various sums of money from divers persons (named in the indictment), and receipts and discharges from others, thereby swindling them out of the whole or part of their fortunes; of having sold securities entrusted to them as soon as deposited without the consent of, and without notice to, depositors, this sale, affected at high prices, producing upwards of 10,000,000 fr., which sum was concealed from their clients, who were, moreover, carefully kept in error by the receipt of periodical accounts, sent to them by MM. Mirès and Solar, in which they were debited with interest on the sums advanced to them, and credited with the produce of supposed coupons belonging to securities which no longer existed in the caisse; of fraudulently liquidating their situation with regard to their clients, and fictitiously selling, at low quotations, the securities which they no longer had in their possession, since they had in reality sold them at an antecedent period when prices were high; of turning to their own account the difference between the prices of real and fictitious sales, &c. &c.—all of which constituted the acts of escroquerie for which they were indicted.

How some of these swindling manœuvres were carried out, was shown by the evidence of the victims.

Vicomte d'Aure, formerly an officer in a cavalry regiment, deposed that in 1858, being in want of money, he had obtained an advance from the Caisse Générale of 10,000 fr. on a deposit of 35 Austrian railway shares. Some time after, he received a letter saying that they had been sold for 12,000 fr. As they were worth more, he complained, and was told that if he would pay back the 10,000 fr. he should have his shares, or that, if he preferred, he might receive 2000 fr. to make up the 12,000 fr. "I am not a man of business," added the witness, "and as I had not 10,000 fr. to give, and as I saw that I was fleeced, I took the 2000 fr." The president stated that the shares of the witness had been sold for 14,000 fr.

A man named Bernard, a shop-porter, said that he had deposited eight shares of the Victor Emmanuel Railway in the Caisse Générale as security for a loan. "After a while," continued the witness, "I received a letter announcing that my shares had been sold. I hurried to the caisse and asked, 'By what right have you disposed of my shares?' 'Ah!' was the answer, 'a general war is coming, and we fear a fall!' I subsequently learned that a long time before, my shares had been sold for more than 600 fr., and yet I was only paid 300 fr. I saw Mirès, and asked him how he could take on himself to sell my property? He replied, 'If we had not sold, you would have lost all!' The place was full of people who had been treated as I was. They made a great tumult; some of them said they had

been robbed, and a female, weeping bitterly, exclaimed that she was ruined!" The President: "You accepted what was offered to you?" "Yes, for what could I do? I had no means of going to law. I was the earthen crock against the iron pot." Mirès observed that when the last witness had deposited his shares they were only worth 460 fr. each.

M. Beauvais stated that he had long known Mirès, and had deposited funds and securities in his caisse. In 1856, seeing that Western Railway shares had risen to 980f., he wrote to Mirès to order him to sell fifty-one which he possessed. The order was not obeyed. He then directed that the sale should be made at 975f., but none was effected. At last he ordered that it should take place on the best terms that could be obtained. He waited, and heard nothing more of the matter. In 1859 he was astonished to be informed that he had been "executed" (sold up). He then learned on inquiry that his Western shares had been sold in 1856, also some Saragossa shares, and other securities at a later period, and he knew nothing of all that! Mirès said that if the order had really been given in 1856, and not executed, he would indemnify the witness for the loss he had sustained. He had received about six hundred letters a day, and had not had the time to read them.

M. Courtois, of Amiens, stated that in 1856 he had deposited thirty-two shares in the caisse, and that an advance had been made to him on them to pay some calls which had become due. In 1859 he received a letter saying he had been executed, but recommending him to authorise Mirès to buy back his shares at a lower rate than his had been sold for. His first impression was that the letter was a mystification, but he came to Paris and went to the caisse. "I found there," continued the witness, "a number of persons who were heaping imprecations on Mirès. I made a great noise. I said to every clerk I saw, 'By what right have you sold my shares?' But I could obtain no satisfactory answer. I insisted on seeing Mirès himself, and after a while some one said to me, 'There is M. Mirès.' I went up to the person indicated, and repeated my question, by what right my shares had been sold. 'Why,' said he, smiling with great affability, 'For your own interest.' On that I got into a passion, and even went, I believe, the length of calling him a swindler! 'And,' I added, 'you are making more dupes now, for there is at this moment a crowd at your doors on the pretext of subscribing for bonds in your Roman railways, but the crowd is a packed one.' (A laugh.) At last a great big fellow in green livery made me a sign to go away, and as I did not obey I was turned out." Mirès.—This deposition is a painful example of all I have had to suffer. The loss which the witness has sustained cannot be ascribed to me. It is owing to his having bought at an excessively high price, and to the war having caused a heavy fall. He owed us money, and we wanted him to give additional security.

Further explanation followed on the part of Monsieur Mirès, and in the course of his observations the president dropped the word "spoliation." Monsieur Mirès fired at once. "No!" he exclaimed, "there was no spoliation. I will not permit that word to be employed. Accuse me of what you will, but I will not allow my honour to be attacked—I will not permit you to say that I am a dishonest man." This was very like what the Irish soldier said when a lady, with whom he was upon visiting terms, accused him of stealing her poker. He swore that he was innocent, by every conceivable oath; but at last the lady told him he had not given his honour. "Touch my honour, touch my life!" cried Paddy; but there he distanced Monsieur Mirès, for he added, "here, woman, take your poker!" Monsieur Mirès, on the other hand, did not make restitution, but, as the following instance shows, clamoured for "more:"

Monsieur Dethierry, a cabinet courier, deposed that in 1857 he had a loan from Mirès on security of sixty-eight Western and thirty-four Caisse Générale shares. In 1859 he was told that the former had been sold for 436 fr., and the latter for 167fr. each, whereas he ascertained that in reality the sums realised were 750 fr. and 375 fr. The proposition was afterwards made, that what had been received should be put in the scale against what he owed. "But," said the witness, "I answered that I preferred having recourse to the scales of justice. My poor wife," continued Monsieur Dethierry, "went in tears to Monsieur Mirès; and do you know what he said to her? 'Let your husband bleed; let him come down with new securities.'"

Here is another case. Colonel Donnaire stated that one hundred and fourteen Mobilier shares, which he had deposited with Mirès as security for an advance, had been sold. When he heard of the sale he was greatly astonished, and asked Mirès by what right he had made it. Mirès answered in a sort of whisper, "On account of the war which is coming, but you can buy back the shares at a lower rate!" In presence of so much assurance witness was silent. He afterwards learned that the sale had been made for 220,000 fr., and yet Mirès represented that it only realised 101,000 fr.

To conclude. A host of witnesses (there were three hundred and sixty-three altogether) severally deposed that they had been defrauded out of different sums by Mirès having sold their securities without their consent; some of them, being in humble life, added that they were ruined.

Monsieur Mirès and his advocates made a desperate stand against all this testimony, but it was too much for them. All their quillets and their quiddities, their special pleading and their technicalities, were of no avail in the presence of simple downright facts, and the blow, when it fell, was a heavy one. Three principal charges were proved against Monsieur Mirès; the swindling of three hundred and sixty-three shareholders; the fraudulent disposal of twenty-one thousand railway shares and other securities; and the illegal distribution of dividends which had not arisen from actual profits,—the object of this last operation being to enhance the value of worthless shares, and then sell them at a premium. For these offences the highest penalty which the law prescribes was pronounced by the court, namely, five years' imprisonment, and a fine of three thousand francs. The pecu-

niary penalty was nothing, but the sentence of imprisonment fell on Mirès like a thunderbolt. A letter from Paris states that, "while it was being read, the agony of Mirès was so great, that even those whose feelings are hardened by the daily task of passing severe judgments might have thought society sufficiently avenged by the sufferings he endured in that half-hour. Sometimes, as if to escape from them, he clutched at the bar with both his shrivelled hands, and sometimes let his head fall upon his left arm, that lay stretched along the balustrade, as if no longer able to support its weight. When all was over he threw his hands above his head, and clasping them tightly together, gave utterance to incoherent expressions of despair, and to escape from the gaze of so many lookers-on, rushed towards the little door of the prisoners' waiting-room, without seeming to see that it was shut, while guards closed round to secure him. His paleness afterwards became so great that he appeared as if about to faint, but presently he recovered his self-possession, took up his hat, and pressing it violently on his head, he left the court guarded by some policemen."

Thus vanishes the fortune of Monsieur Mirès. Like the gourd that sheltered Jonah, "It grew in a night, and in a night it withered."

DRIFT.

ANCIENT QUACKS.

ATTACHED to the retinue of King Henry the Fifth in his first voyage to France to "sustain that claim to the crown of France which his great-grandfather Edward the Third urged with such confidence and success," appear the names of Thomas Morestede and William Bradwardyn, surgeons, "each with 9 more surgeons." By Morestede's agreement with the King, he received the style of "King's surgeon," and in two petitions quoted in Rymer's Fœdera, vol. ix. p. 252, he prays to be allowed "money to provide necessaries for his office, and a proper number of persons and carriages." The King granted him twelve persons, and "1 chariot and deuz somers." These twenty surgeons were attached to a force of full 30,000 men, so that it may be assumed that the number of properly qualified chirurgeons was very limited in the English dominions. The fact is, the art of surgery during the fifteenth century was merely manual dexterity helped by a few mechanical aids; the practice of medicine still rested in the hands of the clergy, and the only medical work which at this time appeared in our country was Kymer's Dietary for the Preservation of Health, in which the familiar recommendations touching exercise, the bath, and diet, handed down from Aristotle, are the principles set forth to teach the readers of a very prosy composition. Accordingly the following contemporaneous petition, dated in the ninth year of Henry the Fifth, is somewhat surprising; its prayer is so simple, and it defines so limited a grievance, that with improved phraseology, it might serve as a protest in our own time, against unlicensed practitioners; some of whom figure in our law reports, occasionally, as practitioners of the basest arts of swindling.

"Hey and most myghty prince noble and worthy Lordes Spirituelx and Temporelx, and worshipfull Coēs (Commons), for so moche as a man hath thre things to goverue, that is to say, Soule, Body and Worldly Goudes, the whiche ought and shulde ben principaly reweled by thre Sciences, that ben Divinitie, Fisyk, and Lawe, the Soule by Divinitie, the Body by Fisyk, worldly Goudes by Lawe, and these conynges (cunnings) sholde be used and practised principaly by the most conyng men in the same Sciences, and most approved in cases necessaries to encrese of vertu, long lyf, and goudes of fortune, to the worship of God, and comyn profit. But, worthy soveraines, as hit is known to youre hey discrecion, many unconnyng an (and) unapproved in the forsayd Science practiseth, and specialy in Fisyk, so that in this Roialme is every man, be he never so lewed, takyng upon hym practyse, y suffred to use hit, to grete harme and slaughtre of many men: Where if no man practised theryn but al only connynge men and approved sufficieantly y lerned in art, filosofye and fisyk, as hit is kept in other londes and roialms, ther shulde many man that dyeth, for defaute of help, lyve, and no man perish by unconnyng. Wherefore pleseth to youre excellent wysdomes, that ought after youre soule, have mo entendance to youre body, for the causes above sayd, to ordeine and make in Statuit perpetualy to be straytly yused and kept, that no man of no maner estate, degre, or condicion, practyse in Fysik, from this tyme forward, but he have long tyme yused the Scoles of Fysik withynne som Universitee, and be graduated in the same; that is to say, but he be Bacheler or Doctour of Fisyk, havinge lettres testymonalx sufficeantz of on of those degrees of the Universite, in the whiche he toke his degree yn; undur peyne of long emprisonement, and paynge XL li. to the Kyng; and that no woman use the practyse of Fisyk undre the same payne: and that the Sherrefe of the Shire make inquisicion in thaire tornes, if ther be eny that forfaiteth ayens this Statuit, under a payne resonable, and theme that haz putt this Statuit in execucion without any favour, under the same peyne. Also, lest that thay the whiche ben able to practyse in Fisyk ben excluded fro practysing, the whiche be nought graduated, plesith to youre hey prudence, to send warrant to all the Sherrefs of Engelond, that every practysor in Fisyk nought gradeuated in the same science that wile practyse forth be withynne on of the Universitees of this lond by a certeine day, that they that ben able and approved, after trewe and streyte examinacion, be receyved to theyr degree, and that they be nought able, to cese fro the practyse in to the tyme that they be able and approved, or never more entremette thereof; and that therto also be iset a peyne convenient."

In the same year the Lords of the Council

were empowered to punish such as practise without having proved themselves before the masters of that art.

MISNAMED IN VAIN.

I THROUGH the city on a summer's day,
Hot, sweltering, airless, sunless, bent my way:
Black were the streets, black the dull houses all
Beneath the soot's dim universal pall,
And dun the stifling air, and dun the sky,
Where here and there a patch I might descry.
Filth, squalor, noxious vapours, round me teemed,
The faces of the wretched children seemed—
Hanging about the windows, where vile food
By sight and smell awoke their languid blood—
More gaunt and ghastly with the reeking heat
That bathed their frail limbs with enfeebling sweat:
Their shrewish mothers' voices seemed more loud,
More dense, oppressive, the unresting crowd.
Languid and sick and faint, I struggled on.
"Oh for a space to breathe and rest alone!"
I cried, when, straight emerging from the maze,
An open space allured my tired gaze:
Quickly I reached it. There before me spread
One of the pestilence-holes, whence London's dead,
Not by night only, but by broadest day,
Send murderous ghosts, whose mission is to slay
Her living, and to poison air and earth
And water, so that children from the birth
Imbibe, bathe in, inhale, with every breath,
The germinating seeds of sickness, death,
Vice, poverty, corruption, till their brief
And evil days at length obtain relief
In "cold obstruction."
Leaning 'gainst the rail,
Musing I gazed within the loathsome pale—
A chaos of corruption. Festering bones
Lay here and there among the tumbling stones
That seemed themselves too sick to stand erect,
O'erpowered by the constant, sure effect
Of that malignant influence. 'Mid the dank
And venomous vapours grew a dark and rank
And unclean vegetation, often stirred,
Not by child-footsteps or the wing of bird,
But by the furtive rat, whose presence there
Suggested dreadful thoughts as to the fare
He battened on.
And while I gazed there grew
Upon my mind the memory, still new,
Of a discourse, movingly eloquent,
In which religion and sweet sentiment
And dear traditions all were fondly blent,
To prove 'twas holy, wholesome, good and wise
That still beneath God's heaven there should rise
These hotbeds of the foulest and the worst
Afflictions with which man by man is curs'd.
"God's acre," he, the preacher, called it. "God's!"
The devil owns each inch of all these sods,
And hath no richer heritage. O Lord
Of love, and life, and purity! that word
Revolts my spirit!
Take Death at the best,
What is it? When the soul has sought her rest,
What then remains? A cold, stiff, senseless heap
That hourly fades, soon losing e'en the shape
And outline of the creature who, when spirit
Inhabited this clay, did then inherit
A spark of God's own nature. Now, behold
This thing from which I shrink, whose clammy-cold
Grey pallid brow I shudder e'en to touch
And cannot kiss, although I would, so much
Does my soul feel that nothing *here* is left
Of the loved lost of whom she is bereft,—
If then in this I feel *I* have no part,
I, fellow-mortal, whose weak human heart
Must shortly still its pulses, and become
Like to this corpse's, that the self-same doom
Awaits us both,—can I suppose the Immortal
Who greets our souls at Heaven's eternal portal
Claims aught in that worn tenement which we
Have spurning left behind, no more to be
A hindrance and a burden?
But I'm told
That from these human ruins good red gold
May still be won, and that each charnel-field,
Each devil's-acre gives a goodly yield,
So 'tis "God's acre" called by men whose ease
Is purchased chiefly by fat burial-fees.

A NIGHT IN THE JUNGLE.

"THE hyænas and wolves were roaring all night outside my tent, but I kept up a good fire, and rose from time to time to look to it, and to the priming of my guns, and so got through the dark hours without accident."—Vide Travels of anybody, anywhere, at any page you like to turn to.

I venture to take the above quotation as a motto to my modest article, because it is appropriate to the matter of which I design to treat. *I* too have heard the hyænas and wolves howling outside my tent—if I may call it so—*I* have risen from time to time to relieve my restlessness, and though I have neither looked to my fire or my gun, *I* also have got through the dark hours without any accident whatever—even the slightest. The fact being, that these sounds have reached me without my stirring from home, or forsaking the protection of Marylebone for so much as a single day.

It is one of the romantic circumstances connected with a residence in Lumbago-terrace, Regent's Park, that the inhabitants of that moist and reeking region are able, in certain states of the wind, to hear in the dead of night the roar of the lion and the yell of the tiger, without apprehending any annoyance from the near neighbourhood of these terrible animals. To listen to such music, while lying comfortably between the sheets, is not bad sport. It is having, so to speak, the jungle brought home to one's door. You have the excitement of a night in the desert without any sense of insecurity, or any of the inconveniences inseparable from Eastern and Southern travel. And all this we, the inhabitants of Lumbago-terrace, owe to the happy chance which caused the Zoological authorities of this country to fix upon the Regent's Park as the spot best suited for the exhibition of their collection.

I have often heard, then, from my abode in Lumbago-terrace (to which residence I have adhered through twenty years of rheumatism), the roaring of the wild beasts in the Zoological Gardens; but I never heard it so loud, I never heard it break forth with such a sudden frenzy of violence, as it did at midnight on Wednesday, the twenty-sixth of June of the present year.

I have said that I have frequently heard these

sounds before. When a change of weather is toward—which is very often—when thunder is at hand, when the wind is in the east, and at other seasons of discomfort, the poor beasts behind the bars in the Zoological Gardens solace their misery by giving vent to the most dismal moans and roarings conceivable, and sometimes among the other sounds the thunder of the lion's roar may be heard pre-eminent and distinct.

On the night, however, to which I have alluded, the outcry of these unhappy animals was altogether of a different character. They had been quiet all day, and all through the early part of the night, when suddenly, and almost to a minute, at twelve P.M., the whole chorus of them burst out into one mighty shriek and yell of passion, which lasted in its fury so considerable a time that I came to the conclusion that some altogether unprecedented event must have taken place. In fact, I sat up in bed and said to myself, as I struck twelve cheerful little strokes out of my repeater:

"What *can* be going on to-night at the Zoological Gardens?"

The reader shall hear what was going on.

At exactly fifteen minutes after nine P.M. on the evening mentioned above, a party of four gentlemen might have been observed ringing at a little postern gate, which, when closed, forms part of the fence of the outer circle of the Regent's Park. With the reader's permission we will adopt, in case it should be needful to speak of any one of these persons, a practice which has received the sanction of the Poet Shakespeare, though he generally reserved it for robbers, murderers, mobs, and other disorderly characters—in a word, we will call them 1st Gentleman, 2nd Gentleman, 3rd Gentleman, and 4th Gentleman.

These four gentlemen, then, having rung at the gate, and having been admitted by a keeper, were by him guided to the house of the superintendent of the collection; and it then became apparent that their visit was a premeditated visit, and that they had come there by appointment, for the express purpose of making a night inspection of the Gardens, and ascertaining for themselves how that collection, which we all know so well by daylight, looked in the dark, or illuminated only by the light of a lantern.

The party was formed with little delay. It was headed by the superintendent, who was closely followed by his four visitors; a guard of officials connected with the place bringing up the rear. At this time the feelings of our four friends, as they moved across the Gardens with a lantern in front and a lantern behind, were of a peculiar kind, oscillating between a conviction that they were going to sit up all night to see an execution at daybreak, and a firm belief that they were about to start immediately for foreign parts, on a voyage attended with many difficulties, and inconceivable peril.

It was quite possible to imagine that some such journey was not only in contemplation, but that it had actually been entered on and prosecuted till the four travellers had reached some remote and savage district thousands of miles out of the way of civilisation. The small huts and low buildings which were scattered about being easily *imagined* into wigwams, and the occasional cry of some distant wild beast, or the shriek of some tropical bird striking on the ear, much as they might do in some Indian jungle, or Australian forest. The trees, too, in the darkness showed only the vaguest outline of their shape, and might have been shrubs of tropical growth, for aught that could be said to the contrary.

It was not long before the four gentlemen who had found themselves suddenly transported from Central London to Central Africa were able to detect, at some considerable distance, the form of an animal of huge size and ungainly shape, standing motionless on the margin of a small pool of water, which lay stretched out in front of it. The lines of this creature were only very vaguely discernible in the dim twilight of a June night, and it was too far off for the lanterns of the guides to be of any use. Supernaturally still, supernaturally huge and terrible in its forms, its faint grey masses only partially relieved from the faint grey masses of the ground and bank behind it, there was something so ghost-like about this motionless spectre, that 3rd Gentleman remarked to 4th Gentleman as the party moved on, that he saw now for the first time that the particular monster which had reappeared from time to time in all the fevered dreams of which he had been the victim since he was five years old, was, beyond all doubt, a hippopotamus seen by twilight.

Compared with this vision, the next animal with whom the travellers came in contact was almost homely in its unimpressiveness. An elephant lying down on its side close before you, and snoring so regularly and so loudly, that it was a wonder that his next-door neighbour, the rhinoceros, did not kick at the partition to wake him, is not, in truth, a spectacle to awe the beholder. Our adventurers passed on, after remarking to each other that they thought they detected a self-contained fury in the eye of the rhinoceros, which looked as if he could not stand the snoring of the elephant much longer, and would infallibly give warning next day.

Past the startled giraffes waving their heads in alarm at this night-visit, the little party moved on to where the vigorous and healthy ostriches live side by side with a certain little wan shy creature which is neither healthy nor vigorous. It was pitiful to see that poor, bare, wingless, featherless biped, the aptoryx, turned out of that shelter and concealment which she adheres to strenuously. The very wall of her hiding-place had to be removed before there was any possibility of getting her to show herself, and her misery at being thus suddenly turned out in the night with the glare of a lamp upon her, and strangers peering at her through the wires of the cage, was touching in the extreme.

The poor wretch even dodged about to get behind the shadow of the keeper who went into the den, so as to get that functionary's body and limbs between itself and the light. Poor obsolete creature, rarely found upon the surface of the world, belonging to a species fast dying out, and which almost ought to be extinct, it shuns the light and loves the shade and retirement as some unlucky person who has survived his age and cannot adapt himself to the new state of things might keep himself out of the way of the new generation and its rapid progress. "Here, let me get away out of this glare," says the poor aptoryx, "I am not of this period; I know I ought to be extinct; I can't move with the age; I don't approve of the present goings on; they don't suit me. Not that I wish to interfere or prevent your moving on as you like, but please to let me keep out of it all—for it's not in my line, and, if you'll allow me, I'll get back again behind my screen, and end my days out of sight and out of mind."

The grove of parrots starts at first sight of the lantern into such a bristling phalanx of glaring, shrieking, bobbing, vengeful demons, that our adventurers do not spend many seconds in their society, but, owning themselves vanquished, fly off into the darkness again, leaving this whole army of malignants in full screech of triumph behind them, and betaking themselves to the region where the beaver, busy in the night, is like some country gentleman for ever occupied with the "improvements" in and about his small estate.

For, there never was such a fidget as your beaver. Talk about human manias for bricks and mortar; talk about throwing out bows, making new paths through the woods, flinging up slight conservatories, or knocking your passage into your dining-room; these human weaknesses are nothing to the alterations which the beaver is perpetually making in his estate, and apparently simply for the sake of making them. It is quite impossible not to envy the obvious sense of enjoyment with which this rascal crawls over the top of his house to where some bough which has made part of his thatch, does not meet his approval, and taking one end of it into his mouth, drags it after him till he gets to the edge of his pond, into which he allows himself to tumble, bough and all, with a lazy flop. Would that the poor aptoryx could have such sport as that beaver when he swims round the pond with the end of the bough still in his mouth, and presently dragging it out of the water again, tries how it will look on the other side of his roof. This beaver seems perpetually happy. He has constructed his own abode with materials thrown over into his enclosure, and goes on thus reconstructing and altering it for ever. The superintendent communicates it to 1st Gentleman, who retails it to 2nd, and so on, that this beaver is so fond of his house that though he managed on one occasion to get out of his enclosure and down to the banks of the neighbouring canal in the dead of the night, he was yet found next morning back in his legitimate domain, and working away at his "improvements" as hard as ever. He is a lively chap at night, and was not the least disconcerted by the presence of the party gathered round him, but was, on the contrary, so tremendously busy in doing nothing and then undoing it again, still keeping his eye upon the four gentlemen who had come to see him, that 3rd Gentleman was heard at last to remark to 4th Gentleman that he "looked upon this animal as an impostor, and believed he was doing it all for effect."

In the due course of such rapid changes of country and climate as our adventurers are at this time subject to, it is not long before they come to a region where snakes and reptiles writhe and twist and stand erect, glaring malignantly at the intruders on their solitude, and at the unwonted blaze of lamp-light that comes with them. Festooned boas hang like tropical plants above them, reptiles with legs crawl out and watch them with erect heads, and small malignant dust-coloured vipers stand upon the tips of their tails and gasp envenomed breath against them.

Was it a dream—2nd Gentleman and 4th Gentleman were now getting very sleepy, and it might have been—was it a dream that one of the guides about this time remarked, pulling out a small heavy bag from a place of concealment, that he had got a few mice there, and that, perhaps, some of the reptiles might be on the feed? Was it a dream that he presently dived down into this bag, and, fishing up a little white mouse by the tail, introduced it into the den of a fearfully wide awake and restless dragon, with four legs, and a tail, and a pair of watchful eyes? It must have been a dream—it was too horrible to be anything else—that this little creature ran to the farthest corner of the den from that occupied by the dragon, and that anon, finding itself unmolested—for the dragon was too much occupied with our four gentlemen to take any notice of his small guest—came out and began to play about in the close vicinage of its tormentor, who evidently had his eye upon it, even while he appeared to be watching his human visitors. Yes; this was evidently a dream, and (dream-like) there was no termination to it; the mouse and the monster being left thus together, the mouse playing and the monster watching, without seeming to do so, out of the corner of his eye. Stop; perhaps the mouse got out afterwards through the bars; there seemed to be room. Thank goodness, there seemed to be room.

There is no worse place to dream in, than the Zoological Gardens. Gentleman No. 2 dreamed about this time, and so did No. 4, that a voice said once again, "Perhaps this one will take a mouse"—"this one" being the wretch who stood upon the end of his tail. The mouse was again handed in alive, and then both the abovementioned gentlemen dreamed of a crunch, and then of a white mouse slowly disappearing down a throat not anything like so large as the object it swallowed, and they dreamed further that at

last only the hind-legs of the mouse and the end of its tail remained outside the snake's jaws, and that after this the form of the mouse was plainly discernible as it made its way along the interior of the snake's throat, till it was lost in the coils of the reptiles body, and might be considered to be finally disposed of; at which point in their dream Gentlemen Nos. 2 and 4 both felt as if they had taken a large and uncompromising pill.

After this, both these gentlemen saw in their dream, a monster nightmare frog, impossibly huge and bloated, and then they went on to a place where they had the most horrible vision of all; the dream-monster this time being called "The Javan Loris."

2nd Gentleman and 4th Gentleman imagined that they went into a place where there were more festoons of Python snake over their heads, heaving and swelling like animated sand-bags, where there was a very sleepy sloth, who was so drowsy that he could never keep upon the top of the tree-boughs among which he resided, but always appeared to have tumbled off, and to be holding on by his hands and feet, and looking at society upside down; and our two gentlemen dreamed, moreover, that there were here some very noisome impossibilities which hung pendent from other boughs of trees, and were supposed to be asleep, but could not really have been so, or they would have dropped off—supposing the laws of gravitation to apply to flying foxes, which is, perhaps, supposing too much—and then they thought that all these things had ceased to be, and had turned into a small brown animal something like a rabbit, but more like a huge rat, concerning which a dream-voice spake, and said:

"This is the Javan Loris, and you will observe that one of its chief peculiarities is, that it does not kill its prey, but eats it alive."

It was quite a comfort to our two sleepy gentlemen to remember in their dream that they *were* dreaming, for the Javan Loris actually seemed to sit up on its hind-legs, and holding a live mouse in its paw, *took bites out of it*, as a schoolboy does out of an apple.

From these horrible visions Gentlemen Nos. 2 and 4 awoke as the night air blew upon them in emerging from the land of reptiles, and they hastened to tell their dreams to their companions. But what was the worst of it all was, that 1st Gentleman and 3rd Gentleman, who professed to have been awake all this time, were not a bit surprised, and said that they, too, had seen and heard all these things, and that they were not dreams but dire realities. Nos. 2 and 4 were so horrified at their statement, that they expressed a desire to return and sacrifice the Javan Loris on his own hearth; they were, however, not allowed to proceed with this praiseworthy act of retribution.

Truly there is a great deal of suffering mixed up with the lives of most members of the animal creation. What a hideous time of it, for instance, a little fish residing in the same neighbourhood with a large pike must have. Those great jaws must be a perpetual nightmare to the poor little wretch, who surely has intellect enough to know that he is continually in danger of finding his way into them. How can he enjoy his meals, the society of his friends, his natural rest and sleep, with that long, narrow, dangerous-looking wolf of the waters ever on the spot, ever ready for a pounce?

Do fish ever sleep? They certainly none of them appeared to be in a slumbering condition when Gentlemen 1, 2, and 3, came in the course of their night journey to the watery regions, and surveyed (outrageous combinations of things) the bottom of the sea, by lamp-light, in the Regent's Park. Gentleman No. 4 was left behind at this particular point in the voyage, and was found by the other more active voyagers, when they emerged from the fish regions, sitting bolt upright upon a bench and fast asleep.

There was something almost painful about the bright-eyed wakefulness of those fish. The pike was lying watching the gudgeons, and the gudgeons were wakefully conscious of the pike. The perch and the minnows were going through a performance of the same kind. The roach had quite a red rim round his eyes from want of rest; and even the zoophytes and sea-anemones were making short excursions at the bottom, progressing by means of a kind of ambling movement, compounded of a paralytic hop and a kind of hopeless attempt to swim, ending in a drunken stagger and total collapse of the entire animal into a mass of quivering jelly.

The aggravatingly wakeful condition of the inhabitants of those deep waters, through which our hardy adventurers were now wading, seemed to have upon these three travellers an effect somewhat the reverse of what might have been expected. Far from being refreshed by their bath, or stimulated to wakefulness by the example of these lively animals, our three friends appeared to be suffering under a perfect agony of fatigue and drowsiness, insomuch that they would cling to such under-water plants and other means of support as came in their way, with a drowning man's grasp; would occasionally stagger against each other; would fall into paroxysms of yawning, and would listen to all statements concerning the habits of the race they were among, with a fixed stare, indicative of hatred towards a tribe concerning which so much useful information was obtainable. They all fell foul, however, of No. 4 when they emerged from the bottom of the sea, and said that he ought to be ashamed of the want of interest he was showing in the whole affair.

It was refreshing, after the detestable wakefulness of the fish, to find in the monkey country, which lay next in the route of our travellers, that the inhabitants were an orderly and well-conducted race, and were taking their rest in a natural way, at a natural time. Nervous, too, in the dark, and glad to sit very near each other on their perches. There was one tree which our voyagers passed by on which more than a dozen of these right-minded animals were sitting in a row, packed together like larks

on a spit, and as tight as figs in a drum, the two outermost being evidently selected for their courage, and neither of them appearing to appreciate the distinction at all, while, farther on, a certain old monkey, shut out from this group, and sent to Coventry by his own species, had got hold of a great domestic cat, and was sitting close beside it, the pair being evidently bound to each other by a firm and well-grounded friendship.

"You don't happen to have lost such a thing as a finger?" said a certain boy in the employment of the Zoological Society, arriving at the house of a gentleman to whom he had been sent to make the above remarkable inquiry.

The gentleman's hand was bound up, and he made answer to the boy:

"Yes, I have, and you may go back to your master and tell him that if he has found it he may put it in spirits, and keep it as a warning to others not to act so foolishly as I have done."

"I had observed the gentleman often enough," said the superintendent, describing the circumstance to the four travellers who had placed themselves under his guidance. "I had observed him, and had often warned him that to play with the bears, as he was in the habit of doing when he came here, was very dangerous; for he would put his hand into the cage and tease them and play with them as if they were tom cats.

"One day I came to the cage here, and saw lying just outside it, a human finger, with the tendon hanging to it in a long strip. 'It's that gentleman's finger,' I said, 'and he's gone away without saying anything, for he used always to make light of my warnings, and would tell me that he knew all about it, and was not afraid a bit.' And the finger was his, sure enough."

This curious case was not an isolated one. On another occasion, a finger, with the stretched tendon hanging to it in the same way, was found outside the den of the wolves. People will have the temerity to run these foolish risks, and then go away, ashamed, even in the midst of their pain, to own what their rashness has ended in.

The four gentlemen, whose progress we have been following all this time, had moved so quietly about, and had excited so little disturbance among the animals, whose lairs they had passed, that, as far as might be augured from the deep silence reigning over the region inhabited by the great carnivora, their presence and near approach were not guessed at by those grand and terrible animals. The dens which the lions and tigers inhabit have outside them, at a distance of three or four feet, great heavy blinds, which are drawn down at night, and so a narrow passage is formed between the screen and the bars of the den itself: a passage accessible only by a locked gate at one end of it.

A dead silence reigned over all this region as the superintendent, closely followed by the rest of the party, approached this gate, and even after the key had been introduced into the lock; perhaps the animals were listening now, and scarcely breathed in order that they might hear the better, but no sooner was the gate thrown open and the gleam of the lantern admitted into the narrow passage in front of the dens, than a yell broke forth of mingled fear and rage, which was the most terrific thing ever heard by any member of the little company.

Still anxious to see more, the four gentlemen and their guides advanced a few paces into the passage. There were two young lions in the cage nearest to them, and the terror and fury of these creatures was really tremendous and awful to behold. They sprang at the sides of the cage, they flung themselves against its bars, they even seemed, in the obscure light, to fly at each other. They shook the place with their roaring, and the bars quivered as they dashed against them.

The contagion, too, seemed to have extended with the lamp's rays farther on, and in an instant the whole of those dens were vibrating with similar sounds. Tigers, leopards, panthers, burst altogether into one hideous unbearable yell, till the noise of this and of the shock of weighty bodies crashing against the bars was of so deafening a sort, that it was hardly possible to hear the voice of the guide when he gave the word to those about him that they must leave the place at once, or the creatures might knock themselves to pieces.

And so the cry of "Sauve qui peut!" went forth, and in another moment the narrow passage before the dens was left once more in darkness, but not in silence: the terror and fury of those disturbed wild beasts being slow to subside, and breaking forth from time to time during the night.

This was the cry of terror spoken of in the introductory portion of this small narrative, which frighted the Regent's Park "from its propriety."

But for that speedy retreat from before the lions' den there is no telling what injury the terrified and enraged creatures might have done themselves. We know not what terror is, in those unreasoning natures; he who gave the signal for flight, told his companions that there were some animals of the more timid kinds who could hardly be moved from one place to another, so fearfully would they maim themselves in their mad struggles.

The night wanderings of our little party were now nearly over. As they passed on, a startled deer would sometimes jump up from the place where it lay, and, running to a distance, would turn at bay to stare at the unusual apparition. Or, perhaps in some shady enclosure the strange stripes of the zebra would show for a moment as the light of the lantern glanced that way, or the white forms of a group of pelicans would dimly appear in ghostly stillness by the waterside. All, to the last moment—and far more so than in the daytime, when visitors destroy the illusion—spoke of distant lands and regions far removed from civilisation; and it was almost a shock, so great and violent was the contrast, when at last the four travellers found

themselves taking leave of their guide (with many expressions of their obligation to him), not at the door of a wigwam, or the entrance of a tent, but outside his own pretty little home—in the Regent's Park.

THE LAST LEWISES.

LITTLE CAPET.

A SKILFUL Belgian has painted a very touching picture of a wan, squalid child, crouching and shivering on the ground in the corner of a miserable room. The face is one of those oval French-child faces, very smooth and very yellow, patterns of which we see flitting by us in scores over the Fields Elysian, distracting their screaming and bonnetless bonnes. A French boy's face to the life; wanting only the little frill round its neck, and those other elegancies of dress with which the exquisite taste of French mammas love to invest their offspring. But this French child's face looks out with a piteous stony insensibility. It seems to shrink away from an unseen uplifted hand. Its clothes are torn and ragged: its thin limbs, much shrunk away, protrude. Shown at the Great Dublin Exhibition in 1853, among other notable pictures, it drew succeeding hemicycles of commiserating spectators; faces—of mothers especially—with tearful eyes, sorrowing over that miserable child. The name of the skilful Belgian is Wappers, and a little Bonnet Rouge or French Cap of Liberty, tossed lightly in a corner, tells us who is this boy with the French boy's face: the most unhappy child—taking him in reference to his station—that ever lived; the miserrimus of little ones, the scape-goat of tender years driven out into the desert,—third of our series, and Louis the last but one.

Miserrimus of royal children: the little proto-martyr of kings' sons! This is a piteous distinction; a wretched notoriety. Never did child of a royal line bear so many sorrows. When the courtiers and noble ladies poured in to see him at Versailles on the night of his birth, which took place at "five minutes before seven in the evening"—for events of this character are noted as with a stop-watch—and the cannon was thundering from all the fortresses, and the fireworks were squibbing off in the Place d'Armes, and there was universal delight and congratulation at this fresh introduction of royal flesh and blood into the world—how would that smirking, simpering ruck of fine ladies and gentlemen have been aghast, had it been whispered to them that the splendid infant just arrived, that tender fleur-de-lis whom in a few hours the minister was to invest in all state with the Order of the Holy Ghost, would by-and-by become as the most squalid little Arab of, the most squalid quarter of the city, and would give up its persecuted spirit on a stone floor, fairly eaten away with dirt and vermin, its heart worn out with ill-usage and starvation! It would be only natural that the suggestion—besides being ungenteel and out of place in a royal palace—should be dismissed as impossible. Poor child! that walked from its cradle, always prattling and gambolling, and saying pretty things, straight to that hideous destiny. Better had some of the hundred-and-one ogres—croup, whooping-cough, and other ailments, that wait in ambush for children of tender years—burst out and strangled it; even with the result of obliging the noble gentlemen and ladies of the court to exchange their bleu-de-roi and rose-coloured silks for unbecoming sables, and putting them through all the gradations of the "greater and the little grief."

We know this Royal Boy intimately. Even in the horror and agitation of those days of June and August which preceded their removal to the Temple, they thought of making him sit to Monsieur Dumont—the famous miniature painter—and who was besides "Painter in ordinary to the Queen." Turning over the fashionable "Who's who?" of the year—a boastful octavo of vanity, bursting with strings of names and offices, and christened the Royal Almanack—we light upon this gentleman, set out gloriously with all his style and titles. Someway, a reference of this sort, a scrap, a newspaper cutting, brings a period home to us with a greater vitality. It is as though we had sent for the Directory, and were searching out M. Dumont's address with a view to calling on him professionally. His miniature has come down to us; for a marvel having escaped being crunched under the hoof of an "unbreeched." The most lovely chesnut hair, tumbling in profuse ringlets upon his shoulders, large blue eyes of wonderful sweetness and intelligence, with the rich vermilion lips of his beautiful mother, and a special dimple, for which she was noted, exactly reproduced. He was the child whom ladies would love to call over to them and take on their laps and smother with kisses. His little neck was open with a wide collar, turned over, and a dainty frill; with a diminutive coat and small Robespierrean flaps and buttons. Such a pretty boy! so young, so sweet-tempered, so gracious, so ready and clever! We may be sure gossips marvelled at the absence of the true Bourbon elements, and wondered suspiciously how he could ever come to be shaped into the true and genuine Bourbon type. We, who look back, cannot see the makings of that perfect character, which should develop themselves into the stiff-neckedness, mulishness, insensibility, cruelty, and other virtues which adorn scions of that famous line.

The chronicles of this pretty child's sayings and doings are very full—indeed, are almost Boswellian in their abundance. If we are to trust these note-books, he was making wise, affectionate, smart, and witty speeches all day long. But the truth is, most of these details come from a suspicious direction, being furnished by a sort of dynasty of Valets, whose work must necessarily have a savour of their office. No doubt there were brave and faithful menials about him, from whom was purged away, as by fire, this corrupting influence. Still, Mr. Carlyle cautions us against what he calls men of the valet species, not professionally filling that office, yet who have a crooked flunkey twig tied up with their

bundle of eccentric sticks. Much more should we be on our guard against an original unplated article. There is a valet way of viewing things, an innocent menial exaggeration which magnifies, a gaping bumpkin wonder and consequent distortion, and a gradual gathering of moss as the narrative stone rolls on. The valet historian, become of a sudden the depositary of important facts, finds his details accumulate prodigiously with every fresh recital, and as he grows older, thickens his varnish, and deepens his colours. So was it with the showman at Waterloo; so is it with that ex-valet who now tells and sells his stories at the Invalides. Therefore must we accept these legends of little Capet with a grain of salt.

It must have been a fearfully wise child that at four years old could address its father in a speech of this description: "Papa, I have a fine immortelle in my garden; it will be at once my gift and my compliment. In presenting it to mamma, I shall say, May mamma resemble my flower!" Only conceive, four years old! How his amazed parent must have looked at him as he lisped his way through this elaborate period. Another time—still rising four years—he astounds us by a neat and ingenious turn which should be held up to all ordinary children at their lessons. He was making some strange sounds with his mouth over his task, and was scolded. "Mamma," said the mysterious infant, "I was hissing myself, because I said my lessons so badly." Some one tried to stop him forcing his way through some briars. Opposition was instantly silenced by the reply, "Thorny ways lead to glory!" He fell down on the gravel-walk, and picked himself up with four lines of an apt quotation from La Fontaine. He made puns; checking himself in his intention of bringing some soucis (a species of flower) to his mother, because she had already a sufficiency of them (cares). He was fearfully ready with his classics, and told some one that he was more fortunate than Diogenes, because he had found a man and a good friend. He liked his garden grenadiers (flowers) very much, but would rather be at the head of living grenadiers. He was, in short, a royal "terrible child."

No, this is the valet's child, the changeling of the servants' hall. The poor hapless boy has been so bewailed, talked over, wept over, that he has been actually gossiped into a new shape. There is a handsome margin left for the good and the sympathising, who would weep over the wretched destiny of the most gifted and promising child ever born to a crown.

As a matter of course, he was soon put to take his part in the theatrical shows of the time. The little Royal Red Book alluded to, shows a catalogue of names—crowded as the names of an army list—who form the rank and file of the various "houses" of his majesty, the queen, of Monsieur, and the other persons of "the blood;" and, naturally enough, the little Capet had his share in the show. He was splendidly glorified, this royal bambino, as yet only toddling across the palace saloons, with a whole department to himself, labelled "Education of my Lord the Dauphin." He was encumbered with a superfluity of stately supervision, and watched over by a governor-in-chief, two sub-governors, two clerical tutors or "institutors," a reader, a secretary in ordinary, a governess, and four sub-governesses.

We have always some picturesque glimpse of this favoured child. Now we look down at him from the Tuileries windows, pacing his gardens at the head of a tall company of National Guards, he himself a tiny National Guard in a miniature uniform. How comic the contrast between this Tom Thumb Dauphin pacing up and down in his Lilliputian regimentals, and the grave giants in the cocked-hats stalking solemnly behind him! He made speeches to these warriors with a quaint old-fashioned ceremoniousness that makes us smile. He apologised for the smallness of his own *private* garden, where he himself was gardener, regretting that its little walks could not accommodate the gentlemen who came to visit him. That fatally precocious wisdom, and strange readiness of speech, someway suggest the childish partner in the firm of Dombey and Son.

The Tom Thumb uniform was soon changed, and we see him presently in the full dress of a miniature colonel—Colonel of the Piccol'uomini—or, more respectfully, the Royal Dauphin Regiment. Royal Bonbon, said the French gamins, screaming with laughter, as the little men fluttered their colours, beat drums, saluted, carried arms, and relieved guard at important posts, in a droll parody on their elders. By-and-by this Tom Thumb colonel will appear in other dresses. Alas! not uniforms. He will be looking back with despair in that boy-old age of his, from out of darkness of soul and body, to that mimic coloneling!

Our little Capet was fated to know some troubled nights during his short span of ten years. It seemed to be his destiny to be perpetually awakened from his first sleep towards midnight, and to be snatched from his cot and hurriedly dressed. Or else, where all the elements were raging, and the human storm howling, to be brought out and held up by way of show, to soothe the agitation. On a child's mind those midnight rousings must have left a bewildering impression.

For, indeed, into that ten years which made up his little life were compressed the whole seven ages of man. He saw a kind of copy of youth, of manhood, and the terrible enforced decay of a childish old age. I fancy no life of that duration was ever so crowded with gaudy scenes, horrid nightmare pictures, and snatches of Elysium, all jumbled together in violent contrast! As he shall lie hereafter, shrunk and coiled up in a corner of his dark cell, with a film before his eyes, and brain disordered by disease, literally rotting away, what a company of spectres shall be with him all night long! How the black veil, which always hung before the dark walls, must have parted and floated away to the right and to the left, showing him

ghostly pictures, theatrical tableaux, such as he had often gazed at from the royal box in the Paris theatre! We, too, can see them as wellas he.

TABLEAU FIRST.

A snatch of Elysium! There was surely one happy night to look back to, that in the hall of the theatre at Versailles—that pretty playhouse which strangers and holiday-folk now go down to admire. There has been a weight of care over the great palace, for the monster dungeon has been destroyed; the people are growing strangely insolent and even dangerous; and the little prattling child keeps down its spirits, seeing how dejected and anxious seem the king and queen. When, of that first of October night, he is dressed smartly and taken down with mamma and papa into the theatre, where the newly arrived officers are dining, he goes silent and wondering. What a blaze of light—what cries of joy and enthusiasm; for the officers are all standing up in wild excitement, having sprung to their feet on their entrance, and are shouting "Vive le Roi," and swearing eternal fidelity. The vision of that beautiful mamma and her children has had much to do with this. They will die for that lovely lady. Down with the vile cockades of the nation, and trample them under foot! The colour has come back to her cheeks—the kingly face smiles benignant. Let us all join—scarlet-coated Swiss, Guard National in the Hogarthian sugar-loaf soldiers' hats, and officers of the Royal Flanders Regiment—and, drawing swords, drink frantically to our dear sovereigns. I see them all now—in an old print—standing up and pledging that beautiful lady—and I see the orchestra in cocked-hats, high up in a corner, just striking up the sweet air, "O Richard! O my king! though all the world abandon thee!" Halcyon night! We may be sure there was joy and soft serenity up-stairs in the palace bed-chambers as it was talked over. There were sweet tranquil dreams. All would yet be well. We are strong in the love of those dear French hearts!

An ugly twinge of recollection. Four days after, the savage fishwomen are storming the splendid palace. They are in the salons, the gardens, everywhere! And then followed the hot, dusty, weary procession to Paris. Then are brought back in triumph the baker, the baker's wife, and the baker's boy. Little Dauphin wonders why they should call him a baker's boy.

TABLEAU SECOND.

Very often he must have been back again, on that hot June day—twentieth of the month—when he and his little sister noticed that papa and mamma were whispering, and seemed agitated; and the confidential ladies flitted to and fro, and whispered secretly with their majesties. Sharp, penetrating child as he was, we may be sure he put many penetrating questions to that sub-governess of his, and lady in waiting, who took them out for their five o'clock evening walk. Then, that strange awakening at eleven o'clock, when the lamps were all lighted, and his drowsy eyes scarcely able to keep open, saw the room full of people, and faces bending over him, and his dear mamma, hurried and agitated, in a travelling-dress. The good Madame Brunier whispers that he is to get up, for they are going a journey, and he is to be very still, like a dear child, for mamma. And here is a little girl's frock of brown calico, which he is to put on—no matter why, he will be told another time. No wonder he thinks, "They are going to act a comedy." No matter, he will hear all about it in the morning; and now he is so dreadfully sleepy that he lets his head drop on Madame de Neville's knees, who has sat down on the stairs; and is dreaming in a moment.

Here is the cool night air and here are the stars, and we are in the Carrousel court. What does it all mean? Here are sentries challenging—and here is the street. Where are we going? Hush, little Aglaé (strange rechristening that!). So he turns round, and in a moment is again asleep on the lady's shoulder.

In an inflammatory journal of the time—now upon the writer's shelves—appears a print of this crossing of the Carrousel; coming out within a week of the transaction, as it might be a cut in the Illustrated Paris News. The king has a round "wide-awake" hat and a lantern, the ladies have the pillow-shaped bonnets and pelisses of the time, and the fiacre is seen waiting in the archway with its letter and number conspicuous, "L 16."

When our little prince opens his eyes again, they are in the huge berline, rumbling and creaking over the rough stones of some highway leading from Paris. It is very dark, and the tall trees lining the road flit by like spectres. Driver's whip is heard cracking loudly, and we roll and totter forward at a great speed. No wonder; we have six posting-horses attached. Are we indeed going to act a comedy? For here, crowded together inside, are the Baroness Korff and her two daughters (of which you, Aglaé, are one), and her governess, played by mamma, and a lady's-maid, and a valet, performed by papa. At any other time we might laugh. See, papa has even a passport, with the baroness's name. (We are told that paper is to be seen to this day; that official document, with the round letters tumbling backwards, and the official writing and the seal, and Louis's own signature.)

Sleep again! Was there ever such a long night? So chilly, too—such a sense of weary protraction! Now, indeed, we are roused by roar of voices, and lanterns flashing in at the windows, and fierce scowling faces looking so angry, and we can see, too, that mamma is very pale and frightened. It is midnight by the church clock of this little country town that looks so strange, and here we are all getting down, and enter a mean house. Soldiers, crowds, lights, guns, bells ringing, roar—what *does* it all mean? But we drop off to sleep again, in a corner of the room, for we are very tired, and wake up next morning back again in Paris with the sun shining, at the very gate of the Tuileries. Still in the great coach, but despair in

mamma's and papa's faces! A horrid feverish night that we must never think of!

TABLEAU THIRD.

Again roll away the black dungeon walls; and here are lights, and flowers, and scenes, and gallery over gallery, and a whole sea of faces turned upwards and looking towards the royal box. This night has the king and queen and little prince visited the French comedy. They are playing a piece with a strangely significant title—Unforeseen Events—and from the front of this box the pretty child of six years looks down and laughs and makes his remarks. No doubt the burr and murmurs abroad, the fierce insolent figures, so free with their bold speeches and deportment, who cluster in mobs at the palace gates, and speak to his mother as "the Austrian," are beginning to weigh upon his little soul and puzzle his brain. But here, to-night, was a strange scene: a house crammed from floor to ceiling, a parterre densely packed, rising to cheer their majesties. Hats and handkerchiefs waving! Half a dozen voices groan a protest, but are overpowered and driven out by the loyalists. Hark to the comic valet and the soubrette, who are at the foot-lights singing couplets in praise of their master and mistress up-stairs. "Ah!" they join in the burden:

"Surely we must make them happy!
Surely we must make them happy!"

and the pit is on its feet cheering and vociferating "Yes! yes!"

Something very sweet in this night of romance—the lights, the music, that delicious rapture of our subjects—to send us home with tears of joy. Royal mamma and papa, supremely happy, dream that all may yet be well.

TABLEAU FOURTH.

The horrid day of the twentieth June, when the red-capped "breechless" poured in with pikes, and flooded the palace—he would shut that out, if possible—when there was the crash of doors broken in, and the royal lady, clutching him to her arms, is hunted from chamber to chamber—sliding panels—secret passages—and a howling mob outside!—when, too, a table was drawn in front of her as a feeble barrier against the frantic human waves pouring in at the door. A roar, and the vile red cap is upon that noble lady's flowing hair: another roar, and a cry of "Little Veto!" and that decoration is upon his own head! Pikes flourish in the air, wild women come up to his mother and shake their closed fists in her face. Savage men gather round him and question him, and he gives them his quaint answers. So it rolls on, wearily, anxiously, until night, when the waters recede slowly, and the palace is at peace. Close, in a disordered sequence, follow other terrible days: this rousing of him at midnight by beating of drums and tocsin, and the great bells ringing far and wide over Paris, as for fire, and the woman rushing in and dressing him hurriedly. Not without a shudder can he think of that awful daybreak. The messengers hurrying in with news that all is lost, and that the king must die, and of that sad procession when he was carried in the grenadier's arms, and heard the air rent with the cries "Death to the tyrant!" As he looks back over the grenadier's shoulder, he sees the smoke from the windows, and through the smoke the scarlet coats of his father's Swiss, and cannon lumbering by him with fierce men in blouses and the eternal red cap, tugging them on with ropes. Then the interminable day, cramping in the little box in the Assembly, with myriads of hostile faces glaring on them, the stifling overpowering heat, the shots outside, the periodical eruption of savage men, all smirched and bloody, their hands full of rich gold and silver, plundered from papa's palace. But it comes to an end, like other long weary days we shudder to think of; and then the black pall rolls its dismal folds over all!

We are most of us familiar, by aid of Valet Cléry's touching narrative and M. Duchesne's researches, with the stages of that martyrdom of the little St. Louis. We know the minutest details of that frightful persecution, the degradation of mind and body, that masquerading in the red cap, that drugging of him with strong spirits, that forcing upon his innocent tongue vile street songs and licentious ballads. Nay, there are yet to be seen those shaking trembling signatures, wrung from him by a fearful terrorism; and even the tailor's bills, for furnishing "the son of Capet" with "striped Pekin" waistcoats, and the "ells of superfine cloth" for a coat. These little records, like Mr. Filby's bills, recovered for us by Mr. Forster, touch us more than volumes of description. We may follow the steps of his sufferings, with a minuteness unparalleled in the history of jails. We have a secret yet unsubstantial trust that there has been some exaggeration. We take one glimpse at that piteous picture, which somehow comes home to our hearts nearest of all, when the child was discovered at midnight kneeling on his pallet, and praying in his dreams, in a sort of divine rapture; and when the savage who guarded him came with a pail of water and so brought him back to life, and sent him crouching and cowering into a corner. Was he dreaming of the celestial palaces, and of that dear papa and mamma whom his affectionate heart had already enthroned there, and who were holding out their arms to him from those happy sunny gardens where there would be no more terrible days of blood, and wild savage men and cruel jailers?

The end and a happy delivery came speedily. Joyful days, long wished-for, came about, when a slow wasting away and lassitude set in, and his strength gave way, and his gentle spirit was beaten in the struggle. During those hours kind voices whispered to him, kind faces bent over him, and smoothed his pillow. On that last day, a little after noon, he heard a sort of divine music filling the room; then, looking eagerly towards the full light streaming in at the window, called to his keeper that he had

something to tell him. The keeper bent down and listened; but the head was sinking gently, lower and yet lower, upon the young breast; and the spirit of the little Capet had sped to where the wicked cease to trouble and the weary find repose.

UNDERGROUND LONDON.

CHAPTER III.

Blue-books on sewers, like most blue-books, are very solid instructive volumes, not half as much appreciated as they deserve to be, and too often made the easy butt of mechanical and uninquiring ridicule. Able, friendly sewer engineers and obliging secretaries are always crammed to overflowing with special information, and are always ready to be tapped to enlighten the public. Reports, pamphlets, letters, hints—cyclopædias that are learned upon cloacæ in general, and enthusiastic about the Roman Cloaca Maxima in particular, with a dozen other similar documents and publications—are not to be despised; but, in dealing with underground London as if determined to know something about it, there is nothing like a long, dark, sloppy, muddy survey.

On applying to the proper authorities, I was obligingly told that they had not the slightest objection to gratify what they evidently thought a very singular taste. I was even asked to name my sewer. They could favour me with an extensive choice. I might choose from about one hundred and seventy miles of legally constituted "main" sewers, running through some hundred and eighty outlets into the Thames; or, if I liked to trespass upon "district" and "private" sewers, they could put me through about sixteen hundred miles of such underground tunnels. They had blood-sewers—a delicate article—running underneath meat markets, like Newport-market, where you could wade in the vital fluid of sheep and oxen; they had boiling sewers, fed by sugar-bakeries, where the steam forced its way through the gratings in the roadway like the vapour from the hot springs in Iceland, and where the sewer-cleansers get Turkish baths at the expense of the ratepayers. They had sewers of various orders of construction—egg-shaped, barrel-shaped, arched, and almost square; and they had sewers of different degrees of repulsiveness, such as those where manufacturing chemists and soap and candle-makers most do congregate. They had open rural sewers that were fruitful in watercresses; and closed town sewers whose roofs are thickly clustered with what our scientific friends call "edible fungi." The choice was so varied that it was a long time before I could make up my mind, and I decided, at last, upon exploring the King's Scholars' Pond Sewer, which commences in the Finchley New Road, and ends in the Thames a little above Vauxhall-bridge.

If the literary executors of the late Mr. Leigh Hunt had not cut the ground from under me in the title of a book just published, I might possibly have called this chapter A Saunter through the West-End. We have all our different ways of looking at London. The late Mr. Crofton Croker had his way, as he has shown in his Walk from London to Fulham; and I have mine.

Sewer-cleansers are a class of workmen who seldom come prominently before the public. They have never made any particular noise in the world, although they receive in London every year about five and twenty thousand pounds sterling of public money. Their wages, individually, may average a pound a week. They have never distinguished themselves by producing any remarkable "self-made men;" any Lord Chancellors, or even Lord Mayors; and have never attempted, as a class, to "raise themselves in the social scale." They are good, honest, hard-working underground labourers, who often meet extreme danger in the shape of foul gases, and sometimes die at their posts—as we saw the other day in the Fleet-lane sewer.

Some half-dozen of these men, with a foreman of flushers, attended me on the day I selected for my underground survey. They were not lean yellow men, with backs bent by much stooping, and hollow coughs produced by breathing much foul air. Their appearance was robust; and, as I measured bulk with one or two of them, I had no reason to be proud of any superior training.

There seems to be only one costume for underground or underwater work, and the armour necessary for sewer-inspecting will do for lobster-catching on the coast, or for descending in a sea diving-bell. The thick worsted stockings coming up to the waist, the heavy long greased boots of the seven league character, the loose blue shirt, and the fan-tailed hat, may be very hot and stifling to wear, but no sewer inspector is considered properly fortified without them.

There is a fatal fascination about sewers; and, whenever a trap-door side entrance is opened, a crowd is sure to gather about the spot. The entrance to the King's Scholars' Pond Main Sewer, that I decided to go down by, is close to the cab-stand at St. John's-wood Chapel, and twenty cabmen were so much interested in seeing me descend with my guides, that the offer of a fare would have been resented as an annoying interruption.

"Rather him than me; eh, Bill?" said one.

"That beats cab-drivin'," said another.

The side entrance is a square brick-built shaft, having a few iron rings driven into two of its sides. These rings form the steps by which you ascend and descend, putting your foot on one as you seize another. I felt like a bear in the pit at the Zoological Gardens, as I descended in this fashion; and I dare say many respectable members of parochial-sewer-committees have gone through the same labour, and have experienced the same feeling. Before the iron trap-door over us was closed by the two men left to follow our course above ground, I caught a glimpse of a butcher's boy looking down the shaft, with his mouth wide open. When the daylight was shut out, a closed lantern was put in my hand. I was led stooping along a short

yellow-bricked passage, and down a few steps, as if going into a wine-cellar, until I found myself standing knee-deep in the flowing sewer.

The tunnel here is about four feet high, and six feet broad; being smaller higher up towards the Finchley New Road, and growing gradually larger as it descends in a winding course towards the Thames. All main sewers may be described roughly, as funnel-shaped; the narrow end being at the source in the hills; the broad end being in the valley, where it discharges into the river. The velocity of their currents varies from one to three miles an hour. The most important of them discharge, at periods of the day, in dry weather, from one thousand to two thousand cubic feet of sewage per minute, the greatest height being generally maintained during the hours between nine in the morning and five in the afternoon. At other periods of the day the same sewers rarely discharge more than one-fourth of this quantity. The sizes of these underground tunnels, at different points of their course, are constructed so that they may convey the waters flowing through them with no prospect of floods and consequent bursting, and yet with no unnecessary waste of tunnelling. Here it is that the science of hydraulic engineering is required.

Turning our face towards the Thames, we waded for some time, in a stooping posture, through the sewer; three of my guides going on first with lanterns, and two following me. We passed through an iron tube, which conveys the sewage over the Regent's Canal; and it was not until we got into some lower levels, towards Baker-street, that the sewer became sufficiently large to allow us to stand upright.

Before we arrived at this point I had experienced a new sensation. I had had an opportunity of inspecting the earthenware pipe drain—I am bound to say, the very defective pipe drainage—of a house that once owned me as a landlord. I felt as if the power had been granted me of opening a trap-door in my chest, to look upon the long-hidden machinery of my mysterious body.

When we got into a loftier and broader part of the tunnel, my chief guide offered me his arm: an assistance I was glad to accept, because the downward flood pressed rather heavily against the back of my legs, and the bottom was ragged and uncertain. I could not deny myself the pleasure of calling this chief guide, Agrippa, because Agrippa is a Roman name, and the Romans have earned an immortality in connexion with sewers. Whatever doubts the sceptical school of historians may throw upon the legends of Roman history, they cannot shake the foundations of the Roman sewers. Roman London means a small town, bounded on the East by Walbrook, and on the West by the Fleet. You cannot touch upon sewers without coming upon traces of the Romans; you cannot touch upon the Romans without meeting with traces of sewers. The most devoted disciple of Niebuhr must be dumb before such facts as these, and must admit that these ancient people were great scavengers, as well as great heroes.

Agrippa took a real pleasure in pointing out to me the different drains, private sewers, and district sewers, which at intervals of a few yards opened into our channel through the walls on either side.

"We've nothin' to do with the gover'ment of any of these," he said; "they are looked after, or had ought to be looked after, by the paroch'al boards."

"You look after branches?" I replied.

"Only when they're branches of prop'ly construed main sewers. We," he continued, and he spoke like a chairman, "are the Metropolitan Board of Works, and we should have enough to do if we looked after every drain-pipe in London."

"What's the length of those drain-pipes all over London," I asked, "leaving out the sewers?"

"No one knows," he said. "They do tell me somewhere about four thousand miles, and I should say they *were* all that."

We went tottering on a little further, with the carriages rumbling on the roadway over our heads. The splashing of the water before and behind us, as it was washed from side to side by the heavy boots of all our party, added to the noise; and when our aboveground followers let the trap-door of some side entrance fall, a loud booming sound went through the tunnel, as if a cannon had been fired. The yellow lights of the lanterns danced before us, and when we caught a glimpse of the water we were wading in above our knees, we saw that it was as black as ink. The smell was not at all offensive, and Agrippa told me that no man, during his experience in the London sewers, had ever complained of feeling faint while he moved about or worked in the flood; the danger was found to consist in standing still. For all this assurance of perfect comfort and safety, however, my guides kept pretty close to me; and I found out afterwards that they were thus numerous and attentive because the "amateur" sewer inspector was considered likely to drop.

"There," said Agrippa, pointing to a hole at the side, down which a quantity of road sand had been washed, "that's a gully-trap. People get a notion that heavy rains pour down the gutters and flush the sewers; for my part, I think they bring quite as much rubbish as they clear away."

At different parts of our course we passed through the blue rays of light, like moonlight, that came down from the ventilator gratings in the highway above. While under one of these we heard a boy whistling in the road, and I felt like Baron Trenck escaping from prison. Some of these gratings over our heads were stopped up with road rubbish; and Agrippa, who carried a steel gauging-rod, like a sword, in his hand, pierced the earth above us, and let in the outer light and air.

"They're nice things," he said, alluding to the ventilating gratings, generally set in the top of a shaft-hole cut in the crown of the arch.

"I remember the time when we'd none of those improvements; no side entrances, no nothing. When we wanted to get down to cleanse or look at a sewer, we had to dig a hole in the roadway, and sometimes the men used to get down and up the gully-holes to save trouble."

"You must have had many accidents in those days?"

"Hundreds, sir, were suffocated or killed by the gas; but since Mr. Roe* brought about these improvements, and made the sewers curve instead of running zigzag, we've been pretty safe."

The "gas" alluded to by Agrippa includes carburetted hydrogen, sulphuretted hydrogen, and carbonic acid gas. The first is highly inflammable, easily explodes, and has frequently caused serious accidents. The second is the gaseous product of putrid decomposition; it is slightly inflammable, and its inhalation, when it is strong, will cause sudden death. The third is the choke-damp of mines and sewers, and its inhalation will cause a man to drop as if shot dead. These are the unseen enemies which Agrippa and his fellows have constantly to contend against, more or less.

As we staggered further down the stream, it was evident that Agrippa had his favourites among the district sewers. Some he considered to be "pretty" sewers; others he looked upon as choked winding channels, not fit to send a rat up to cleanse, much less a Christian man. Looking up some of these narrow openings with their abrupt turns, low roofs, and pitch-black darkness, it certainly did seem as if sewer-cleansing must be a fearful trade. The sewer rats, much talked of aboveground, were not to be seen; and their existence in most of the main sewers is a tradition handed down from the last century. Since the improved supply of water, which is said to give to every dweller in London, man, woman, and child, a daily allowance of forty gallons per head, the rats have been washed away by the increased flood.

Although underground, we passed over the metropolitan railway in the New-road, and then along the line of Baker-street, under Oxford-street, and through Berkeley-square. This aristocratic neighbourhood was loudly announced to us by our aboveground followers, down an open "man-hole;" but there was nothing in the construction of our main sewer, or in the quality of our black flood, to tell us that we were so near the abodes of the blest. Looking up the "man-hole," an opening in the road, not unlike the inside of a tile-kiln chimney, down which some workmen had brought a flushing-gate, I saw another butcher's boy gazing down upon us with his mouth wide open.

The flushing-gate was an iron structure, the exact width of the sewer, and about half its height. These gates are fixed on hinges at the sides of all the main sewers at certain distances from each other; and when they are closed by machinery, they dam up the stream, producing an artificial fall of water, and so scouring the bed of the sewer.

As we got lower down our great underground channel, the roof became higher and higher, and the sides broader and broader; but the flooring, I am sorry to say, became more jagged and uneven. The lower bricks had been washed out, leaving great holes, down which one or other of my legs kept slipping at the hazard of my balance and my bones. We peeped up an old red-bricked long-disused branch sewer, under some part of Mayfair, that was almost blocked up to the roof with mountains of black dry earthy deposit. Not even here did we see any traces of rats, although the sewer was above the level of the water in our main channel. The King's Scholars' Pond (so Agrippa told me) has had five feet of water in it, at this point, during storms; but this was not its condition then, or we should hardly have been found wading there. The bricks in this old Mayfair sewer were as rotten as gingerbread; you could have scooped them out with a teaspoon.

In Piccadilly we went up the side entrance, to get a mouthful of fresh air and a glimpse of the Green Park, and then went down again to finish our journey. I scarcely expect to be believed, but I must remark that another butcher's boy was waiting with open mouth, watching every movement we made, with intense interest.

We had not proceeded much further in our downward course, when Agrippa and the rest of the guides suddenly stopped short, and asked me where I supposed I was now?

"I give it up," I replied.

"Well, under Buckingham Palace," was the answer.

Of course my loyalty was at once excited, and taking off my fan-tailed cap, I led the way with the National Anthem, insisting that my guides should join in chorus. Who knows but what, through some untrapped drain, that rude underground melody found its way into some inner wainscoting of the palace, disturbing some dozing maid of honour with its mysterious sounds, and making her dream of Guy Fawkes and many other subterranean villains? Before I leave this deeply-interesting part of the King's Scholars' Pond Sewer, I may as well say that I am fully alive to its importance as the theatre of a thrilling romance. That no writer of fiction may poach upon preserves which I have made my own, I will state exactly what kind of story I intend to write, as soon as I have got rid of a row of statistics that are beckoning to me in the distance. My hero will run away with one of the Royal Princesses, down this sewer, having first hewn a passage up into the palace through its walls. The German Prince, who is always going to marry the Royal Princess, whether she likes him or not, will be murdered in mistake by a jealous sewer-flusher, the villain of the story; and the hero having married the Princess at some bankside church, will live happily with her ever afterwards, as a superintendent of one of the outfall sewers. If this story should meet

* The late Mr. Roe, for many years surveyor to the Holborn and Finsbury Commissioners of Sewers.

with the success I anticipate, I promise to raise some memorial tablet in the sewer under the palace, to mark my gratitude and the royalty of the channel. If any reader think the mechanical part of this story impossible, let me tell him that two friends of mine once got into the vaults of the House of Commons through the sewers.

Soon after we left this spot, we came upon a punt that had been poled thus far up the stream to meet us, and carry us down to the Thames. I took my seat with Agrippa, while the other guides pushed at the sides and stern of the boat, and I thought this was a good time to put a few questions to the men about the treasures usually found in the sewers. The journey was wanting in that calmness, light, and freshness, which generally characterise boat voyages; and while there was a good deal of Styx and Charon about it in imagination, there was a close unpleasant steam about it in reality. Still, for all this, it furnished an opportunity not to be thrown away, and I at once addressed Agrippa.

"Well," he said, "the most awful things we ever find in the sewers is dead children. We've found at least four of 'em at different times; one, somewhere under Notting-hill; another, somewhere under Mary'bone; another, at Paddington; and another at the Broadway, Westminster."

"We once found a dead seal," struck in one of the men pushing the boat.

"Ah," continued Agrippa, "so we did. That was in one of the Westminster sewers—the Horseferry-road outlet, I think, and they said it had been shot at Barnes or Mortlake, and had drifted down with the tide. We find musheroons in great quantities on the roof, and icicles as well growing amongst 'em."

"Icicles!" I said; "why, the sewers are warm in winter. How do you account for that?"

"I don't mean what *you* call icicles," he replied. "I mean those white greasy-looking things, like spikes of tallow."

"Oh, stalactites," I said.

"Yes," he answered, "that's the word. We sometimes find live cats and dogs that have got down untrapped drains after house-rats; but these animals, when we pick 'em up, are more often dead ones."

"They once found a live hedgehog in Westminster," said another of the men. "I've heard tell on it, but I didn't see it myself."

"Of course," continued Agrippa, confidentially, "a good deal may be found that we never hear of, but there's lots of little things picked up, and taken to the office. We've found lots of German silver and metal spoons; iron tobacco-boxes; nails, and pins; bones of various animals; bits of lead; boys' marbles, buttons, bits of silk, scrubbing-brushes, empty-purses; penny-pieces, and bad half-crowns, very likely thrown down the gullies on purpose."

"We've found false teeth—whole sets at a time," said one of the men, "'specially in some of the West-end shores."

"Ah," continued Agrippa, "and corks; how about corks? I never see such a flood of corks, of all kinds and sizes, as sometimes pours out of this sewer into the Thames. Of course we find bits of soap, candle-ends, rags, seeds, dead rats and mice, and a lot of other rubbish. We enter these things in our books, now and then, but we're never asked to bring 'em afore the Board."

"Do any thieves, or wanderers, get into the sewers," I asked, "and try to deprive you of these treasures?"

"Very few, now-a-days," he replied. "Some of 'em creep down the side entrances when the doors are unlocked, or get up some of the sewers on this side when the tide is low, under the idea that they're going to pick up no end of silver spoons. They soon find out their mistake; and then they take to stealing the iron traps off the drains."

By this time our bark had floated out of the broad archway of the sewer—an arch as wide as any bridge-arch on the Regent's Canal, and we were anchored in that pea-soup-looking open creek that runs for some distance along the side of the Equitable Gas Works at Pimlico. The end of this creek, where it enters the Thames, is closed with tidal gates which are watched by a kind of sewer lock-keeper who lives in a cottage immediately over the sewer. He cultivates flowers and vegetables at the side of the channel, and his little dwelling is a model of cleanliness and tasteful arrangement. His health is good, and he seems satisfied with his peculiar position; for, instead of reading pamphlets on sewers and sewage-poison in the intervals of business, he cultivates game-cocks, and stuffs dead animals in a very creditable manner:

> He dwells amongst the untrodden ways
> Beside the spring of Dove—
> A spring that very few can praise,
> And not a soul can love!

Let us hope that the sewer-doctors and their theories will never reach him, or they might painfully disturb his mind.

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A STRANGE STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY NOVEL," "RIENZI," &c.

CHAPTER I.

IN the year 18— I settled as a physician at one of the wealthiest of our great English towns, which I will designate by the initial L——. I was yet young, but I had acquired some reputation by a professional work which is, I believe, still amongst the received authorities on the subject of which it treats. I had studied at Edinburgh and at Paris, and had borne away from both those illustrious schools of medicine whatever guarantees for future distinction the praise of professors may concede to the ambition of students. On becoming a member of the College of Physicians, I made a tour of the principal cities of Europe, taking letters of introduction to eminent medical men; and gathering from many theories and modes of treatment, hints to enlarge the foundations of unprejudiced and comprehensive practice; I had resolved to fix my ultimate residence in London. But before this preparatory tour was completed, my resolve was changed by one of those unexpected events which determine the fate man in vain would work out for himself. In passing through the Tyrol, on my way into the north of Italy, I found in a small inn, remote from medical attendance, an English traveller—seized with acute inflammation of the lungs, and in a state of imminent danger. I devoted myself to him night and day, and, perhaps, more through careful nursing than active remedies, I had the happiness to effect his complete recovery. The traveller proved to be Julius Faber, a physician of great distinction—contented to reside, where he was born, in the provincial city of L——, but whose reputation as a profound and original pathologist was widely spread; and whose writings had formed no unimportant part of my special studies. It was during a short holiday excursion, from which he was about to return with renovated vigour, that he had been thus stricken down. The patient so accidentally met with, became the founder of my professional fortunes. He conceived a warm attachment for me; perhaps the more affectionate because he was a childless bachelor, and the nephew who would succeed to his wealth evinced no desire to succeed to the toils by which the wealth had been acquired. Thus, having an heir for the one, he had long looked about for an heir to the other, and now resolved on finding that heir in me. So when we parted Dr. Faber made me promise to correspond with him regularly, and it was not long before he disclosed by letter the plans he had formed in my favour. He said that he was growing old; his practice was beyond his strength; he needed a partner; he was not disposed to put up to sale the health of patients whom he had learned to regard as his children; money was no object to him, but it was an object close at his heart that the humanity he had served, and the reputation he had acquired, should suffer no loss in his choice of a successor. In fine, he proposed that I should at once come to L—— as his partner, with the view of succeeding to his entire practice at the end of two years, when it was his intention to retire.

The opening into fortune thus afforded to me was one that rarely presents itself to a young man entering upon an overcrowded profession. And to an aspirant less allured by the desire of fortune than the hope of distinction, the fame of the physician who thus generously offered to me the inestimable benefits of his long experience, and his cordial introduction, was in itself an assurance that a metropolitan practice is not essential to a national renown.

I went, then, to L——, and before the two years of my partnership had expired, my success justified my kind friend's selection, and far more than realised my own expectations. I was fortunate in effecting some notable cures in the earliest cases submitted to me, and it is everything in the career of a physician when good luck wins betimes for him that confidence which patients rarely accord except to lengthened experience. To the rapid facility with which my way was made, some circumstances apart from professional skill probably combined. I was saved from the suspicion of a medical adventurer by the accidents of birth and fortune. I belonged to an ancient family (a branch of the once powerful border clan of the Fenwicks), that had for many generations held a fair estate in the neighbourhood of Windermere. As an only son I had succeeded to that estate on attaining my majority, and had sold it to pay off the debts which had been made by my father, who had the costly tastes of an antiquarian

and collector. The residue on the sale ensured me a modest independence apart from the profits of a profession, and as I had not been legally bound to defray my father's debts, so I obtained that character for disinterestedness and integrity which always in England tends to propitiate the public to the successes achieved by industry or talent. Perhaps, too, any professional ability I might possess was the more readily conceded, because I had cultivated with assiduity the sciences and the scholarship which are collaterally connected with the study of medicine. Thus, in a word, I established a social position which came in aid of my professional repute, and silenced much of that envy which usually embitters and sometimes impedes success.

Dr. Faber retired at the end of the two years agreed upon. He went abroad; and being, though advanced in years, of a frame still robust, and habits of mind still inquiring and eager, he commenced a lengthened course of foreign travel, during which our correspondence, at first frequent, gradually languished, and finally died away.

I succeeded at once to the larger part of the practice which the labours of thirty years had secured to my predecessor. My chief rival was a Dr. Lloyd, a benevolent, fervid man, not without genius—if genius be present where judgment is absent; not without science, if that may be science which fails in precision. One of those clever desultory men who, in adopting a profession, do not give up to it the whole force and heat of their minds. Men of that kind habitually accept a mechanical routine, because in the exercise of their ostensible calling their imaginative faculties are drawn away to pursuits more alluring. Therefore, in their proper vocation they are seldom bold or inventive—out of it they are sometimes both to excess. And when they do take up a novelty in their own profession they cherish it with an obstinate tenacity, and an extravagant passion, unknown to those quiet philosophers who take up novelties every day, examine them with the sobriety of practised eyes, to lay down altogether, modify in part, or accept in whole, according as inductive experiment supports or destroys conjecture.

Dr. Lloyd had been esteemed a learned naturalist long before he was admitted to be a tolerable physician. Amidst the privations of his youth he had contrived to form, and with each succeeding year he had perseveringly increased, a zoological collection of creatures, not alive, but, happily for the beholder, stuffed or embalmed. From what I have said, it will be truly inferred that Dr. Lloyd's earlier career as a physician had not been brilliant; but of late years he had gradually rather *aged*, than worked himself, into that professional authority and station, which time confers on a thoroughly respectable man, whom no one is disposed to envy, and all are disposed to like.

Now in L—— there were two distinct social circles. That of the wealthy merchants and traders, and that of a few privileged families inhabiting a part of the town aloof from the marts of commerce, and called the Abbey Hill. These superb Areopagites exercised over the wives and daughters of the inferior citizens to whom all of L——, except the Abbey Hill, owed its prosperity, the same kind of mysterious influence which the fine ladies of Mayfair and Belgravia are reported to hold over the female denizens of Bloomsbury and Marylebone.

Abbey Hill was not opulent; but it was powerful by a concentration of its resources in all matters of patronage. Abbey Hill had its own milliner, and its own draper, its own confectioner, butcher, baker, and tea-dealer, and the patronage of Abbey Hill was like the patronage of royalty, less lucrative in itself than as a solemn certificate of general merit. The shops on which Abbey Hill conferred its custom were certainly not the cheapest, possibly not the best. But they were undeniably the most imposing. The proprietors were decorously pompous—the shopmen superciliously polite. They could not be more so if they had belonged to the State, and been paid by a public which they benefited and despised. The ladies of Low Town (as the city subjacent to the Hill had been styled from a date remote in the feudal ages) entered those shops with a certain awe, and left them with a certain pride. There they had learned what the Hill approved. There they had bought what the Hill had purchased. It is much in this life to be quite sure that we are in the right, whatever that conviction may cost us. Abbey Hill had been in the habit of appointing, amongst other objects of patronage, its own physician. But that habit had fallen into disuse during the latter years of my predecessor's practice. His superiority over all other medical men in the town had become so incontestable, that, though he was emphatically the doctor of Low Town, the head of its hospitals and infirmaries, and by birth related to its principal traders, still as Abbey Hill was occasionally subject to the physical infirmities of meaner mortals, so on those occasions it deemed it best not to push the point of honour to the wanton sacrifice of life. Since Low Town possessed one of the most famous physicians in England, Abbey Hill magnanimously resolved not to crush him by a rival. Abbey Hill let him feel its pulse.

When my predecessor retired, I had presumptuously expected that the Hill would have continued to suspend its normal right to a special physician, and shown to me the same generous favour it had shown to him, who had declared me worthy to succeed to his honours. I had the more excuse for this presumption because the Hill had already allowed me to visit a fair proportion of its invalids, had said some very gracious things to me about the great respectability of the Fenwick family, and sent me some invitations to dinner, and a great many invitations to tea.

But my self-conceit received a notable check.

Abbey Hill declared that the time had come to reassert its dormant privilege—it must have a doctor of its own choosing—a doctor who might, indeed, be permitted to visit Low Town from motives of humanity or gain, but who must emphatically assert his special allegiance to Abbey Hill by fixing his home on that venerable promontory. Miss Brabazon, a spinster of uncertain age, but undoubted pedigree, with small fortune, but high nose, which she would pleasantly observe was a proof of her descent from Humphrey Duke of Gloucester (with whom, indeed, I have no doubt, in spite of chronology, that she very often dined), was commissioned to inquire of me diplomatically, and without committing Abbey Hill too much by the overture, whether I would take a large and antiquated mansion, in which abbots were said to have lived many centuries ago, and which was still popularly styled Abbots' House, situated on the verge of the Hill, as in that case the "Hill" would think of me.

"It is a large house for a single man, I allow," said Miss Brabazon, candidly; and then added, with a sidelong glance of alarming sweetness, "but when Dr. Fenwick has taken his true position (so old a family!) amongst Us, he need not long remain single, unless he prefer it."

I replied, with more asperity than the occasion called for, that I had no thought of changing my residence at present. And if the Hill wanted me, the Hill must send for me.

Two days afterwards Dr. Lloyd took Abbots' House, and in less than a week was proclaimed medical adviser to the Hill. The election had been decided by the fiat of a great lady, who reigned supreme on the sacred eminence, under the name and title of Mrs. Colonel Poyntz.

"Dr. Fenwick," said this lady, "is a clever young man and a gentleman, but he gives himself airs—the Hill does not allow any airs but its own. Besides, he is a new comer: resistance to new comers, and, indeed, to all things new, except caps and novels, is one of the bonds that keep old-established societies together. Accordingly, it is by my advice that Dr. Lloyd has taken Abbots' House; the rent would be too high for his means if the Hill did not feel bound in honour to justify the trust he has placed in its patronage. I told him that all my friends, when they had anything the matter with them, would send for him; those who are my friends will do so. What the Hill does, plenty of common people down *there* will do also:—so that question is settled!" And it was settled.

Dr. Lloyd, thus taken by the hand, soon extended the range of his visits beyond the Hill, which was not precisely a mountain of gold to doctors, and shared with myself, though in a comparatively small degree, the much more lucrative practice of Low Town.

I had no cause to grudge his success, nor did I. But to my theories of medicine his diagnosis was shallow, and his prescriptions obsolete. When we were summoned to a joint consultation, our views as to the proper course of treatment seldom agreed. Doubtless he thought I ought to have deferred to his seniority in years; but I held the doctrine which youth deems a truth and age a paradox, namely, that in science the young men are the practical elders, inasmuch as they are schooled in the latest experiences science has gathered up, while their seniors are cramped by the dogmas they were schooled to believe when the world was some decades the younger.

Meanwhile my reputation continued rapidly to advance; it became more than local; my advice was sought even by patients from the metropolis. That ambition which, conceived in early youth, had decided my career and sweetened all its labours—the ambition to take a rank and leave a name as one of the great pathologists, to whom humanity accords a grateful, if calm, renown—saw before it a level field and a certain goal.

I know not whether a success far beyond that usually attained at the age I had reached served to increase, but it seemed to myself to justify the main characteristic of my moral organisation—intellectual pride.

Though mild and gentle to the sufferers under my care, as a necessary element of professional duty, I was intolerant of contradiction from those who belonged to my calling, or even from those who, in general opinion, opposed my favourite theories.

I had espoused a school of medical philosophy severely rigid in its inductive logic. My creed was that of stern materialism. I had a contempt for the understanding of men who accepted with credulity what they could not explain by reason. My favourite phrase was "common sense." At the same time I had no prejudice against bold discovery, and discovery necessitates conjecture, but I dismissed as idle all conjecture that could not be brought to a practical test.

As in medicine I had been the pupil of Broussais, so in metaphysics I was the disciple of Condillac. I believed with that philosopher that "all our knowledge we owe to Nature, that in the beginning we can only instruct ourselves through her lessons, and that the whole art of reasoning consists in continuing as she has compelled us to commence." Keeping natural philosophy apart from the doctrines of revelation, I never assailed the last, but I contended that by the first no accurate reasoner could arrive at the existence of the soul as a third principle of being equally distinct from mind and body. That by a miracle man might live again, was a question of faith and not of understanding. I left faith to religion, and banished it from philosophy. How define with a precision to satisfy the logic of philosophy what was to live again? The body? We know that the body rests in its grave till by the process of decomposition its elemental parts enter into other forms of matter. The mind? But the mind was as clearly the result of the bodily organisation as the music of the harpsichord is the result of the instrumental mechanism. The mind shared the decrepitude of the body in

extreme old age, and in the full vigour of youth a sudden injury to the brain might for ever destroy the intellect of a Plato or a Shakespeare. But the third principle—the soul—the something lodged within the body, which yet was to survive it? Where was that soul hid out of the ken of the anatomist? When philosophers attempted to define it, were they not compelled to confound its nature and its actions with those of the mind? Could they reduce it to the mere moral sense, varying according to education, circumstances, and physical constitution? But even the moral sense in the most virtuous of men may be swept away by a fever. Such at the time I now speak of were the views I held. Views certainly not original nor pleasing; but I cherished them with as fond a tenacity as if they had been consolatory truths of which I was the first discoverer. I was intolerant to those who maintained opposite doctrines—despised them as irrational, or disliked them as insincere. Certainly if I had fulfilled the career which my ambition predicted—become the founder of a new school in pathology, and summed up my theories in academical lectures, I should have added another authority, however feeble, to the sects which circumscribe the interests of man to the life that has its close in his grave.

Possibly that which I have called my intellectual pride was more nourished than I should have been willing to grant by that self-reliance which an unusual degree of physical power is apt to bestow. Nature had blessed me with the thews of an athlete. Among the hardy youths of the Northern Athens I had been pre-eminently distinguished for feats of activity and strength. My mental labours, and the anxiety which is inseparable from the conscientious responsibilities of the medical profession, kept my health below the par of keen enjoyment, but had in no way diminished my rare muscular force. I walked through the crowd with the firm step and lofty crest of the mailed knight of old, who felt himself, in his casement of iron, a match against numbers. Thus the sense of a robust individuality, strong alike in disciplined reason and animal vigour—habituated to aid others, needing no aid for itself—contributed to render me imperious in will and arrogant in opinion. Nor were such defects injurious to me in my profession; on the contrary, aided as they were by a calm manner, and a presence not without that kind of dignity which is the livery of self-esteem, they served to impose respect and to inspire trust.

CHAPTER II.

I HAD been about six years at L—— when I became suddenly involved in a controversy with Dr. Lloyd. Just as this ill-fated man appeared at the culminating point of his professional fortunes, he had the imprudence to proclaim himself not only an enthusiastic advocate of mesmerism, as a curative process, but an ardent believer of the reality of somnambular clairvoyance as an invaluable gift of certain privileged organisations. To these doctrines I sternly opposed myself—the more sternly, perhaps, because on these doctrines Dr. Lloyd founded an argument for the existence of soul, independent of mind, as of matter, and built thereon a superstructure of physiological phantasies, which, could it be substantiated, would replace every system of metaphysics on which recognised philosophy condescends to dispute.

About two years before he became a disciple rather of Puysegur than Mesmer (for Mesmer had little faith in that gift of clairvoyance of which Puysegur was, I believe, the first audacious asserter), Dr. Lloyd had been afflicted with the loss of a wife many years younger than himself, and to whom he had been tenderly attached. And this bereavement, in directing the hopes that consoled him to a world beyond the grave, had served perhaps to render him more credulous of the phenomena in which he greeted additional proofs of purely spiritual existence. Certainly, if, in controverting the notions of another physiologist, I had restricted myself to that fair antagonism which belongs to scientific disputants, anxious only for the truth, I should need no apology for sincere conviction and honest argument; but when, with condescending good nature, as if to a man much younger than himself, who was ignorant of the phenomena which he nevertheless denied, Dr. Lloyd invited me to attend his *séances* and witness his cures, my *amour propre* became roused and nettled, and it seemed to me necessary to put down what I asserted to be too gross an outrage on common sense to justify the ceremony of examination. I wrote, therefore, a small pamphlet on the subject, in which I exhausted all the weapons that irony can lend to contempt. Dr. Lloyd replied, and as he was no very skilful arguer, his reply injured him perhaps more than my assault. Meanwhile, I had made some inquiries as to the moral character of his favourite clairvoyants. I imagined that I had learned enough to justify me in treating them as flagrant cheats—and himself as their egregious dupe.

Low Town soon ranged itself, with very few exceptions, on my side. The Hill at first seemed disposed to rally round its insulted physician, and to make the dispute a party question, in which the Hill would have been signally worsted, when suddenly the same lady paramount, who had secured to Dr. Lloyd the smile of the Eminence, spoke forth against him, and the Eminence frowned.

"Dr. Lloyd," said the Queen of the Hill, "is an amiable creature, but on this subject decidedly cracked. Cracked poets may be all the better for being cracked;—cracked doctors are dangerous. Besides, in deserting that old-fashioned routine, his adherence to which made his claim to the Hill's approbation; and unsettling the mind of the Hill with wild revolutionary theories, Dr. Lloyd has betrayed the principles on which the Hill itself rests its social foundations. Of those principles Dr. Fenwick has made himself cham-

pion; and the Hill is bound to support him. There, the question is settled!"

And it was settled.

From the moment Mrs. Colonel Poyntz thus issued the word of command, Dr. Lloyd was demolished. His practice was gone, as well as his repute. Mortification or anger brought on a stroke of paralysis which, disabling my opponent, put an end to our controversy. An obscure Dr. Jones, who had been the special pupil and protégé of Dr. Lloyd, offered himself as a candidate for the Hill's tongues and pulses. The Hill gave him little encouragement. It once more suspended its electoral privileges, and, without insisting on calling me up to it, it quietly called me in whenever its health needed other advice than that of its visiting apothecary. Again it invited me, sometimes to dinner, often to tea. And again, Miss Brabazon assured me by a sidelong glance that it was no fault of hers if I were still single.

I had almost forgotten the dispute which had obtained for me so conspicuous a triumph, when one winter's night I was roused from sleep by a summons to attend Dr. Lloyd, who, attacked by a second stroke a few hours previously, had, on recovering sense, expressed a vehement desire to consult the rival by whom he had suffered so severely. I dressed myself in haste and hurried to his house.

A February night, sharp and bitter. An iron-grey frost below—a spectral melancholy moon above. I had to ascend the Abbey Hill by a steep, blind lane between high walls. I passed through stately gates, which stood wide open, into the garden ground that surrounded the old Abbots' House. At the end of a short carriage-drive, the dark and gloomy building cleared itself from leafless skeleton trees, the moon resting keen and cold on its abrupt gables and lofty chimney-stacks. An old woman servant received me at the door, and, without saying a word, led me through a long low hall, and up dreary oak stairs, to a broad landing, at which she paused for a moment, listening. Round and about hall, staircase, and landing, were ranged the dead specimens of the savage world which it had been the pride of the naturalist's life to collect. Close where I stood yawned the open jaws of the fell anaconda—its lower coils hid, as they rested on the floor below, by the winding of the massive stairs. Against the dull wainscot walls were pendant cases stored with grotesque unfamiliar mummies, seen imperfectly by the moon that shot through the window-panes, and the candle in the old woman's hand. And as now she turned towards me, nodding her signal to follow, and went on up the shadowy passage, rows of gigantic birds—ibis and vulture, and huge sea glaucus—glared at me in the false life of their angry eyes.

So I entered the sick-room, and the first glance told me that my art was powerless there.

The children of the stricken widower were grouped round his bed, the eldest apparently about fifteen, the youngest four; one little girl—the only female child—was clinging to her father's neck, her face pressed to his bosom, and in that room her sobs alone were loud.

As I passed the threshold, Dr. Lloyd lifted his face, which had been bent over the weeping child, and gazed on me with an aspect of strange glee, which I failed to interpret. Then, as I stole towards him softly and slowly, he pressed his lips on the long fair tresses that streamed wild over his breast, motioned to a nurse who stood beside his pillow to take the child away, and, in a voice clearer than I could have expected in one on whose brow lay the unmistakable hand of death, he bade the nurse and the children quit the room. All went sorrowfully, but silently, save the little girl, who, borne off in the nurse's arms, continued to sob as if her heart were breaking.

I was not prepared for a scene so affecting; it moved me to the quick. My eyes wistfully followed the children, so soon to be orphans, as one after one went out into the dark chill shadow, and amidst the bloodless forms of the dumb brute nature, ranged in grisly vista beyond the death-room of man. And when the last infant shape had vanished, and the door closed with a jarring click, my sight wandered loiteringly around the chamber before I could bring myself to fix it on the broken form, beside which I now stood in all that glorious vigour of frame which had fostered the pride of my mind.

In the moment consumed by my mournful survey, the whole aspect of the place impressed itself ineffaceably on life-long remembrance. Through the high, deep-sunken casement, across which the thin, faded curtain was but half drawn, the moonlight rushed, and then settled on the floor in one shroud of white glimmer, lost under the gloom of the death-bed. The roof was low, and seemed lower still by heavy intersecting beams, which I might have touched with my lifted hand. And the tall, guttering candle by the bedside, and the flicker from the fire struggling out through the fuel but newly heaped on it, threw their reflexion on the ceiling just over my head in a reek of quivering blackness, like an angry cloud.

Suddenly I felt my arm grasped: with his left hand (the right side was already lifeless); the dying man drew me towards him nearer and nearer, till his lips almost touched my ear. And, in a voice now firm, now splitting into gasp and hiss, thus he said:

"I have summoned you to gaze on your own work! You have stricken down my life at the moment when it was most needed by my children, and most serviceable to mankind. Had I lived a few years longer, my children would have entered on manhood, safe from the temptations of want and undejected by the charity of strangers. Thanks to you, they will be penniless orphans. Fellow-creatures afflicted by maladies your pharmacopœia had failed to reach, came to me for relief, and they found it. The effect of imagina-

tion,' you say. What matters, if I directed the imagination to cure? Now you have mocked the unhappy ones out of their last chance of life. They will suffer and perish. Did you believe me in error? Still you knew that my object was research into truth. You employed against your brother in art venomous drugs and a poisoned probe. Look at me! Are you satisfied with your work?"

I sought to draw back and pluck my arm from the dying man's grasp. I could not do so without using a force that would have been inhuman. His lips drew nearer still to my ear.

"Vain pretender, do not boast that you brought a genius for epigram to the service of science. Science is lenient to all who offer experiment as the test of conjecture. You are of the stuff of which inquisitors are made. You cry that truth is profaned when your dogmas are questioned. In your shallow presumption you have meted the dominions of nature, and where your eye halts its vision, you say, 'There, nature must close;' in the bigotry which adds crime to presumption, you would stone the discoverer who, in annexing new realms to her chart, unsettles your arbitrary landmarks. Verily, retribution shall await you. In those spaces which your sight has disdained to explore you shall yourself be a lost and bewildered straggler. Hist! I see them already! The gibbering phantoms are gathering round you!"

The man's voice stopped abruptly; his eye fixed in a glazing stare; his hand relaxed its hold; he fell back on his pillow. I stole from the room; on the landing-place I met the nurse and the old woman-servant. Happily the children were not there. But I heard the wail of the female child from some room not far distant.

I whispered hurriedly to the nurse, "All is over!"—passed again under the jaws of the vast anaconda—and, on through the blind lane between the dead walls—on through the ghastly streets, under the ghastly moon—went back to my solitary home.

The new romance by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton will be continued from week to week for six months. On its completion, it will be succeeded by a new serial story by Mr. Wilkie Collins, to be continued from week to week for nine months.

The repeal of the Duty on Paper will enable us, with the commencement of our next volume, greatly to improve the quality of the material on which All the Year Round is printed, and therefore to enhance the mechanical clearness and legibility of these pages. Of the Literature to which we have a new encouragement to devote them, it becomes us to say no more than that we believe it would have been simply impossible, when paper was taxed, to make the present announcement.

CONFECTIONER'S BOTANY.

When in this nineteenth century we sip our chocolate flavoured with vanilla, let us breathe a sigh for the degradation and imprisonment of that grand old monarch, the Emperor Montezeuma, whose life is graphically described by Mr. Prescott in his charming history of the Conquest of Mexico. The splendour and luxury of the royal household before the appearance of the Spaniards in Mexico, is almost fabulous, and reminds one of an Arabian Nights tale. "The emperor took no other beverage than the chocolate—a potation of chocolate flavoured with vanilla and other spices, and so prepared as to be reduced to a froth the consistency of honey, which gradually dissolved in the mouth. This beverage, if so it could be called, was served in golden goblets, with spoons of the same metal or of tortoise-shell, finely wrought. The emperor was exceedingly fond of it, to judge from the quantity—no less than fifty jars or pitchers being prepared for his own daily consumption. When the royal appetite was appeased, pipes made of a varnished and richly gilt wood were brought, from which he inhaled—sometimes through the nose, at others through the mouth—the fumes of an intoxicating weed called tobacco, mingled with liquid amber." Ever since the year 1519, when Spanish Cortes made himself master of the country of the Aztecs, the luxuries and natural productions of this highly-favoured land have been gradually introduced into Europe, among which the vanilla is esteemed as one of the greatest additions to our delicate confectionary.

The Vanilla Aromatica is an orchidaceous climbing plant, partly parasitic in its habit. It roots itself naturally in the ground; but, in the upper part, receives its nourishment from the tree against which it grows. In the countries where the plant is cultivated for commercial purposes, care is taken to choose a position where light and air are freely admitted. The upper branches are fastened to a tree, where they quickly take root and fasten themselves by means of their spiral tendrils. The leaves are oblong, heart-shape, of a bright green colour on the upper side, paler underneath, and have several prominent veins running through them. They are produced alternately at every joint, and have very short footstalks. The flowers are of a greenish white colour, very small, with five spreading divisions. The seeds are produced in long three-sided fleshy pods, which contain an aromatic oil exhaling the peculiar fragrance characteristic of the plant, on which account they are imported to Europe. The name vanilla seems to be a corruption of the Spanish word

Baynilla, or rather the word bayna, a shell or pod, of which baynilla is the diminutive, as cascarilla is of cascara.

The chief supply of these delicious and valuable pods is from Mexico, but they also attain perfection in the Mauritius and in Surinam. The care of the plants is confided to the Indians when they are under cultivation. Where they grow wild and luxuriantly under the rays of a tropical sun, the Indians collect the pods as they lie thickly in the woods. The pods are first laid in heaps to dry for two or three days in the sun, then they are flattened and rubbed over with the oil of Palma Christe. After repeating this process several times, they are considered fit for market, and fetch a very high price. When these pods reach Europe they are used either in a powdered state in very small quantities, or an extract is made of them which answers the same purpose. Attempts have been made to grow the vanilla artificially, both on the continent of Europe and in England; but the process is too expensive to answer commercially. At the meeting of the British Association at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, in 1838, Professor Morren, of Liege, read a paper on the production of vanilla in Europe. He stated that he had for some time successfully grown V. planifolia in the Botanic Gardens at Liege; and, although this species does not naturally produce odoriferous fruit, he had obtained from it fruits as large and fragrant as those of V. aromatica used in commerce. The chief difficulty in the growth of the plant seems to be in the fructification of the stigma, which, as it is somewhat hidden and covered in, is accomplished in its native state by bees and other insects seeking for the honey it contains, and thus carry the pollen from one flower to another.

At Sion House, the residence of the Duke of Northumberland, the vanilla plant is successfully grown in the hot-houses; shade, heat, and humidity seem to be the requirements of this interesting plant.

All our most delicious perfumes and refined tastes are now-a-days reducible to very matter of fact formula—except vanilla, and we never heard of that being imitated. The chemist by his art can almost set aside the agency of the vegetable world, and, from the most unattractive materials, can manufacture flavours and scents precisely similar to any produced in Nature's laboratory. The fruit of the vanilla, when analysed, is found to contain its own peculiar volatile oil with a certain proportion of benzoic acid. Amongst the numerous essences and flavours now constantly sold for the purposes of confectionary, nearly all can be obtained artificially. It is by no means necessary that the oil of bitter almonds should have ever been contained in an almond. Pear oil, apple oil, and pineapple essence are frequently obliged to trace their origin to far different sources from the fruit whose flavour they represent. Oil of bitter almonds can be obtained from a compound substance known in the laboratory as Benzol. This benzol is a product of coal-tar, and is rejected at the gas factories. By adding nitric acid to benzol we get nitro benzol, or artificial oil of almonds. There is also another substance called hippuric acid, extracted from the drainage of our cowhouses and pigsties, which, when submitted to the action of the heat, can be made into nitro benzol, available in the same manner to become oil of bitter almonds. Pear oil, or essence of Jargonelle pears, for which we in England have long been celebrated, is quite independent of the presence of pears for its manufacture. A compound called amyl, produced from the decomposition of starch, which can be got from potatoes when united with vinegar or acetic acid in proper quantities, becomes at once pear oil, possessing all the fragrance of that fruit. Then pineapple oil, or essence, is in its chemical principles closely associated with rancid butter; the peculiar disagreeable flavour of butter when decomposing is due to butyric acid, which, when mixed with ethyle, the principle of ether, gives the true pineapple flavour. It is just so in the natural laboratory of that beautiful fruit; then, according to Nature's own incontrovertible laws, a manufactory of acid and ethyle has been going on during the process of growth and ripening, which results in the natural production of the pineapple fragrance.

With all these revelations of modern science before us, we could almost doubt whether anything is really what it professes to be; but a visit to Messrs. Fortnum and Mason's—that tempting emporium of all that is elegant, tasteful, and delicious in the art of confectionary—will soon convince the most sceptical that, after all, the botany of confectionary still exists. We have seen an épergne filled with genuine botanical specimens, so disguised and sweetened with candied sugar that the eye would certainly never detect portions of some of our commonest wild flowers. It is not until after a closer inspection of these little bonbons that we discover, by their fragrance, that the flower of the sweet-scented violet—the Viola Odorata—has been transformed into a sweetmeat. We are reminded by it of hedgerows and bright spring days, and can distinctly recognise its bright purple petals thus singularly disguised.

Again, the petals of the fragrant orange-blossom, Citus Aurantium, lie all snowy and glittering with crystals of sugar in a transparent saucer by the side of the violets. What so appropriate for a bridal feast? We can imagine it may one day be possible to feed a bride on these aromatic delicacies, as well as to adorn her with the perfect blossoms of the orange-flower. A time-honoured custom this; but we scarcely know, with our newly-awakened taste, whether we would not vote for fewer orange-blossoms being worn and more eaten, were it not for the respect we have for ancient legends.

The bright green crystallised knots so abundant on every dessert-table, and the tiny little triangles found in jellies and cakes of various sorts, are of native production. Angelica Archangelica, though not strictly a British plant,

grows so well in this country, and is so often found away from cultivation, that it may almost be considered naturalised. It originally came from Lapland, and is now grown largely both in England and in France, for the benefit of the confectioner. It is an umbelliferous plant, and flourishes by the side of streams, and in moist shady places. The root consists of thick fleshy fibres, sending forth several very large compound leaves of a lightish green colour. Among these arises a long jointed stalk about four or five feet high, set with clasping leaves at the joints, according to the habit of the family. Towards the top the stem breaks into many branches, each terminated by a compound umbel, the rays of which are angular, and support globular heads of whitish flowers. The stalks were at one time blanched and used as celery; but they are now chiefly preserved in sugar, and eaten as a sweetmeat. The aromatic flavour of angelica recommends it strongly to many palates; indeed, the names by which it is known are very significant of its appreciation. Archangelica, Evangelica, and Pseudangelica, are the three genuine distinctions given to different plants of the same family. In Lapland it is much esteemed, and is supposed to have anti-pestilential powers. In that country it is chewed after the manner of tobacco, and the Norwegians mix it with their bread.

Besides the angelica, we have a sweetmeat prepared from a very common sea-side plant, known to all who frequent our English coast in the summer-time—the sea holly, Eryngium Maritenum, easily recognised by its stiff sharp-pointed prickly leaves of bluish green; or, as botanists say, glaucous colour. The flowers are in heads of a pale blue colour. It is very abundant on the eastern coast of England. The long tough creeping root has a pungent, aromatic, sweetish taste, which peculiarity is taken advantage of by the confectioner, who boils and candies them, and thus prepares a pleasant variety for the table. At Colchester, in Essex, there still exists an establishment where, more than two centuries ago, the experiment was first made by one Robert Buxton, an apothecary. The celebrated Dutch physician Boerhaave used to recommend the root of the sea holly in medicine as a restorative and stimulant. It is not necessary, however, to seek for the rare and costly preparations of the confectioner to indulge our taste for botanical research.

The little pink and white sugar-plums, so welcome in the nursery, contain each in its sugar case a miniature fruit, not a seed, as is commonly thought. Caraway is the entire fruit of the Carum Carui, a plant which abounds in various parts of Europe, and is cultivated in the gardens of this country. It belongs to the family Umbelliferæ, and has a long fleshy root, which is eaten as a vegetable in many parts of the Continent, and is little inferior to the parsnip. The peculiar warm aromatic oil contained in the little fruits recommend them for the purposes of flavouring various preparations of sugar. Indeed, when we begin to think of the different forms in which we partake of this product of the Western world from our childhood to old age, and the multitudinous flavours imparted to it by the aid of the confectioner, we shall trace nearly all of them to Nature's laboratory. There are the endless variety of lozenges tasting of peppermint, a British wild plant, Mentha Peperita, yielding an oil in its leaves known to us all; ginger, the most potent and useful of all our spices, the roots of the Zingiber Officinale; cinnamon, the bark of a plant growing in the East Indies, Laurus Cinnamonum; cloves, which are the unopened buds of a myrtle-like plant, the Caryophyllus Aromaticus; and numberless other spices equally agreeable.

Then there are all the jellies, creams, and cakes, many of which are mere vehicles for the introduction of aromatic spices, interesting not only to the palate but to the botanist. Nutmegs, the seeds of a plant belonging to the Bay family, Myristica Moschata, with the curious outer shell, or arillus, as it is called, constituting the well-known and fragrant mace. Allspice, or Pimento Lenis, the fruits of a small tree growing in the West Indies, known as Eugenia Pimento; the buds of some plants, as of the cassia; the seeds of others, as the anise seed, the cardamon seed; and the leaves of many more, as the laurel, Prunus Lauroœrasus, and the common bay-tree, Laurus Nobilis, are frequent additions to our best confectionary.

MANORS AND MANNERS.

To pay my rent punctually to my landlord, if I could, if I simply leased my house and garden, or to see that the annual shillings were duly delivered over to the steward of the manor, for the lord's use, if I were a copyholder in the country, with a few acres of meadow land, and may be a reach of fell or a belt of copse by way of boundary, constituted about the sum of my knowledge on the subject of rents and holdings. To be sure, I had heard, in a hazy kind of way, such terms as quit-rent, and heriot, and soccage, and the lord's fines, and I knew that there was something dreadful in a "rack-rent;" but I did not quite comprehend what; and when people tried to explain, it was generally so mixed up with poor-rate, and so many things that I did not understand—being only a poor ignorant personage with no head for figures—that I was never much the wiser for the glossary. But the other day I met with a quaint old book, written by the learned Thomas Blount, and in this I read of some of the strange rights and customs by which our forefathers held their manors in times long past. His book is called Fragmenta Antiquitatis, or Ancient Tenures of Land and Jocular Customs of Manors; and is edited, annotated, and enlarged by Hercules Malebysse Beckwith and his father, with not half so grand a name; and out of the queer pot-pourri that it all is, I propose to pick some of the best bits, and hand them round for the edification of the company.

First, as to the meaning of Grand and Petit Serjeanty:

Grand Serjeanty means that a man holds his lands or tenements direct of the king, on condition of rendering him some service of the person—such as carrying his banner or his lance, leading his army in time of war, bearing his sword before him at his coronation, being his marshal—a kind of dignified policeman—his carver, or his butler; and Petit Serjeanty is when he holds his lands or tenements—also direct from the king—in consideration of some small material service, such as providing him with a lance, a dagger, a knife, a pair of gilt spurs, or of mailed gloves; or perhaps a hundred herrings made into four-and-twenty pies and duly baked; which the town of Yarmouth, for example, was bound to render to the sheriffs of Norwich, to be by them delivered to the lord of the manor of East Carlton, and by him to the king; or, as the owner of the lands of Alesbury, Bucks, who held his fine estate on condition of finding the king in rushes for his chamber and straw for his bed, giving him, for food, three eels in winter, and two green geese in summer, whenever he came to visit him; stipulating, though, that his visits should never be made oftener than thrice in the year. For the lord of the lands of Alesbury knew that gracious majesty's too frequent presence would be something like the gift of the white elephant—a mighty honour to receive, but ruinous to maintain.

All the great offices of the crown are held by Grand Serjeanty, but greatest and most powerful of all the officers was the Lord High Steward of England. For, the Lord High Steward was the viceroy or lieutenant of the king, second only to the king, the alter ego, that other I who ruled everywhere, and over all, save anointed majesty itself. Among his most important duties was that of reproving and admonishing the evil-doers among the nobility. Thus, in the time of Edward the Confessor, the then Lord High Steward took Godwin, Earl of Kent, to task for his ill deeds and malicious counsels, and in the end deprived him of his earldom. His power extended over all the law officers and all the military commanders, both in peace and in war, and when he sat in council or judgment he sat under a cloth of estate, and was spoken to as "Please your Grace the Lord High Steward of England." This power grew too great and dangerous for any subject to exercise, so, when Henry Bolinbroke lifted poor Richard's crown with his mailed hand, he being then Lord High Steward by inheritance, the office became merged in the king, and henceforth was made a mere matter of symbolism and temporal arrangement—an honour to be granted at the coronation, and for that occasion only. The great lords used to quarrel among each other for the perquisites of the office. Lord Thomas, son of that same fourth Henry, and Lord High Steward at his coronation, argued some points in loud and decisive terms with Thomas Earl of Arundel, each claiming "the vessels of wine which lay under the bar;" Lord Thomas by virtue of his lord high stewardship, and the Earl of Arundel because he was chief butler. The king's son won the day, of course.

Another high office of the crown held by Grand Serjeanty was, and is, that of the Lord Great Chamberlain. The Lord Chamberlain has "livery and lodging" in the king's court, besides sundry fees from bishops and archbishops, and from all the peers of the realm when they come to do homage and fealty; he has also as perquisites, forty ells of crimson velvet for his own robes at the coronation, and the royal bed and bed-furniture and night apparel used by the monarch on the eve of the coronation, and the basin and towels in which the king washes his hands on the day of coronation: giving for all these fees the personal service of "bringing the king his shirt, coif, and wearing clothes when he rises," carrying at the coronation the coif, gloves, and body linen, the sword and the scabbard, the gold to be offered by the king, the robe royal and the crown, dressing and undressing the king, and serving him with water throughout the day wherewith to wash his hands. And then the lord great chamberlains, when the grand day was over, used to quarrel with the other great lords for the king's night apparel and the king's bed-furniture and dirty towels, and sometimes got the lawyers to show how each had exclusive right thereto, and how the other claimant was but an alien and an intruder. Did not the Earls of Lindsey and Derby each petition the Court of Claims for the forty ells of crimson velvet and the dirty towels, due to some one after the coronation of James the Second? and did not the Court of Claims assign to the Earl of Lindsey all the goods his soul longed for, to the discomfiture of the Earl of Derby? All these things read very strangely to us now, and marvellously like a leaf out of the Court Circular of an African king.

The barons of the Cinque Ports claimed, as their ultimate of human honour, the right of bearing "a canapye of cloth of golde over the king, with foure staves and foure belles at the foure corners, every staffe having foure of those barons to beare it. And to dyne and sitt at the table, next to the king, on his right hande, in the hall the day of his coronation, and for their fees to have the saide canapye of golde, with the belles and staves, notwithstanding the Abbot of Westminster claymed the same." And every great officer claimed something—cloth of gold, silver dishes, great swords—a general scramble among the high and puissant for the coronation loaves and fishes.

Some of the high and puissant hold their lands by Grand Serjeanty, as Farnham was held on consideration of finding a right hand glove for gracious majesty on the day of coronation, and supporting gracious majesty's right arm for all the time it held the "regal verge" or sceptre; or, as "Peter Picot held the half of Heydene (Heydon, in Essex), by the ser-

jeanty of serving with a towel at the coronation of the king; and Peter, the son of Peter Picot, held the other moiety, by the serjeanty of serving with the basons;" or as a certain measure ("one carucate") of land in Addington was held "by the service of making one mess in an earthen pot, in the kitchen of our lord the king, on the day of his coronation, called dilligrout, and if there be fat or lard in the mess, it is called maupigyrnun." But what was dilligrout and what maupigyrnun, no one now living, I believe, can exactly determine. In Blount's time, this manor of Addington belonged to one Thomas Legh, Esq., who, at the coronation of his then majesty Charles II. (1661), brought up to the table a mess of pottage, called dilligrout, "whereupon the Lord High Chamberlain presented him to the king, who accepted the service, but did not eat of the pottage"—a not very surprising omission on the part of the Merry Monarch. Other lands are held by serving the king with wafers or towels: many for this service, by pouring out his wine; and one—and a beautiful manor too—by performing the redoubted office of champion, that very useless relic of chivalry and feudal barbarism, and love of theatrical attitudes, and fine dressing. Thus, the noble estate of Scrivelsby is held by the Dymokes on consideration of a Dymoke, armed cap-à-pie, as in the time of Don Quixote and his saints, riding into Westminster Hall on the day of coronation, flinging down a gauntlet on the floor, and challenging all foul traitors to attack the legitimate right of the sovereign to the crown—which right no one in the world is disposed to question; but which he, nevertheless, is prepared to defend with his life. It is an easy tenure.

What has become of that house in Saint Margaret's which belonged to old Isaac the Jew of Norwich, and which King John granted to William de Ferrars, Earl of Derby, on consideration that he and his heirs would serve the king and his heirs at dinner on all annual feasts, and whenever else beside they celebrated a feast, "with his head uncovered, without a cap, with a garland of the breadth of the little finger of him or his heirs"? And do the representatives of Ela Countess of Warwick, or whoever they may be that now hold the manor of Hoke Norton, in the county of Oxford, still carve for the sovereign on Christmas-day, and take as much care as of old to carry off the carving-knife as a perquisite? And is the manor of Bondby, in Lincolnshire, yet held by bearing a white wand before the sovereign, likewise on Christmas-day? Or Coperland and Allerton, in Kent, for the service of holding the head of seasick majesty when sailing between Dover and Whitsand? Or Hoton, in Cumberland, for the service of holding the royal stirrup while the king mounts his horse at Carlisle Castle? Or Penkelly, in Cornwall, by the serjeanty of delivering a grey riding-hood at Paulton-bridge, whenever the king enters Cornwall, in knightful consideration of the Cornish skies? Or the manor of beautiful Shorne, in Kent, for carrying a white ensign forty days at the holder's own charges, whenever the sovereign makes war in Scotland? Or is Ovenhills, also in Kent, held on consideration of forty days' service in the king's army, when he goes forth into Wales for battle with the rebels there, the lord being further bound to provide himself with a horse worth exactly five shillings, and a sack worth sixpence, and a needle or skewering-pin to fasten the sack? These services of accompanying the king to the wars, and taking a horse, and a sack, and a skewering-pin, make a most frequent manner of tenure. As also, that blowing of a horn, in the border counties, to frighten away mosstroopers and the like. Burgh-on-the-Sands, in Cumberland, was held by the service of blowing a horn in the van of the king and his army when he went into Scotland, and blowing the same horn in his rear when he returned. Some lords of manors have to find "a shield of brawn," or a loaf of oat bread, when majesty goes a hunting and is hungry; and some have to dismember malefactors, some to specially watch and ward the king's private and peculiar pretty horsebreakers—or laundresses—for the coarser word means both these sections of womanhood; and some have to measure all the bushels and gallons in the king's household. Others have to play chess with the king when he is so minded, and to put away the chessmen into a bag when the game is done; and some have to guard certain castles for a certain period; and some to find a ship when called on to do so. One manor was held by the serjeanty of providing the king with a *hobeler* (a kind of light horseman, not very unlike our light dragoons), who was to keep watch and ward in Porchester Castle for forty days, at the lord's cost; and one other lord had to present the king with two white capons, with this speech done into Latin: "Behold, my lord, these two capons, which you shall have another time, but not now." And Taxall, in Chester, was held by the service of blowing a horn on Midsummer-day at a high rock near, called Windgather—what a fine old Norse flavour in the word!—with the further service of holding the king's stirrup, and rousing the stag, whenever he came to hunt in Macclesfield Forest.

Now we come to the tenures by Petit Serjeanty, with their quaint glimpses into old feudal life and manners. And at first, there is nothing but war service to be rendered. Knights and esquires, and armed men, and horsemen, and footmen, and suits of mail; in one instance, only the moiety of a knight and a horse without a saddle is to be given, and quivers or sheafs of arrows, and cross-bow-men or balistars; and sergeants-at-arms, one or more—which corps, by the way, was first instituted by Richard Cœur de Lion, in imitation of the like corps created by Philip Augustus, during the crusades, as a body-guard against the assassins—those pleasant subjects of the Old Man of the Mountain, so terribly famous for their love of hachshish and private murders. Sometimes, by way of diversity, a footman with a lance and an iron trum-

pet is to be found for forty days, at the manorial lord's proper charges; and sometimes a footman with a bow and four arrows; and sometimes the footman has a bow and only three arrows; but, to make up, he must have "one pale" and "one bacon or salted hog," half of which he is to give to the earl marshal, and on the other half to feed himself, following the army so long as that moiety of salted hog shall last; and sometimes he, the unfortunate footman, is to go with the army into Scotland, barefoot, clothed with a shirt and breeches, having in the one hand a bow without a string, and in the other an arrow unfeathered, which, unless he gets better tailoring among the heather, will be but scanty covering or protection for his poor Saxon thews and sinews against the stark and supple Highland foe. Some lords paid a yearly service in ouziell, or young birds (a corruption of oiseaux); and some in ouzels, which are not young birds, but a species apart and of itself, comprehending blackbirds and thrushes, and served up at the royal table, as they are to this day in France and Italy. Sir Walter Hungerford held the manor of Homet, in Normandy, in consideration of rendering to the king and his heirs a lance with a foxtail hanging thereto, yearly, upon the Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, and also of finding ten men-at-arms and twenty archers in the English king's wars with France.

Another lord had to find a spindle-full of raw thread to make a false string for the king's cross-bow; another, a currycomb when wanted; another, an esquire with a purple lance and an iron cap; while brave old Egremont Castle was once held "by the service of one knight's fee, that the lord should march at the king's command, in the army, against Wales and Scotland." Three "fletched" arrows, feathered with eagle's feathers, made up all the service to be rendered by one lord; two arrows with peacock's feathers, that of another; a loaf of oat bread, value half a farthing—value stamped thereon—and three barbed arrows feathered with peacock's feathers, whenever our lord the king should hunt in Dartmoor Forest, the service to be rendered by the lord of Loston; one footman, a bow without a string, and an arrow without feathers, the service to be rendered by another lord; litter for the king's bed, and hay for the king's horse, together with the services of an esquire for forty days, duly equipped with a hambergell or coat of mail, redeemed the broad lands of Brokenhurst; the like services of providing hay for the king's horse, straw for the king's bed, and rushes for the king's chamber, made good the title to many a noble manor throughout England. A pair of gloves turned up with hareskin, a pair of scarlet hose, a coat or cloak of grey furred skins, two hogsheads of red wine, and two hundred pears of the kind called "permeines,"—to be paid at the Feast of St. Michael yearly; a sextary (about a pint and a half) of clove wine or July-flower wine; two hundred pullets, a cask of ale and a firkin of butter; twenty-four pasties of fresh herrings on their first coming in; two white doves and two white capons; a pound of cummin seed, two pairs of gloves, and a steel needle; a hot simnel sent up every day for the king's dinner; a pot-hook for the king's meat; a gallon of honey; one table-cloth and one towel yearly; several rents of gloves and capons, and tuns of ale, and firkins of butter; a nightcap—value one half-penny; a snowball in June and a red rose at Christmas; two white hares yearly—rather a troublesome tenure, as white hares were at all times exceedingly rare in England; taking care of the king's hawks, or breeding them in independent mews; are among the most frequent services to be rendered for the gift of an estate, "with all that grow on it as high as heaven, and all that was within it as low as hell." They show the great scarcity of money, and the slackness of commerce in those days, and carry one down to the very rudiments of society, when all barter was in kind, and when there were but two estates in the realm—royalty and the nobles—who divided the earth and the villeins between them.

Sometimes it was enough if the king could count on having his horse shod with royal nails, if he came within the boundaries of a certain manor; sometimes, if the lord and his villeins would go out once a year gathering wool for the queen, from off the thorns and briars; and sometimes—in the case of religious houses—royalty was content with a daily mass, or a special office, said at stated times, or when the king would honour the rich abbey with a visit, and thought the bargain no bad one between lands and masses. John de Liston held the farm of Liston, in Essex, by the serjeanty of making baskets for the king; and Roger de Leyburn might have Bures, so long as he would scald the king's hogs when required; and William Fitz-Daniel held four "ox-gangs" of land for paying yearly a flasket, which was either a wickered bottle or a small wooden tub—commentators are undecided which; and Nicholas de Mora rendered two knives, one very good, the other very bad, for certain lands held in Shropshire; and Stene and Hinton, Northampton, were held by the service of presenting one rose yearly at the Feast of St. John the Baptist; and Ralph de Waymer had the right of farming the fish-ponds of Stafford, if when the king fished therein he had all the pikes and breams that he might catch: Ralph reserving to himself all other fish, including eels, that might come to the hooks, royal or otherwise—which was not a bad look out for Ralph de Waymer. As for Levington, in York, it was held for no greater service than the owner's repairing to Skelton Castle every Christmas-day, there leading the lady from her chamber to chapel, and, after mass, leading her from the chapel to her chamber again, departing without noise or mystery after dining with her in all honour, as liege and tenant should. Does the lord of the manor of Sockburne, in Durham, still meet the Bishop of Durham, on his first entrance into the diocese, with Sir John Conyers's ancient falchion in his hand?—that falchion

which so valiantly slew "a monstrous creature, a dragon, a worm, or flying serpent, that devoured men and women and children:" though, indeed, some weak-minded rationalists of the seventeenth century did say that this worm, this flying serpent, was no other than the Scots who had invaded the country-side, as their manner was, and been mightily discomfited by Sir John Conyers and his weapon. And is there a mad bull still hunted, as it was quite of late, on Christmas-day in the castle meadows round Stamford, which castle meadows were given to the Stamford people as common land, so long as they should provide the bull? And do the tenants living about White Hart Forest still pay the White Hart silver, which Henry the Third imposed on them all, in local punishment of the foul deed of T. de Linde, a Dorsetshire man, who killed the milk-white hart which he, Henry, had spared? Fuller paid his proportion in his time; but since Fuller we have had the Reform Bill, and a little matter of utilitarian common sense superadded; and perhaps the tenants living about White Hart Forest object to having a fine levied on them because T. de Linde killed a forbidden deer seven hundred years ago.

"Whichnour," in Staffordshire, was held by Sir Philip de Somerville on very easy terms. He paid only half the fees and fines levied on the other landowners of the place, but then he had "to fynde, meynteigne, and susteigne one bacon flyke, hanging in his halle at Wichenore, ready arrayed all tymes of the yere," save in Lent; to be given to every man and woman who after a year and a day of married life together; taking two responsible witnesses to swear that they believed them; should there and then—he kneeling on his knee, and holding his right hand on a book laid on the bacon—the bacon itself laid on half a quarter of wheat and half a quarter of rye—make oath in this manner, and as followeth:

Here ye, Sir Philip de Somervyle, lord of Whichenour, mayntayner and giver of this baconne, that I A. syth I wedded B. my wife, and syth I had her in my kepyng and at my wylle, by a yere and a daye after our marryage, I wold not have chaunged for none other, farer ne fowler, richer ne powrer, ne for none other descended of gretter lynage, slepyng ne waking, at noo tyme. And if the seid B. were sole and I sole, I wolde take her to be my wyfe before all the wymen of the worlde, of what condytions soevere they be, good or evyle, as helpe me God and his seyntys, and this flesh and all fleshes.

If, then, his witnesses made oath that they believed him, the lucky possessor of the peerless B. was given the classic flitch; and, if a free man, half a quarter of wheat and a cheese beside; but, if a villein, then half a quarter of rye only, without cheese, all of which was laid on a horse, and so the cavalcade passed away, "with trompets, tabourets, and other manoir of mynstralce." This custom was of Edward the Third's time.

The Dunmow flitch was the bequest of Robert Fitzwalter, "long beloved of King Harry, son of King John," who ordained that any, also not repenting of his marriage for a year and a day, might then repair to the priory of Dunmow, and there "take his oath before prior and convent and the whole town, humbly kneeling in the churchyard upon two hard-pointed stones." And then after long kneeling and long oath-taking the flitch of bacon was duly handed over to him, and the possessor of the bacon and the wife was carried on men's shoulders round the priory churchyard and about the town, the whole concourse applauding.

THE FORM OF THE OATH TAKEN BY THOSE AT DUNMOW WHO ARE TO HAVE THE BACON.

You shall swear by custom of confession,
If ever you made nuptial transgression.
Be you either married man or wife,
If you have brawls or contentious strife;
Or otherwise at bed, or at board,
Offended each other in deed or word;
Or since the parish clerk said amen,
Yo wished y'selves unmarried agen,
Or in a twelvemonth and a day,
Repented not in thought any way;
But continued true in thought and desire,
As when you joined hands in the quire.
If to these conditions, without all feare,
Of your own accord you will freely sweare,
A whole gammon of bacon you shall receive,
And bear it hence with love and good leave:
For this is our custom at Dunmow well knowne,
Though the pleasure be ours, the bacon's your own.

Seventeen hundred and fifty-one is the date of the last claimant given by Hercules Malebysse Beckwith; but has not the custom of the gammon been renewed within the last few years, and has not Mr. Harrison Ainsworth had a hand in it? Brindwoods, at Chingford, Essex, used to be held by a very strange custom. At every alienation the owner of the farm had to go to the parsonage with his wife, man, and maid-servant, each mounted on a single horse, he himself carrying a hawk on his fist, and the man leading a greyhound in the slips; both for the rector's use that day. Arrived at the parsonage, he did his homage and paid his relief by blowing three blasts with a horn. The rector then gave him a chicken for his hawk, a peck of oats for his horse, and a loaf of bread for the greyhound; after which they all dined; when the master of Brindwoods again blew three blasts with his horn; and so they all departed. At Carlcoats, York, two farms paid, the one a right hand, and the other a left hand, glove yearly to the lord; and the owner of Isleham (Cambridge) paid, also yearly, a gammon of bacon, stuck on the point of a lance, to the Earl of Arundel.

But the services rendered to the king, either by Grand or Petit Serjeanty, were trifles compared with those which the landholders and villeins under feudal lords had to give. Where majesty was content with a rose or a loaf of oat-bread, the feudal lord must have the tenant's whole family at work in his fields, excepting, perhaps, the husewia, or housewife (our modern hussy). The villeins had to pay fines on all occasions, too. If a she-villein or naif married; or, being married, if she loved another than her husband, unlawfully; or, not being married, if

she loved any man at all, unlawfully, she had to pay a fine, or "merchet," for "the redemption of her blood." If she was a she-villein entire, she had to pay five shillings and fourpence, for right or punishment—as the case might be; if the daughter of a cottager, half that sum. No villein could marry, put his children to school, send his son into the church, or sell an ox fatted by himself, without the leave and allowance of the lord; leave and allowance always expressed by the inevitable fine or "merchet" of so much solid silver. Grimston, in Norfolk, had rather a hard custom with its villeins, called "Love-bone." Those with a horse and cart paid their lord "one day's journey of barley-seed time," receiving three-halfpence for breakfast, in return; and those with cows on the common paid him so many days' work in harvest, having, at three o'clock, flesh to eat, and ale to drink, and getting three loaves every evening. But the unfortunate villein's own harvest must rot on the ground while he is husbanding the lord's, and eating his daily dole of flesh and bread. These are only one or two of the very many instances of oppression and cruelty under which the villeins laboured in the good old days when every man was brave and every woman chaste—at least, according to the saying of the lovers of the past.

The old Welsh had some curious customs respecting that last quality in their women worth noting. If a maiden who had loved not wisely but too well was deserted by her seducer, and made complaint thereof, a young three-year-old bull, with its tail well greased, was pushed through a wicker door; if the deserted maiden could hold the bull by its greased tail while two men goaded it on to make it as mad and wild as might be, she kept it as some kind of compensation for her faithless lover, also as a sort of acknowledgment that a lass of her strength deserved a better fate; if the bull got away from her, she had only the grease on her hands for her pains. If the wife of a Welsh prince had a lover, and the lover was found out, there was no blood and thunder in the case, and no formal divorce court, but the man was adjudged to pay the injured prince a gold cup and cover, as broad as the king's face and as thick as a ploughman's nail who has ploughed nine years; a rod of gold as tall as the king, and as thick as his little finger; a hundred cows for every "cantref" he ruled over; and a white bull, with two different coloured ears, for every hundred cows. And by other laws and enactments did Wales strive to keep the public morals pure on that all-important point of women and fidelity; but these two instances are sufficient as specimens of the spirit and direction of the rest.

Rochford, Essex, used to hold a Lawless Court. This was a yearly assemblage of all the suitors and tenants of the estate, who met the steward at cock-crowing on King's Hill, having no light and no fire, obliged to speak in whispers, and to write without pen and ink, and only with coals; and "he that owes suit and service thereto, and appears not, forfeits to his lord double his rent for every hour of absence." Kidlington, Oxford, had a different kind of custom. Here, a fat lamb was set adrift among the maids of the town, the maids having their thumbs tied behind them; and whosoever caught the fat lamb in her mouth, had part of it for her pains, and was called for the day "The Lady of the Lamb." And there was a "morisco dance" of men, and another of women; and the lamb was roasted and eaten for supper, and the day was "spent in dancing, mirth, and merry glee." At Coleshill, Warwick, if the young men could catch a live hare before ten o'clock on Easter Monday, and carry it to the rector's, he was bound to give them a hundred eggs and a calf's head for breakfast, and a groat in money. On the first coming of our lord the king to Rochester, the sealers of his writs ought to have four loaves of esquires' bread, and four of grooms' bread; four gallons of convent ale, and four of common ale; four dishes of convent meat, and four of common meat; to wit, twenty-four herrings, and twenty-four eggs; seven small bushels of provender, and eight halfpence to buy hay. All these things ought the sealers of the king's writs to have, when the lord his majesty rode into Rochester town for the first time. Among other strange customs was the Minstrel's Court at Tutbury, which got abolished because of the abominable licentiousness to which it gave rise; also, the apple-pies and furmenty of Hutton-Conyers, York, where each shepherd brought a spoon, and he who was spoonless had to lie all his length along "and sup the furmenty with his face to the pot or dish;" also, the "picked bones" of Ratby, Leicester, and the pins which every Roman Catholic flung once a year into the well at North Lees, near Hathersedge; also, the odd idea of adornment which the Knutsford people had, when they strewed their door-step with brown sand, and made thereon patterns of scrolls and crosses, &c., in white sand, adding thereto also "the flowers of the season," on the marriage of their friends; also, the still odder custom in the Middleton Hundred, when a man who had made himself the father of an unlawful child, forfeited all his goods and chattels to the king. And then there was the slightly tragic "Burning of the Hill" at Mendippe, which was thus: Whenever one of the miners had stolen his comrades' tools, or clothes, or other things, he was shut up in a very slightly-built hut, which was then surrounded with dry fern, furze, &c., and set alight; if he could, the man was free to break his way out of the hut, but must never come to work again on the Mendippe Hills. He had his choice between death by burning, or banishment and starvation. Grave respectable Magdalen College paid yearly a certain sum, "pro mulieribus hockantibus" on some of its manors, which bit of choice dog Latin meant, that on a certain Monday in the year the men "hocked" the women, and, on the Tuesday following, the women "hocked" the men: that is, stopped the way with ropes,

and pulled down all passers-by, desiring money to be laid out in pious uses. (?) And the fine old Coteswold Hills had a grand annual solemnity every Whitsuntide, which, however, was chiefly remarkable to us, as showing the origin of the mace, which, to judge by analogy, was originally a rod, as now, filled with spices and perfumes at the top, for the king, lords, and dignities to smell at. Not an unnecessary practice in those days of foul odours, and dirt and disease consequent thereon, and taking its rise, most probably, from the same cause as the rue and bitter herbs of the prisoners' dock.

The men of Gotham are proverbial, and this is why they are so. King John, going by Gotham on his way to Nottingham, desired to pass through some meadows, but the wise men of the village prevented him, thinking that, once as king's highway, the road would be as king's highway for ever, and so they would lose their meadows. King John was very angry at the impudence of these Gothamites, and sent his messengers to inquire into the reason of their rudeness, and otherwise report on what they heard and saw, to the end of better devising the punishment befitting. "So," thought the wise men, "our best plan will be to appear a race of fools, when surely the king's heart will be softened, and our offence will be forgiven." Accordingly, the king's messengers found some of the villagers trying to drown an eel in a pond; some, dragging carts upon a large barn to shade the wood from the sun; some, laboriously tumbling cheeses down hill to find their way to Nottingham for sale; and some, trying to build a wall round a cuckoo which had just perched on a cuckoo bush. Then the king's anger was diverted, for were they not all irresponsible idiots? And the wise men of Gotham became raised to the rank of a proverb, as they deserved to be.

Do the present owners of any manors spoken of in this paper desire to part with the whole or part of them? If so, they will be glad to have the form for "an absolute conveyance of all right and title therein," as given in Symonds's Mechanics of Law-making:

"I give you all and singular, my estate and interest, right, title, claim, and advantage of and in that orange, with all its rind, skin, juice, pulp and pips, and all right and advantage therein, with full power to bite, cut, suck, and otherwise eat the same, or give the same away as fully and effectually as I, the said A. B., am now entitled to bite, cut, suck, or otherwise eat the same orange, or give the same away, with or without its rind, skin, juice, pulp, and pips, anything hereinbefore, or hereinafter, or in any other deed or deeds, instrument or instruments, of what nature or kind soever, to the contrary, in anywise, notwithstanding."

That the wise men of Gotham drew up the form of conveyance used in English law does not, I think, admit of a doubt. Indeed, I should imagine they had been consulted on very nearly every point of law or custom mentioned in this paper, and that their voices had drowned the words of the few foolish men who would, if they could, have made laws simple, rights equal, and mere humanity of more regard than sceptres, crowns, royal robes, or patents of nobility.

UNDERGROUND LONDON.

CHAPTER IV.

My friend Agrippa, with all his practical experience, anecdotes, and attentiveness, did not appear to me to be what is called "exhaustive" on the subject of old sewers. His stories wanted the fine full flavour that only age can bring, and his experience was entirely confined to the north side of the river. While the underground channels of the sunny south remained unexplored, I could not have felt that I had done my duty to my employers—the public. I should have been haunted by a suspicion that I had left many stories and features buried in the old borough of Southwark and its surrounding districts, which would be as seasoning pepper to far more statistics than I think proper to offer. Going to the Guildhall Museum, and seeing a piece of wood found in the neighbourhood of St. George's-fields in excavating the great Duffield Sewer, and which was labelled as being part of one of the piles of King Canute's trench, made in May, 1016, my curiosity about the southern sewers was naturally stimulated. While I gave those who hold the keys of Underground London to understand that I was not dissatisfied with the King's Scholars' Pond Sewer, I plainly told them that my appetite for information on sewer subjects was not yet half gratified.

A friendly official statement, that no length of covered main sewer on the south side was more than fifty years old, failed to damp my ardour. The reports of Mr. Gwilt and Mr. P'Anson, technically interesting as they undoubtedly were, only told me that most of the old sewers were anciently mill-streams and monastic watercourses; and that the whole southern valley district is under high-water mark—in some places as much as five feet. I went into various old sewers on the south side, which, in consequence of their peculiar geological position, can only be entered when the tide is low. In one I saw a barrow that had been washed down from some opening in the road at some higher point; and I heard of a bedstead that had been picked up in the flood not many months before. The theory was, that it had been carried away by a heavy rain-storm from some yard or garden on the Surrey Hills, plunged into the sewers where they still form open ditches, and streamed down the tunnels towards the Thames. I was told of many dead children that had been picked up on this side of the river, in the same manner; along with washing-tubs, mops, waterbutts, and trunks of trees. In one old sewer under the Blackfriars-road, not remarkable for its purity or its freedom from chemical refuse, I saw a cluster of mushrooms on the roof that were almost as large as ordinary soup-tureens.

Still I asked for more. I wished to see one of the oldest working hands on the sewer establishment; a hoary mudlark who had been seasoned by nearly half a century's training, and who might fairly be regarded as a hermit of the sewers. My ideal of such a man was that of a sewer-flusher, who, by long familiarity with little else than the black underground streams of London, had come to regard the whole universe as one vast pool of sewage. No man who would have felt astonished at seeing the English Channel bricked over by contractors, and turned into a main sewer; or who would have thought it singular to live over an outfall flood of sewage as large as Niagara, would have come up to my ideal. With some little difficulty, an old workman was found, who was not surprised to hear that I had been down various sewers, and took a deep interest in them. Nothing appeared to him more natural than that people should like to go down sewers, and to talk about them for hours together.

Our interview began in a kind of underground cell, side-entrance, or bower, where a man is often put to watch the tide; but it ended in a district engineer's office. The walls were covered with maps and plans; the tables had many specimen brick bats upon them, all labelled and numbered; there were many pieces of pipe-drain on the floor; many curious fossils on the mantelshelf; and a row of champagne-bottles filled with specimens of river sewage. There was method, business, and science, in all this, but the degraded condition of the champagne-bottles struck me as approaching desecration.

"Them's not quite the things to squench your thirst," said my companion, the old sewer workman, alluding to the bottles.

"Not exactly," I said; "the man who could so treat old wine-bottles must have been a savage teetotaller."

My companion, encouraged from time to time by my questions, began to unfold his fifty years' experiences. He was a stout, healthy-looking old man, with a face not unlike a large red potato. He was good-tempered, and proud of his special knowledge; but not presuming. In this he differed from one or two other workmen whom I had met, who seemed to wish me to understand that they, and they alone, knew all about the London sewerage system. His language was frequently rather misty; but a very little grammar will go a long way in the sewers, and working men have something else to think of beyond aspirating the letter H.

"They was like warrens," he said, alluding to the old south-side sewers; "you never see such shores (sewers). Some on 'em was open; some was shut; an' some was covered over with wooden platforms, so's to make the gardings all the larger. Some o' the shores was made o' wood, spesh'ly about Roderide; an' at S'uth'ark the people used to dip their pails in 'em for water. They made holes in 'em, so's to get at the water when the tide was up, an' I've seen 'em dippin' often nigh Backley and Puckins's."

"Did you ever meet with any accident," I asked, "during the long time you have worked in the sewers?"

"Oh yes," he said; "I've bin knocked down a dozen times by the gas; spesh'ly nigh the dead ends o' shores, an' I've bin burnt over an' over agen. When your light goes out, you may know summat is wrong, but the less you stirs about the muck the better. I've carried a man as 'as bin knocked down, nigh a mile on my lines [loins] in the old days afore we could get to the man-hole. It's pretty stuff, too, the gas, if you can only lay on your back when it goes 'whish,' an' see it runnin' all a-fire along the crown o' the arch."

"I dare say," I said; "but sewers are quite bad enough to walk in, without such illuminations."

"Shores is all right," he returned, rather pettishly; "it's the people as uses 'em that don't know how to treat 'em. There's the naptcha-makers, an' those picklin' yards where they soaks iron in some stuff to make it tough; they're nice places, they are, an' nice messes they makes the shores in, at times. Then there's can'le an' soap-manyfact'rers, which sends out a licker, that strong, that it will even decay i'on an' brickwork. Then there's gas-tar-manyfact'rers agen. We're 'bliged to go to all o' these people afore we goes down the shore, an' ask 'em to 'old 'ard. If we didn't do that, there'd be more on us killed than is."

"I suppose," I said—of course with a view of getting information—"the sewers you go up are often very small?"

"Some is two foot shores," he replied, "an' they're tighteners; others is three foot barrels; an' others is larger."

"Did you ever hear of any murder being committed in the sewers?" I asked, not being willing to give up the chance of a romantic story without a struggle.

"There was one open shore," he said, "that some o' the foremen used to call 'old Grinacre,' in the S'uth'ark district, but that's bin covered over many years."

"What about that?" I asked, eagerly.

"Well," he said, "it used to bother us a good deal. One mornin', when the tide was all right, we goes down to work, an' picks up a leg!"

"A human leg?" I asked.

"Yes," he said, "all that, an' not a wooden one neither. Another night, when the tide was all right agen, we goes down, an' we finds another leg!"

"Another human leg?" I asked, in astonishment.

"Ev'ry inch on it," he returned, "an' that ain't all. Another time we goes into the same shore, an' we finds a arm, an' another time we goes down, an' we finds another arm."

It seemed very annoying to me that my companion was compelled to sneeze and cough at this point of his story for about five minutes.

"What did you do?" I asked.

"Oh," he said, "the foreman put 'em down in his book, an' they went afore the Board, an' it was a long time afore the Board could make

anythin' of 'em. They sent a hinspector down, an' we found a few more legs,—ah, an' even 'eads, to show 'im."

"What *was* the solution of the mystery?" I said, getting impatient.

"Well," he replied, "the cat came out o' the bag, at last. It was body-snatchers an' med'cal studen's. When the gen'elmen at the hospital 'ad done cutting up the bodies, they gets rid o' the limbs by pitchin' 'em into the open shore."

I was disappointed by this tame conclusion to what I thought was going to prove a romantic story; and yet I persisted in questioning my witness, in the hope of still meeting with some startling experiences.

"People *must* get down the sewers," I said, "by picking the locks of the side-entrances, even if they don't always come up at the low tide on this side of the river."

"Oh, they get down fast enough, sometimes," returned my companion, with a chuckle, "faster than they're always able to get up. I once 'ad a dog that got shut in a shore for a week, an' how d'ye think we got 'im out?"

"I can't imagine," I replied.

"Well," he continued, "two on us was agoin' along Roderide one day, when I thought I 'eard a pen-an'-inkin'* sound comin' up a gully. My mate didn't seem to see it, acos not having lost a dog, he wasn't thinkin' of dogs; but I made up my mind that it was a hanimal down the shores, an' what's more, that it was Flusher."

"Who's Flusher?" I asked.

"Why the dog," he said, "that's what we called his name. I goes to the nex' side entrance, an' almost afore I could get the trap open, up springs the very hanimal, an' falls senseless at my feet."

"Was he dead?" I inquired.

"No," he replied, triumphantly, "not he; he'd taken pretty tidy care of himself down the shores; an' he was only a little drunk with the fresh air.

"Talking about drunk," he continued, "we've 'ad one or two rum goes o' *that* kind in the shores. I remember once the side wall of a old main giv' way, an' the men found theirselves in a public-'ouse cellar. P'raps they 'adn't ought to've done nothink, but giv' the parties notis, but none on us, you know, is always perfec'. They took a little o' this, an' they took a little o' that, till I don't think they knew which was shore an' which was cellar. Lucky for 'em one o' the foremen came down afore the tide got up, an' 'ad the wall all made right, or they'd bin washed away, like a shot, tubs an' all."

"These were your regular men," I said; "but don't you remember any instances of strangers getting into trouble or danger down the sewers; like those men who went in the other day, after the tallow from the Tooley-street fire?"

"Oh yes," he returned, "many cases; but we never took much notice on 'em. Once I remember a case o' this kind, acos a fr'end o' mine was mixed up in it."

"Let us have it, by all means," I said.

"Well," he began, "a fr'end o' mine was smokin' his pipe one night at his garret-window, just as you might be, when he thought he 'eard a cough right agen his left ear. He starts up in a fright, an' looks roun', expectin' to see some one, but his missus 'ad gone out to get somethin' for supper, an' there wasn't nobody exoept 'imself in the room. Well, he goes back to the winder, an' looks out, to see if any neighbours was pokin' their fun at 'im, but he couldn't see no one right nor left. He sits down agen, an' begins smokin', when he hears a muffled voice say, 'Where am I? The water's up to my neck; for Gawd's sake let me out!'

"When my fr'end 'eard this, he drops his pipe into the street, an' stan's for a minit struck all of a 'eap. He couldn't see no one, an' couldn't make out where the voice come from. While he was lookin' about, he 'eard the same voice say, as nigh as he could recollect, 'Oh, dear me! Let me out, an' I'll never come down the shore agen.'

"When my fr'end 'eard the word shore mentioned, somethin' struck 'im the voice came up the rain-pipe which went down the side o' the 'ouse into the main. The top o' this pipe was werry nigh my fr'en's winder, so he leans out, an' shouts down it, 'Who are you? What's your game?'

"'Oh, sir,' says the voice, 'I'm Bill Stevens, of Num'er two, Mill Pond-court, Roderide. I didn't go to do it, an' I'm bein' washed away in the shore.'

"It was a lucky job for Master Bill Stevens that my fr'end knew me, and knew where I lived at that time. He runs roun' to me at once, an' foun' me just goin' to turn into bed; I comes out with a key, an' goes down arter my gen'elman, an' finds 'im arf dead wi' fright. There's no mistake about it; it ud 'a' bin over with 'im in another 'our, as the tide was comin' up fast. He'd stuck 'imself agen the side o' the shore, like a rat, 'oldin' on to the end o' the pipe, up which he shouted to my fr'end. We took 'im 'ome to his father, quite agen his grain; an' the father says, ''Ang the shores; he's always down the shores; we can't keep 'im out o' the shores; I wish there wasn't no shores.'

"'Well,' I says to the father, 'you needn't go on about the shores. The best thing you can do, if the boy's 'ead runs that way, is to put 'im under a reg'lar flusher, an' let 'im larn the bus'ness.'"

"Did the father take your advice?"

"He did," replied my companion, regretfully, "but some 'ow it didn't answer. The boy wouldn't go into the shores when they wanted 'im; an' now, I think, he's a bricklayer, or somethin' o' that sort."

I soon found, after this, that I had exhausted my companion's stock of sewer anecdotes. I spoke to him about the great inter-

*A curious phrase, which is held to mean the yelping of a dog.

cepting sewers now in progress, but the plan appeared to be a sealed book to him, and the discussion of it seemed to make his head ache. Thanking him, therefore, for the information he had given me, I turned my back, to some extent, upon the old works and the old workpeople, and proceeded to make an inspection of the new ones.

ELEPHANTS, FOSSIL AND MUSICAL.

THERE are three species of elephants, and not two only, as commonly represented—the African, the Asian, and the European. These three species are distinguished from each other by several specific characteristics, but chiefly by the formation of their teeth. The forests of the regions now called Europe, were roamed by herds of elephants, of a species known at present only from their fossil remains. Whether they perished when the climate changed, or with the forests which provided them with food and shelter, is a question requiring discussion and solution. When the ancestors of the present races of Europeans, first discovered, a few centuries since, the bones of gigantic mammals, they fancied they had discovered the remains of a race of Titans, the giants who had fought the gods. The bones of a huge mammal having been dug up in Dauphiny, were actually exhibited in Paris as those of Teutobochus Rex, the king of the Cimbri, furnishing indisputable proofs of the lamentable degeneracy of the modern Gauls.

During the course of the eighteenth century, however, the ice of Siberia revealed a rhinoceros with preserved eyelids, and an elephant the pupils of whose eyes were still discernible. The curiosity of the men who live to discuss, and inquire, and obtain knowledge, was greatly excited by this discovery; and they created a new science, the knowledge of ancient animals, or the history of life upon the globe. This they did, whilst demanding how the remains of animals, the like of which are now found only among the flame breezes of Asia and Africa, came among the icy mountains and frozen seas of Siberia. Gmelin supposed that the elephants had been driven northward by storms and floods, and when there, caught in snow-drifts, and frozen in perpetual ice. Buffon conjectured that the north having become gradually colder, the great mammals had migrated southward. Cuvier argued that the same sudden catastrophe had killed the animals and preserved their remains. La Place, observing that the Siberian elephants were covered with much wool and long hair, concluded that they had been adapted for a cold or temperate climate; and Cuvier yielded somewhat to the opinion of La Place; and Professor Owen, having studied the teeth of elephants more minutely than anybody else, has powerfully confirmed the conjecture of La Place. The layers, plates, scales, or laminæ, crowning the teeth of the Asian elephant, resemble narrow ribbons festooned at the edges; those of the African, look like lozenges; the teeth of the fossil elephant, although ribbon-like and festooned, have thinner and more numerous layers, with thinner and less festooned intercepting lines of enamel. "Elephants," observes Professor Owen, "possessing molar teeth of a highly complicated and very peculiar structure, alone crunch the branches of trees, the vertical enamel plates of their huge grinders enabling them to pound the tough vegetable tissue, and fit it for deglutition. No doubt the foliage is the more tempting, as it is the most succulent part of the boughs devoured; but the relation of the complex molars to the comminution of the coarser vegetable substance is unmistakable. Now, if we find in an extinct elephant the same peculiar principle of construction of the molar teeth, arising from a greater number of triturating plates, and a greater proportion of the dense enamel, the inference is plain that the ligneous fibre must have entered in a larger proportion into the food of such extinct species. Forests of hardy trees and shrubs still grow upon the frozen soil of Siberia, and skirt the banks of the Lena as far north as latitude sixty degrees. In Europe, arboreal vegetation extends ten degrees nearer the pole, and the mammoth might have derived subsistence from the leafless branches of trees in regions covered during a part of the year with snow."

After Professor Owen has thus confirmed La Place, we can scarcely be deemed over bold in calling the fossil elephant the European species. Judging from the localities in which his remains are found, the mammoth (Elephus primogenius) must have ranged over all the north of Europe. They are uncommon neither in France nor in Germany, nor in Great Britain. Teeth, unrubbed and unworn, have been found in the Elephants' Bed, near Brighton, and tusks discovered between Edinburgh and Selkirk were carved into chessmen. But the best remains are found preserved in ice. As the very pupils of the eyes of the mammoth have been found preserved with his flesh, still in a condition which obtained the approbation of canine gastronomers, the period of his extinction need not be so remote as has been imagined. As man came northward he cleared the land of the forests, and deprived the elephants of the leaves, twigs, and branches of trees which nourished them, and of the deep and dark recesses which formed their habitats. Man, the exterminator, destroys every animal which he finds or fancies noxious to him; and the mammoth, gradually driven to more and more ungenial climes, would become the victim of a wet summer, a hard winter, and a change of climate such as has repeatedly occurred from geological and astronomical causes.

Droves of elephants, then, have lived where we live. Surely there is evidence enough to warrant this supposition, and we had almost said, support this conclusion. When the first men came from Asia to Europe, they most probably witnessed scenes such as are observed and described by Mr. Pringle at the Cape of Good Hope, and by Sir Stamford Raffles in India.

Were there similar scenes in Europe wherever the remains of elephants are found?

Wherever droves of elephants have been seen, flocks of birds have been observed hovering around them, and alighting upon their backs to pick parasites out of their wool. The author of Wild Sports of the World—with whom I leave the responsibility of his statements—says, that although elephants are met in friendly herds, they part, on the approach of danger, into family squads or parties, which are distinguishable by traits of family likeness, each patriarch or chief sounding his trumpet, and calling off his clan. The elderly members of the tribe keep a sharp look-out upon the young sweethearting bucks, not one of whom dare bring home the object of his choice without the previous consent of the majority of his relations. Transgressors against the will of the tribe, in Athenian phrase, are ostracised; or, in the vernacular of Pall-Mall, black-balled. And the martyr is called by the Bengalese a "sawn," or "goondah," and by the Ceylonese a "hora," but, no matter what the name may be, it always means a rogue. If a rogue dare to approach any tribe whatever, he is driven off by a charge of tusks.

A very remarkable thing respecting the elephant, is his sensibility to music. Under the power of music, the ancients could make him perform upon the tight rope. There have been Blondin elephants. During the eighteenth century, when it was the fashion to disbelieve everything asserted by ancient writers, such as Ælian, Pliny, and Herodotus, the stories told of the musical elephants began to be discredited, and they are still read and repeated with a certain amount of incredulity. The ancients evidently carried the art of training elephants to a perfection never dreamed of among the moderns. Elephants have been exhibited in London marching in procession, kneeling down when bidden by a wave of the hand, placing a hand upon "the head of the true prince," firing off pistols, and the like; but the feats they performed at Rome were far more remarkable. Elephants were bred at Rome. And they were trained by means of kindness and music. The dread inspired by the clash of cymbals was overcome gradually, until it disappeared altogether. From the gentle notes of flutes they derived such pleasure that they would express their satisfaction by beating time to the tunes with their feet. Twelve elephants were taught to march into a theatre to an harmonious measure, sometimes in a circle, and sometimes divided into parties, scattering flowers around them all the while. Preserving their proper order, they would beat time to the music during the intervals of the dance. Being provided with splendid couches, adorned with paintings and tapestry, and a banquet spread before them upon tables of cedar and ivory, the elephants, in the costumes of male and female personages of distinction, would dine decorously: not one of them voraciously taking an undue share of the delicacies, and all drinking moderately out of cups of silver and gold. Germanicus, according to Pliny, exhibited elephants hurling and catching javelins, fighting with each other, and executing the Pyrrhic dance. And it was through their love of music that elephants were trained to dance upon ropes. Four of them walked along a rope or ropes, carrying a litter, containing a fifth, which was feigning sickness. Many writers confirm the testimony of Pliny to the fact that the elephants walked backwards and forwards upon the ropes with equal precision. Seneca, in his Epistles, describes an elephant who, at the command of his keeper, would not merely walk, but would kneel down upon a rope. Suetonius describes an elephant who, in the presence of the Emperor Galba, climbed up an inclined rope to the roof of a theatre, and descended in the same way, bearing a sitter upon his back. Arrian mentions an elephant who performed as a musician to his dancing comrades. With a cymbal fastened to each of his knees, and a third to his trunk, he would beat a measure with astonishing precision and accuracy; while the other elephants danced in a circle round him.

The scepticism with which these stories have been viewed can only be dissipated completely, by repetitions of similar performances in modern times; but the study of the structure of the ear of the elephant, and experiments made both in London and Paris, leave little doubt upon the mind that the performances of the ancient elephants might be repeated by the modern elephants. When compared with the ear of man and other mammals, the drum of the ear of the elephant presents remarkable differences. In the human ear the muscular fibres of the drum are radii of a circle, and in the horse, hare, and cat, they are of uniform length; but in the elephant some of them are more than double the length of the others. The vibrations of these long fibres being slower, the elephant is enabled to hear sounds from a great distance. Sir Everard Home says: "As a matter of curiosity, I got Mr. Broadwood to send one of his timers to the menagerie of Exeter Change, that I might know the effects of acute and grave sounds upon the elephant. The acute sounds seemed hardly to attract his notice, but as soon as the grave notes were struck he became all attention, brought forward the large external ear, tried to discover where the sounds came from, and made noises by no means of dissatisfaction. Mr. Cross observed that the elephant showed by expressive signs that she could hear the sounds of the hoofs of a horse behind her, and the plaintive cries of her young one, when these sounds were inaudible to human ears. This acuteness of hearing enables the elephants to hear each other when feeding far apart among the brushwood, and the compass of their voices ranging from the shrill notes of the trunk to the deep growls of the throat or chest, is fitted for conveying every feeling, whether of pleasure or of anger."

But whilst admitting that elephants could hear from a great distance, Sir Everard Home

denied to the elephant the possession of a musical ear. M. Toscan, however, in his Décade Philosophique, describes some apparently decisive experiments which were made in the beginning of the present century in the Garden of Plants at Paris. An orchestra was erected where the elephants could not see it. "On hearing the first chords, the elephants left off eating, and went in the direction whence the sounds came, testifying their surprise by different movements and various attitudes. Every new air, every piece sufficiently different from the preceding one to be seized by the ear, made them undergo a new motion, and gave to their movements characteristics approaching nearer and nearer to the measure of the music. Under the influence of the tender and melodious air, O ma tendre musette! they fell into a sort of enchantment; marching a few steps and then stopping to hear better, and then they came and placed themselves under the orchestra, moving their trunks gently, and seeming to inhale the amorous emanations of the music. The gay and lively accents of the air Ça ira! seemed to throw them entirely into a state of enthusiasm and disorder."

With whatever deductions it may be wise to receive the report of this Republican naturalist respecting the democratic sympathies with the air Ça ira! of the elephants of the 10th Prairial of the year VI., the balance of evidence palpably inclines in favour of the conclusion that individual young elephants may have been found by the ancients endowed with musical aptitudes fitting them for a training, not merely to dance in step themselves, but to guide the movements of a dancing circle of their elephantine comrades by clashing cymbals fastened to their knees and trunks, correctly both in time and tune.

GROWTH OF A HOSPITAL.

We have all heard of the fever-nests of London. We know how men, women, and children, hungry and listless, lie among rags with glistening eyes and throbbing pulses. How the wife may recover, and the husband who has nursed her may drop into her grave, leaving the widow weak from her sick-bed with sick little children on the floor at her feet, there tossing and moaning till they die and shall be happy, or recover and return to wretchedness. We all wish to send solace into these unhappy corners of the town, and to help as we can in making the lives of the very poor in London wholesomer and happier. Much has been done. The victims of typhus—since we have had the Boards of Health with their medical officers, and their inspectors studying each court and alley—are reduced in number. It is now five years since we had a serious and open epidemic, such fluctuations there have always been; the filthy pool of fever if it has not overflowed is still among us ready to overflow again, and it has no right to be among us. All typhus and typhoid fever is preventable. There is much to be done before it shall be exterminated out of London, and that we have made some little head against the monster is precisely the best reason why we should not relax in the war of extermination we are bound to wage against it. Now is the time, in days when there is no panic, to recruit our force and strengthen every outpost against the enemy.

In the Liverpool-road, Islington, there is a hospital—the London Fever Hospital—expressly designed as a place of shelter for the poor, who suffer from those fevers caused by dirt and overcrowding, usually called infectious. It is not built story over story, but its buildings lie wide, covering much ground, and with a free airy space of enclosed land around them. Miss Nightingale has said that after seeing all the London Hospitals, she found the Fever Hospital the first for wholesomeness. The large wards, full of windows letting in both air and light, allow, by their measured proportion between space and number of beds, double the customary proportion of air to each patient; and that double allowance is incessantly renewed by open windows, and by every other available means of wholesome ventilation. The part of Islington in which the Fever Hospital occupies its space of open ground, is itself airy and wholesome; a fresh and quiet quarter of the suburb that once had such good repute for bracing air as to be itself called the London Hospital. So many hopeless city invalids formerly took lodgings in Islington that it had something of the unnatural mortality of a Madeira. That is a melancholy sort of wholesomeness, no doubt; and so it is with the wholesomeness of the fever nest kept ready for the healing of the smitten poor who lie where, to themselves or those about them, it is almost certain death to lie. Nevertheless, it is a nest which anybody born to wholesome things and wholesome thoughts might some day be not sorry to have helped in feathering.

Its history being associated with the later history of London, typhus, the prevalence of which is to a certain extent a measure of the want of sanitary knowledge, or of the neglect of sanitary discipline, is not without interest. At the beginning of this century there was no fever hospital in England; but there were in Manchester, Chester, and one or two other towns, valuable houses of reception for bad fever cases withdrawn from the unwholesome fever nests of those towns, and such houses were connected with small systems of inspection and whitewashing, directed by committees managing the funds raised for such purposes by private subscription. Those efforts for good were based upon a more limited sense than we now have of the cause of typhus. All that had to be done in the way of drainage and construction of dwellings was very dimly recognised, but the belief stopped at the fact that infection rather spread from person to person than that it arose in the same way among many persons exposed to the same noxious influence. Therefore, when anybody was found in a close neighbourhood smitten with

typhus, or typhoid, or a severe form of scarlet fever, the first impulse was—as it still is, and ever must be—to remove and place in conditions favourable to his own recovery, the individual, as the centre from which infection would be sure to spread; to purify or destroy his clothes and bedding, and to apply hot limewash to his walls. It was in this sense—true as far as it goes—that the physicians of St. Bartholomew's, Guy's, and the London Hospitals—of the General, the Westminster General, the Public, and the New Finsbury Dispensaries—signed the professional certificate upon which on May-day in the year eighteen hundred and one, action was taken by a meeting of the inhabitants of the metropolis, convened by public advertisement from the Society for Bettering the Condition of the Poor, and held at the Thatched-House Tavern. After the reading of the medical opinion, it was "Resolved—That it appears to this meeting by the above certificate, that the contagious malignant fever has been for some time past, and now is, prevalent in the metropolis, and that it has been occasioned by individual infection, which, with proper care, might have been immediately checked,—or has been produced or renewed by the dwellings of the poor not having been properly cleansed and purified from contagion after the fever has been prevalent in them; That it also appears that this evil (the injury and danger of which extends to every part of the metropolis) might be prevented by cleansing and purifying the clothes, furniture, and apartments of persons attacked by this disease, and by removing them from situations where, if they remain, the infection of others is inevitable." Upon this ground it was further resolved to set on foot a subscription for forming an institution for checking the progress of contagious malignant fever in the metropolis; also, that a committee of five should be appointed to draw up the plan and lay it, when ready, before a meeting of subscribers to the new institution.

In a month, the plan was ready to be laid before the subscribers assembled at the Thatched-House Tavern. "Houses of Recovery" were to be provided for those whom it might be thought necessary—as shown by an order from the physician—to remove from their own homes, and those houses were to be "in airy situations, sufficiently detached from other buildings, and in the neighbourhood of a populous district of the town." The persons so removed were to be conveyed at the expense of the institution by "a chair provided with a movable lining, or some other means of conveyance kept at each house." The infection of public conveyances by the use of them for the removal of fever patients, was to be thus avoided. The institution was to keep also a stock of bedclothes and apparel to be lent or given, under the direction of the committee, to infected poor. The directors appointed to conduct the affairs of each house might also "order a reward to such amount (subject to the regulations of the committee) as they might think proper, to be given after the cessation of fever, on condition that the rules prescribed for cleanliness, ventilation, and the prevention of infection, have been faithfully observed. The reward to be proportioned to the degree of previous danger, and the success of the measures by which it had been counteracted." The ordinary attendant physician was to be elected by ballot, and to have no salary, but a yearly honorarium; which, according to the state of the funds, was in one year a hundred, in another fifty pounds. There were to be two extraordinary physicians, without any fee or reward. There was to be an apothecary, resident near the house, attending regularly once a day, and also at any time in case of emergency, to compound: the institution finding drugs. Each house was to have a matron and nurses, with such domestic servants as might be necessary; and a porter, part of whose duty would be the conveyance of the sick. These preliminaries settled, officers were elected. The suggestion since acted upon was at once thrown out by Lord Sheffield, who proposed an "inquiry whether parishes would agree to pay a limited sum annually to entitle them to send a limited number of persons infected with contagious fever to the several houses of reception which might be established."

Search was then made by energetic promoters of the institution for a house that might be fitted up as the first "House of Reception." A house in Acton-street, Gray's Inn-lane, was only unsuitable because it was a part of property in Chancery; but No. 2, Constitution-row, Gray's Inn-lane, was taken. The committee having thus got possession of its house, and being ready to work out its plan, studied with care the last report of the House of Recovery at Manchester, as well as the last report of that at Waterford.

The new house in Gray's Inn-lane was but a stone's throw from the rejected house in Acton-street. At that time, and for some years later, Gray's Inn-lane, north of Guildford-street, was utterly unlike what it is now. At Guildford-street, the houses stopped; St. Andrew's burial-ground on one side of the way, and, on the other side, more removed from the road, the burial-ground of Bloomsbury and St. George's, lay among fields and gardens. The Blue Lion Inn, on one side of St. Andrew's burial-ground, and the Welsh Charity School, standing in grounds of its own, on the other, were the only buildings in the green lane between Guildford-street and Constitution-row. From the bottom of Acton-street, then a very short street, which ran out of Constitution-row on the right-hand side, and led into fields, one might walk over fields without passing a single house, to Sadler's Wells, and thence on across the thin and airy slip of the houses of Islington; but otherwise still over fields without touching a house, except the thinly scattered line of detached villas in the City gardens, all the way to Hoxton. In those days even the London Hospital, now blocked in by a dense district of East London, had hardly a house be-

tween its back-windows and the church of St. George's-in-the-East, Ratcliffe-highway. The whole town district of the New Commercial-road being then in the future, while beyond the opposite houses and short streets, in the broad Whitechapel-road, there were field-paths to Bethnal Green. In Constitution-row, then opposite fields, although number two of a row and in contact with houses on each side, the forty-six pound house was rented, and fitted up as a house of recovery: to the great horror of its neighbours, who threatened indictment, and prepared for litigation. Of course they had no case until the nuisance was established and proved; experience elsewhere had shown that the existence of a house for the reception of malignant fever cases is especially beneficial to the district in which it is situated, since by offering its handy and ready help it diminishes the risk of infection there, more than elsewhere. Reassuring medical opinions were obtained and published, there was a printing committee formed to superintend the diffusion of means for a right understanding of the new establishment, and the opening of the House of Recovery was resolved upon, at a half-yearly meeting, called by advertisement—not where we should look for such advertisement, in the Times, for the Times was not then advertiser-general for England, but in the True Briton, the Porcupine, and the Morning Chronicle.

All this was the work of foundation done in the year eighteen hundred and one. At the beginning of the next year, the House of Recovery was opened. But the dread of infection worked within its walls as well as outside. The first apothecary who was appointed, at a salary of thirty pounds, declined to serve. The first porter soon decamped. The first matron died within a year, but not of fever. The first physician, brave young Doctor Murray, who had flinched from nothing, and who had done everything that his hand could find to do, died also within the year—of fever caught among the wretchedness of a fever-smitten house in Stonecutter's-alley, Lincoln's Inn-fields, that he was cleansing of its sores. Father, mother, and child, had been struck down in that house, but they were removed to the House of Recovery and cured. The institution gave a silver urn, with an inscription in the doctor's honour engraved on it, to his mother. He was one of thousands who have died and who die every year in this great town, the death that good and wise men do not fear to meet, in the sacred service of their fellows.

In those old days, beside the matron and the nurses in the house (of which the full accommodation was of fifteen iron bedsteads for the sick and three for nurses), there was a maid-of-all-work, Martha Hill, giving her heart to a place that was no sinecure for her, at wages of six pounds a year. When a man calling himself Hugh Loftus having got admission to the premises, assaulted the matron, broke the windows, and ran out, Martha ran after him all the way to Battle-bridge, and seizing him by the collar, gave him up to justice. She had a stout heart, or she would not have served as six-pound maid-of-all-work in a fever house.

Perhaps we linger too long over these old days, but it is pleasant to speak of the beginnings of good things. When in July, eighteen hundred and two, Cripplegate parish clothed two children who were returned cured from the House of Recovery, but whose infected clothes had been destroyed, the first movement was made by the parishes in recognition of the value of the fever institution to themselves. Very soon afterwards, St. Clement Danes leading the way with a vote of twenty guineas a year, offers were made of contribution from the parishes towards the cost of fever cases sent from them; but St. Giles's at first not only refused to contribute to the care of its sick cherished in the fever-house, but would not even bury its dead in a fatal case—the parish officers provoking a remonstrance from the fever institution by telling its inspector that "where the tree had fallen it might lie." The first movement in the right direction was made in the same month by St. Andrew's, for, upon its being then represented to the "governors and directors" of that parish that twenty-five cases of malignant fever had been brought into the House of Recovery within a year from a single court in their district—Spread Eagle-court, Gray's Inn-lane—they themselves set about the purification with a good will; and soon afterwards a vote for the payment of two guineas with each pauper of theirs taken into the Fever House was passed by the overseers and ancients within the Liberty of the Rolls. Meantime, much good had been done by a parochial fever house established by the vestry of St. Pancras, while the general institution was in course of formation. The prevalence of typhus in that parish was decidedly abated.

The "Institution for the Cure and Prevention of Contagious Fevers" was now fairly launched. Subscriptions came in, already some money was paid under a will, and three thousand pounds of Consols could be bought, which in the year eighteen hundred and two, after eight years of war, were, thanks to Bonaparte, to be had for less than two thousand pounds. One of the early purchases made by the institution was, even of Consols, below sixty. Between February, eighteen hundred and two, when the House of Recovery was opened, and the middle of eighteen hundred and four, when there was discussion of a government grant of three thousand pounds to the new Fever Institution, five hundred and fifty cases of typhus fever had been received into it. In the last-named year a petition was addressed to the House of Commons for parliamentary aid towards checking the prevalence of infectious fevers in London, signed by the Duke of Somerset, the Bishop of Durham, Mr. Wilberforce, Mr. Vansittart, and Mr. Bernard, members of the Society for Bettering the Condition of the Poor, and also of the Fever Institution, which that society had originally suggested and set in action. The

public meeting at which it was formed had been called by the elder society, and prepared for with a physician's pamphlet of their circulation. A parliamentary committee reported the evidence it had taken from Dr. Garthshore, Mr. Bernard, and other workers at the Fever Institution, as to the death of three thousand persons a year from typhus within bills of mortality, the inadequacy of the means of the Fever Institution to cope with the evil, and its possession of sixteen hundred pounds of its small means only, on the condition of its getting parliamentary support. Upon that report, on the motion of Mr. Wilberforce, a grant of three thousand was made, and after a due amount of friendly confusion and doubt whether certain wordings gave the money to the elder society or to its offspring in Gray's Inn-lane, the money was held in trust by the elder society, and an immediate donation of three hundred pounds was contributed by that society to the Institution out of the funds received from government. It was at the same time intimated to the committee of the Fever Institution, that if they could find ground in or near Gray's Inn-lane on which to establish a better House of Recovery than the one then in use, the elder society would pay over the whole of its fund towards the purchase and maintenance of the same.

In this sixth year of the Institution, the number of patients admitted into the House of Recovery was ninety-three, and there were two in the house on the first of May when the account began. Of the whole number of ninety-five, fourteen were dead: eighty had gone out cured, and one remained, the only patient at the date of the report. And this, too, was a fuller year than either of the two preceding it. In the same year, among the London courts, thirty rooms had been limewashed and fumigated, many others being fumigated only.

It was at this time that active inquiry began to be made for the more convenient house, which was to be built or bought. In April, eighteen hundred and nine, Mr. Mellish, member for Middlesex, was being pressed as to the necessity of getting ground—a piece near Clerkenwell Prison being especially desired. The landlord of the Fever House was urging that his adjacent garden had become useless to him in consequence of the opinion that there was danger in the air of it, and, as it would grow its rent in vegetables, it was rented by the Institution for eight pounds a year. But the committee was not rich in funds. A suggestion at a meeting in the Tower Hamlets for the establishment of a House of Recovery in the eastern district of London, to be placed under the control of the Fever Institution, could not be entertained unless East London would yield a hundred new subscribers likely to be permanent. The funds of the Institution, with a subscription-list that had been for several years declining, could not support two houses. Eighteen hundred and nine was a healthy year; and the number of typhus cases (the only sort admissible) admitted into the Fever House during the whole year, between May and May, eighteen nine and ten, was only thirty. In October, eighteen hundred and eleven, ground and premises in Coldbath-fields, including the bath-house and garden-ground in the centre of Coldbath-square, about to be sold by auction in three lots, were considered eligible, and were bought by the Institution for three thousand eight hundred and thirty pounds. But the Society for Bettering the Condition of the Poor, which held the money-bag, raised doubts as to the propriety of buying all this ground. The doubts were overcome, the purchase (with a deduction of two hundred pounds for a possible claim of public right of way through one of the lots) was completed, and at the beginning of the year eighteen fourteen the parliamentary grant of three thousand pounds, with six hundred pounds of the subscription money also held in trust, was paid over to the Fever Institution. There still remained two thousand pounds applicable to the building of a new House of Recovery; and an appeal might, on such an occasion, safely be made to the public for much further increase of the building fund. Typhus had just then been especially prevalent, and for ten years the house in Constitution-row had never been so full. Many cases of scarlet fever had necessarily been denied admission; and it was resolved that in the new house to be built in the centre of Coldbath-square, a distinct provision should be made for the reception of scarlet fever cases. Meanwhile (in January, eighteen fifteen), the Clerkenwell vestry resolved to oppose to the uttermost the erection of a fever house in Coldbath-square, "by reason of its proximity to the parochial workhouse and the House of Correction, and inasmuch as the proposed site is a very populous and crowded neighbourhood." St. Pancras, however, sent fifty pounds towards the building fund. In the following month, Sir Thomas Bernard, who had been the most influential mover in all these arrangements, stated that there was a disposition in some of the governors of the hospitals for the small-pox, for inoculation and vaccination, at King's-cross, to appropriate their building next the Hampstead-road, containing about eighty beds with the furniture, to use as a fever house upon moderate compensation, if the fever committee was disposed to apply for it. The suggestion was at once acted upon, the building was inspected, and was considered, except for the want of a kitchen, which could easily be added, remarkably well suited to the object in view. So it came to pass that for four thousand pounds, with the payment of incidental charges and the cost of building boundary walls, the western building and garden of the old Small-pox Hospital became converted into the London House of Recovery, for the Cure and Prevention of Infectious Fevers. The best was, of course, made of the Coldbath-fields estate, which at this day is yielding one hundred and fifty pounds a year to the revenues of the institution. The House of Recovery at King's-cross, opened for sixty patients, but afterwards enlarged so that it would hold twice that number, is the old Fever

Hospital that Londoners remember in the Pancras-road, where it divided the attention of the stranger with its neighbour the Small-pox Hospital, King George's statue at King's-cross, built from the design of the Literary Dustman, and the Camera Obscura, to which access was obtained by drinking beer. Here the work of the Institution was still forwarded by the exertions of an indefatigable committee. The annual supply of malignant fever cases—scarlet fever now being received as well as typhus and typhoid—varies much. There will be a lull for four or five years, then an outbreak. During the lull, when there is nothing strongly to direct public attention to the value of a hospital like this, although the efficiency of the hospital has to be maintained, its subscriptions fall off, and it languishes for want of support. Yet it has done its work so well, that in the year 'forty-three, the fullest year for the house in Pancras-road, nearly one thousand five hundred patients were admitted, and in the years 'forty-seven and 'forty-eight, the last years of the old house, the number was about one thousand four hundred. During those years the present Fever Hospital was in course of erection.

For, the Great Northern Railway bills had, during the years 'forty-four, five, and six, been watched in parliament on the part of the old Fever Hospital, whose house was on the site of its proposed terminus, and the result was a settlement of compensation in May, 'forty-seven, to the following effect. The railway company was to pay for the hospital they wanted, twenty thousand pounds, wherewith its governors could build a new one, and a thousand pounds to cover law expenses that had been and were to be incurred. The railway was also to make a further payment of five thousand pounds towards the purchase of the ground abutting on the Liverpool-road, in which the new hospital now stands. The whole cost of the site was seven thousand five hundred. Thus the railway paid, in all, twenty-five thousand compensation and one thousand lawyers' bill, so that after the purchase of the site, seventeen thousand five hundred pounds, together with a hundred and eighty pounds out of the thousand paid to cover lawyers' bills, remained in hand as a building fund. This, with the help from interest while the cash remained in hand, was raised to about nineteen thousand pounds: the whole of which sum, except about five hundred pounds left to meet the cost of occasional changes and additions, was fairly and well spent between the middle of the year 'forty-seven and the beginning of the year 'forty-nine, in building that admirable New Fever Hospital in the Liverpool-road, which is not only the single hospital of its kind in London, but probably the best hospital of its kind in Europe.

It will hold two hundred patients. It lies, as we have said, entirely surrounded by its own open garden ground. A detached central house is the dwelling of the resident officers, and this is connected by open corridors on either side, through which a fresh draught of air passes into the inner open squares, with the detached wards for the men on one side, and the detached wards for the women on the other side. There are great double wards, parted only by open arches, very lofty, lighted by as many windows on each wall as the walls will conveniently hold, the rows of windows opposite to each other admitting a through draught whenever it is required. Besides the windows, there are ventilators in the floor, ventilators in the roof, and ventilating slits associated with the very beams of the roof. The freest natural ventilation, an allowance of two thousand cubic feet of space to every bed, and means of artificial ventilation added for use when required, ensure to these wards all the wholesome airiness that is the first necessity in fever. Over the double ward on either side, only a narrower single ward is built, so that there is nothing to impede roof ventilation of the rooms on the ground floor; and the single upper floor is even more spacious than that below. In the large open square, between the wards on either side, there are the engine-house and a detached laundry, in which the linen undergoes three soaks and a boil, before it comes to the last washing, which is by machine. The mere removal from a close court to the airy ward of such a hospital, would often save life though no medicine were given. Of course there are baths, and all such needful appliances. The newly-admitted patient has his bed placed side by side with the bath in which he is cleansed, and passes at one lift from the bath to the bed, which is then smoothly wheeled, in an ingenious machine made for the purpose, to the part of any ward assigned to him. Besides the public, there are private, wards. To such a ward, a colony of draper's assistants was sent from a large London establishment into which typhus had entered. To such wards, domestic servants may be sent when contagious fever comes, as it not seldom does, into a private household by way of the kitchen. Only a payment of two guineas is taken from the servant's employer, if he be not privileged as a subscriber to the charity. Many domestic servants are thus taken charge of every year, and, being of a class better nourished than the very poor, the proportion of deaths among them is below the common average. How much risk of desolation among families is removed by such a provision; how great a power of securing the best treatment for a sick servant is thus given to the humane master or mistress, it needs no words to express. These payments for care of servants, and the more considerable sums now paid by the parishes for reception of fever cases from among their paupers, are a part of the comparatively small revenue of the hospital. The other day, when we went through its airy wards, seeing, here a mother and her two young children in their three adjacent beds; there, a convalescent widow, of whom her husband, a few weeks ago, when she was desperately ill, and he well, had taken in their own narrow room a last farewell, but who now lives, when he, seized by the same fever, is dead; and here and there those groups

of stricken families which only such diseases as these yield in all their misery—it was painful to think that a special hospital so needful above others, should be absolutely threatened with decay for want of funds. After the new hospital was opened, there were several years during which London was unusually free from fever, and the full measure of its resources was not tested. For the three years preceding the year 'fifty-six, the number of annual admissions rose to the average of a few more than a thousand, but in the year 'fifty-six the number suddenly rose to one thousand seven hundred and sixty. There were eight hundred less, in the year following. A run of comparatively healthy years has come again, and a great year of fever epidemic also will come again as surely. The fluctuations are incomprehensible. We only know that typhus, typhoid, and malignant scarlet fevers never are extinct, although they are almost, if not quite, extinguishable; and that the removal of cases to an airy fever hospital not only may save the lives of those who are nursed, but must prevent an incalculable amount of suffering from the spread of sickness and death. An ordinary case taken into a general hospital is cured, and the patient's life is given to his friends and the community. But when an infectious fever case is brought into the Fever Hospital and cured, the saving is not only of that single life, but of the lives of all to whom the infection might have spread in the sick man's unhealthy home or neighbourhood. Sudden and ruinous is the devastation of disease like this; it is an especial scourge of the poor. They who are smitten are, like the plague-smitten of old, too liable to be shunned by their fellows, and too many of them are not at all desirable as inmates of a general hospital, in which the greater part of the disease is not infectious. Even the Fever Hospital is dreaded by its neighbours. Why? When it was a close house in a row, it communicated none of its sickness to next door. How it is to hurt anybody in Islington, now it is a wide airy building, in an open space, one might be much puzzled to discover. The vicar of the parish has not dared to put a foot across its threshold. Once, when a clergyman from another district was procured, the vicar stood upon his parochial rights and caused his ejection; but those sacred rights he has, for all that, never himself exercised. A substitute sent by him after he had turned out the "interloper," took fright and disappeared in a week. The Catholic priest attends on the sick of his fold, faithful to his trust; but our own Church in the Fever Hospital leaves all its work to be done by the half-lettered Scripture reader, or the City missionary. There is no such lack of courage in the officers and servants of the hospital, though they have really a risk to run. In 'fifty-five, when the cases admitted were unusually severe, though not unusually numerous, twelve of these ministers to the sick caught typhus fever, the resident medical officer being himself among the number; and out of the twelve three died. Nobody flinched for that.

It is not only under this discouragement of an unfounded cowardice among its neighbours, that the hospital suffers. It has made for itself great opportunities of good, and done wonders with little means. It has grown from the private house with fifteen beds, a nurse or two, and a maid-of-all-work, to be one of the best appointed and most valuable hospitals in London. But it has no more grants or compensation windfalls to expect, and its yearly work now costs it nearly a thousand pounds more than it gets from the public, on whom solely it depends for income. It has no sort of endowment, and has for some years past met its expenses by a draught upon its capital. Not long ago, it contrived, and built, and paid for—partly by a special subscription—an admirable ambulance for the conveyance of patients, who had been too often brought to the hospital in cabs. By this conveyance, in which two patients can lie recumbent, and two attendants can ride, the sick person is conveyed from his own bed to the hospital bed, without change of posture, and without fatigue. It is thoroughly ventilated, and every part is contrived to be washed and disinfected after use. The governors have got the ambulance, but to place it perfectly at the disposal of any one requiring it, they need also a horse and a man, and these cost more money than the present small resources of the hospital enable them to add to its expenses. The great difficulty is, and has always been, the maintenance of a sufficient body of staunch permanent subscribers. Money in the lump is a good thing in its way, but the life-blood of a hospital flows most safely through its guinea and two guinea subscription-list, when that is large, and steadily maintained. And if the London Fever Hospital cannot secure to itself such a list, in less than twenty years it is to be feared that there will no longer be a Fever Hospital in London.

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A STRANGE STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY NOVEL," "RIENZI," &c.

CHAPTER III.

IT was some time before I could shake off the impression made on me by the words and the look of that dying man.

It was not that my conscience upbraided me. What had I done? Denounced that which I held, in common with most men of sense in or out of my profession, to be one of those illusions by which quackery draws profit from the wonder of ignorance. Was I to blame if I had refused to treat with the grave respect due to asserted discovery in legitimate science pretensions to powers akin to the fables of wizards? was I to descend from the Academe of decorous science to examine whether a slumbering sibyl could read from a book placed at her back, or tell me at L—— what at that moment was being done by my friend at the Antipodes?

And what though Dr. Lloyd himself might be a worthy and honest man, and a sincere believer in the extravagances for which he demanded an equal credulity in others, do not honest men every day incur the penalty of ridicule if, from a defect of good sense, they make themselves ridiculous? Could I have foreseen that a satire so justly provoked would inflict so deadly a wound? Was I inhumanly barbarous because the antagonist destroyed was morbidly sensitive? My conscience, therefore, made me no reproach, and the public was as little severe as my conscience. The public had been with me in our contest—the public knew nothing of my opponent's death-bed accusations—the public knew only that I had attended him in his last moments—it saw me walk beside the bier that bore him to his grave—it admired the respect to his memory which I evinced in the simple tomb that I placed over his remains, inscribed with an epitaph that did justice to his incontestable benevolence and integrity:—above all, it praised the energy with which I set on foot a subscription for his orphan children, and the generosity with which I headed that subscription by a sum that was large in proportion to my means.

To that sum I did not, indeed, limit my contribution. The sobs of the poor female child rang still on my heart. As her grief had been keener than that of her brothers, so she might be subjected to sharper trials than they, when the time came for her to fight her own way through the world: therefore I secured to her, but with such precautions that the gift could not be traced to my hand, a sum to accumulate till she was of marriageable age, and which then might suffice for a small wedding portion; or, if she remained single, for an income that would place her beyond the temptation of want, or the bitterness of a servile dependence.

That Dr. Lloyd should have died in poverty was a matter of surprise at first, for his profits during the last few years had been considerable, and his mode of life far from extravagant. But just before the date of our controversy he had been induced to assist the brother of his lost wife, who was a junior partner in a London bank, with the loan of his accumulated savings. This man proved dishonest; he embezzled that and other sums entrusted to him, and fled the country. The same sentiment of conjugal affection which had cost Dr. Lloyd his fortune kept him silent as to the cause of the loss. It was reserved for his executors to discover the treachery of the brother-in-law whom he, poor man, would have generously screened from additional disgrace.

The mayor of L——, a wealthy and public-spirited merchant, purchased the museum, which Dr. Lloyd's passion for natural history had induced him to form; and the sum thus obtained, together with that raised by subscription, sufficed, not only to discharge all debts due by the deceased, but to ensure to the orphans the benefits of an education that might fit at least the boys to enter fairly armed into that game, more of skill than of chance, in which Fortune is really so little blinded that we see, in each turn of her wheel, wealth and its honours pass away from the lax fingers of ignorance and sloth to the resolute grasp of labour and knowledge.

Meanwhile, a relation in a distant county undertook the charge of the orphans; they disappeared from the scene, and the tides of life in a commercial community soon flowed over the place which the dead man had occupied in the thoughts of his bustling townsfolk.

One person at L——, and only one, appeared to share and inherit the rancour with which the poor physician had denounced me on his death-bed. It was a gentleman named Vigors, dis-

tantly related to the deceased, and who had been, in point of station, the most eminent of Dr. Lloyd's partisans in the controversy with myself; a man of no great scholastic acquirements, but of respectable abilities. He had that kind of power which the world concedes to respectable abilities, when accompanied with a temper more than usually stern, and a moral character more than usually austere. His ruling passion was to sit in judgment upon others; and, being a magistrate, he was the most active and the most rigid of all the magistrates L—— had ever known.

Mr. Vigors at first spoke of me with great bitterness, as having ruined, and in fact killed, his friend by the uncharitable and unfair acerbity which he declared I had brought into what ought to have been an unprejudiced examination of simple matter of fact. But finding no sympathy in these charges, he had the discretion to cease from making them, contenting himself with a solemn shake of his head if he heard my name mentioned in terms of praise, and an oracular sentence or two, such as "Time will show;" "All's well that ends well," &c. Mr. Vigors, however, mixed very little in the more convivial intercourse of the townspeople. He called himself domestic; but, in truth, he was ungenial. A stiff man, starched with self-esteem. He thought that his dignity of station was not sufficiently acknowledged by the merchants of Low Town, and his superiority of intellect not sufficiently recognised by the exclusives of the Hill. His visits were, therefore, chiefly confined to the houses of neighbouring squires, to whom his reputation as a magistrate, conjoined with his solemn exterior, made him one of those oracles by which men consent to be awed on condition that the awe is not often inflicted. And though he opened his house three times a week, it was only to a select few, whom he first fed and then biologised. Electro-biology was very naturally the special entertainment of a man whom no intercourse ever pleased in which his will was not imposed upon others. Therefore he only invited to his table persons whom he could stare into the abnegation of their senses, willing to say that beef was lamb, or brandy was coffee, according as he willed them to say. And, no doubt, the persons asked would have said anything he willed so long as they had, in substance as well as in idea, the beef and the brandy, the lamb and the coffee. I did not, then, often meet Mr. Vigors at the houses in which I occasionally spent my evenings. I heard of his enmity as a man safe in his home hears the sough of a wind on a common without. If now and then we chanced to pass in the streets, he looked up at me (he was a small man walking on tiptoe) with the sullen scowl of dislike. And, from the height of my stature, I dropped upon the small man and sullen scowl the affable smile of supreme indifference.

CHAPTER IV.

I HAD now arrived at that age when an ambitious man, satisfied with his progress in the world without, begins to feel, in the cravings of unsatisfied affection, the void of a solitary hearth. I resolved to marry, and looked out for a wife. I had never hitherto admitted into my life the passion of love. In fact, I had regarded that passion, even in my earlier youth, with a certain superb contempt—as a malady engendered by an effeminate idleness, and fostered by a sickly imagination.

I wished to find in a wife a rational companion, an affectionate and trustworthy friend. No views of matrimony could be less romantic, more soberly sensible, than those which I conceived. Nor were my requirements mercenary or presumptuous. I cared not for fortune; I asked nothing from connexions. My ambition was exclusively professional; it could be served by no titled kindred, accelerated by no wealthy dower. I was no slave to beauty. I did not seek in a wife the accomplishments of a finishing school-teacher.

Having decided that the time had come to select my helpmate, I imagined that I should find no difficulty in a choice that my reason would approve. But day upon day, week upon week, passed away, and though among the families I visited there were many young ladies who possessed more than the qualifications with which I conceived that I should be amply contented, and by whom I might flatter myself that my proposals would not be disdained, I saw not one to whose lifelong companionship I should not infinitely have preferred the solitude I found so irksome.

One evening, in returning home from visiting a poor female patient whom I attended gratuitously, and whose case demanded more thought than that of any other in my list, for though it had been considered hopeless in the hospital, and she had come home to die, I felt certain that I could save her, and she seemed recovering under my care;—one evening, it was the fifteenth of May, I found myself just before the gates of the house that had been inhabited by Dr. Lloyd. Since his death the house had been unoccupied; the rent asked for it by the proprietor was considered high; and from the sacred Hill on which it was situated, shyness or pride banished the wealthier traders. The garden gates stood wide open, as they had stood in the winter night on which I had passed through them to the chamber of death. The remembrance of that death-bed came vividly before me, and the dying man's fantastic threat rang again in my startled ears. An irresistible impulse, which I could not then account for, and which I cannot account for now—an impulse the reverse of that which usually makes us turn away with quickened step from a spot that recals associations of pain—urged me on through the open gates, up the neglected, grass-grown road; urged me to look, under the westering sun of the joyous spring, at that house which I had never seen but in the gloom of a winter night, under the melancholy moon. As the building came in sight, with dark red bricks, partially overgrown with ivy, I perceived that it was no longer unoccupied. I saw forms passing athwart the open

windows; a van laden with articles of furniture stood before the door; a servant in livery was beside it giving directions to the men who were unloading. Evidently some family was just entering into possession. I felt somewhat ashamed of my trespass, and turned round quickly to retrace my steps. I had retreated but a few yards, when I saw before me, at the entrance gates, Mr. Vigors, walking beside a lady apparently of middle age; while, just at hand, a path cut through the shrubs gave view of a small wicket-gate at the end of the grounds. I felt unwilling not only to meet the lady, whom I guessed to be the new occupier, and to whom I should have to make a somewhat awkward apology for intrusion, but still more to encounter the scornful look of Mr. Vigors, in what appeared to my pride a false or undignified position. Involuntarily, therefore, I turned down the path which would favour my escape unobserved. When about half way between the house and the wicket-gate, the shrubs that had clothed the path on either side suddenly opened to the left, bringing into view a circle of sward, surrounded by irregular fragments of old brickwork, partially covered with ferns, creepers or rock-plants, weeds or wild flowers, and in the centre of the circle a fountain, or rather water-cistern, over which was built a Gothic monastic dome, or canopy, resting on small Norman columns, time-worn, dilapidated. A large willow overhung this unmistakable relic of the ancient abbey. There was an air of antiquity, romance, legend about this spot, so abruptly disclosed amidst the delicate green of the young shrubberies. But it was not the ruined wall nor the Gothic well that chained my footstep and charmed my eye.

It was a solitary human form, seated amidst the mournful ruins.

The form was so slight, the face so young, that at the first glance I murmured to myself, "What a lovely child!" But as my eye lingered it recognised in the upturned thoughtful brow, in the sweet serious aspect, in the rounded outlines of that slender shape, the inexpressible dignity of virgin woman.

A book was on her lap, at her feet a little basket, half filled with violets and blossoms culled from the rock-plants that nestled amidst the ruins. Behind her, the willow, like an emerald waterfall, showered down its arching abundant green, bough after bough, from the tree-top to the sward, descending in wavy verdure, bright towards the summit, in the smile of the setting sun, and darkening into shadow as it neared the earth.

She did not notice, she did not see me; her eyes were fixed upon the horizon, where it sloped farthest into space, above the tree-tops and the ruins; fixed so intently that mechanically I turned my own gaze to follow the flight of hers. It was as if she watched for some expected, familiar sign to grow out from the depths of heaven; perhaps to greet, before other eyes beheld it, the ray of the earliest star.

The birds dropped from the boughs on the turf around her, so fearlessly that one alighted amidst the flowers in the little basket at her feet. There is a famous German poem, which I had read in my youth, called The Maiden from Abroad, variously supposed to be an allegory of Spring, or of Poetry, according to the choice of commentators; it seemed to me as if the poem had been made for her. Verily, indeed, in her, poet or painter might have seen an image equally true to either of those adorners of the earth; both outwardly a delight to sense, yet both wakening up thoughts within us, not sad, but akin to sadness.

I heard now a step behind me, and a voice which I recognised to be that of Mr. Vigors. I broke from the charm by which I had been so lingeringly spell-bound, hurried on confusedly, gained the wicket-gate, from which a short flight of stairs descended into the common thoroughfare. And there the every-day life lay again before me. On the opposite side, houses, shops, church spires; a few steps more, and the bustling streets! How immeasurably far from, yet how familiarly near to, the world in which we move and have being is that fairy land of romance which opens out from the hard earth before us, when Love steals at first to our side, fading back into the hard earth again as Love smiles or sighs its farewell!

CHAPTER V.

And before that evening I had looked on Mr. Vigors with supreme indifference!—what importance he now assumed in my eyes! The lady with whom I had seen him was doubtless the new tenant of that house in which the young creature by whom my heart was so strangely moved evidently had her home. Most probably the relation between the two ladies was that of mother and daughter. Mr. Vigors, the friend of one, might himself be related to both—might prejudice them against me—might——here, starting up, I snapped the thread of conjecture, for right before my eyes, on the table beside which I had seated myself on entering the room, lay a card of invitation:

Mrs. Poyntz.
At Home,
Wednesday, May 15th.
Early.

Mrs. Poyntz—Mrs. Colonel Poyntz! the Queen of the Hill. There, at her house, I could not fail to learn all about the new comers, who could never without her sanction have settled on her domain.

I hastily changed my dress, and, with beating heart, wound my way up the venerable eminence.

I did not pass through the lane which led direct to Abbots' House (for that old building stood solitary amidst its grounds, a little apart from the spacious platform on which the society of the Hill was concentred), but up the broad causeway, with vistaed gas-lamps; the gayer shops still unclosed, the tide of busy life only slowly ebbing from the still animated street, on to a square, in which the four main thoroughfares of the city converged, and which formed the

boundary of Low Town. A huge dark archway, popularly called Monk's Gate, at the angle of this square, made the entrance to Abbey Hill. When the arch was passed, one felt at once that one was in the town of a former day. The pavement was narrow, and rugged; the shops small, their upper stories projecting, with, here and there, plastered fronts, quaintly arabesqued. An ascent, short, but steep and tortuous, conducted at once to the old Abbey Church, nobly situated in a vast quadrangle, round which were the genteel and gloomy dwellings of the Areopagites of the Hill. More genteel and less gloomy than the rest—lights at the windows and flowers on the balcony—stood forth, flanked by a garden wall at either side, the mansion of Mrs. Colonel Poyntz.

As I entered the drawing-room, I heard the voice of the hostess; it was a voice clear, decided, metallic, bell-like, uttering these words: "Taken Abbots' House? I will tell you."

CHAPTER VI.

Mrs. Poyntz was seated on the sofa; at her right sat fat Mrs. Bruce, who was a Scotch lord's granddaughter: at her left thin Miss Brabazon, who was an Irish baronet's niece. Around her—a few seated, many standing—had grouped all the guests, save two old gentlemen, who remained aloof with Colonel Poyntz near the whist-table, waiting for the fourth old gentleman, who was to make up the rubber, but who was at that moment spell-bound in the magic circle, which curiosity, that strongest of social demons, had attracted round the hostess.

"Taken Abbots' House? I will tell you.—Ah, Dr. Fenwick! charmed to see you. You know Abbots' House is let at last? Well, Miss Brabazon, dear, you ask who has taken it. I will tell you—a particular friend of mine."

"Indeed! Dear me!" said Miss Brabazon, looking confused. "I hope I did not say anything to——"

"Wound my feelings. Not in the least. You said your uncle, Sir Phelim, had a coachmaker named Ashleigh, that Ashleigh was an uncommon name, though Ashley was a common one; you intimated an appalling suspicion that the Mrs. Ashleigh who had come to the Hill was the coachmaker's widow. I relieve your mind—she is not; she is the widow of Gilbert Ashleigh, of Kirby Hall."

"Gilbert Ashleigh," said one of the guests, a bachelor, whose parents had reared him for the church, but who, like poor Goldsmith, did not think himself good enough for it,—a mistake of over modesty, for he matured into a very harmless creature. "Gilbert Ashleigh. I was at Oxford with him—a gentleman commoner of Christ Church. Good-looking man—very: *sapped*——"

"Sapped! what's that?—Oh, studied. That he did all his life. He married young—Anne Chaloner; she and I were girls together: married the same year. They settled at Kirby Hall—nice place, but dull. Poyntz and I spent a Christmas there. Ashleigh when he talked was charming, but he talked very little. Anne, when she talked, was common-place, and she talked very much. Naturally, poor thing, she was so happy. Poyntz and I did not spend another Christmas there. Friendship is long, but life is short. Gilbert Ashleigh's life was short indeed; he died in the seventh year of his marriage, leaving only one child, a girl. Since then, though I never spent another Christmas at Kirby Hall, I have frequently spent a day there, doing my best to cheer up Anne. She was no longer talkative, poor dear. Wrapt up in her child, who has now grown into a beautiful girl of eighteen—such eyes, her father's—the real dark blue—rare; sweet creature, but delicate; not, I hope, consumptive, but delicate; quiet—wants life. My girl Jane adores her. Jane has life enough for two."

"Is Miss Ashleigh the heiress to Kirby Hall?" asked Mrs. Bruce, who had an unmarried son.

"No. Kirby Hall passed to Ashleigh Sumner, the male heir, a cousin. And the luckiest of cousins! Gilbert's sister, showy woman (indeed, all show), had contrived to marry her kinsman, Sir Walter Ashleigh Haughton, the head of the Ashleigh family,—just the man made to be the reflector of a showy woman! He died years ago, leaving an only son, Sir James, who was killed last winter by a fall from his horse. And here, again, Ashleigh Sumner proved to be the male heir-at-law. During the minority of this fortunate youth, Mrs. Ashleigh had rented Kirby Hall of his guardian. He is now just coming of age, and that is why she leaves. Lilian Ashleigh will have, however, a very good fortune—is what we genteel paupers call an heiress. Is there anything more you want to know?"

Said thin Miss Brabazon, who took advantage of her thinness to wedge herself into every one's affairs, "A most interesting account. But what brings Mrs. Ashleigh here?"

Answered Mrs. Colonel Poyntz, with the military frankness by which she kept her company in good humour, as well as awe:

"Why do any of us come here? Can any one tell me?"

There was a blank silence, which the hostess herself was the first to break.

"None of us present can say why we came here. I can tell you why Mrs. Ashleigh came. Our neighbour Mr. Vigors is a distant connexion of the late Gilbert Ashleigh, one of the executors to his will, and the guardian to the heir-at-law. About ten days ago Mr. Vigors called on me, for the first time since I felt it my duty to express my opinion about the strange vagaries of our poor dear friend Dr. Lloyd. And when he had taken his chair, just where you now sit, Dr. Fenwick, he said, in a sepulchral voice, stretching out two fingers, so,—as if I were one of the what-do-you-call-'ems who go to sleep when he bids them, 'Marm, you know Mrs. Ashleigh? You correspond with her.' 'Yes, Mr. Vigors; is there any crime in that? You

look as if there were.' 'No crime, marm,' said the man, quite seriously. 'Mrs. Ashleigh is a lady of amiable temper, and you are a woman of masculine understanding.'"

Here there was a general titter. Mrs. Colonel Poyntz hushed it with a look of severe surprise. "What is there to laugh at? All women would be men if they could. If my understanding is masculine, so much the better for me. I thanked Mr. Vigors for his very handsome compliment, and he then went on to say, 'that though Mrs. Ashleigh would now have to leave Kirby Hall in a very few weeks, she seemed quite unable to make up her mind where to go; that it had occurred to him that, as Miss Ashleigh was now of an age to see a little of the world, she ought not to remain buried in the country; while, being of quiet mind, she recoiled from the dissipation of London. Between the seclusion of the one and the turmoil of the other, the society of L—— was a happy medium. He should be glad of my opinion. He had put off asking for it, because he owned his belief that I had behaved unkindly to his lamented friend, Dr. Lloyd; but he now found himself in rather an awkward position. His ward, young Sumner, had prudently resolved on fixing his country residence at Kirby Hall, rather than at Haughton Park, the much larger seat, which had so suddenly passed to his inheritance, and which he could not occupy without a vast establishment, that to a single man, so young, would be but a cumbersome and costly trouble. Mr. Vigors was pledged to his ward to obtain him possession of Kirby Hall the precise day agreed upon, but Mrs. Ashleigh did not seem disposed to stir—could not decide where else to go. Mr. Vigors was loth to press hard on his old friend's widow and child. It was a thousand pities Mrs. Ashleigh could not make up her mind; she had had ample time for preparation. A word from me, at this moment, would be an effective kindness. Abbots' House was vacant, with a garden so extensive that the ladies would not miss the country. Another party was after it, but——' 'Say no more,' I cried; 'no party but my dear old friend Anne Ashleigh shall have Abbots' House. So that question is settled.' I dismissed Mr. Vigors, sent for my carriage—that is, for Mr. Barker's yellow fly and his best horses—and drove that very day to Kirby Hall, which, though not in this county, is only twenty-five miles distant. I slept there that night. By nine o'clock the next morning I had secured Mrs. Ashleigh's consent, on the promise to save her all trouble; came back, sent for the landlord, settled the rent, lease, agreement; engaged Forbes's vans to remove the furniture from Kirby Hall, told Forbes to begin with the beds. When her own bed came, which was last night, Anne Ashleigh came too. I have seen her this morning. She likes the place, so does Lilian. I asked them to meet you all here to-night; but Mrs. Ashleigh was tired. The last of the furniture was to arrive to-day; and though dear Mrs. Ashleigh is an undecided character, she is not inactive. But it is not only the planning where to put tables and chairs that would have tired her to-day; she has had Mr. Vigors on her hands all the afternoon, and he has been—here's her little note—what are the words? no doubt, 'most overpowering and oppressive'—no, 'most kind and attentive'—different words, but, as applied to Mr. Vigors, they mean the same thing.

"And now, next Monday—we must leave them in peace till then—you will all call on the Ashleighs. The Hill knows what is due to itself; it cannot delegate to Mr. Vigors, a respectable man indeed, but who does not belong to its set, its own proper course of action towards those who would shelter themselves on its bosom. The Hill cannot be kind and attentive, overpowering or oppressive, by proxy. To those new born into its family circle it cannot be an indifferent godmother; it has towards them all the feelings of a mother, or of a stepmother, as the case may be. Where it says, 'This can be no child of mine,' it is a stepmother indeed; but, in all those whom I have presented to its arms, it has hitherto, I am proud to say, recognised desirable acquaintances, and to them the Hill has been a Mother. And now, my dear Mr. Sloman, go to your rubber: Poyntz is impatient, though he don't show it. Miss Brabazon, love, oblige us at the piano; something gay, but not very noisy—Mr. Leopold Smythe will turn the leaves for you. Mrs. Bruce, your own favourite set at vingt-un, with four new recruits. Dr. Fenwick, you are like me, don't play cards, and don't care for music: sit here, and talk or not, as you please, while I knit."

The other guests thus disposed of, some at the card-tables, some round the piano, I placed myself at Mrs. Poyntz's side, on a seat niched in the recess of a window, which an evening unusually warm for the month of May permitted to be left open. I was next to one who had known Lilian as a child, one from whom I had learned by what sweet name to call the image which my thoughts had already shrined. How much that I still longed to know she could tell me! But in what form of question could I lead to the subject, yet not betray my absorbing interest in it? Longing to speak, I felt as if stricken dumb; stealing an unquiet glance towards the face beside me, and deeply impressed with that truth which the Hill had long ago reverently acknowledged, that Mrs. Colonel Poyntz was a very superior woman—a very powerful creature.

And there she sat knitting—rapidly, firmly: a woman somewhat on the other side of forty, complexion a bronzed paleness, hair a bronzed brown, in strong ringlets, cropped short behind—handsome hair for a man; lips that, when closed, showed inflexible decision, when speaking, became supple and flexile with an easy humour and a vigilant finesse; eyes of a red hazel, quick but steady; observant, piercing, dauntless eyes; altogether a fine countenance—would have been a very fine countenance in a man; profile sharp, straight, clear-cut, with an expression, when in repose, like that of a sphinx; a frame

robust, not corpulent, of middle height, but with an air and carriage that made her appear tall; peculiarly white firm hands, indicative of vigorous health, not a vein visible on the surface.

There she sat knitting, knitting, and I by her side, gazing now on herself, now on her work, with a vague idea that the threads in the skein of my own web of love or of life were passing quick through those noiseless fingers. And, indeed, in every web of romance, the fondest, one of the Parcæ is sure to be some matter of fact She, Social Destiny, as little akin to romance herself—as was this worldly Queen of the Hill.

UNDERGROUND LONDON.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

The paying power of the British tax-payer seems to be enormous, and his patience under financial milking is a lesson to noisy martyrs. He stands like a cow to give forth, and only exhibits the bull disposition when you tell him what has become of the milk. He has a fretful impatience of figures and statistical details, and can always be driven mad by a long sum. Artful members of the small governing family have helped to nourish this disposition, by making his figures as dry and repulsive as possible. This is one way of choking an efficient audit. Other artful members of the same governing family have persuaded him that details are only fit food for the parochial mind, and that the parochial mind is a low, vulgar form of popular intelligence. He has listened to the voice of the charmer until he has come to consider everything of importance except what is under his nose or beneath his feet.

It is fortunate, perhaps, for the cause of good sewer government that sewers are a part of the parochial system that will not be neglected. The naming of streets, the watering of roads, and the feeding of paupers, may (it would seem) be done by anybody, or nobody, or not done at all; but the sewers, if not properly treated, have a power of making themselves felt which they are not slow to use. The great intercepting scheme of London main drainage, which has been many years before the metropolitan public, on paper, and some years under them in bricks and iron, must have originated from one neighbour grumbling at another. The London valley on both sides of the Thames, if it takes the trouble to look into its unfortunate geological position, has a splendid cause of quarrel with its neighbours, the upland districts. The sewerage system of the last fifty years has linked the whole metropolitan public together by vast underground chains, and has taught them that they are all suffering, enduring brothers. In this joint-stock company some few members have got the upper hand, and they lean very heavily on those below them. The central parts of London have to bear the gases generated by sewage from numerous surrounding neighbourhoods. A voice rises up in the City, with reason and indignation in its tones, and says, loudly, "Here's a pretty state of things! In the days of cesspools, sir, every household had to bear only so much annoyance as it created for itself. But we have changed all that. How many towns and villages now, sir, send their filth through the City, which, under the old cesspool system, had to keep it for their own farms and gardens? Sixty-nine separate populations, sir, numbering half a million of persons, send their refuse past our doors, as regularly as omnibuses run from Paddington to the Bank. Day and night, sir, we breathe an atmosphere tainted by these swollen underground streams, and have not even the poor satisfaction of sending some unbearable nuisance back. The country, sir, had need give us a few zephyrs, laden with odours of new hay and wild thyme, as a set off against this bouquet of the thousand sewers."

Representations such as these, accompanied by the still small voice of parochial conscience, the enterprise and invention of engineers, and the ambition of legislative meddlers and social reformers, naturally produced a variety of sewerage schemes—before alluded to—which ended in the great intercepting project at present being carried out. The late Mr. Frank Foster, aided by Mr. Haywood, began this plan upon paper in 1849; Messrs. Bazalgette and Haywood modified, extended, and continued it—still upon paper—in 1854; the Metropolitan Board of Works, when it commenced its career, on the 1st of January, 1856, took it into consideration; Mr. Bazalgette remodelled the plan in 1856; a government commission—before quoted—reported for and against Mr. Bazalgette's scheme, and for and against many other things, in 1857; Messrs. Bazalgette, Hawksley, and Bidder—also before quoted—again reported for and against the government report; and, finally, Mr. Bazalgette, as engineer-in-chief to the sewer parliament, began to carry out his thrice-remodelled project in 1858.

Mr. Bazalgette's plan is to put something like a few sewer-girdles round London, though not exactly in the space of forty minutes. His best labours, and those of his able lieutenants, Messrs. Lovick, Grant, and Cooper, are doomed to be hidden from the public eye, and to dwell in perpetual darkness. Three vast tunnels on the north side of the Thames, extending from west to east, and two vast tunnels on the south side, extending from west to east, with several branches, will cut through the various Thames-seeking main sewers, at different levels, intercepting the daily millions of gallons of sewage, and carrying them away to the river at a point between Barking Creek and the Plumstead Marshes. These new main tunnels, some of which will help to drain the districts they pass through, will be at least seventy-one miles long; and will cost, with sewage-filtering reservoirs, pumping stations, engines, &c., at least three millions sterling. About five-and-twenty miles of these tunnels are now completed, and the contractors and their workmen are going on rapidly with the lengths left to be constructed. There are not wanting opponents to state that the whole structure is a costly mistake, and that

a few years will open the eyes of the deluded rate-payers. Anything that opens the eyes of the apathetic tax-payers may be regarded as of some value; and as we are inclined to take the existing five-and-twenty miles of intercepting tunnel as a great accomplished fact, we may be pardoned for giving a few details about the work and its position.

On the north side of the river Thames, the high level sewer, or girdle, begins at Hampstead with a tunnel four feet in diameter, and extends, increasing here and there in size, until it reaches something like eleven feet square at the point where it joins the river Lea at Old Ford. Its course may be roughly described as passing over the Highgate road, across the fields into and down the Holloway road, under the Great Northern railway and New River cut to Stoke Newington, and then through Hackney and the Victoria Park to its aqueduct across the river Lea. It has just been completed, forming a roundabout tunnel nine miles long, and swallowing up in its course that open part of the Hackney brook, which may have been a river in the time of the Romans, but which was decidedly a ditch sewer in the days of Queen Victoria. Half a million cubic yards of earth have been dug out, to form the channel of this high level sewer; it has sucked up forty millions of bricks, two hundred thousand bushels of Portland cement, three hundred and fifty thousand bushels of lime, one hundred thousand cubic yards of concrete, and seventeen tons of hoop iron; and has employed fifteen hundred men from week to week. During the time of its construction we have had the wettest summer and the coldest winter on modern record, and bricks have advanced in price at least fifty per cent.

With the exception of a large branch, or "storm overflow," tunnel, which has been constructed across Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens, to relieve the great Ranelagh sewer from floods, and give it another outlet into the Thames, these are the only new works on the north side that may be put down as no longer existing merely on paper. The great middle level sewer has certainly been begun at both ends, namely, at the Old Ford part of the river Lea and at Bayswater; but, as it will have to pass through crowded thoroughfares, the contractors, Messrs. Brassey, are waiting until they are prepared to carry on the work with the utmost expedition. It will have three branches, called the Piccadilly, Dover-street, and Coppice-row branches. The main line begins in an egg-shaped tunnel, about four feet in height, and is to increase in size, here and there, until it ends in a circular tunnel ten feet and a half in diameter. Its course will be from Paddington to Notting-hill, along Oxford-street, through Bloomsbury and Clerkenwell, along Old-street—one of the finest old Roman roads in London—across Shoreditch, through Bethnal Green (still keeping very much to the line of the old Roman road), and under the Regent's Canal, to Old Ford, where it will run for some little distance side by side with the high level sewer. It has been estimated that about half a million cubic yards of earth will have to be dug out for this channel, and that it will suck up about fifty-five thousand cubic yards of concrete, and forty millions of bricks. The number of workmen employed in it will be at least a thousand.

You could ride for miles on horseback up either of these tunnels—the high level and the middle level sewers—going in at the lower end, where they run together for some distance under a raised clay and concrete embankment. In case of floods, they are provided with what are called "overflow chambers," a kind of gigantic letter-box, open at the top, built up at the sides, or in the centre of the sewers, where they join their channels together. These hollow chambers reach to within a few feet of the roof, and if the black underground stream rises above their edges, it will pour down them, as through a funnel, into two lower channels, thence into the river Lea, and by that stream into the Thames above Blackwall.

At Old Ford, where these two sewers run together, traditions and traces of the Romans may be found in any quantity. The workmen have picked up decayed skulls, broken pieces of huge pottery, singular-looking iron instruments, fossil shells, and some early English and Roman coins. If these relics were really planted to be dug up by the men, and sold to the contractors or the public, as a recent trial about like relics found at a like spot would seem to show, it is almost a pity that any one should ever expose the deception. The relics are sufficiently old and crumbled to make any ordinary collector happy, or to attain an honoured position under the glass-cases of a museum. The coins are undoubted pieces of ancient money, and their presence in the stream is accounted for by the pleasing tradition that they were dropped by careless Roman passengers out of a Roman punt at the time when Old Ford was a Roman ferry.

The northern outfall sewer, which is only just begun, is another part of the great intercepting scheme existing only, at present, upon paper. It is intended as a channel to convey the combined stream of sewage from the river Lea to its reservoir and outfall in the Thames at Barking creek. This outfall sewer will be about five miles long, and will consist for about one mile of two lines of tunnel enclosed in a raised embankment, and for the remaining distance of four miles of three lines of tunnel, each nine feet in diameter. It will cross over seven streams, including the river Lea; it will pass under the Eastern Counties Railway, and over the North Woolwich and Tilbury and Southend lines in aqueducts. It is estimated that about one million one hundred and twenty-four thousand cubic yards of peat and soft ground will have to be cut out and piled up, to form the embankment; that six hundred and twenty-nine thousand cubic yards of concrete will be required for the same purpose; that the tunnels will suck up about twenty-seven thousand rods of reduced brickwork, one hundred and twenty millions of bricks, one million six hundred and

fifty thousand bushels of cement, three millions eight hundred and thirty-four thousand bushels of lime, and four thousand tons of wrought and cast-iron for the bridges over the streams and railways. The natural drainage of the marshes will, of course, be carried under the embankment in culverts.

This great outfall sewer, which will empty itself into a covered reservoir at Barking creek, capable of containing seven millions of cubic feet of sewage, will not only receive the combined streams poured into it by the high-level and low-level sewers just described, but also another vast flood which will probably be pumped into it from another line of projected main intercepting tunnel, called the low-level sewer. This sewer depends so much upon the project of a Thames embankment, which has been for some time under the consideration of parliament, that Mr. Bazalgette has wisely given up reporting about it until the great river terrace scheme shall be decided upon one way or other. Its course, as laid down on paper, is to hug the bank of the river from Chelsea through Westminster, the Strand, Cannon-street, Eastcheap, Tower-hill, Stepney, and Limehouse, to the river Lea, where it will join the other intercepting sewers. It will take in, five branches; from Brentford, Fulham, Victoria-street, Westminster, the Isle of Dogs, and Hackney marsh; and as its level will be about thirty-seven feet below the high level and middle level sewers, its stream will have to be pumped by engine-power into the great outfall channel.

The great intercepting sewers on the south-side of the river Thames are divided into a high-level tunnel and a low-level tunnel, with an outfall underground channel.

The high-level tunnel begins at Clapham Common, and winds its way through Stockwell and Camberwell to Peckham, where it is joined by a long fork or branch, called the Effra branch —an improved substitute for the open Effra ditch—which comes down from Dulwich. In cutting this branch, many remarkable fossils have been found, including remains of crocodiles. The two tunnels then continue from Peckham through New Cross, until they end in Deptford creek, where they are provided with storm overflow chambers, very similar to those in the north-side sewers. The whole length of this high-level sewer is between nine and ten miles; and rather more than one half, at different points of its course, is just completed. It begins, like most of the others, as a circular tunnel about four feet in diameter, and increases in size here and there until it ends in a diameter at least ten feet and a half. When finished, it will cut off and divert the upland waters which now flood the low and tide-locked districts. It is estimated that this intercepting sewer will suck up eighty-two thousand cubic yards of brickwork, thirty millions of bricks, two hundred thousand bushels of cement, four hundred thousand bushels of lime, seventy-five thousand cubic yards of concrete, and will require more than half a million cubic yards of ground to be cut out, and nearly the same quantity of earth and materials to be carted.

The low-level intercepting sewer is mapped out to run from Putney through Battersea, Brixton, Camberwell, the Old Kent-road, and across the market gardens to Deptford. It will be provided with a couple of storm overflow branches, running into the Thames at Vauxhall and Deptford, and a north or Bermondsey branch, which will intercept many sewers running through that district. At present it can only be said to exist on paper, although the contractors have begun the works at Deptford, where they found the undersoil to be a running sand, filled with an extraordinary volume of water. As this end of the low-level sewer will be at least twenty feet below the end of the high-level sewer, pumping power will be required, as on the north side, to raise the stream into the great outfall tunnel.

The great southern outfall sewer, which may be regarded as a work second only in extent and importance to the northern outfall sewer, is more than half completed. It will pass from the Deptford pumping station, through Greenwich and Woolwich under the Erith marshes to a covered reservoir capable of containing four millions of cubic feet of sewage, on the river bank at Crossness Point, beyond Plumstead.

The length of this main tunnel will be about seven and a half miles, and its diameter about eleven and a half feet. Its depth from the surface in many parts is very great, especially about Woolwich, where the entrance shafts are like the mouths of huge mines with ladders going down at different inclinations. Here, the tunnel has been constructed for some distance, mole-like, under the ground: most probably without a large portion of the inhabitants being aware of its existence or progress. It is estimated that about half a million cubic yards of ground will have to be dug out for this channel, and that about the same quantity of earth and materials will have to be carted. It will suck up one hundred thousand cubic yards of brickwork, thirty-seven millions of bricks, and six hundred thousand bushels of cement; and when completed with the other works, it will receive and carry off the whole of the drainage of that portion of London which is on the south-side of the Thames. These southern works, from their commencement to the present time, have given weekly employment to upwards of two thousand men.

The sewage reservoirs on the north-side at Barking creek, and on the south-side at Plumstead marshes, will be raised some twenty-one feet above the level of the outfall sewers, and the stream will be pumped into them. The final discharge of the fluid sewage at high-water—the solid sewage being deposited in the reservoirs—will take place through covered channels buried under water, and communicating with the centre and bottom of the river Thames. The works have been calculated so as to admit of extensions as the metropolitan population expands, and to carry off the sewage of three

millions and a half of people, with the rainflow always oozing from the district they must necessarily occupy. The drainage area may be stated roughly as one hundred and fifty square miles; and the whole of the works, according to the original promise, are to be completed in 1863.

The two main principles at the bottom of this great plan, are to relieve certain low districts from the nuisances inflicted on them by certain high districts, and to save the Thames within the metropolitan boundary, even if the outskirts persist in defiling it, from being made the great cesspool of London. The London water companies, some by act of parliament and others by choice, no longer make this London cesspool their feeding cistern, but have gone higher up the stream for their supply of water, while the sewer-lords are preparing to take the sewage lower down the channel. This seems to be a sensible divorce. The new system of drainage represents the struggle of art against nature; and if it prove successful, the almanacks will no longer be able to register the dates of high-sewage at London-bridge.

The sewerage scheme now being carried out is so vast, that it has naturally driven many persons almost demented who have grappled with it and opposed it. Some people cannot be brought to believe that any tunnels have been constructed anywhere; and they look upon the thick-ribbed shored-cuttings, the houses on wheels, and the excavators' spades and lanterns, scattered about in different parts of London, as mere surface decoys, set up to satisfy a few inquisitive rate-payers. Others, regard the tunnels as only too real and substantial; volcanoes of filth; gorged veins of putridity; ready to explode at any moment in a whirlwind of foul gas, and to poison all whom they fail to smother. Others, take the financial ground that the scheme will exhaust three millions sterling, without doing three-pennyworth of good; forgetting that the tunnels may always be worth their money as wine-cellars, bowling-alleys, skittle-grounds, flower-beds of romance, and fancy subways.

ON THE CIVIL WAR NOW RAGING IN ENGLAND.

No drums tattooing or fifes piping in the streets; no fathers disinheriting their sons for taking cross views concerning King and Commons; no brothers sworn under opposite standards, and giving their rifles a sharper ring for the sake of the bad blood flowing between them; no calling to arms of all faithful citizens on the one side, and of all loyal subjects on the other; no night attacks with a turn-out in knitted tassels or gay-coloured bandanas; no bivouacs on Hampstead Heath or Wormwood Scrubs; no sign or show or appurtenance of war; and yet there is civil war in England—war to the death, if not to the knife—and every member of society is one of the warriors. There is civil war between all classes, and between the various members of each class: war for place in this overcrowded beehive of ours, where broad shoulders and well-squared elbows are blessings of great price; war of appearances, where all men and women try to look something better than they are, and the rule is for the wren to borrow the peacock's plumes; war between masters and servants, capital and labour, the orthodox and the heterodox, the conventional and the unconventional; there is war between the West and the East, fashion and vulgarity, velvet and rags; between the club and the boudoir, the mother of many daughters, and the bachelor of independent means; between the maiden still unsettled, and the young wife with a handsome provision; there is war everywhere and with every one; and not the most peaceable can escape out of the field, or refuse to wear one of the many colours floating about, as symbols of the party belonging. Even in the still quiet of the laboratory, and the hushed mysteries of the dissecting chamber, burst out every now and then loud notes of war, and philosophers and men of science fight like meaner mortals for the maintenance of some spiritual theory which no one can prove, or the establishment of some hypothesis of no good to living being even when established. As many hard knocks have been given over a few dry bones, or the exact position of a square piece of water, which no one has seen, and every one describes—whereby he contradicts his neighbour and fires a shot into his citadel—as over the most notoriously exciting causes of dispute and social turmoil. Decidedly the philosophers are no wiser than the lower herd; and science has its war-list as well as its band of martyrs.

The women, Heaven bless them! are the fiercest of all the "braves" out in the fields and trenches, and carry on the war with a vigour unknown to the sterner sex. What is there but civil war between the rival ladies of suburban villas, when the one on the right has two bonnets in the season, and the one on the left has but one bonnet in the season? or, when the husband of the one indulges her with the Highlands or the Alps, and the husband of the other allows only the sea at Margate? Do you think that fair ladies know only how to pipe pastorals like Chloe and Amaryllis? Or that deadly passions never rage between the closest sisters in soul, and on no more hostile grounds either than a superiority in jam-pots, or the items of a milliner's bill? On the contrary, the civil war which vexes the inner heart of society has its choicest arsenals in the breasts of our finest ladies, and dearest female friends. And what martial passions can compare with those which fire the souls of the younger ladies of the suburban villas aforesaid, when the eligible young man of their society meanders through their ranks, making a feint of selecting, now right, now left, now the blonde in ringlets, now the brunette in braids, for his domestic lieutenant? Waterloo was a trifle to the unspoken combat between the forces, and Solferino was child's play. Of all forms of civil war commend me to that which fires a large circle of unmarried girls where brothers are scarce, and brothers' friends still scarcer, where all their dispositions are equally affectionate, and the proper objects for their affection equally rare.

And when once the strife of parties has broken loose in a neighbourhood, and society divides itself into opposite camps which hold no communion with each other and accept no neutrals, is the rifle a much more deadly enemy than the tongue, or are sabre wounds more dangerous than those made by calumny and hate? Let the question be one of a merely private and personal nature, the merits of which no outsider can comprehend—as in the case of a family quarrel—nevertheless, the whole local universe is convulsed, and the meekest individual in the place forced to take sides, on pain of being "cut" for a traitor or a time-server by both. Family quarrels are loud war-cries in country places, and the echoes are never failing. I have known a whole district broken up into two parties, the dearest friends severed and the ties of years snapped, because a gentleman of mature age chose to marry a lady of his own standing, and the grown-up daughter did not love her stepmother. Incontinently at the first blast of the trumpet, the friends and neighbours flew to arms, and it was years before the vendetta was fully accomplished, and peace finally proclaimed. Politics used to possess singularly explosive qualities, and whenever much indulged in, would blow the peace of a wide neighbourhood to the winds; but politics have died away now, and the battle of parties and electioneering colours become among the things of the past. In their stead we have the strife of varying faiths; and the civil war which has burnt itself out as to canons of political creed, blazes with full force round the pulpit and the platform. Orthodoxy and unorthodoxy pull caps in the seats of the ancient Tory and Whig, and hurl defiance at each other across the red lines of the rubric, and over the palisadings of pew-rents and the lawful Tenth. And is it not civil war, to the utmost extent of civil war on the wrong side of the guns, when men and women fail in every charity of social life, because their brains have fructified in different directions, and what seems clean and wholesome to the one is decidedly unwashed and indigestible to the other? People are so unwilling to allow of equality in difference. Why cannot they accept the doctrine of equal rights, and shake hands across the palings, instead of firing broadsides which set the whole place in a flame? Churches and chapels are unbefitting butts at all times, and a pulpit—even the pope's—is the worst bull's eye to be had. But churches and chapels have ever been thronged with the fiercest kind of combatants, and the creed which has love for its root, and good works for its blossoming, has been the fairest target of all for the slings and arrows of dissension and division.

There is civil war in trade, and the advertising pamphlets, and big black broadsheets, and glittering announcements in crumpled tinfoil or highly coloured gelatine, are the weapons—weapons which are to slay all rivals and conquer foreign territories in the shape of custom, at present appropriated by the enemy. Civil war in trade runs very high, waxing fiercer than is advisable at times, when hostile phalanxes, sandwiched between placarding boards, parade the lines and provoke warm-blooded shopmen to unruly demonstrations, whose ultimate is the police court. Also it runs high when the question is of masked guns and false colours, and the Court of Chancery has to settle the legitimacy of the trading banners, and assign to its lawful possessor the distinctive legend. The civil war carried on in trade is a mighty war, pervading ships and shops alike, and penetrating into the deepest recesses of every mill and every workroom. It is a war of Kilkenny cats, where the big cats devour the little cats, and all make a horrible miawling as the exterminating process goes on. The public, which may be likened to the camp-followers, is the gainer, and picks up many a pretty bargain on the field, which could never have been got in more humane times. For, bankrupts' stocks are the spoils taken from the dead men, and the cost-price sales are the tents abandoned and treasures left unguarded of the warriors intent only on mutual slaughter, with a sublime forgetfulness of individual advantage. During a passage of arms in trade, the hovering camp-followers—and specially those terrible beings, the cruelest of all who prey upon the dead, the women skilled in bargaining—rush in like a pack of wolves, and pick the bones of the warriors before they have time to look about them. Wherefore, civil war in trade is a clear case of suicide, where every weapon is a boomerang that comes back with a good thumping ring on the skull of the thrower, doing double damage, first to the object and then to the objector, and where the only gainers are the public—which it was the original intention of both parties to plunder at their leisure.

There is civil war between the employers and the employed; the one trying to exact more, and the other to give less, than the strict terms of the bond will permit. For, when once a man's life has been weighed against so much money, his soul is assumed to be thrown into the bargain, and to belong to the paymaster, like his head or his hands. It is a case of commerce, and cheating within the liberties is not unlawful. On the other hand, a man who has to sell his life for daily bread tries to get as big a loaf as possible for as small a measure of meal; and excludes from his definition of handwork all that lies in the palm and all that springs from the tips. He is by no means disposed to give more than he bargained for, but draws his lines of circumvallation as far afield as is possible to human ingenuity. He is ever complaining that he is being driven from his trenches, and that the bargain was made when justice had unhooked her scales, so that the buyer weighted his gold with the chains. So the war goes on, and the old adage, "Pull baker, pull devil," expresses the condition of the case. In the strikes, the baker pulls pretty lustily, but seldom to any good result; never, if the battle has been more than ordinarily fierce, and all question of armistice or amnesty set aside. In fact, up to the present time the poor baker has

had but a bad time of it, and his Cloutieship, as the Scotch call him, has had everything his own way. There is civil war between authors and publishers, too; representatives of a large section of employers and employed, or rather of the payer and the paid; and if you would believe either side, you would come to a curious state of haze and mist concerning some of the questions of social economy. These maintain that they buy chaff at the price of the finest wheat, and plant their gardens with dry sticks incapable of budding out to use or profit; indeed, it is one of the unexplained problems of society how publishers manage to exist and make large fortunes on a perpetual series of failures. Not believing these, listen to those, and they will tell you that they have sold their finest wheat at the rate of chaff or straw, and have planted the publisher's garden with rare flowering plants paid for as so many dried sticks; they have harvested all his grain, and left their own to rot on the ground; they have built him a palace, and been content with a mud hovel themselves; in short, they have been martyrs, each and equally; but the cooler bystander sees only the fact that the two forces are at war together, and that both lose their senses in the din and turmoil of the battle.

The same thing goes on with managers and actors, patrons and artists, picture-dealers and painters, committee men and designers: with every one without exception where there is gold and influence on the one side, and empty purses and talent on the other. Brains are matters of barter just like calico or muslin; and he is the best merchandiser who is able to sell his wares in the highest market. There would be a higher market for all if there were no civil war, and brains would fetch a better price if the bargain was made over the fumes of the loving-cup instead of in the smoke-wreaths of an Armstrong gun.

There is civil war in all professions, but chiefly, perhaps, in the medical. One doctor holding such an angle, is the mortal enemy of another doctor entrenched in the opposite angle; one system assaults another system; globules cross fires with boluses; the water-cure wets the powder and spikes the biggest guns of both, with perfect impartiality. As for special branches of the healing art, it is a wonder that any should be left to tell the tale of mutual slaughter that goes on. Look at the dentists, read their advertisements, hear of their doings; then judge of the chance which your molars and bicuspids have of fair play in their hands. For in civil war nothing suffers more than the cause or the person for whom that war was originated, and the strife which the scalpel and the pharmacopœia generate among the users thereof, benefits no one on earth, but still less the patient than the prescriber. It makes one excessively uncomfortable to think that one's own unfortunate body is the battle-ground of some hundreds of men, and a few score of systems; and that one's most mysterious and most secret ailments are the trophies for which they are contending! It is as bad as being eaten by a legion of locusts, or trodden to death by an army of ants. But there is no escape from it, no neutral ground; we all must belong to one or other of the fighting factions; and if we change sides often, we simply run additional danger when "crossing the open," protected by no banner at all. For, there are always certain companies of free-lances, bashi-bazouks or independent warriors, the Ishmaelites of the profession—quacks in the vernacular—who hover round the main body ready to pick up the stragglers. Those whom they have once picked up, seldom get over their capture; the bone-setters, and the herbalists, and the hygeists, and the patent medicine makers of all kinds, being as deadly foes to the outside community as they are to each other.

The civil war between professions extends to all, of every denomination whatsoever; and the members of all, respectively, fight together, with a violence only equalled in ants and moles; about the fiercest belligerents in nature. No lawyer finds another's law tenable; no priest proclaims a brother priest sound from head to heel in a doctrinal sense; the rawest beginner at military engineering could have taught Vauban, or added to the defences of Gibraltar; and the youngest sea captain on the list would have handled "The Fighting Téméraire" with more seamanship, and to a better result. Dog eats dog until the canine platter is full to overflowing, and the civil war going on in all ranks and everywhere, enlists some of its most notorious Goliaths from the members of professions which ought to have taught them better things.

There is civil war between the superfine and downright; between the lady by the patent of blue blood, and the lady by the patent of yellow gold, and with both, coalesced, against the lady in her own right with neither blue blood nor yellow gold; there is civil war between the ladies who keep footmen and the ladies who keep pages; between the mistress of many maids, and the mistress of but one; between the wearers of jaunty hats and impudent feathers, and the wearers of old-fashioned bonnets and limp petticoats; between the marrying girls and the non-marrying girls; between prudes and coquettes; between the girls who like balls, and the girls who affect schools; between the girls who go out to every gaiety of the season, and the girls whose ultima thule of dissipation is the front row at a solemn oratorio; there is civil war between the two aspirants of the one fair hand and between the twenty aspirants of the goodly fortune; and between all of both sexes who stand in higher favour with the other sex, whether married or single, appropriated or to be appropriated. There is civil war between the drivers of a stately barouche and pair, and the drivers of an under-taxed one; between the drivers of an under-taxed one, and the hirers of cabs; between the hirers of cabs, and the riders in omnibuses; between the well, and the roof; as between the respectability of the old-fashioned sixpence, and the shocking vulgarity of the democratic twopence.

Was there ever occasion wanting for civil war when men and women were so minded? Indeed no. Bullets have been made out of old oyster-shells before now, and more than one severe struggle has taken place on the merits of a dead language, when at last none knew what they were fighting for, and no one could be found to prove which faction was right. In short, the more shadowy the object, the more passionate the struggle; and the wars ever going on for ideas, are by far more deadly than those undertaken for facts—save always the one gigantic fact of self-advantage, and this beats the biggest tom-tom of all, and counts its foes by thousands and tens of thousands combined.

ACCLIMATISATION.

In the absence of all domestic animals, Man would convert his fellow-men into beasts of burden, and even into butcher's meat; but thanks to acclimatation and domestication, the King of Tahiti now prefers his saddle-horse to riding in state on his subjects' shoulders, and oxen, pigs, and goats have proved effectual missionaries in the conversion of savages from cannibalism.

The benefits conferred on uncivilised, distant, and infant nations (the latter of which comprise all colonies), by conveying to them our domestic creatures and our cultivated plants, is acknowledged and incontestable; but Europe is now bethinking herself whether, in this important matter, it ought to be always "all give and no take;" whether, amongst the multitudinous beings that roam the earth, glide through the air, and float in the waters, of other countries, we cannot find some useful addition to our present stock. It is even worth consideration whether we have made the most of, and derived the greatest advantage from, the creatures by whom we are already surrounded. These questions give rise to considerations of a most interesting and at the same time extremely difficult nature. The current belief of the present day is sanguine and hopeful of success in adding to our domestic stock—more sanguine, it may be added, than late endeavours have justified.

In 1854 a few energetic and learned Frenchmen founded an acclimatation society. In 1858 the city of Paris munificently granted them space to make a garden, in one of the best situations of the Bois de Boulogne. The society has rapidly become powerful, if not by its practical results, at least by the number and the rank of its members. The future will show whether the liberality of Paris is productive of any agricultural and domestic utility, or whether it is to remain, like our Regent's Park garden, an agreeable resort, a pleasing show, and a curious menagerie where a few rare birds and beasts occasionally breed.

This revival of the hopes of increasing our domestic stock has also had its effect in England. We have now a Society for the Acclimatisation of animals, birds, fishes, insects, and vegetables in the United Kingdom. The very length of this list of desiderata makes it incomplete. Animals (taking the word in its wide sense) and vegetables alone, would have sufficed. As it is, reptiles, however desirable, are excluded; although St. Patrick's power extends no farther than the limits of the Emerald Isle. But when we once are about the work of acclimatisation, all ought to be fish that comes to our net,—which is really the spirit of Mr. Frank Buckland's excellent report, and of his paper read before the Society of Arts. Now, several lizards, as the gecko, are capital eating, with delicate white flesh, like that of chicken. A settlement of indigenous turtle on our southern coasts would be no bad thing. The pretty little green tree-frog, established in our shrubberies, would render services analogous to those of swallows and other insectivorous birds. An old and wide-spread notion exists that certain lizards are the friends of man, and warn him of impending danger. The mud-tortoise furnishes a nutritious article of food in Southern Europe, although its wild-fowl flavour may be a little too decided. In the Spanish convents, where persons calling themselves religious are obliged to "make meagre" nearly all the year round, tortoises are reared in walled-in gardens planted with lettuces. They lay their eggs in the ground, and the sun hatches them. When they have attained a pound weight or a little more, they are fit to eat. During a dearth in France, the tortoises found on the borders of the Durance fed the peasants of the neighbourhood for three whole months. A tortoise-pond, in case of need, is as convenient to resort to as a rabbit-hutch. We are persuaded that Mr. Buckland will still open his doors to any promising reptile that may present itself.

A great merit of the society is, that it is *a society* and not an individual. An individual dies; his collection and apparatus are dispersed; his experience and knowledge are more frequently lost and forgotten than recorded and remembered. But a society has a life of indefinite duration, and does not allow a magnificent menagerie, like that of the late Lord Derby, to be broken up. A wise proposition is the division of labour to be effected by requesting those members who have facilities on their estates for experiments, and who are willing to give their aid, to undertake the charge of such subjects for experiment as may be offered to them by the society, periodically reporting progress to the council. The great point, here, is to avoid wasting time and money on things that have been repeatedly tried before and have as often been found wanting.

According to M. Isidore Saint-Hilaire, man has now three duties to fulfil: First, the preservation of useful animals—precious gifts which we have received from nature, and which we often lose through our ignorance, and especially through our carelessness. Secondly, the making the most of our domestic animals, so that nothing belonging to them should be lost, nor even badly employed, which would constitute a comparative loss. Thirdly, the annexation to our useful species, whether wild or domestic, of

other animals fit for like uses, or, better still, for novel uses. Briefly, we are bound to keep what we have; to utilise it in the most profitable way, and to increase our stock, if possible.

To take care of what one has, is such commonplace wisdom, that it seems strange to recommend it in these enlightened days. Yet the barbarism of past ages still stalks erect amidst the civilisation of the nineteenth century. Man amuses himself more than ever in destroying the benefactions whom Nature has presented to him, and whom he might retain by simply abstaining from mischief. The war which man wages, under pretence of shooting and fishing, against every animal he is able to destroy, is as fierce as it was during the middle ages, and is aggravated by the possession of more destructive arms.

For our own sakes at least, we ought to spare the enemies of our enemies; we might even encourage allies and auxiliaries who feed on vermin which destroy the fruits of the earth. On this head, France (the south) deserves a more severe lecture than England does. The insectivorous birds are our steady friends. Rare in winter—for few remain in the country all the year round—nature sends them to us in flocks on the return of spring. As soon as the insects begin their ravages, these are checked by our beneficent visitors, who are nevertheless received as if they were a scourge. Some are wantonly destroyed, out of mere prejudice. Let a windhover or an owl flutter over a field, and the farmer will not rest until the intruder is nailed to the door of the barn, whose expected contents pay the penalty of the crime. Others, against whom there exists no popular ill-will—the redbreast, the wagtail, and even the songsters of the grove, blackcaps, redstarts, the nightingale himself—are massacred in heaps as small game for the table (always in the south), where they figure on the dish rather than render any service. There also exists a band of ogres, who wander about in the guise of bird-nesting children.

As a consequence, France is more ravaged by insects than England. With a climate more favourable to insect development, and with a feebler preventive check, insect foes prove their power to injure. The swarm of cockchafers in May and June are only outdone by African locusts. Weevils of all sorts make the gardener's heart sad. There are pollen-eating beetles, which, during their reign, hardly allow him to have a perfect flower. Before a rosebud is half opened, they will burrow through it to devour the anthers; and, what is still worse, they render the blossom of his fruit abortive. Man has only to be surrounded by feathered friends, to have these insidious enemies destroyed.

Before looking forward to what M. Saint-Hilaire hopes may still be effected in the way of domestication, let us glance at what has been done already. He attaches very great importance to the study of domestic animals, and comes to the conclusion that there is no such thing as immutability of species or fixity of zoological type. Consequently, he considers captive animals as creatures whom we may mould almost according to our will. A mixed multitude of some hundred and fifty thousand species of living creatures offers itself for our selection; and out of it we have domesticated, he says, forty-seven. These forty-seven creatures are divided into four categories: auxiliary, helpers, as the ferret and the cat; alimentary, for food, as the pig; industrial, for manufactures, as the silkworm; and accessory, agreeable superfluities, as the canary-bird and guinea-pig. The elephant is not included in the list. In spite of its power and its eminent services, we cannot yet say that we "possess" it; it will not reproduce in domesticity.

And where do these forty-seven possessions come from? About some, there is no difficulty. The Canada goose answers for itself; the golden, silver, and collared, pheasants we have from China. The canary-bird is ticketed with his correct certificate of birth. The turkey and the musk duck were brought from North and South America respectively. At the conquest of Peru, the guinea-pig was found already domesticated. The same uncertainty hangs about the dates of the domestication of the lama and the alpaca, although we may be pretty sure that the Andes are their geographical home. The cochineal insect was reared on cactus plants by the Mexicans before the conquest. The buffalo was known only in the wild state by Aristotle and the ancient naturalists. Its domestication was Oriental, and of no great antiquity. It was introduced into Italy in the year five hundred and ninety-five, or five hundred and ninety-six. Its progress northward has therefore been checked by the Alps for twelve centuries and a half: a remarkable proof of its inferior utility to the almost cosmopolitan ox. The rabbit is a native of Spain (where it appears to have been first domesticated), of Corsica, and probably of other parts of southern Europe. Whether the south of France was also the primitive home of the rabbit, is uncertain, but in the first century before the Christian era it had so multiplied that the "pernicious animal," according to Strabo, extended its ravages from Spain to Marseilles. Subsequently, it became such a nuisance in the Balearic Islands that the inhabitants petitioned Cæsar Augustus to send troops to their assistance. The ferret was a consequence of the rabbit. Its specific determination is not completely settled; its nearest wild relation is the polecat. But Strabo says the ferret comes from Libya, where the polecat has not yet been found.

The domestication of the common duck was still incomplete at the close of the Roman Republic. It is mainly owing to the Romans that the guinea-fowl is become a European bird. Alexander's expedition enriched Greece with the peacock. The goose was domesticated in Greece as far back as the time of Homer. For the common pheasant, the bird of Phasis, we must traverse history, and remount to the mythological days of the Argonauts.

The domestication of some other creatures certainly dates from high antiquity, from an ante-historic period. The mulberry silkworm was cultivated in China in the reign of Yao, two thousand two hundred years before our era. M. Stanislas Julien refers it to more than forty-five centuries ago. The hen is Asiatic: descended through a long line of ancestors, from Gallus bankira, many believe. The geographical origin of the pigeon is very uncertain, even if we admit that all the domestic races are derived from the Columba livia, or blue rock dove.

The camel is said to be still found wild in Turkistan as well as in Thibet. Its domestication is of unknown date. The dromedary is no longer known in a state of nature. The sheep and goat are mentioned in Genesis. The goat is not a descendant, as has been supposed, of one of the three European bouquetins, nor the sheep of our European mouflon. Pallas's opinion, assigning to both an Asiatic origin, is fully justified by the evidence of history. M. Saint-Hilaire also feels bound to restore the ox to Asia. At an epoch when the West was still covered with forests, the East, already civilised, possessed both the zebu and the ox; the latter species, therefore, came to us from the East. Cuvier's opinion that our oxen spring, not from the aurochs (as Buffon supposed), but from an animal destroyed by civilisation and now only known by its fossil bones, is held to be no longer tenable.

The horse and the ass are both of Oriental origin. The wild horse is still found in Central Asia; the native country of the onager or wild ass extends from Asia into the north-east of Africa. The pig has long been supposed to be descended from our European wild boar; but its domestication in the East—in the extreme East especially—mounts to a very remote epoch. The hog was domesticated in China at least forty-nine centuries ago, and is, therefore, a descendant of the Oriental wild boar, and not of our own. The Sus scrofa of Europe and the Indian swine resemble each other so closely that their specific differences are not yet exactly determined. Consequently, there is no zoological reason for referring the various breeds of pigs to Sus scrofa rather than to Sus indicus and other Eastern swine.

The domestic cat, although a later acquisition than the dog, is still a very ancient inmate of our dwellings. It is a double error to suppose it to be the issue of the native wild cat of our forests. Herodotus tells us that the Egyptians buried their cats "in sacred sepulchres," that is, in catacombs, where their mummies are found by modern travellers. In Nubia and Abyssinia, there exists, both in the wild and the domestic states, the gloved cat—Felis maniculata—which, judging from certain peculiarities of colouring, is the probable parent of all our pussies. Cats, therefore, are African.

The dog has been sometimes supposed to be the offspring of the wolf. Buffon took the shepherd's dog to be "the real dog of nature." Linnæus considered the dog to be a distinct species, Canis familiaris, quite separate from Canis lupus, Canis aureus, and others. But the only specific character of Canis familiaris is that he carries his tail curved to the left. M. Saint-Hilaire derives the various breeds of dogs from different species of jackals, who habitually frequent the neighbourhood of human dwellings. Jackals are eminently sociable, easily tamed, and soon become attached to their master. They breed readily with the dog, and bear a great resemblance to the canine races in colour, form, and even in voice. By association with barking dogs, the jackal learns to bark. Greyhounds are probably derived from Canis simensis, a slim-built species, recently discovered by M. Rueppell in the mountains of Abyssinia. Greyhounds, therefore, are not ordinary dogs extremely modified by human art and selection in breeding, but a race having their own proper origin and their special type, which retains to this day its leading characteristics.

With all these forty-seven domestic creatures, meat for the multitude still runs short; furs and skins are scarce and expensive; there is a demand for increased supplies of leather, of wool, hair, and other textile material, and also of additional brute labour. At this juncture science has the important part to play, of indicating fresh conquests to be made in the world of animals. Science, unfortunately, is but little prepared for such a task. Travellers hitherto have taken greater pains to enrich the museums of their native country than to introduce promising living animals.

M. Saint-Hilaire anticipates a twofold benefit from the naturalisation of foreign species in a wild condition in Europe. First, an increase of the ever-insufficient quantity of meat; the wombat and the kangaroo will one day be (as Cuvier long ago predicted) "as useful a game as the rabbit is;" an assertion which may be extended to a few American rodents, to several ruminants, and to a great number of gallinaceous birds. Secondly, several animals, besides being eatable, would render special service by their peltry. Would not the chinchilla be a great acquisition to mountainous districts? Would not forests gain by being stocked with the Walleby kangaroo and the dusky phalanger, whose skins, susceptible of a variety of uses, are sold in immense numbers in the markets of Hobart Town?

Of the foreign wild species to be imported and domesticated, the American rodents, as meatmakers and substitutes for the rabbit, are M. Saint-Hilaire's particular favourites. Such are the pacas and the agoutis: members of a family of which the little guinea-pig is the best known type. There is scarcely one of these creatures whose flesh is not wholesome when it has been properly fed; and they are at the same time remarkable for their fecundity and their rapid development. No doubt, they will one day, like the rabbit, pass from the poultry-yard to the wood, stocking it with novel game. The cabiai (cavia or hydrochærus capybara), the largest rodent in the world, strongly tempts the domesticator. Resembling the guinea-pig in organi-

sation, it swims like the beaver, and feeds on water-weeds, thus converting into wholesome nutriment vegetable substances which are turned to no account. It is very prolific, and produces a great quantity of meat in a short space of time. It has not yet been known to breed in Europe; indeed, very few specimens have been seen here, and M. Saint-Hilaire is not sure whether the male and female have ever been found in the same menagerie. He therefore calls attention to "so precious an animal," and begs persons who are favourably situated, to send two or three pairs to Europe; or, better still, to domesticate and breed them on the spot.

Mr. Darwin's account of the capybara, or water-hog, is much less encouraging—except in respect to the size of the animal. One which he shot at Monte Video, weighed ninety-eight pounds; its length from the end of the snout to the stump-like tail, was three feet two inches; its girth three feet eight. These great rodents occasionally frequent the islands in the mouth of the Plata, where the water is quite salt, but they are far more abundant on the borders of fresh-water lakes and rivers. Near Maldonado, three or four generally live together. In the daytime they either lie among the aquatic plants, or openly feed on the turf plain.

Again, there is the mara (Dolichotis patachonicus), whose skin is highly esteemed for carpets. This is a burrowing animal, living sociably in couples in dry sandy spots, and never near marshes. The dews afford them sufficient drink. Their flesh is white, and would be delicious in the hands of a French cook. M. Saint-Hilaire insists upon and urges the acclimatation of the mara, which is not only possible but easy. Comparable, but superior, to the rabbit, it could both be bred in the domestic state and also naturalised as game. He patronises with nearly equal enthusiasm, the bizcacha, another burrowing rodent, so interesting for its curious habit of collecting curiosities at the mouth of its hole. A gentleman who lost his watch one dark night found it next morning by searching the neighbourhood of every bizcacha burrow on his line of road. The bizcachas feed on roots and vegetables. In the evening they come out in numbers, and quietly sit on their haunches at the mouth of their holes. At such times they are very tame, and a man on horseback passing by seems only to present an object for their grave contemplation. Mr. Darwin testifies that their flesh, when cooked, is very white and good, but is seldom used. M. d'Orbigny was astonished to see so delicate a dish despised in America. Why is it so despised? Are bizcachas looked upon as vermin? Their skins are sent to Buenos Ayres in considerable numbers. The bizcacha would thrive perfectly in Europe, and M. Saint-Hilaire longs for its arrival, to take its place beside the rabbit.

As a rival to the hog, the tapir is brought forward, being quite as easy to feed, and producing an abundance of excellent flesh, with the additional advantage of serving as a beast of burden. The Brazilian tapir is eminently sociable; in default of his own kind, he courts the company of any animal that falls in his way. He soon knows and obeys his master, but seems to require a high temperature, and has not yet been known to breed in Europe, nor even captive in America. There is, however, a Columbian species, which frequents, and is abundant in, the elevated regions of the Cordilleras. It attains a weight of from two hundred to two hundred and fifty pounds, and appears likely to bear the rigours of our climate, as well as to make himself generally useful.

The president of the French Acclimatation Society is a true philosopher, an intrepid horse-eater, who would accord a fair tasting to donkey-flesh, and who appreciates even rats when properly fed; but both he and the English Acclimatisation Society have one obstacle before them—popular prejudice—which we fear will, for a time at least, wall in and imprison many of their efforts. That universal favourite, the potato, was but slowly and reluctantly accepted by the masses. Nothing is more singular than the diversity of absurd prejudices which, in most countries, prevent the inhabitants from taking advantage of nutriment which lies at their disposal. Every nation regards the prejudices of other nations, as foolish, and obstinately persists in its own. By a strange contradiction, the Christian pities the Jew and the Mussulman, because they hold pork in abhorrence, and yet the Christian repulses the notion of touching horse-flesh. The Hindoo has an equal horror of beef. Mutton is by no means a cosmopolitan dish. Calves' feet, the livers of fowls, and goose giblets, were formerly thrown away as unfit for human food. The Russians still abstain from pigeon, through a religious motive, because it is the emblem of the Holy Spirit. The Italians hold the rabbit in aversion. The French eat on a small scale frogs, and on a large scale snails, dog-fish, and sorrel-soup: all of which would be rejected by the English labourer, even if starving; while rhubarb, sea-kale, and parsnips, are scarcely yet appreciated on the great majority of Gallic tables.

While prejudice retains its sway, our alimentary resources remain very limited; the hardest-working class has the sparest diet. Towards the close of the seventeenth century, the common people of France ate meat only three times a year; it is doubted whether their situation has greatly changed. Prejudice steps in, whenever innovations are attempted, and puts its veto on much wholesome food. For instance, the English Society is seeking an animal of moderate size, not poultry, nor small pork, nor white meat, which can be killed and eaten while good, by an average middle-class family. They bethought themselves of the wombat, an Australian rodent that burrows in the earth and feeds by night; they feared, with reason, that the million would refuse to eat it. But, for an animal with the required qualifications, there is no need to go so far as the antipodes. At hand

we can have the fatted kid—wholesome savoury meat, neither white nor porky, and not too much of it. The hardy goat will live on vegetable rubbish, will bear to be tethered, and will supply capital milk. But the English million will no more dine off kid, than it would off wombat. A family who were presented with a quarter, acknowledged it with the remark that "they were not in the habit of eating dog." Diminutive sheep are therefore elected to stop the gap. Wales possesses breeds quite small enough for the purpose; lovely little creatures, delicious mutton: only they wander like antelopes and jump like grasshoppers, without an elementary notion of the law of trespass. Would an arboricultural squire or a horticultural rector regard cottagers possessed of small flocks of those sheep, in the light of pleasant and quiet neighbours?

SEA-SIDE LODGERS.

I LIVE at the sea-side—at Bastings, in fact—and I keep a lodging-house. My establishment is a regular bonâ fide lodging-house. I am not one of those who have a room or two to let, and so eke out their living. Far from it. I let out the whole of my house in apartments, and make a livelihood by so doing.

Although these words appear to come from me, Martha Bee-flat, they are not really my words—that is, not altogether. Mr. Broadhead,* a literary gentleman, takes down my words, and puts them into shape. Mr. Broadhead is one of my oldest customers, and has spent the greater part of every summer under my roof for many years past. It is through him that I am now able to give my observations to the world.

I see by the papers, which I have plenty of time to read in the winter and spring months, that it is very common for scientific gentlemen to write accounts of their observations on the stars, the weather, the meteors, the comets, and what not, with which the nature of their studies has made them familiar. Now, what I want to do is to make some observations on the particular subject with which I, in my way, am familiar: to say, in short, a few words about—Lodgers.

The world has been in the habit of looking at the subject of lodgings, and all that belongs to it, from one point of view, and from one point of view only—that is to say, from the lodgers' point of view. They never see it from the landlady's. The reason of this is, that all the people who can write letters to the papers, or articles in the different periodicals, are themselves almost always lodgers, and never landladies. I myself could not write this if it were not that I am fortunate enough to have the assistance of Mr. Broadhead, as before mentioned.

* Mrs. B. is a very superior woman, and what she says requires so little doctoring, that I have really no right to take any credit in this matter at all.—J. B.

Mr. Broadhead says that just here some little account of myself, how I happened to let lodgings, and so on, would come in very well; that it would make what I have to say flow easily; that it would fill up an awkward gap between these introductory remarks, and the observations which I am about to make. Somehow I don't see this. I want to get on to my observations at once. I mention Mr. Broadhead's protest, however, to exonerate him from any blame in case my style should by any person be considered at all disjointed or abrupt. It isn't his fault, but mine.

One of the most remarkable things I have noticed in connexion with this subject is, that there are certain classes to one of which all the lodgers who have ever come under my notice, belong. Sometimes they will belong to more than one of these classes, but under some one of the heads which I will now proceed to give, I do believe that every lodger who ever entered an apartment is certain to come.

I divide my lodgers into eight classes: The Neat lodgers, and the Muddling lodgers; the Severe lodgers, and the Easy lodgers; the Respectable lodgers, and the Scampish lodgers; finally, the Sociable lodgers, and the Secluded lodgers.

I have many opportunities of observing the different residents under my roof. When I tap at the door and enter with a letter—which I sometimes do when I know the letter is not for the party I bring it to, in order that I may take them unawares—when I come to receive orders about dinner; and when—the lodgers being out airing or sea-ing themselves—I take a good long look round the rooms to see if anything has been damaged, and to find out in a general way what my lodgers are up to—at all these times, and at many others, I have many a good chance of noticing their ways and forming my own opinions about them.

Of course on these occasions I can make out at a glance the class to which my lodgers belong. Indeed, I can generally settle this in my own mind long before they come in, and when I am showing them over the apartments. At such times, the neat lodger or the muddling lodger proclaims himself in a moment.

The first of these has a way of glancing sharply at me, personally, directly he enters the house, to see if there are any screws loose in my costume. He sniffs, too, continually, especially on the staircase and in the bedroom (he may sniff there as much as he likes. I flatter myself that my establishment is as free as any private house from unpleasantness in any shape).* My neat lodger opens the cupboard in the sitting-room, and sniffs into that, and then he joins his wife, who has been turning up the bedclothes, and prying into the tick of the mattresses in the bedroom, and they whisper together and sniff to-

* I am not quite so confident on this point as my worthy hostess, having occasionally, when getting up in the morning, found certain marks upon me resembling the chicken-pock. Mrs. B. says it is a rash, but I doubt it.—J. B.

gether, and then, after insulting me by muttering that they "suppose that there's nothing better to be had," they decide to honour me with a visit.

By the time the neat lodger has been in my apartments a couple of hours he is as much at home there as if he had had the advantage of living in them all his life. It is perfectly extraordinary how he makes every bit of room available. At once there is a corner for his stick and umbrella, a particular peg for his hat, another for his great-coat—for the neat lodger always takes care of his health—and another for the straw-hat of his wife. His papers are all arranged in the drawer of my beautiful rosewood cabinet, his books are on the shelves, the newspapers are placed in layers on the side-table, and his boxes are unpacked and hidden under the bed, so that there really is no sign of his being a bird of passage. Why, I once found a neat lodger with a hammer and tacks of his own, nailing down that little bit of carpet which always sticks up just by the door into the bedroom and prevents it from opening!

The contrast to my neat lodgers presented by my muddling lodgers—who come next in order—is something perfectly extraordinary. If the neat lodger shows himself for what he is, directly he sets foot in my house, surely this is even more the case still with the muddling lodger.

The muddling lodger has always a family of children—which is far from being the case with the neat lodger—and he and his wife, and the nurse and the children, all come trooping into the house in a straggling manner, leaving the doors open behind them, and bawling to each other through open windows, which they continue to do all the time they are in the apartments. They commence at once to monopolise the staircase, and to treat it as if it was their own property, spending an unconscionable amount of time on it, and staring in indignant surprise at any of the other lodgers whom they may meet going up or down.

On entering the apartments which I have to show them over, the muddling lodgers seem always perfectly bewildered, and have never the least idea whether they will suit or not. They make the rooms look untidy directly they come into them, for they always have all sorts of parcels and wrappers in their hands, which they put down on every available spot at once. They thump down into chairs, too, directly, and begin staring about them without seeing anything. And the lady cannot sit down on a chair without giving it a twist out of the line in which it was originally placed, nor can the gentleman cross the room to look out of window—which seems his only idea of looking at the lodgings—without blundering against some article of furniture and knocking it away. By-and-by, the lady will get up and find her way into the bedrooms, where, after languidly staring about her for some time and still seeing nothing, she will ask me a silly question about insects.

The lodgings once taken, it really makes me wretched to go into my beautiful apartments and see how they are disfigured. What a sight the round table in the middle of the sitting-room is, for the eyes of its fond proprietress! What a sight is the rosewood cabinet, the side-table, the little occasional table with the telescope on it in the window! All these things are covered with the most uncomfortable and incompatible objects that can be conceived. Newspapers, torn Bradshaws, that melancholy penny ink-bottle stopped with a screw of paper, and a pen which has been dipped down too deep into it and is blackened more than half way up; bills receipted and unreceipted, letters, bread with the traces of butter glistening on the crumb, the butter itself in an oily state, the knife having fallen, with plenty of butter on the blade, upon the carpet. All these things, together with half empty uncorked wine and ginger-beer bottles—for the whole family is always thirsty—are scattered in every direction, and will even find their way occasionally through the folding-doors into the best bedroom.

That apartment presents almost a more dreadful spectacle than the sitting-room itself. The muddling lodgers never unpack anything, but live, if I may so speak, out of their boxes. The chest of drawers is empty, and the boxes, which are over full, will not shut. Articles of wearing apparel have been dragged up by the roots, from the bottom of those boxes, without lifting out the objects which lay over them. The beds are looked upon in the light of wardrobes, and are covered with dresses, hats, bonnets, and not unfrequently with boots and shoes. Will it be believed that once I actually found the claw of a lobster in the unmade bed? I shall never forget it.

Oh, those muddling lodgers! what an existence they have of it. How dreadful their meals are. How immediately after I have set the dishes down in their proper places are they dragged out of them, and all the symmetry of the table destroyed. They never ask for a dish they want, but claw it to them across the table; and then, there they leave it until some other member of the family claws at it. They leave great hairy limbs of prawn sticking to the butter after breakfast; they will dine with a walking-stick or a parasol lying on the table, where, too, the children place their favourite playthings during the meal. The muddling gentleman walks about the room in his stockings, having left his slippers behind him in London, and the muddling lady never has her boots laced up till an advanced hour of the day, and never rises from her seat without her dress catching in some article or other of furniture, while she will sometimes drag a whole set of fire-irons after her that have caught in that immense noose at the bottom of her dress, formed by half a yard or so of flounce which has "come undone."

I solemnly declare, that when my muddling lodgers go away—and they always make numerous false starts, coming back to fetch this, that, and the other, which they have left behind—I declare that when I go up to put the rooms

in order and prepare them for the next comers, I stand perfectly aghast at the state of things presented to my view, and feel almost incapable of doing anything. What revelations take place then! What horrors are disclosed when I open the doors of my favourite rosewood cabinet or cheffonier. The wretches have used it as a larder. Bits of bacon, skins of sucked gooseberries, a cup of paste, which I made for them when they first came, for the children's kite,—a cup of paste, I say, three weeks old, with a forest of mould growing six inches high out of it; crusts of bread that you might build a house with, they are so hard; and butter, which, as I have before hinted, is their great stronghold, butter over every blessed thing in the place. Everything looks spoilt. The sofa on which both Mr. and Mrs. Muddle are always walloping down with a bang, looks dragged out of all shape, the easy-chair has lost a castor, and there is such a combination of fusty smells pervading the apartment, that if the next lodgers should happen to be of the neat order and begin sniffing, I should most certainly lose the benefit of their patronage.*

So I should, most probably, if the severe lodgers were to drop in upon me at that time. Indeed, between these and the neat lodgers there is a resemblance so strong that the two classes can hardly be kept quite separate. The severe lodger is extremely suspicious, and has it impressed upon his mind that I am going to cheat and deceive him in all sorts of possible and impossible ways. He will have everything down in black and white, and draws out an agreement like a lease when he enters my apartments for a single week. Of all the severe lodgers that I have ever met with, the most severe are military officers on half-pay. There is one who comes to my lodgings pretty often, accompanied by his wife, a grown-up daughter, and his son, a lad of about fourteen. Captain Sharp, which is this gentleman's name, never comes down to Bastings in the season. He waits till it is over, or just on the wane, and then he thinks he ought to be able to make any bargain he likes. "Now, Mrs. Bee-flat," he says, coming in alone—he never goes to an hotel, and has left his family sitting on the boxes at the station while he looks for apartments—"Now, Mrs. Bee-flat," says the captain, "here I am, you see, come down at the dead season of the year—I see there are nothing but bills up in every house in Bastings."

After this beginning I know what is coming, and sure enough it *does* come. The captain wants my best rooms—for it is one of the characteristics of these economical gentry that they always want the best of everything—he wants my four best rooms for a price so ridiculous that I really cannot bring myself to mention it; and, what is worst of all, is, he won't take no for an answer. He sets to work to prove to me that he understands my business better than I do myself. He inquires what my rent is, makes a calculation how much what he proposes to give will contribute towards it, how much I shall lose by the lodgings remaining empty, with the interest and compound interest on this loss, all estimated to a penny. Well, it generally ends in my giving in, and then off he goes for the family, and returns with a truck, and a porter, and all his goods and chattels. There is a row with the porter at the door. There are nothing else but rows at the door all the time the captain is with me. He quarrels with all the tradespeople, and has at last to go into distant parts of the town for provisions, and he and the boy are always returning to the house laden with parcels. He will even sometimes go out with a carpet-bag and bring back a leg of mutton in it, done up in cabbage leaves.

What a life that man leads! He will not let Mrs. Sharp do anything. He comes into my kitchen and gives directions how the meat is to be cooked; and he will often swear that there were seven bones in the loin of mutton he purchased, and that only six have come up to table—daring to hint that I have retained a chop for myself!

The captain never takes a carriage. He says walking is better both for his family and himself than riding; and, as they can't walk for ever, he has got a large collection of camp-stools, with one of which each member of the family is armed, and on which they sit down in a row by the wayside. I believe they all, with the exception of the captain himself, detest the sight of these camp-stools; and I once saw Master Alfred—the son—give a violent kick to his, in my back kitchen, out of sight of his papa. Once, indeed, they went out with donkeys for the ladies, when the captain (in order that he might not have to give anything to the guide) said he did not want a boy with him, and would manage the donkeys himself. I am almost glad to say that the donkeys took to kicking on the top of a high down, miles away from Bastings, and declined to go any farther; and one of them actually bit a piece out of the skirt of the captain's coat; so they didn't take much by that manœuvre.

The captain will refuse to give anything to the band that plays before his window, saying that he dislikes music, but he will have the window opened while it is there, nevertheless, and will beat time to the tune almost as if he enjoyed it. Once I caught him hiding behind the curtains, and watching with intense delight the exhibition of Punch, but he would not allow any of his family to appear at the window, lest they should be expected to give something to the showman.

Such are some of the goings on of my severe lodgers. There is no limit to their notions of what they have a right to exact from everybody who comes in contact with them. Woe to me if the dinner is five minutes behind time. Woe

* I have myself been invited to inspect my landlady's apartments on their being vacated by such lodgers as those just described, and I can vouch for the accuracy of her statement.—J. B.

to my servant if she is not up at six o'clock, and ready with the captain's boots brightly polished, and his warm water at half-after, though why he gets up so early it is impossible to say, as he has nothing to do but make bargains all day long. Probably he does it out of aggravation. As to the idea in the mind of the severe lodger of the amount of broken victuals which goes down from his table, it is perfectly incomprehensible. One day I really did lose all patience about it, and I could not help saying:

"I'll tell you what, Captain Sharp, the best way will be for you to have the weights and scales up-stairs, and then you can weigh the meat that goes down, and weigh it again when it comes up next day, and we'd better both make a note of it, and then we shall be sure."

Altogether, I think the severe lodger is more trouble than he's worth, and I do really believe that if the captain shows his clean-shaved face and his thin figure here this autumn, I shall decline him. I've no patience with him; I know he had money with his wife—he'd never have married her without—and it's stinginess and not poverty that I complain of. The really poor are not the severe lodgers, and not one of them will polish a bone like that odious Captain Sharp.

Just as the severe lodgers resemble the neat lodgers in many respects, so the muddling lodger and the easy lodger are also almost exactly alike. Indeed, so much is this the case, that these last require no separate description. Except for their muddling propensities, they are pleasant people to deal with, and the only thing I have to complain about is, that they never know when they are going, and are always wanting me to let them stop on for another day or two, or else to let them off at the half week. But they have agreeable qualities; they never ask about anything that goes from table, and if I chose to take advantage—which of course I never do—I might make a very good thing of their stay under my roof.

Oh dear me! what a dreadful thing. Here's Mr. Broadhead gone away to London, sent for on the sudden from his office, and I haven't near said all I wanted to say about my lodgers. What *is* to be done? Perhaps I could manage it by myself. At all events, I'll have a try. There's no harm in that.

I was going to say something about my respectable lodgers. Of course such lodgers are dear to every landlady's heart, and little is the care and anxiety I should have, if such as Mr. Checquers (which is the head cashier in Counterfoil's Bank) was the only sort of lodgers that come into my apartments. Lor! who would want a reference with such a gentleman as that? Why, every bit of him is a reference, from the beautiful smooth hat on his head, to the black cloth gaiters under his trousers. Talk about well-ordered minds and regular habits! Up at seven every morning, and off to take his bath, with his own towels, mind, and his flesh-brushes and his comb, and his button-hook for his gaiters, and his shoe-horn for his shoes, all in a little case made a' purpose—why, some of my lodgers go out to bathe, little more than half-dressed, sulky and half asleep, and come back looking like drownded rats, with their hair all of a tangle, and gaping and yawning and putting off the finishing of their dressing till after breakfast; while Mr. Checquers has his "Good morning, Mrs. B.," as he goes out cheerful and amiable, and comes out of the machine as he might out of his dressing-room, fit to take a walk anywheres, or to meet anybody. Bless the man! why he makes his own tea for his half-after eight o'clock breakfast, boiling the water with a Hetna. Then he sits a little while by the open window, and perhaps we have a chat as I clear away the things, and then he orders his loind of mutton or what not, but always plain cooking. And many's the hanecdote he has to tell about the different great and titled visitors staying in this town or in St. Reynards close contagious; for he knows 'em all.

And surely it's a credit—equal to having a clergyman in the house—to see him go out to the library, where he reads every one of the papers and the magazines—for he's a great reader; and only yesterday the young man *from* that library says to me, "There ain't a single party in all Bastings, no, nor St. Reynards neither, Mrs. B., as takes it out of a library to the extent which your lodger does; and if newspapers was wore out in the reading, that gent would be a loss and not a gain to the governor, as I often tell him."

With his library and his walk from three to five, my respectable lodger gets through his afternoon as a gentleman should, and at half-after five there he is with his hands washed and his hair brushed, ready for his loind of mutton, as I said before, and with his decanter of sherry by his side like a pictur; and many's the time that he has said that nobody—nobody as ever he met with—could make such rice puddings—which is his second course every day as regular as the sun—as I could; for he likes them solid like, and not as some do, all in a swim of milk and whey.

The band plays every evening on the Parade; and there after his tea my respectable lodger takes his walk and makes his observations on the different visitors who will promenade it up and down there by the hour. And so with that and a little more reading, and a glass of cold brandy-and-water, it gets at last to be half-after ten, and then there's an end of Mr. Checquers for that day.

"Ah, sir," I've said to him sometimes when we part—and he always offers me a glass of sherry-wine on the last evening of his stay—"Ah, sir, I should be sorry to see this place without you; and last year, when you didn't come down, many's the time I said to them as knowed me and you, 'Bastings,' I said, 'isn't Bastings without Mr. Checquers.'"

Not that I haven't plenty of other respectable lodgers, goodness be praised; but still that one

gentleman does seem, taking his gaiters and his clean linen, and his sherry-wine and his regular habits and altogether, to be the nearest to perfection of any lodger that a landlady need desire to see.

For oh! what creatures there are that come down to the sea-side, and that I call scampish lodgers. There are always some of them at every watering-place, and so I must expect sometimes to come in for a share like the rest.

My scampish lodgers are like the easy lodgers in being almost invariably of the muddling sort; but there the likeness stops, they not being in the least easy to deal with or easy to satisfy. Never were such exacting people, never were people, according to their own account, accustomed to so many luxuries of every kind. They have a large circle of acquaintance, that they are always talking about when I come into the room; but somehow or other they never know anybody down here, and, indeed, to hear them talk, you would think everybody here was altogether beneath their notice. They get up late; they quarrel in their bedrooms awful; they wear great big moustarchios—at least the gentlemen-scamps do—and large-patterned sea-side suits, and white sand-shoes.

It is not unfrequent for my scampish lodgers to have passed a good deal of their time abroad, and especially, I have observed from what they say, at Brussels. It is not unfrequent for them to allow the tradesmen's bills to run on till they amount to a sum which they consider "worth while drawing a cheque for," and it is not at all unfrequently the case that the bills in question never attain to such a sum, and, consequently, do not get paid.

It does my heart good to have the house full of sociable lodgers. To have a lot of young people just growing up, boys and girls all full of life and spirits, and half frantic with delight at finding themselves down at the sea-side. The real sociable lodgers, though they are a large party in themselves, don't come down to Bastings alone. There's always another family who come down at the same time, and take another house farther up the Parade, and so these two sets of young creatures are always together—always walking, and riding, and rowing, and flirting, and falling in love with one another. They talk to each other through the open windows, and make so many plans that they have hardly time to take their meals. But they *do* take them nevertheless, and, goodness me, how they do eat!

I come next, and last, to my secluded lodgers. These are either single individuals, or, more generally, two together—an old married couple, a lady and daughter, or perhaps a mother with her sick son. Poor things! Being a sociable person myself, and numbering among my acquaintance some of the leading commercial families in Bastings, it really sometimes makes me feel quite miserable to see what a lonely time of it my secluded lodgers have. I suppose, however, they don't all of them feel it as strongly as I should. The old married couple—the secluded lodgers never take my best apartments, for they are always poor, or else they would have more friends—the old married couple, I feel almost sure, don't mind being so much by themselves. Lord! How they do seem to cling to each other, to be sure! I wonder what their history has been. I wonder if they have ever had any children. They seem so much to each other that I should almost think not, or, perhaps, their children have died, or are all out in the world, and so these two have come back to be as they were when they were first married. Well, to be sure, the old gentleman takes care of the old lady, and she takes care of him. They go out marketing together, and sometimes they make a bit of an excursion, the lady in a donkey-chair, and the old gentleman walking by her side. Then, when they come in, he reads the news to her, while she knits or sews, and in the evening, as I suppose their eyes arn't over good, they have their backgammon, or a game at cribbage.

I don't pity such secluded lodgers as these much, but some others there are that do seem to have a melancholy time of it. The lady with her sick son, who has something the matter with his eyes, and wears a shade over them, what a weary time they must have of it! The poor youth can't see to do anything to amuse himself, and they have nobody to come in and cheer them up with a bit of gossip. Sitting about upon the beach all day, as they do, or taking a short walk in the neighbourhood, must be wearisome work; and this is all, besides the boy's bathing, which they have to attend to. Then, on wet days, what a time they have of it! To be sure, the lady can read aloud to the poor young fellow, but what's that?

I sometimes let my parlours to a young lady and her mamma. The young lady looks sickly, and has, perhaps, been sent here for a change: which is what the doctors always order when they don't know what else to say. Whenever people get nervous and uncomfortable in their minds, they are ordered to have a change. Well, I don't know, but it seems to me that they can't change their own minds; they carry them about with them go *where* they will. However, these are things that I know nothing about, any more than I do what it is that makes the young lady seem so quiet and down-hearted, but what I *do* know is, that the best cure for the heart-ache is to have plenty of occupation, plenty of exercise, and plenty of friends to talk to, and keep you from thinking always about yourself. This poor young lady is always at her books which she has brought down with her, and I do sometimes think, from what I have overheard, that she's come down here to finish preparing herself, and to get strong if possible at the same time, that she may go out teaching. Both she and her mother are in deep mourning. Perhaps they have had some heavy loss, and are poorer than they used to be. Perhaps this young lady has had a happier prospect once than she has now. I saw her only yesterday evening standing by the sea in front

of the house, and she stood there in her shabby black clothes looking at nothing but the rising waves for a whole hour by the clock. When people are so lost in thought as that, I don't seem to think that their meditations are generally over happy ones.

I always felt, from the moment when Mr. Broadhead was sent for, that I should never be able to bring what I have to say about my lodgers to a proper ending. I knew as well as possible that I should have to stop sudden. That's one of the things which I cannot understand, how people can end anything, be it a letter or what not, without stopping sudden. And so here's health and long life to all, and if any lodgers, so long as they're not scampish ones, who may read these words, are in want of a pleasant residence facing the sea, and as open at the back as need be, let them come down to Bastings, and inquire for Martha Bee-flat. Not that I need say anything in praise either of myself or Bastings, for I am scarcely ever empty.

THE LAST OF THE LAST LEWISES.

We are told when the unhappy "desired" king was sent away bloodily from the world, that Monseigneur the Count of Provence—plain "Sir" he was usually called—the king's brother, immediately issued his proclamation from an obscure corner of Westphalia. A magniloquent document, characteristic to the last degree, and truly Bourbon, which set out with a flourish of this sort: "Louis Stanislas Xavier of France, Son of France, Regent of the Kingdom, to all whom these presents shall come, greeting!" with copious fanfaronade as to the duties laid on him "by the immutable laws of the French monarchy." It proceeds to lay down a sort of programme that reads very comically and Bourbonish, distinguished with a primo and secundo, and a tertio; so as to keep all distinct and accurate. "We" constitute ourselves regent of the kingdom—at least over all "whom it may concern;" and have in view, primo, the rescue of the young king, and, secundo, the punishment of the "ferocious usurper," and, tertio, the delegation of powers to "our dearly beloved brother, Charles Philippe de France, whom we have nominated and appointed Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom." This precious document collapses suddenly at the end, in unbecoming bathos. For it is "given under our *ordinary* sign manual, and seal, which we shall use in all acts of sovereignty until the seals of the kingdom, destroyed by faction, have been renewed." A watch seal, it is to be feared, was the prosaic substitute, and we can look into the little chamber and see the pantomimists at their work—the watch seal being solemnly affixed by "the Regent" in presence of "the Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom," and of the "Ministers of State."

We dare not laugh at these comic doings, for it remains a fact that this miserable gasconade actually *hurried on the death* of the wretched boy, who was still a hostage in the hands of his jailors. It was a dear sacrifice to make for that selfish putting on of a theatrical crown and tinsel green-room finery. This would have been criminal in common organisations; but for that dull cerebral sap which fills Bourbon crania we must have indulgence. This, however, remains certain—their mummery was the death of little Capet.

Learn nothing, forget nothing, should have been the motto on that watch seal. Wise, witty ex-Bishop Talleyrand; *he* knew them well. They *will* learn nothing and forget nothing, until—— Not so long back, the writer of this has been told by one who paid his respects to another of these theatricals, who calls himself Henry the Fifth, and who, we may take it, has a provisional watch seal also, that this sham monarch received a number of faithful gentlemen in his garden of a freezing morning, and actually kept them walking up and down with him listening to his royal observations with their hats off.

Do what we will, it is impossible not to think of him as a sort of transpontine Lewis—a sort of Bourbon minor actor—playing upon Royal Victoria boards of his own. He is for ever "striking" an attitude of the muscular and melodramatic flavour, and, having made his point, stands in his curls and fillet and royal pink fleshings, waiting the expected burst of applause. Perhaps, could we have stood near enough to listen, the royal accents would have fallen into the traditional husky cadences, condoling with the Duchess d'Angoulême as his "chee-ild," and denouncing, in language of severe reprehension, all persons who were disinclined to fly to the aid of females in distress.

Thus, when he is peeping out very cautiously from afar off, as it were over the blinds, from a mean little chamber in Verona, where he had been given shelter, waiting—a sort of Bourbon Micawber—for something to turn up—that something being a crown—news arrives post of poor little Capet's being worried out of the world. And straight some noble pauper gentlemen, also on their keeping from the Jacobin bailiffs, repair to the little chamber, and raise a feeble cry of "Ave Cæsar!" "Long live Louis the Eighteenth!" You see, by the canons of legitimacy and divine right, if there had been fatal omission of this great form, the mischief would have been prodigious; and Cæsar, stepping forward, proceeds to "strike" a favourite Victoria attitude, and acknowledges the compliment gracefully. As a matter of course, there was some fine writing on the occasion, and a few cabinet ministers of the older and more respectable courts were bored by the receipt of some solemn long-winded proclamations, announcing the accession to the throne of the new king, in a little salon in Verona.

By-and-by, as a certain fighting captain, whom he afterwards thought it a fine pride to call "M. Bonaparte," was spreading his terrors over a yet larger area, the Doge, who allowed him shelter in his alsatia, began to grow a little uneasy, and with a gross indifference to divine right, hinted

to the newly-made king that he had best withdraw. So splendid an opportunity was not to be thrown away, and taking care that he had a clear space round him, again he "struck" an attitude.

"I am r-r-ready to depart," he said to the astonished officer; "but, before I go, e-rase from the Gee-olden Book the six names of my family, and give me back the see-word which my ancestor Henry the Fourth gave the republic!" two unmeaning and melodramatic requests which, it is scarcely necessary to add, were not complied with. It would be unreasonable and unjust to the six ancestors to expunge them from that distinguished volume; and to the sword of the great Henry, which would no doubt fetch its price as a valuable relic, he could have no shadow of a title.

No man ever had such opportunities for these attitudes. There seemed to be a sort of Providence in it, which furnished him with decent opportunity. Even on crossing the St. Gothard —when a bullet grazed him—he was not taken by surprise; and in that lonely pass, and with no greater audience than a simple guide, he contrived to "strike" his attitude once more, and delivered this sentiment: "If the ball had passed a single hair's breadth lower, the present Keying of France would be called Charles the Tenth!" O note the atmosphere of foolery these poor souls lived in!

We might call him the Elliston of the Bourbons—Charles Lamb's Elliston. The marriage of the Duc d'Angoulême furnished a fine opportunity for a neat tag. A dismal sort of solemnity it must have been; but when the curtain was about to come down, the "heavy father" was observed to come forward to the foot-lights, and made the newly-married pair this pathetic speech: "If the kee-rown of France was all roses, I would give it to ye cheerfully; but as it is all thorns, I keep it for myself!" A richly comic scene, which must have amused such English spectators as were present, and suggests Mr. Elliston in the mock procession and mock coronation robes, lifting up his hands and giving the pit his benediction: "Bless ye, my people!"

Everybody seemed bent on giving him an opening for "a point." Even that far-seeing "M. Bonaparte" forgot these dramatic propensities of his, and was so injudicious as to convey to him a proposal to dispose of his royal rights in petto. There was an opportunity not likely to recur again; so he gets out his old royal furniture and decorations, fits on his gold paper crown, and begins his stamping and striding: not alone for M. Bonaparte, but for the sovereigns generally, who will receive their letters by the next post, and draw weary sighs over the closely-written Bourbon writing. It was a mistake, a sad blunder of M. Bonaparte's. He should have been wiser; and, curious to say, the acting on this occasion was decent and classical, and not nearly so exaggerated as usual; for he declined the offer with a certain dignity, and said that he was conscious how much "M. Bonaparte" had done for the good and glory of France. But at the same time—here the minor actor, too long restrained, broke out—he was THE SON OF SAINT LOUIS! and he might be allowed, with a certain appropriateness, to give them the well-known sentiment, TOUT EST PERDU FORS L'HONNEUR! It was considered among the Bourbon followers, that this neat "tag" utterly extinguished the "Corsican upstart." No doubt, he never raised his head afterwards, and the train of subsequent reverses might reasonably be attributed to that fatal thunderbolt.

On a later occasion he played with a suitable dignity, but still when it was so easy to play with dignity that he deserves no uncommon credit. On the news of that wholesale freezing out at Moscow being brought in, and every true British heart being frantic with joy at "the low Corsican upstart" being thus exterminated wholesale by the mere force of the elements, the lord mayor and corporation of the city of London determined to celebrate the event with more than usual festivity; and, with the questionable taste which seasons the proceedings of that body, sent an invitation to M. Louis Capet at Hartwell, praying him to come and drink pottle-deep to the confusion of those who had been frozen, en masse, like frogs in a pond. M. Louis Capet the Eighteenth sent back a firm but respectful reply, declining such indecent rioting over the confusion of his countrymen, not his enemies. And yet, by-and-by, in compensation as it were, must burst forth the old element, spoiling all; for we find him with that eternal pen of his in hand, writing to the Emperor of all the Russias, and entreating, with an infinite burlesque, grace, and consideration, for the French prisoners "my children" (mes enfans!). How the autocrat must have smiled over the comic notion.

Though our popular idea of him is that fat, rolling, good natured, mulish, dull, wrong-necked order, which is the hereditary Bourbon type, there were points of exception in him, not quite so harmless. From being a looker-on all his life, a lounger at the windows with his arms on the balustrade of the balcony looking down in security at what was going on below, he had become a cautious knowing Bourbon, almost crafty. We have our suspicions of him from the very beginning, from those days when—having a forecasting of the revolutionary business—he kept himself in a sort of neutrality. We hear of him shut up carefully in his little apartments whence he scribbled his epigrams, or what he called his epigrams, for they are mostly of a very poor quality. He was lying in wait, as it were, fearful of committing himself, and we may suspect, was playing a little Egalité game of his own. As he looked on, he had little quiet pastimes of his own. He sent out satirical pamphlets, which are not at all satirical. He wrote an opera called the Caravan. There were numerous institutions which bore his name, "Monsieur." There was, "Sir's" theatre: "Sir's" journal; and "Sir's" printing press, where no doubt were printed his own lucubrations. On this very desk lies a copy of Florian's Estelle, that elegant screed of namby-pamby, which has

been printed at "Sir's" press: and the typography is, in the language of the curious, exquisite. The lighter strokes of the letters are fine as hairs, and the whole effect is clear, clean, sharp, and brilliant. On both sides of the binding, flames out the fleur-de-lis. On the title-page, dated seventeen hundred and eighty-eight, we read M. Florian's military apotheosis, "Captain of Dragoons in his Highness's, my Lord the Duke of Penthièvre's Regiment, Gentleman of his Highness, Fellow of the Academies of Madrid, Lyons," &c. High by, on the same shelf, lies a Royal Army List, which, though dated 'eighty-nine, must have been for the preceding year; and here we cannot find M. Florian's name among the lower grades of the Penthièvre Dragoons. The conclusion is, that M. Florian must have been plunged abruptly into his rank of captainship, without probation in the lower degrees: a precious, because unconscious, bit of testimony to the rotten organisation of all things in this fatal year of break up. It is hard not to suspect our illustrious subject of playing a little mild Egalité game, coquetting as he was with the "strong spirits," and writing cold letters of advice to the unlucky king. He was known to have prophesied some sort of moral earthquakes. There was that scene of his going to register the edict, after what was comically termed a Bed of Justice, and when his coach got surrounded with an excited mob, who were hampering the horses and blocking up the street. My Lord "Sir" is presently seen, thrusting itself well and conspicuously out of the coach window to address the coachman. All the mob round hear him say in a loud ringing voice, "TAKE CARE TO HURT NO ONE!" Shout, as of course from mob, for tender-hearted prince, who is escorted home in tempest of vivas! This may be a hard construing of a simple well-meant action; but yet the exhibition of that prominent royal torso at the window, suggests irresistibly a bit of the old theatrical manner. The temptation of "striking an attitude" before such an audience, even on the disadvantageous boards of four wheels, was not to be resisted.

"Never, never shall I desert the king!" did he assure the great breechless, who were unquiet and afraid he was about stealing off like the other emigrants. Not a month after, when the unwieldy berline was rumbling along the paved road to Varennes, my Lord the "Sir" was skulking along in disguise, presenting at the various posts an old frayed well-worn English passport, filled in with the name of "Michael Forster," which he had picked up somehow. It fared better with the sham Michael Forster than with the courier of the sham Baroness Korff. Who was the real Michael Forster? The sham Forster was certainly true to the letter of his promise to the mob; he did *not* desert the king, for he fled with him.

For a man with so dramatic a turn of mind, the incidents of that splendid restoration to Paris in eighteen hundred and fourteen, must have been singularly gratifying. Never were such gorgeous scenery appointments and decorations. All the costumes, too, of the genuine sort, and worn by real supernumeraries belonging to the country they purposed to represent. "The army" of William Tell was but a poor thing to this exhibition. All eye-witnesses who had rushed over in flocks, were dazzled and bewildered. Emperors, kings, and princes, were to be seen in thick groups. They were cheap in those days. Everybody has read and heard of, and perhaps seen too, that gorgeous kaleidoscope, which kept turning and turning for many days, showing Russians, Poles, Cossacks of the Don, Tartars, Germans, English, Belgians, all blended in a dazzling mass of colour. What a theatre, too, for such a spectacle—no other than that gay city of Paris! The Russians picketed in the Elysium fields—the Cossacks, with their long spears, cantering through the Place Vendôme—the rude Blucher, eager for general sack and blowing up of bridges—these things are all familiar to us. There are large coloured prints to be seen, crowded with figures, representing "The Entry of the Allied Sovereigns into Paris!" when every Legitimist heart was made glad. With all these accessories, we may be sure the huge centre figure—now, alack, a very obese Bourbon, and an abdominal personification of Divine right—was not slack in availing himself of the opportunity, and struck "attitudes" for the "Allied Sovereigns" all day long.

There is one thing we can never forgive that bevy of sovereigns—that ruthless stripping of the city of all those cosmopolitan treasures of art which had been stripped from other cities. What a Vatican had Paris the Beautiful been now, with all that plunder! And yet had the "Corsican upstart" but conducted himself decently at Elba, it was signed, sealed, and agreed that the French were to keep all these famous spoils. We who go down to the sea in ships, in the mail-boats of the South Eastern, need have journeyed on no farther. Everything would have been focused satisfactorily; and though the arrangement was a little lawless in its origin, we would all be spared much travelling. The laquais de place of Rome, and Venice, and Florence, would be sadly out of work and would retire from business. At book auctions is now and then offered a superb work known as the Musée Français: a series of costly plates, exhibiting as French property the "Transfiguration" stolen from the Vatican, and other matchless treasures.

I think it is pardonable in Frenchmen never to forget the bitter personal mortifications to which that return of the Bourbons exposed them. It almost amounts to an individual degradation. Some one has described his walking abroad in the morning across the gay Place du Carrousel, and seeing men with windlasses and tackle busy slinging the glorious Venetian horses, their gilding resplendent in the sun, down upon waggons, to be packed in great cases, and marked we may suppose, "VENICE—Returned Goods." What rage in the roused bystanders as they

witnessed this direct affront! Of another morning, an English lady—so she has told the writer of these short notes—enters the grand galleries of the Louvre, full of the gaiety of those gay times, to see the wonderful treasures; by-and-by, as she is sitting, resting after her fatigues of peripatetic picture-gazing, she hears a heavy tramp afar off, and gradually drawing nearer. Then, enters a dark mass of soldiery, marching four deep, which spreads itself out in a long line, long as the gallery itself—the English Rifle Brigade, with the familiar bugle-horn on their caps. "Halt!" (in the English tongue), and the muskets presently fall on the smooth oaken parquet. Enter then, men with ladders and hammers; and the business of taking down the "Transfiguration" and the other noble pictures sets in. Not without silent protest in the shape of most mournful scowls and clenching of teeth, floods of hatred and disgust, at the stolid Saxon invaders.

In the life of that "Corsican upstart," as it was part of the true British political religion to call him, were many dazzling days and nights, which, in his last dismal prison, it must have been some consolation for him to dwell on. But there was none coloured with a more delicious fascination than that night of *his* restoration, when, very late, he stood at the foot of the Tuileries staircase, and, in a blaze of light, old familiar faces poured down to meet him; and there were tears and smiles, and intoxicating joy. No wonder that he held that, to be the happiest day of his life. In the midst of the scene, some bright lady found her foot strike against something rough upon the carpet, and looking curiously, discovered it to be a yellow fleur-de-lis sewn on over the golden Napoleonic bee. A true sham, fatally typical of the Bourbon hold on the sympathies of the country; and the noble ladies present, with much mirth and laughter, fetch scissors and rip out every one of those flimsy ornaments.

The turbulent spirit of Haydon, weary of bearding Academicians, found its way across to this strange scene. No one has given so vigorous a picture. He went up, and saw Divine Right going by to chapel, with the newly-converted Marshals Augereau and Marmont holding up his coat-tails. "As they lifted up his coat," says this fine noble nature—always in protest against baseness of any sort—"I felt scorn to see human being so degraded." He went to the theatre where they were giving Hamlet, and at particular passages saw the whole pit start to their feet, and shriek furiously, "Bravo! bravo! Down with the English! Down with the English!" Mr. Raikes, the well-known man about town, was there at about the same time, and at the theatre at Compiègne, where they were playing Vive Henri Quatre, and other popular tunes.

The world is very familiar with the heavy vengeance taken by the followers of this most Christian king on their enemies, the legalised shooting down of brave soldiers, and the organised destruction of hunted outcasts by Royalists. We walk down the Luxembourg gardens among the nurserymaids, and are shown where the bravest of the brave was "fusillé." There are ugly associations with restored Bourbons. O blind, infatuated race!

There is nothing in the world so dreary as the fasti of this reign. It may all be read in M. Guizot's stony and coldly classical memoirs. Who cares for that aping of the English government—that sham ministry and sham opposition, with the doctrinaires and the rest of the jargon? In the midst of all we still have the fat figure, with the coat-tails held up, gorging itself on rich dishes, and staying its stomach between the courses with "picking little pork chops," dressed in a peculiar way! Truly said the rather gay lady to whom he wrote, chiding her for being more gay than she should be, to this effect, that the wife of Cæsar should be above suspicion: "I am not your wife; neither have you the slightest resemblance to Cæsar." Very false was the Talleyrand bon mot, coined to order for the Count of Artois: "There is nothing changed in France; there is only one Frenchman more"—paraphrased bitterly by the wags of the day, when all the world was going to see that distinguished stranger the giraffe, newly arrived at his lodgings in the Zoological Gardens: "There is nothing changed in France; there is only one beast more." So he goes on to the end, picking his pork chops daintily in his fingers between the courses, and with the renegades holding up his coat-tails. From the fat mouth proceed at times feeble puns, and when the last hour of the Last Lewis has arrived he passes away with a calembour.

* * * *

After all, it is not so much a man or a race, this odious Bourbonism, as a kind of false spirit or faith. There are hints of it in other countries. Wherever there is an old-fashioned immovable mulishness, that is cruel and pitiless, that will listen to no advice, that sticks by old shams and effete forms, there is Bourbonism more or less. The grand feature of all is, that whatever be the cruel teaching, they LEARN NOTHING. That biting Talleyrand wrote their epitaph: THEY HAVE LEARNT NOTHING—FORGOTTEN NOTHING. This is the moral to be drawn from the story of THE LAST LEWISES.

NEW WORK
BY SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

NEXT WEEK
Will be continued (to be completed in six months)
A STRANGE STORY,
BY THE
AUTHOR OF "MY NOVEL," "RIENZI," &c. &c.

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A STRANGE STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY NOVEL," "RIENZI," &c.

CHAPTER VII.

I HAVE given a sketch of the outward woman of Mrs. Colonel Poyntz. The inner woman was a recondite mystery, deep as that of the sphynx, whose features her own resembled. But between the outward and the inward woman there is ever a third woman—the conventional woman—such as the whole human being appears to the world—always mantled, sometimes masked.

I am told that the fine people of London do not recognise the title of "Mrs. Colonel." If that be true, the fine people of London must be clearly in the wrong, for no people in the universe could be finer than the fine people of Abbey Hill; and they considered their sovereign had as good a right to the title of Mrs. Colonel as the Queen of England has to that of "our Gracious Lady." But Mrs. Poyntz, herself, never assumed the title of Mrs. Colonel; it never appeared on her cards any more than the title of "Gracious Lady" appears on the cards, which convey the invitation that a Lord Steward or Lord Chamberlain is commanded by her Majesty to issue. To titles, indeed, Mrs. Poyntz evinced no superstitious reverence. Two peeresses, related to her, not distantly, were in the habit of paying her a yearly visit, which lasted two or three days. The Hill considered these visits an honour to its eminence. Mrs. Poyntz never seemed to esteem them an honour to herself; never boasted of them; never sought to show off her grand relations, nor put herself the least out of the way to receive them. Her mode of life was free from ostentation. She had the advantage of being a few hundreds a year richer than any other inhabitant of the Hill; but she did not devote her superior resources to the invidious exhibition of superior splendour. Like a wise sovereign the revenues of her exchequer were applied to the benefit of her subjects, and not to the vanity of egotistical parade. As no one else on the Hill kept a carriage, she declined to keep one. Her entertainments were simple, but numerous. Twice a week she received the Hill, and was genuinely at home to it. She contrived to make her parties proverbially agreeable. The refreshments were of the same kind as those which the poorest of her old maids of honour might proffer; but they were better of their kind, the best of their kind—the best tea, the best lemonade, the best cakes. Her rooms had an air of comfort, which was peculiar to them. They looked like rooms accustomed to receive, and receive in a friendly way; well warmed, well lighted, card tables and piano in the place that made cards and music inviting. On the walls a few old family portraits, and three or four other pictures said to be valuable and certainly pleasing—two Watteaus, a Canaletti, a Weenix—plenty of easy-chairs and settees covered with a cheerful chintz. In the arrangement of the furniture generally, an indescribable careless elegance. She herself was studiously plain in dress, more conspicuously free from jewellery and trinkets than any married lady on the Hill. But I have heard from those who were authorities on such a subject, that she was never seen in a dress of the last year's fashion. She adopted the mode as it came out, just enough to show that she was aware it was out; but with a sober reserve, as much as to say, "I adopt the fashion as far as it suits myself; I do not permit the fashion to adopt me." In short, Mrs. Colonel Poyntz was sometimes rough, sometimes coarse, always masculine, and yet somehow or other masculine in a womanly way; but she was never vulgar because never affected. It was impossible not to allow that she was a thorough gentlewoman, and she could do things that lower other gentlewomen, without any loss of dignity. Thus she was an admirable mimic, certainly in itself the least ladylike condescension of humour. But when she mimicked, it was with so tranquil a gravity, or so royal a good humour, that one could only say, "What talents for society dear Mrs. Colonel has!" As she was a gentlewoman emphatically, so the other colonel, the he-colonel, was emphatically a gentleman; rather shy, but not cold; hating trouble of every kind, pleased to seem a cipher in his own house. If the sole study of Mrs. Colonel had been to make her husband comfortable, she could not have succeeded better than by bringing friends about him and then taking them off his hands. Colonel Poyntz, the he-colonel, had seen in his youth actual service; but had retired from his profession many years ago, shortly after his marriage. He was a younger brother of one of the principal squires in the county; inherited the house he lived in, with some other valuable

property in and about L——, from an uncle; was considered a good landlord; and popular in Low Town, though he never interfered in its affairs. He was punctiliously neat in his dress; a thin youthful figure, crowned with a thick youthful wig. He never seemed to read anything but the newspapers and the Meteorological Journal: was supposed to be the most weather-wise man in all L——. He had another intellectual predilection—whist. But in that he had less reputation for wisdom. Perhaps it requires a rarer combination of mental faculties to win an odd trick than to divine a fall in the glass. For the rest, the he-colonel, many years older than his wife, despite the thin youthful figure, was an admirable aide-de-camp to the general in command, Mrs. Colonel; and she could not have found one more obedient, more devoted, or more proud of a distinguished chief.

In giving to Mrs. Colonel Poyntz the apellation of Queen of the Hill, let there be no mistake. She was not a constitutional sovereign; her monarchy was absolute. All her proclamations had the force of laws.

Such ascendancy could not have been attained without considerable talents for acquiring and keeping it. Amidst all her off-hand, brisk, imperious frankness, she had the ineffable discrimination of tact. Whether civil or rude, she was never civil or rude but what she carried public opinion along with her. Her knowledge of general society must have been limited, as must be that of all female sovereigns. But she seemed gifted with an intuitive knowledge of human nature, which she applied to her special ambition of ruling it. I have not a doubt that if she had been suddenly transferred, a perfect stranger, to the world of London, she would have soon forced her way to its selectest circles, and, when once there, held her own against a duchess.

I have said that she was not affected; this might be one cause of her sway over a set in which nearly every other female was trying rather to seem, than to be, a somebody.

But if Mrs. Colonel Poyntz was not artificial, she was artful, or perhaps I might more justly say—artistic. In all she said and did there were conduct, system, plan. She could be a most serviceable friend, a most damaging enemy; yet I believe she seldom indulged in strong likings or strong hatreds. All was policy—a policy akin to that of a grand party chief, determined to raise up those whom, for any reason of state, it was prudent to favour, and to put down those whom, for any reason of state, it was expedient to humble or to crush.

Ever since the controversy with Dr. Lloyd, this lady had honoured me with her benignest countenance. And nothing could be more adroit than the manner in which, while imposing me on others as an oracular authority, she sought to subject to her will the oracle itself.

She was in the habit of addressing me in a sort of motherly way, as if she had the deepest interest in my welfare, happiness, and reputation. And thus, in every compliment, in every seeming mark of respect, she maintained the superior dignity of one who takes from responsible station the duty to encourage rising merit: so that, somehow or other, despite all that pride which made me believe that I needed no helping hand to advance or to clear my way through the world, I could not shake off from my mind the impression that I was mysteriously patronised by Mrs. Colonel Poyntz.

We might have sat together five minutes, side by side—in silence as complete as if in the cave of Trophonius—when, without looking up from her work, Mrs. Poyntz said abruptly,

"I am thinking about you, Dr. Fenwick. And you—are thinking about some other woman. Ungrateful man!"

"Unjust accusation! My very silence should prove how intently my thoughts were fixed on you, and on the weird web which springs under your hand in meshes that bewilder the gaze and snare the attention."

Mrs. Poyntz looked up at me for a moment—one rapid glance of the bright red hazel eye—and said,

"Was I really in your thoughts? Answer truly."

"Truly, I answer, you were."

"That is strange! Who can it be?"

"Who can it be! What do you mean?"

"If you were thinking of me, it was in connexion with some other person—some other person of my own sex. It is certainly not poor dear Miss Brabazon. Who else can it be?"

Again the red eye shot over me, and I felt my cheek redden beneath it.

"Hush!" she said, lowering her voice; "you are in love!"

"In love!—I! Permit me to ask you why you think so?"

"The signs are unmistakable; you are altered in your manner, even in the expression of your face, since I last saw you; your manner is generally quiet and observant, it is now restless and distracted; your expression of face is generally proud and serene, it is now humbled and troubled. You have something on your mind! It is not anxiety for your reputation, that is established; nor for your fortune, that is made; it is not anxiety for a patient, or you would scarcely be here. But anxiety it is, an anxiety that is remote from your profession, that touches your heart and is new to it!"

I was startled, almost awed. But I tried to cover my confusion with a forced laugh.

"Profound observer! Subtle analysist! You have convinced me that I must be in love, though I did not suspect it before. But when I strive to conjecture the object, I am as much perplexed as yourself; and with you, I ask, who can it be?"

"Whoever it be," said Mrs. Poyntz, who had paused, while I spoke, from her knitting, and now resumed it very slowly and very carefully, as if her mind and her knitting worked in unison together. "Whoever it be, love in you would be serious; and, with or without love, marriage is

a serious thing to us all. It is not every pretty girl that would suit Allen Fenwick."

"Alas! is there any pretty girl whom Allen Fenwick would suit?"

"Tut! You should be above the fretful vanity that lays traps for a compliment. Yes; the time has come in your life and your career when you would do well to marry. I give my consent to that," she added, with a smile as if in jest, and a slight nod as if in earnest. The knitting here went on more decidedly, more quickly. "But I do not yet see the person. No! 'Tis a pity, Allen Fenwick" (whenever Mrs. Poyntz called me by my christian name, she always assumed her majestic motherly manner),—"a pity that, with your birth, energies, perseverance, talents, and, let me add, your advantages of manner and person,—a pity that you did not choose a career that might achieve higher fortunes and louder fame than the most brilliant success can give to a provincial physician. But in that very choice you interest me. My choice has been much the same. A small circle, but the first in it. Yet, had I been a man, or had my dear colonel been a man whom it was in the power of woman's art to raise one step higher in that metaphorical ladder which is not the ladder of the angels, why, then—what then? No matter! I am contented. I transfer my ambition to Jane. Do you not think her handsome?"

"There can be no doubt of that," said I, carelessly and naturally.

"I have settled Jane's lot in my own mind," resumed Mrs. Poyntz, striking firm into another row of the knitting. "She will marry a country gentleman of large estate. He will go into parliament. She will study his advancement as I study Poyntz's comfort. If he be clever, she will help to make him a minister; if he be not clever, his wealth will make her a personage, and lift him into a personage's husband. And, now that you see I have no matrimonial designs on you, Allen Fenwick, think if it be worth while to confide in me. Possibly I may be useful——"

"I know not how to thank you. But, as yet, I have nothing to confide."

While thus saying, I turned my eyes towards the open window beside which I sat. It was a beautiful soft night. The May moon in all her splendour. The town stretched, far and wide, below with all its numberless lights; below—but somewhat distant;—an intervening space was covered, here, by the broad quadrangle (in the midst of which stood, massive and lonely, the grand old church); and, there, by the gardens and scattered cottages or mansions that clothed the sides of the hill.

"Is not that house," I said, after a short pause, "yonder, with the three gables, the one in which—which poor Dr. Lloyd lived—Abbots' House?"

I spoke abruptly, as if to intimate my desire to change the subject of conversation. My hostess stopped her knitting, half rose, looked forth.

"Yes. But what a lovely night! How is it that the moon blends into harmony things of which the sun only marks the contrast? That stately old church tower, grey with its thousand years—those vulgar tile-roofs and chimney-pots raw in the freshness of yesterday; now, under the moonlight, all melt into one indivisible charm!"

As my hostess thus spoke, she had left her seat, taking her work with her, and passed from the window into the balcony. It was not often that Mrs. Poyntz condescended to admit what is called "sentiment" into the range of her sharp practical, worldly talk, but she did so at times; always, when she did, giving me the notion of an intellect much too comprehensive not to allow that sentiment has a place in this life, but keeping it in its proper place, by that mixture of affability and indifference with which some high-born beauty allows the genius but checks the presumption of a charming and penniless poet. For a few minutes her eyes roved over the scene in evident enjoyment; then, as they slowly settled upon the three gables of Abbots' House, her face regained that something of hardness which belonged to its decided character; her fingers again mechanically resumed their knitting, and she said, in her clear, unsoftened, metallic chime of voice, "Can you guess why I took so much trouble to oblige Mr. Vigors and locate Mrs. Ashleigh yonder?"

"You favoured us with a full explanation of your reasons."

"Some of my reasons; not the main one. People who undertake the task of governing others, as I do, be their rule a kingdom or a hamlet, must adopt a principle of government and adhere to it. The principle that suits best with the Hill is respect for the Proprieties. We have not much money; *entre nous*, we have no great rank. Our policy is, then, to set up the Proprieties as an influence which money must court and rank is afraid of. I had learned just before Mr. Vigors called on me that Lady Sarah Bellasis entertained the idea of hiring Abbots' House. London has set its face against her; a provincial town would be more charitable. An earl's daughter, with a good income and an awfully bad name, of the best manners and of the worst morals, would have made sad havoc among the Proprieties. How many of our primmest old maids would have deserted Tea and Mrs. Poyntz for champagne and her ladyship? The Hill was never in so imminent a danger. Rather than Lady Sarah Bellasis should have had that house, I would have taken it myself, and stocked it with owls.

"Mrs. Ashleigh turned up just in the critical moment. Lady Sarah is foiled, the Proprieties safe, and so that question is settled."

"And it will be pleasant to have your early friend so near you."

Mrs. Poyntz lifted her eyes full upon me.

"Do you know Mrs. Ashleigh?"

"Not the least."

"She has many virtues and few ideas. She is common-place weak, as I am common-place strong. But common-place weak can be very

lovable. Her husband, a man of genius and learning, gave her his whole heart—a heart worth having; but he was not ambitious, and he despised the world."

"I think you said your daughter was very much attached to Miss Ashleigh? Does her character resemble her mother's?"

I was afraid while I spoke that I should again meet Mrs. Poyntz's searching gaze, but she did not this time look up from her work.

"No; Lilian is anything but common-place."

"You described her as having delicate health; you implied a hope that she was not consumptive. I trust that there is no serious reason for apprehending a constitutional tendency which at her age would require the most careful watching!"

"I trust not. If she were to die——Dr. Fenwick, what is the matter?"

So terrible had been the picture which this woman's words had brought before me, that I started as if my own life had received a shock.

"I beg pardon," I said, falteringly, pressing my hand to my heart; "a sudden spasm here—it is over now. You were saying that—that——"

"I was about to say——" and here Mrs. Poyntz laid her hand lightly on mine. "I was about to say, that if Lilian Ashleigh were to die, I should mourn for her less than I might for one who valued the things of the earth more. But I believe there is no cause for the alarm my words so inconsiderately excited in you. Her mother is watchful and devoted; and if the least thing ailed Lilian, she would call in medical advice. Mr. Vigors would, I know, recommend Dr. Jones."

Closing our conference with those stinging words, Mrs. Poyntz here turned back into the drawing-room.

I remained some minutes on the balcony, disconcerted, enraged. With what consummate art had this practised diplomatist wound herself into my secret. That she had read my heart better than myself was evident from that Parthian shaft, barbed with Dr. Jones, which she had shot over her shoulder in retreat. That from the first moment in which she had decoyed me to her side, she had detected "the something" on my mind, was perhaps but the ordinary quickness of female penetration. But it was with no ordinary craft that her whole conversation afterwards had been so shaped as to learn the something, and lead me to reveal the some one to whom the something was linked. For what purpose? What was it to her? What motive could she have beyond the mere gratification of curiosity? Perhaps, at first, she thought I had been caught by her daughter's showy beauty, and hence the half-friendly, half-cynical frankness with which she had avowed her ambitious projects for that young lady's matrimonial advancement. Satisfied by my manner that I cherished no presumptuous hopes in that quarter, her scrutiny was doubtless continued from that pleasure in the exercise of a wily intellect which impels schemers and politicians to an activity for which, without that pleasure itself, there would seem no adequate inducement; and besides, the ruling passion of this petty sovereign was power. And if knowledge be power, there is no better instrument of power over a contumacious subject than that hold on his heart which is gained in the knowledge of its secret.

But "secret!" Had it really come to this? Was it possible that the mere sight of a human face, never beheld before, could disturb the whole tenor of my life—a stranger of whose mind and character I knew nothing, whose very voice I had never heard? It was only by the intolerable pang of anguish that had rent my heart in the words, carelessly, abruptly spoken, "if she were to die," that I had felt how the world would be changed to me, if indeed that face were seen in it no more! Yes, secret it was no longer to myself—I loved! And like all on whom love descends, sometimes softly, slowly, with the gradual wing of the cushat settling down into its nest, sometimes with the swoop of the eagle on his unsuspecting quarry, I believed that none ever before loved as I loved; that such love was an abnormal wonder, made solely for me, and I for it. Then my mind insensibly hushed its angrier and more turbulent thoughts, as my gaze rested upon the roof-tops of Lilian's home, and the shimmering silver of the moonlit willow, under which I had seen her gazing into the roseate heavens.

CHAPTER VIII.

When I returned to the drawing-room, the party was evidently about to break up. Those who had grouped round the piano were now assembled round the refreshment-table. The card-players had risen, and were settling or discussing gains and losses. While I was searching for my hat, which I had somewhere mislaid, a poor old gentleman, tormented by tic-doloreux, crept timidly up to me—the proudest and the poorest of all the hidalgoes settled on the Hill. He could not afford a fee for a physician's advice, but pain had humbled his pride, and I saw at a glance that he was considering how to take a surreptitious advantage of social intercourse, and obtain the advice without paying the fee. The old man discovered the hat before I did, stooped, took it up, extended it to me with the profound bow of the old school, while the other hand, clenched and quivering, was pressed into the hollow of his cheek, and his eyes met mine with wistful mute entreaty. The instinct of my profession seized me at once. I could never behold suffering, without forgetting all else in the desire to relieve it.

"You are in pain," said I, softly. "Sit down and describe the symptoms. Here, it is true, I am no professional doctor, but I am a friend who is fond of doctoring, and knows something about it."

So we sat down a little apart from the other guests, and after a few questions and answers, I was pleased to find that his "tic" did not belong to the less curable kind of that agonising neu-

ralgia. I was especially successful in my treatment of similar sufferings, for which I had discovered an anodyne that was almost specific. I wrote on a leaf of my pocket-book a prescription which I felt sure would be efficacious, and as I tore it out and placed it in his hand, I chanced to look up, and saw the hazel eyes of my hostess fixed upon me with a kinder and softer expression than they often condescended to admit into their cold and penetrating lustre. At that moment, however, her attention was drawn from me to a servant, who entered with a note, and I heard him say, though in an under tone, "From Mrs. Ashleigh."

She opened the note, read it hastily, ordered the servant to wait without the door, retired to her writing-table, which stood near the place at which I still lingered, rested her face on her hand, and seemed musing. Her meditation was very soon over. She turned her head, and, to my surprise, beckoned to me. I approached.

"Sit here," she whispered; "turn your back towards those people, who are no doubt watching us. Read this."

She placed in my hand the note she had just received. It contained but a few words to this effect:

"DEAR MARGARET,—I am so distressed. Since I wrote to you, a few hours ago, Lilian is taken suddenly ill, and I fear seriously. What medical man should I send for? Let my servant have his name and address. "A. A."

I sprang from my seat.

"Stay," said Mrs. Poyntz. "Would you much care if I sent the servant to Dr. Jones?"

"Ah, madam, you are cruel! What have I done that you should become my enemy?"

"Enemy! No. You have just befriended one of my friends. In this world of fools, intellect should ally itself with intellect. No; I am not your enemy! But you have not yet asked me to be your friend."

Here she put into my hands a note she had written while thus speaking. "Receive your credentials. If there be any cause for alarm, or if I can be of use, send for me." Resuming the work she had suspended, but with lingering, uncertain fingers, she added, "So far, then, this is settled. Nay, no thanks; it is but little that is settled as yet."

GREAT SALT LAKE.

THERE are in the world several very remarkable lakes of salt water, two of which, especially, are not more singular for their geographical peculiarities than in reference to human history; these are, the well known Dead Sea, and the Great Salt Lake of the Mormons.

The Dead Sea, gloomy and terrible in its wild and desolate majesty, object of superstitious terror to the miserable Arabs on its shore, and dreaded and shunned by animals as well as men, occupies part of a deep and large depression in Asia Minor, more than three hundred and fifty miles in length, and twenty miles wide. Its extreme depth is more than two thousand five hundred feet below the sea. The surface of the water of this lake is about thirteen hundred feet below the level of the Mediterranean, but the whole depression of which the lake is a part, can only be understood, by regarding it as a continuation towards the north, of the gorge of the Red Sea. There can be little doubt that the Dead Sea and the Lake of Tiberias originally formed part of that inlet from which they have long since been cut off by a rocky neck. Receiving little fresh water from rivers, the sea water has been partly evaporated from its former bed—the arid scorching air of Palestine having sucked away so much of the whole quantity as corresponds to the present difference of level. All the water left behind has become fully saturated with the salts originally present when the lake formed part of the sea; and large quantities of these salts have sunk down, forming a solid but partly soluble bed, which might be redissolved if at any time the supply of fresh water should increase. The cause of the want of vegetation and of animal life, must be sought in the large quantity of bitter or magnesian salts that everywhere abound, and has no reference to the supposed asphalte from which the lake derived its classical name.

There is, however, some evidence from ancient sculptures, once embellishing the temple of Karnak in Egypt, and now in the Louvre, illustrating the ancient geography of the part of Asia in which the Dead Sea is situated. These sculptures refer to an expedition under the Egyptian king, Ramesis II., through the land of the Philistines and Canaan, to the land of Shittim, in the plains of Moab. They show us that the ford of the Jordan, and the course of the river Arnon, existed formerly pretty much as they do now; and, indeed, it seems probable that the ordinary surface of the water of the lake and its tributaries must have been somewhat lower then than it has been since, so that there has been no additional evaporation within many centuries. Travellers have often noticed a succession of terraces, or pebble beaches, apparently marking intervals of cessation in the evaporation; but it is clear that the most modern of these must date back from a period very much anterior to that of the Egyptian memorial referred to.

Important and necessary as salt is to almost all living beings, and useful as it is sometimes as a mineral manure, it is evident that a very small excess of supply over demand, converts it into a poison. Salt is by no means an inert mineral, and when common salt is mixed, as in these cases it must be, with the magnesian salts existing in the sea, the result is very injurious.

It is not necessary that the surface of a lake should be below the sea level, in order that it become saturated with salt when evaporation has removed part of the original water. In Persia there is a curious instance recorded; the lake of Oroomiah, eighty miles long and thirty broad. This intensely salt lake is nearly four thousand feet above the level of the Black

Sea. But it is also the case that almost all the sheets of water in the interior of Africa and Australia, which are all above the sea level, become brackish each season by evaporation from the surface, after the rainy season is concluded. The impress of its original formation is not easily lost to a deposit, and it is one of the most singular illustrations of the cause of what was at one time least explicable in the structure of the two great continents of Africa and Australia, that in the absence of a central mountain range and of great rivers proceeding from such range through a sloping country, or in any other case where natural drainage is interfered with, the sheets of water, or shallow lakes, are generally brackish. If any proof were wanting that all parts of the earth have been at one time at the bottom of the sea, it could not be more satisfactorily obtained than from the due consideration of this fact, and its illustration in the cases before us.

The Salt Lake of the Mormons appears to represent, on a small scale, the saline marshes of Australia and Africa. In the part of North America that extends between New Mexico and Oregon, bounded on the east by the Rocky Mountains, and on the west by the Sierra Nevada of California, there is an extent of nearly two millions of square miles, forming the territory of Utah. For the most part this country is a flat desert, though there are not wanting a number of parallel ridges of considerable elevation that rise out of it. On the north, the Columbia river, and on the south the Colorado, traverse it, and carry off part of the drainage that would otherwise form a vast fresh-water lake in the interior; but towards the centre, the only drainage is into a number of pools, of which the largest and most important is that which has become famous as affording a safe resort for the Mormons.

This lake is about two hundred and fifty miles in circumference at present, but has evidently once covered a much larger area, and may do so again, should anything interfere with the drainage of the district. It is of irregular outline, and very shallow, with several islands rising to some height out of the water. The water yields from twenty to nearly forty per cent of salt, according to the season, and in this respect agrees almost exactly with the Dead Sea: showing that there is in both cases ample material for complete saturation. But there is a very great difference in the nature of the mineral contents, inasmuch as in the Salt Lake of Utah almost the whole of the salt is of the common kind used for the table, whereas in the Dead Sea barely one-half is of this nature, the rest consisting of salts of magnesia and lime. White salt in large quantities forms a kind of scum on the shingles of the shore of the Salt Lake; and its vast expanse, as blue as the ocean, is only occasionally ruffled by the wind, and appears to afford no support to either animal or vegetable life. Not a boat of any kind is to be seen upon it, not a tree flourishes on its borders, nor on any of the adjacent plains; neither fish nor mollusk inhabits it, and if the trout of the streams of the vicinity are unfortunate enough to enter it, they instantly die. One kind of poor worm dwells solitary on the sands which enclose it, and one dull leathery seaweed redeems the blank barrenness that otherwise reigns around.

Locusts, which are occasionally the pests of the distant plains, if driven in this direction, are destroyed, and a deposit a foot deep of their dead bodies is described by a recent traveller as the only presence that recalled him to the organic world.

The Mormon city of New Jerusalem is situated only a few hours' ride from this dreary lake. Rising out of the great desert of Utah, it forms a kind of advanced post, midway between the Western or Atlantic States of the Union, and the Pacific State of California. Almost inaccessible, owing to the natural difficulties of the intervening country—but in a district fertile enough, when once reached—no better spot could have been discovered on the surface of the earth for modern Mohammedanism; and it is especially in reference to this part of the case, that we have brought the Salt Lake of Utah into comparison with the buried cities of the plain in the Eastern world.

Strange is the contrast of life in these two localities. The one in the old world, within a few leagues of the ancient Jerusalem, the scene of events the most interesting to the human race that have taken place since the foundation of the world, is now the haunt of the wild Arab—half Mohammedan, half pagan—under whose protection the Christian traveller must be placed to visit these savage and deserted spots. A few doubtful ruins mark spots whose history will never be forgotten; but the general aspect is that of dreary, but picturesque, mountains, wild passes, and gloomy volcanic gorges.

Jerusalem itself, also, has been well described in these few words: "A broken and desolate plain in front is bounded by a wavy, battlemented wall, over which towers frown, and minarets peer, and mosque domes swell, intermingled with church turret, and an indistinguishable mass of terraced roofs."*

Of the New Jerusalem, a very recent traveller informs us that all the streets are a hundred and thirty feet wide, and run from north to south, and from east to west, forming square blocks of houses, each side measuring six hundred and fifty-seven feet. Each house is surrounded by gardens. The houses are built of adobes (mud bricks unburnt), generally in a simple style, frequently elegant, and always clean. Some of the dwellings are very large: among others, there is in course of construction for the governor, Brigham Young, a palace measuring ninety-eight feet by forty feet, built of several kinds of stone at great cost. "The long salient ogives of the windows of the upper story give to the roof which they interred the appearance of a crenelated diadem, and render this monument a model

* Warburton's Crescent and Cross, vol. ii. p. 144.

of Mormon architecture. Thirty Sultanas are intended to occupy this harem, which has already cost 30,000 dollars, and is far from being finished."* Public offices, a public library, and a social hall or temple, are grouped around. Activity reigns everywhere; there are no idle or unemployed persons; and it must also be added to the credit of the Mormons, that no grog-shops or gaming-houses are met with, and that disturbances are said to be unknown.

It is curious that in this vast and almost unexplored desert of Utah, there should have risen into strength and opulence, a new sect, holding opinions so offensive to all civilised nations, that there seemed at first no possibility of their being allowed room to grow. Whatever we may say and feel with regard to polygamy—the peculiar institution of Mormonism—it has commended itself to a large and varied section of the human family in the Western world, as well as in Asia; for we are told that there are now in Great Salt Lake City (named in order of numerical importance), English, Scotch, Canadians, Americans, Danes, Swedes, Norwegians, Germans, Swiss, Poles, Russians, Italians, French, Negroes, Hindoos, and Australians, besides a stray Chinese. All these differ in country, language, customs, laws, nationality, and tastes, and have flocked together to live in harmony, in independence of the central authority of the States. The population of the Mormon sect is estimated at about sixty thousand.

Brigham Young, the successor of the celebrated Joe Smith, is the supreme president of these Latter-day Saints throughout the world—the Pope of the Mormons—a prophet and a seer—the recognised and lawful governor of the territory of Utah—the husband (in 1855) of seventeen wives, and the father of an unknown progeny. He would seem to be a remarkable man, and to have persuaded himself that he believes, more or less, in the peculiar tenets of the Mormon faith, whatever they may be. He has under him two vice-papal potentates, several apostles, a commander-in-chief of the army, a sacred historian, a head of the record office, an editor of the official journal, and a grand patriarch; there are also judges and other local authorities. It is certainly a proof of power that an uneducated man should have been able so long to keep together the strange assembly of jarring elements collected in the plain around the Great Salt Lake of Utah.

The medical profession is not encouraged in the city of the Salt Lake, nor is the practice of the law very profitable. Most of the converts work at mechanical employments, and the wages obtained by the labouring classes are large enough to secure a livelihood for all. The poor work for the rich; or, if there be not rich enough, the Church finds employment.

The exodus of the Mormons from Nauvoo, Illinois, when they were driven, and their march to their new and almost unknown land, was a very trying and painful part of their history. Like the Israelites of old, they travelled with their flocks and herds, their wives and little ones, and their course lay through an enemy's country. Rivers and mountain-passes had to be crossed, and food and shelter were very scarce. At last, after a journey of nearly a thousand miles, the pioneers of the party reached the Great Salt Lake, and the main body of the emigrants gradually arrived and established themselves in their new country. Water was found, wood was found, stone was found, soils were cultivated, and the city now stands a singular monument of the latest variety of religious fanaticism. Not a pleasant one to reflect upon, as suggesting that, despite all the advances of education and of science, men remain more inclined to follow impulse than reason, and more willing to accept an absurdity offered to them than to think for themselves.

There was one great trial in store for the Mormons after their successful establishment. It was the discovery of gold in California. In those early days of the little settlement, the advice of Brigham Young to his followers was this: "Gold is fitted to pave streets with, to roof houses, and to make plate. The treasures of the earth are in the storehouse of the Lord; raise grain, build cities, and God will do the rest." The Mormons did so, and—so far—have flourished.

* Journey to Great Salt Lake City, &c. By Jules Rémy. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1861. Vol. i. p. 193.

EASY BOOTS.

Should we like to part with our corns? For, if so, they are doomed. A time has come when every free man, enjoying free use of his feet, can, if he will, walk his two dozen miles a day, probably with more ease than his bootmaker has hitherto let him enjoy in walking ten. When each of us shall feel that he has ten toes to go upon and not a pair of wedges that he only wishes *were* of wood like the last to which they are fashioned, and insensible to all the twinges that afflict the temper, scorn shall arise of trains, and carriages, and cabs, except as economists of time, for with what happy independence will the holiday Londoner discover the complete use of his legs! Let it no more be a truth that nobody walks who can ride, but let our custom rather be that nobody rides who can walk. There shall be grief then in omnibus yards, and shoe reform may be as good as a new street for the relief of overcrowding from horse-traffic. It is—if the bootmakers would only understand that fact—easier in every sense to adapt boots and shoes to the feet, than to adapt the feet to the customary form of boots and shoes. The time has come for every foot to kick at the bootmaker's last, for, within the last three or four years, science has really concerned itself to such good purpose with the settlement of the principles on which a man's foot should be shod, that, as far as shape goes, the fashion of a boot or shoe may be perfected. The healthy foot

can get a boot that shall ensure the free and full and comfortable use of it; a boot in which a long day's march over the autumn moors, or through the shingle of the coast, may be enjoyed without more than a wholesome amount of weariness.

It is only within the last four years that we may consider this matter of the right shape of a boot to have been fairly and practically settled for us by the anatomists. The doctors, centuries upon centuries ago, concerned themselves with the cure, not the prevention, of corns. Celsus recommended scraping them and anointing them with resin. Paulus Ægineta, who gave a whole chapter to them, proposed rubbing them down with pumice-stone, and then applying blister fly, or a compound very much like our black ink. Aëtius discussed the remedies known, but did not include the prescription of Marcellus, "Rub the corn with the ashes of an old shoe mingled with oil." We heartily agree in the advice to burn the shoe, but we are against any further rubbing of the toe with it; there having been more than rub enough.

Peter Camper, a famous physician and naturalist of Leyden, in the last century, who studied under Boerhaave, and whose works include a treatise on the physiognomies of men of different countries, and divers illustrations of his taste for the fine arts, suggested, as good for corns, an ointment of frogs and quadrupled mercury; but a much better suggestion of Camper's was his direct attack upon the causes of corns, bunions, flat-foot, and other griefs of the kind, in his essay, playful and philosophical, on the Correct Form of Shoes. He apologises for his subject by saying that he had told his pupils, who declared all subjects to be exhausted, that a man with full knowledge could find something to say worth saying, upon any topic, even if it were shoes. Dr. Camper, Professor of Medicine, Surgery, and Anatomy, at Amsterdam and Groningen, died seventy-two years ago; but in his day, as now, the foot was distorted by the shoemaker, and especially was treated then, as now, as if it belonged to a goose, and had the great toe in the middle of the foot. "It is surprising," he says, "that while mankind in all ages have bestowed the greatest attention upon the feet of horses, mules, oxen, and other animals of burden or draught, they have entirely neglected those of their own species, abandoning them to the ignorance of workmen, who, in general, can only make a shoe upon routine principles, and according to the absurdities of fashion, or the depraved taste of the day. Thus from our earliest infancy, shoes as at present worn serve but to deform the toes and cover the feet with corns, which not only render walking painful, but, in some cases, absolutely impossible. All this is caused by the ignorance of our shoemakers." Marshal Saxe, who considered the secret of war to consist in the power of marching, recorded in his Memoirs a special wish that soldiers "were to have shoes made of thin leather, with low heels, which will fit extremely well, and make them involuntarily assume a good grace in marching." Sir Robert Dick used to tell that when a Highland regiment was at the battle of Maida, on being ordered to charge, all the soldiers took off their regulation boots and charged barefoot—but then they were Highlanders. West India regiments of men of colour commonly march out, with their boots hanging from the muzzles of their muskets. The English soldier is required to case his foot in one of seven sizes of a shoemaker's boot made upon the old pattern, which entirely disregards the mechanism of the foot and the natural movements for which freedom should be given. The majority of adults, having their feet gradually distorted by a long course of moulding of the toes within the boot, walk without pain in boots that ought to hurt them. What is there, then, to complain of? In the case of the soldier, much. Walking with feet of which the great toes are displaced, however painless, is not natural walking. A man's full marching power can only be had out of a pair of feet working as they were made to work.

Doctor Hermann Meyer, Professor of Anatomy in the University of Zurich, is a man of mark, well known to the medical profession out of his own country, for a text-book of Physiological Anatomy, in which he has incorporated investigations (for which he is especially distinguished) on the mechanics of the skeleton, and chiefly on the mechanism of the foot and knee. In the spring of the year 'fifty-seven, it occurred to Professor Meyer to apply his special knowledge to the writing of a treatise more practical than Camper's, On the Correct Form of Shoe, which accordingly appeared, with a sharp exposition of the hurts we suffer from shoemakers, as A Picture of Contemporary Civilisation, called after that attic thief Procrustes, who had a bed to the size of which he stretched or trimmed all travellers whom he caught. Procrustes ante portas (Procrustes at our doors). For in the line of boots at the doors of an inn-gallery the doctor would see many a bed of Procrustes for toes. Professor Meyer's scientific paper was so simple and clear, that the recasting of it into the form of a scientific tract for public use, was urged by medical men in many countries. It was published, therefore, at Zurich as a little independent treatise at the end of the year 'fifty-seven, and already in England it has found a sensible physician, Dr. John Stirling Craig, of Stratford-upon-Avon, who has thought it worth translating, under the title of Why the Shoe Pinches; a Contribution to Applied Anatomy; and has so issued it as a sixpenny tract for the good of his countrymen.

But we have not only the Zurich professor for our counsellor. The other day, Dr. Humphry, Lecturer on Anatomy and Physiology in the University of Cambridge, published a little book containing the enlarged substance of two lectures on the Foot and Hand; and, in his lecture on the foot, appended to a clear account of its anatomy, are practical comments on the right form of shoe. This teacher not only assents heartily to Professor Meyer's doctrine, but

borrows of Dr. Craig some of the woodcuts that Dr. Craig borrowed of Dr. Meyer, showing what ought to be the true form of a boot-sole. And Dr. Humphry wishes to send all his readers, as we wish to send ours, to the sixpenny translation we have named, for by the doctrines hereof it is worth every man's while to bind his shoemaker.

Even shoemakers, however, are among the leaders of the new reform. Another little book, recently published, is one entitled The Foot and its Covering, in which Mr. James Dowie, who was apprenticed to shoemaking six-and-forty years ago, and who has endeavoured to introduce rational principles into his trade, sets out with a translation of Camper's treatise on the Correct Form of Shoe, and goes on with a treatise of his own, less clear and neat in its definitions than that of Professor Meyer, but in the main arguing to the same conclusion. We shall now endeavour to inculcate a proper understanding of Professor Meyer's principle of shoe reform.

The thigh bone, the longest bone in the body, carries the weight of the trunk to the knee. At the knee joint this is transferred to two bones that descend to the ankle. One of these, much larger than the other, bears the chief weight, and forms with its lower end the inner ankle, besides having its front edge or chine (which we corrupt into shin) close under the shin, of the right form for cleaving a way with least trouble through air, water, grass, or underwood. The other leg-bone gives a hold to muscles that work the machinery of leg and foot, and, forming with its end the outer ankle, strengthens the ankle joints. These leg or shank bones are, in giants, disproportionately long. The weight transmitted by them falls on the uppermost of a set of seven bones forming the back part of the foot and the heel. There are no less than twenty-six bones in the foot, to ensure elasticity, variety, and precision of movement, and, by help of the elastic cartilages set between them, breaking the jar to the whole frame that would result—to say nothing of the chance of fracture to itself—if it were upon one solid bone that we came down in our running and leaping, and could account it a safe thing to "fall on our feet." The six-and-twenty bones of the foot are thus divided. A group of seven (tarsal), which are short and thick, forming the hinder part of the instep; five long bones (metatarsal) connecting these with the five toes; fourteen bones of the toes, called phalanges, because they are arranged like soldiers in phalanxes—three deep on the four little toes, making twelve—with two for the great toe, making in all fourteen. The seven bones behind the instep through which the weight of the body passes from the shank bones to the ground, are thus arranged: A pretty large one at the top, the middle bone of the instep, is joined with the two leg bones. It rests chiefly upon the heel bone, which is the largest bone of the foot; but its front part presses on a little bone (said to be like a boat) interposed between it and the three wedge bones, from which runs the three long bones (metatarsal) that connect the back of the foot with the great toe, and the two toes next to it. The other two bones, that connect the back of the foot with the little toe and its neighbour, run from a cuboid bone that completes the strength of the arch of the instep, and has no less than six bones, but especially the front part of the heel bone, in connexion with it.

If we cut the bones of the human foot through with a saw from tip of heel to tip of toe, we see how they not only form an arch, the arch of the sole, but how even the fibres of which the bones are made, run in each bone with distinct reference to its position in the arch it is to strengthen. At the back, this arch springs from the solid heel bone: a comparatively upright pillar with nothing but the one upper bone of the instep between it and the weight of the body. Therefore, if a man in jumping falls upon his heels, the jar is considerable. He may feel the vibration in his brains, and might even cause a distinct hurt to the hip, knee, or some other joint of the body. But the fore pillar of the arch is longer, broader, slopes more gradually to the ground, and is composed of several bones jointed together. For this reason, the jumper or the runner down stairs chooses to alight on the balls of his toes. It is true, that in walking, the heel first touches the ground; but when it does so, the weight of the body is supported partly by the fore-part of the other foot, and the weight falls aslant on the heel in such a way as bring the toes of that foot also very quickly to the ground.

Between the bones building this arch, is an elastic gristle for its mortar, and there are also ties, especially two ligaments answering the purpose of the "tie beam" of a roof to prevent the arch from being crushed flat by the pressure from above. One of these ties runs high up within the arch of the sole, joining the top of the heel bone to the first bone of the fore pillar; the key bone as it were, the upper bone to which the weight of the body descends from the leg lying between them, and in part supported by this elastic ligament. The other tie is at the base of the arch, between the bottom of the heel bone and balls of the toes. The overstraining of either of these ligaments, especially of the upper one, causes the arch to sink, and we then have weak ankle or flat foot, with some difficulty of raising the heel so as to mount well on the balls of the toes.

Flat foot can be produced in infancy when children are induced to walk before the bones and ligaments are strong enough to bear the weight of the body. Parents should never be in a hurry to set children on their legs, but let them roll and kick until they walk of their own will. Again, at the age of about fourteen, when the body is increasing rapidly in size and weight, weakness will often show itself by a yielding of the arch of the foot sole, when pressure on the foot, as in the case of errand-boys or young nurserymaids, is too great or too long continued. It is common among our farm labourers, who strangle all the movements of the feet

in their laced high-lows, and so accustom themselves to a sort of stilt walking that they hardly know how to use their feet, and want the "support" of their work-a-day clumps when they put on their Sunday shoes.

There are three joints of the foot, and of all of them movement is crippled in such high-lows as are worn by the English labourer. Men who are so shod that they walk somewhat as if they had cork legs, and do not execute the proper movements of the foot, have the muscles of the foot and leg ill developed, and the small and shapeless leg of an English agricultural labourer thus becomes a direct consequence of the make of his high-lows. "Look," says Sir Charles Bell, "at the legs of a poor Irishman travelling to the harvest with bare feet; the thickness and roundness of the calf show that the foot and toes are free to permit the exercise of the muscles of the legs. Look again at the leg of our English peasant, whose foot and ankle are tightly laced in a shoe with a wooden sole, and you will perceive from the manner in which he lifts his legs, that the play of the ankle, foot, and toes is lost as much as if he went on stilts, and therefore are his legs small and shapeless." We know that, according to old tradition, "footmen" are still judged by their calves. When they had real running to do, the development of that essential muscle of the calf was looked to as evidence of their ability for footman's service. We need hardly say that a man tumbles down when he fails to adjust the weight of his body so that its centre lies over his feet. The drunkard and the idiot have brains so far wanting in this power of adjustment, that they may be known by their gait. If we stoop to pick anything up, only our long thighs enable us to thrust so much of the body back as will enable us to bend head and arms forward, and to have our fingers on the ground.

In walking, one heel a little in advance of the body first touches the ground, the toes follow, and one arch is complete while the body, for the briefest space of time wholly supported by it, passes over. For that act of passing over, it is raised entirely by the fore-part of the foot making its leverage against the ground on the great toe. The movement is not rigidly straight. The foot comes to the ground with its toes slanted a little outwards, the outer and hinder edge of the heel first touches the ground (as we find by the wearing of the boot upon a healthy foot), the ball of the little toe next comes to the ground (so that the boot sole wears rather upon its outer edge), and the balls of the other toes follow in swift succession, until that of the great toe takes its hold upon the ground, when from that toe, on the inner side of the foot, the last impulse is given that sends the body over to the other foot. A special long muscle provided for this purpose works a tendon that passes behind the outer ankle under the sole of the foot to the great toe. Its work is, when the ball of the toe is firmly pressed to the ground, to lift the outer ankle, and so help to raise the body. We find, then, that without good muscles, a well-set heel, a firm-set and elastic bony arch, and a strong straight great toe, there can be no good walker. We understand also (as Doctor Meyer points out), that in a healthy foot a straight line drawn down the middle of the great toe, from the middle of its tip to the middle of its ball, would, if continued, pass exactly through the middle of the heel. The smaller toes do none of the lifting. They give lateral support, and give help in securing a good grip of the ground, especially to those who walk barefoot on difficult ways.

Now let us apply this knowledge to boot and shoe making:

In the first place, it is clear that an elastic as well as durable substance should be the material of the foot-case. The best possible material may, or may not be, leather. Hitherto no attempts at improvement upon the material have been fully successful.

In the next place, as to the make and fit. There must be no inelastic sole, and no tight lacing to impede the free movement of any of the foot joints, though a tight lace never can be so tight as some of the hard leather casings of the bony arch of the foot, especially in Wellingtons, which, in proportion as they compel the use of a boot-jack, take the grace and health out of the movements of the foot. The now prevalent use of a light boot fastened only by the imperceptible pressure of an elastic web let into each side over the ankles, and so slipping easily over the instep, is a change in the right direction. Indeed, so far as regards the movements of the ankle joint and of the arch of the foot, the correct form of shoe is thus attained.

All that we have left us to do, is, to restore the great toe to its place in nature. Dancing-masters and shoemakers are alike enemies to good walking. The dancing-master asks for a turning out of the whole foot, so that the rise can be made only by an ungainly waddle over the side of the toe, instead of along its length. Taglioni herself could not walk; nobody who has seen a ballet can have failed to observe the curious waddle of the dancer, man or woman, who with toes too much turned out, has now and then to walk from one part of the stage to another.

The bootmaker, ignorant of the relative use and importance of the different parts of the foot, has steadily persisted for centuries, and at this day usually persists, in so shaping the shoe that the great toe is forced upon the other toes more or less out of its right line with the heel. Nine civilised people in ten, perhaps, have their great toes thus by a course of submission to misshapen boots and shoes so far turned inwards, that a line run down in the middle of them from point to ball if continued would not fall anywhere in the heel at all, but several inches away outside the body. The necessary consequence is, that the full strength of the natural lever for raising the body is destroyed; the effort has to be made at a disadvantage, and with pressure; the act of walking loses some of its grace and much of its ease; so that although the boot may be so well adjusted to the spoilt shape of the foot, as

to cause no pain, an honest twenty or thirty mile walk is more than the hampered foot-machinery has power to sustain.

For this reason, says Dr. Meyer, it is wrong to suppose that because a shoe is easy it is right, or that a cast of the foot, unless it be a healthy one, would make the best last for the shoe it is to wear. Allowance should be made for the gradual return of the great toe to its place, by leaving its place (to some extent at least) vacant for it, and permitting gentle pressure where the joint has been forced into undue projection. When the shoemaker now tells his customer that he treads very much on one side, he in fact compliments him by the information that he has a healthy and unsubjugated foot, determined to tread straight. It is precisely because children's feet are only in the first stage of injury, and are more nearly as God made them than as they are destined to be made by the shoemakers, that children especially come into trouble with the shoemakers, or with the parents and guardians who believe rather in shoes than in feet, for "treading on one side." A strong and healthy foot tramples a foolish shoe out as far as possible into the form it ought at first to have had. Even the distorted foot, after the shoemaker has done his worst, will often tread over the leather of the inner side of the boot-heel, because of a natural effort of the foot-heel to bring itself into some approach to the right line with the great toe.

In a properly-made shoe, then, the great toe and the heel have their right relative places furnished for them. And, since they are to be in a line together, it must follow that if a well-made pair of boots be placed side by side so that their heels touch, their sides also will touch through the whole space in front of the instep from the place of the ball of the great toe to the very end of it. They will diverge only at the rounded ends, where the great toes round off into the little toes, along whose line, and nowhere else, any possible pointing of the shape of the boot sole can be got. Apart from the general necessities of a fit, the observation of the absence of undue looseness or pressure, and of the high heel that partly defeats nature's scheme in the construction of the bony arch, and throws too much of the work of support upon the toes, there is no better rough test of the degree to which a pair of boots has been adapted to a pair of feet, than to place them with their inner sides together, and observe the cut of the soles. The more they diverge from each other between the place of greatest breadth and the end of the toes, the worse they are; the more they tend to be in contact along that line, the better they are; and when they quite touch throughout that line, they are what they ought to be. To secure this, to secure also a sole of which the greatest breadth corresponds truly with the greatest breadth of the tread, and which, moreover, is contrived to allow room enough for the play of the foot in walking, including its lengthening or shortening with the ranging curve of its arch, is to secure what we ought to have, and what we can get only by defying shoemakers' prejudices, and compelling shoemakers, whether they like it or not, to understand the true theory of their trade. The English translation of Doctor Meyer's essay (published by Edmonston and Douglas), exact in detail, and clearly illustrated by drawings, is enough to enable any man to lay the law down clearly to his bootmaker. It is sixpenny worth of knowledge that will, we hope, be the ruin of a fashion that has put thousands of people into actual torment of pain, and denies to most of us the full and free use of our legs.

SKY PICTURES IN SICILY.

I. THE COMET.

Pale phantom, on the blue October night,
Like a dropped plume from fallen angel's wing
Floating astray, a shunned, mysterious thing,
Alike unclaimed by darkness or by light;—
Old superstitions quicken at thy sight,
Of storm and earthquake,—of tyrannic King
Sudden struck mad,—of Death volcanoes fling
Down hills alive with Autumn's vintage bright.
To me a strange companion thou hast been
For many a lonely hour beside the sea,
Bringing back fire-lights when I used to lean,
A wondering child, against my father's knee,
Who told us tales of others like to thee,
Ghosts of the air, with fright by simple mortals seen.

II. DAY COLOURS.

The spirits of Palermo's thousand flowers
Give thousand colours to Palermo's sky;
Look up at sunrise—lo! pomegranate bowers,
And banks of blue forget-me-not hard by—
Evening doth warm 'mid orange fruitage die,
Above her tent the rose, with crimson showers,
Fringes the clouds: o'er yonder mountain towers
A rain of violets falleth from on high.
Yes, this was Enna's land; and here, I swear,
Was the famed grove of the Hesperides.
So bright the wreaths for Hours to choose and wear,
So teeming ripe the bounty of the trees;—
Colour and changing perfume fill the air,
Which faints not 'neath the freight, but laughs like heart at ease.

III. THE MOON TAKES UP THE TALE.

Yet, with her soft and rich and mystic light,
The moon doth challenge this variety;
"Leave to the day its gaudy shows," saith she,
"Mine be the calmer holiness of Night.
After the feast, the prayer—after delight,
Thoughtful repose—after the rainbow sea
Heaving with glittering turbulence, for me
One changeless amethyst, as mirror bright.
Mine are the hours when Memory softly roves
(Hope would the mysteries of the sun explore),
When all the best aspirings, purest loves,
And sweetest friendships man enjoyed of yore,
Come back—when even the mournful dirge '*No more!*'
Like soothing distant chime, in mellowed cadence moves."

IV. RAIN.

Hark! how the rain that rings upon the spears
Of the sharp reeds, makes answer—or with tone
Saddens the breeze, like the low streamy moan
Of captive Naiad, sobbing out her fears.
Saying, "Your shows are brighter for my tears;
Mine are the gems on yonder bow bestrown,

Brighter by far than my North sisters own;
Mine, yon grey pillar that the sea uprears.—
Climb to the lonely temple on the hill,
Where stood Segesté once, when I am there,
And ye shall see above that ruin fair
I can hang grief so solemn, that a thrill
Of ancient awe the blood of health shall chill,
As though departed Gods were weeping dark in air."

AMONG THE ARABS.

The Souvenirs Intimes d'un Vieux Chasseur d'Afrique, by M. Antoine Gandon, combine solid information with entertaining narrative. They are truthful and vivid military reminiscences of an epoch—the settlement of French rule in Algeria—which is passing fast from contemporary news into the domain of history. Nearly thirty years—a generation—have slipped away since the great Arab chief submitted to the force of his European foe. But besides their historic value, the Souvenirs possess a simple, serious, and sympathetic charm of their own. We have had, M. Paul d'Ivoi observes, plenty of memoirs of courts, and to spare. Here we are offered the memoirs of a nation. For, the soldier who has subdued and who still holds Algeria is more than a mere army soldier: he is the peasant son of the energetic country who has planted her foot, in the name of agriculture and civilisation, on an uncultivated and savage land. This soldier, a rustic in endurance, a cavalier at heart, a hero and a martyr when occasion requires, is painted by the Chasseur d'Afrique with all the affectionate accuracy we should bestow on the portrait of a bosom friend.

That which gives to old African soldiers their peculiar physiognomy, is not their complexion bronzed by the sun, but the intelligence which illumines their countenance whenever there is danger to be foreseen or annoyance to be avoided. Warfare with the Bedouins is a rude school; it requires of those who wage it, not only the courage indispensable to every good soldier, but also an individual disposition, enabling them to compete in skill and cunning with the boldest marauders and the most finished thieves in the world. Few will believe that Arabs have penetrated, during the night, into the midst of an army of ten thousand men, and have thence stolen horses that were guarded and watched by hundreds of sentinels. As these delightful tricks did not always succeed, and a culprit was occasionally caught in the fact, it afforded the means of ascertaining their modes of proceeding.

The Arab who is projecting a masterstroke, and intends selecting the handsomest out of a thousand steeds, usually comes in the course of the day to inspect the bivouac, although he is obliged to make his preliminary observations from a distance—from a very considerable distance, it may be. The natives, in fact, are allowed to penetrate easily into the middle of an encampment; but they are almost always people of the neighbourhood who form part of the expeditionary columns, such as camel-drivers, herdsmen, and pack-horse leaders, who have been hired for the transport of provisions. In the latter case, the Arab thief will be mistaken for one of the men employed; he will take good care that no one shall see him enter.

His choice made, the rogue disappears till night. In order to return to the middle of the bivouac, he habitually divests himself of every item of clothing, and retains no other arm than a well-sharpened knife in a leather sheath slung with a strap across his body. He is also provided with a long rope of camel's hair, which is twisted round his head, like a turban. As soon as he has passed the first sentries, the thief is metamorphosed into a serpent; he crawls on continually, without hurry, without noise, without any perceptible rustling. With his eyes fixed on the living objects whom he wishes to avoid, he stops short if he perceives in the sentinels the slightest sign that their attention has been attracted. He will take three hours, if need be, to clear a distance of a hundred yards.

At last he gets near the coveted object, the horse intended to be stolen. There, his movements are more deliberate than ever, in order not to frighten the animal, who must not be allowed, for several minutes, to perform any but very natural motions, capable of deceiving the eye of the most vigilant sentinel. At first, he cuts the shackles with which the horse's fore-feet are tied together, he fastens his rope to one of the horse's feet, and retires, crawling all the while, as far as the length of the rope allows him. The distance between himself and the animal then varies from twelve to fifteen feet. If, during these preparations, the horsekeepers appear to have heard any noise, the thief again remains motionless; the horse remaining quiet, and the sentinels resuming their former tranquillity, the process of stealing is continued.

The Arab slightly pulls the rope; solicited by this mute appeal, the horse rises and sets a step; but the movement is so perfectly similar to that which the animal is in the habit of making when he wants to reach a wisp of hay or a blade of grass a little way off the stake to which he is fastened, that, by night, nine sentinels out of ten would be deceived. The robber repeats the same manœuvre as long as possible. As he has carefully studied the ground, he will continue it while no alarm is given; but generally, once out of the immediate reach of the men whose duty it is to keep special watch over the stolen horse, he leaps on the animal's back and sets off at full gallop, well knowing that gun-shots by night are only dangerous for the comrades of those who fire them. Sometimes the thief covers his entire person with leaves, but he will commit no such foolish act in a country denuded of shrubs and bushes. On naked ground, he is as naked as a snake; in a bushy country, he transforms himself into a living bush: in short, he assimilates his person to the aspect of the country he is traversing.

From the general to the private soldier, every

one was so liable to these misadventures, that few could laugh at the expense of their neighbours. Nobody could boast of being safe from these audacious thefts, in spite of every imaginable precaution. If you made game of your comrade who had lost his calf, you might find, next morning, that you had been robbed of your cow.

At that date the army was not yet provided with those little tents, so convenient and so easy to carry, which are now in fashion. They slept, then, with the sky for their roof; the foot soldier, with a modest camp coverlet; the luckier horseman, sheltered by his immense cloak and the vast blanket which, in the light cavalry, was placed, folded into sixteen, between the saddle and the horse's back. The police station, placed as it is in the centre of the bivouac, guarded by the sentinels of its own regiment, and by all those of the infantry besides, ought, one would think, to have nothing to fear from thieves. Nevertheless, a station of this kind was victimised by some thieves of the province of Tlemcen one splendid summer's night of 1836.

The police station in question, with the exception of the sentinel, snored like one man, including the quartermaster of the platoon, who, profiting by the calmness of the atmosphere and the mildness of the temperature, had taken off nearly all his clothing, in order to enjoy complete repose. Rolled up in a warm blanket, which itself was encased with a thick cloak, with his head reposing on a sack of barley, beneath which he had placed his clothes, the brave sous-officier was dreaming, perhaps, that he was carrying off one of the emir's flags—the customary dream of all Chasseurs d'Afrique in Abd-el-Kader's time—when the trumpets of the regiment sounded the ear-piercing summons to awake.

"Already!" said the happy sleeper, with a yawn. "Are we never to enjoy twenty-four hours of quiet? Sentinel!"

"Here, quartermaster. Do you want anything?"

"Yes; hand me my pantaloons and my boots, that I may dress myself behind the curtains. You will find them under the barley-sack."

The sentinel lifted the sack, and announced, "Neither pantaloons nor boots do I see there."

"What do you mean? Neither boots nor—— I say, you there, you fellows of the guard, get up a little quicker than that. What have you done with my boots?"

"Your boots?" replied a chasseur, who had followed his quartermaster's example in relieving his feet of their casings during the night, "I can't find my own!"

"Fortunately I only took off my braces," muttered the brigadier, who sought in vain for the two leather straps so designated.

"In that case, we had best say no more about it," the quartermaster hastily replied. "While we were fast asleep, some Bedouin thief has paid us a visit. We must conceal the matter, if possible; only you will allow me to observe that you have all slept on guard, like so many logs of wood, be it said without offending you."

As usual, the chasseurs made oath that they had watched conscientiously; but the mischief was done, and they had now only to remedy it. Some comrades, who were fortunately supplied with a change, helped to furnish the missing articles; and the only individual on whom evil consequences fell was the chasseur, who was obliged to return unshod to his squadron, and to pass in that state before the officer of the platoon to which he belonged. That officer had not seen much service in Africa, having come there lately by exchange.

"Ah, ha!" he said to the poor chasseur. "You let your boots be stolen while you were on guard! Villanous soldier!"

It was a villanous expression which the young officer made use of; but discipline is severe; and the chasseur, really an excellent soldier, made no other reply than by biting his moustache, on which he could not prevent a hot tear from falling.

Four days after this adventure the officer's horse was stolen, and the chasseur took no further revenge on his superior than to remark, "You now see, lieutenant, that everybody is liable to these accidents—the Bedouins are such thieves!—but the parties robbed are not the more villanous soldiers for that."

Captain Cavaignac—as he then was—who was exceedingly beloved by his men, possessed a magnificent mare and foal, which were confided to the care of a Chasseur d'Afrique, who every morning took them to graze in the orchards which extend around the ramparts of Méchouar, taking good care also to keep within gunshot of the sentinels who were placed at the outposts. One day, while the brave fellow, reckoning perhaps a little too much on the neighbourhood of the sentinels, had gone to sleep beneath the shade of an olive-tree, an Arab marauder, gliding like an adder through the grass, managed to secure the colt without a single human witness of the theft. On awaking, the poor fellow in charge could not believe his eyes. In vain he searched the environs, in vain he interrogated the sentinels, who had not lost sight of the mare for a single instant. They had not heard the slightest noise; and they considered the colt's disappearance so extraordinary a fact, that they assured their comrade that he must have forgotten to bring the young one in the morning with its mother. The chasseur, convinced of the contrary, as well as of the uselessness of any further search, led back the mare to Méchouar, and, with tears in his eyes, related his misadventure to Captain Cavaignac.

"They have contrived to steal my colt, captain, but I assure you it was no fault of mine; and I mean to catch the thief, I give you my word for it."

"I forbid you to go and meet your death for the sake of a wretched colt which is lost past recovery," replied the captain. "One day or other, situated as we are, we might be obliged to kill and eat it; and I had rather, ma foi! that the poor little creature should be alive and well with the Arabs than dead with us."

"You tell me that, captain, in order not to vex me; but I can see very well that you are vexed about it yourself. Sacre——! It shall never be said that a thief of a Bedouin——I have a plan of my own——"

In vain did the captain endeavour to console the disconsolate chasseur; who promised, it is true, not to rush into danger, but who would not swear to give up the pursuit of the robber.

"Let me see," said our chasseur, as he returned to the stable, which was by no means the worst lodging in Méchouar, "how I must set about to catch my thief. If I go pittering and pining to my comrades, they will all of them want to come with me, although I was the only one to fall asleep, like the great big imbecile that I was. I must undertake the expedition alone. The Bedouin has the colt; he will be wanting the mother. Good; we will try and have a meeting tête-à-tête."

The day after the colt had been so cleverly conjured away, the chasseur led the mare, as usual, to graze and lay down in the shade of the olive-tree, exactly as he had done the day before. That day, nothing new occurred. Next day, a repetition of the same occurrences. On the third day things took quite a different turn.

While the sentinels, believing their comrade asleep at his usual resting-place, gave a look now and then at the mare who was fastened with a long rope to a stake fixed in the ground, an Arab, almost naked, jumped on the animal's back, after cutting the rope round its foot. But, at the same instant, another individual, just as lightly clad as the former, pounced upon the robber, dashed him to the ground, and literally strangled him, without cord or lasso, with the help of nothing but his hands. The chasseur's plan had perfectly succeeded. For three days, after pretending to fall asleep beneath his favourite olive-tree, he had crawled out of his uniform, which remained on the spot to deceive the thief, and then, creeping in another direction, had crouched in a hole dug close to the mare, who served to decoy the ravisher of the colt.

Sailors are notoriously superstitious; it appears that soldiers also are occasionally given to regard events in a supernatural light. Some at least of the Chasseurs d'Afrique (among whom M. Gandon may be reckoned) entertain a belief in presentiments and warning hallucinations: they hold that we are sometimes permitted to catch a glimpse of the future, and to have a knowledge of distant facts, by means of the momentary separation of the mind from the body. During the African campaigns, it was observed that privation of food, thirst, and fatigue, singularly predisposed the soldier to have the most extraordinary dreams—dreams which seemed to last for years, whilst the dreamer had not slept more than a couple of minutes. In some of these cases, the soul was so completely detached from the body that the latter was insensible to physical sensations, how painful soever they might be in the waking state: while the former was gifted with a power of clairvoyance which would be incredible were it not attested by facts.

It is well known that Socrates spoke with deep conviction of the familiar demon who accompanied him everywhere. A distinguished naval officer was witness, during a considerable space of time, to a fact of a similar nature.

The vessel on board which this officer was sailing happened to meet with a violent storm in the South Sea. Monstrous waves broke over the deck without cessation, sweeping before them everything that was not very firmly fastened. The sailors, hanging on to the rigging, had the greatest difficulty in resisting the fury of the sea, when suddenly was heard the shout, "A man overboard!"

It was a sailor named Smith, who was carried away by a mighty wave. In such a frightful sea, all means of salvage were almost impossible. What, consequently, was the captain's surprise when, to his profound stupefaction, he saw, a few minutes afterwards, the same Smith, with the sea-water pouring from his clothes, quietly helping his comrades to work the vessel, as if nothing had happened!

When the storm had subsided a little, and danger was over, they inquired of Smith the particulars of his miraculous preservation.

"As soon as I was washed overboard," he said, "I saw a man sitting by my side on the crest of the wave. He took me by the hand, and brought me back on deck without my feeling the slightest pain. More than that: although I saw the ship pitching and rolling horribly, I felt no anxiety about her fate; my neighbour's calmness reassured me, for I was fully aware that he would save me. Look, there he is—there! He never leaves me now."

So saying, Smith pointed to a spot beside him where every one else saw only vacancy, but where he distinctly beheld, as he affirmed, his imaginary comrade.

From that time Smith became taciturn, and he was frequently observed, when quite alone, to express by his looks and gestures his consciousness of being in company with another person. Any interrogation by his messmates on the subject of his vision, appeared to him a mockery, so firmly was he persuaded that his phantom friend was as visible to others as to himself. When urged by his questioners to give a description of his companion, the portrait he drew was exactly his own. Before long, this fixed idea obtained such an ascendancy over his imagination, and even over his senses, that he behaved in every respect as if he had been two persons. If it were wanted to take in a reef, to furl a sail, or perform any other perilous manœuvre in boisterous weather, whenever the task required the powers of two robust and practised men, Smith would allow no other sailor to help him, but executed the work alone, with supernatural precision and vigour.

The crew at last became habituated to his mysterious ways, and the officers could not help remarking in this singular sailor an extraordinary

aptitude and intuition whenever it was his turn to take the helm. One night Smith was seen to jump out of his hammock, go down to the hold, and shortly return to the deck of the ship holding in his arms a bundle of smoking cordage which had caught fire, nobody knew how, and then quietly throw it in the sea. Another time, he called the master carpenter aside, and advised him to lose no time in repairing a damage which no one had observed. A day or two later this damage would have caused a leak, and compromised the safety of the ship.

The most remarkable incident witnessed by the naval officer was this: He was on watch one very dark night; so dark that, on looking over the ship's side, the water was hardly distinguishable. Smith was then at the helm. The officer, happening to glance at the compass, perceived that the ship had suddenly changed her course.

"Why, Smith!" he shouted, "what are you about? Helm to starboard, man; helm to starboard!"

"I can't," replied Smith. "He won't let me."

The officer repeated his order, to no purpose. He found it impossible to make himself obeyed. Smith persisted in repeating, with energy, "I can't, sir; he won't let me."

The captain, overhearing the discussion, came on deck to ascertain the cause of the dispute, and also to learn (for he had already remarked it) why the vessel changed her course.

Before the officer could finish his explanation, a large ship, with every sail set, shot past the vessel that Smith was steering, so close as almost to touch her. The presentiment in Smith's mind, which he had obeyed with so much obstinacy, saved them from a collision when both vessels were running at their utmost speed.

From human to animal intelligence and instinct, the transition is easy. Regimental dogs were as great favourites with the Chasseurs d'Afrique as with other soldiers. M. Gandon immortalises two. Saragosse, an enormous long-haired Bedouin dog, died of old age, and was buried with military honours, having been carried to his grave, in a triumphal attitude, on a funereal bier, by two stalwart chasseurs in their stable dress, with their blouses turned inside out, in token of mourning. The chief mourner was a spaniel, Coquelicot (Poppy), a respectable cortége of hounds and greyhounds followed, who howled out (by means of well applied kicks) their unanimous funeral oration. A deputation of Arab dogs attended; a military salute with pistols rendered the ceremony still more impressive; and a few days afterwards, a tuft of dog's grass, planted by unknown paws, relieved with its verdure the desolation of Saragosse's grave. This veteran, who had braved many bullets and ropes—he was twice hung, undergoing an hour's suspension each time—succumbed under the weight of rheumatism and length of days.

A more tragic fate awaited Kebir (in Arabic, Great), a pretty little poodle, who never was a warrior, but who, nevertheless, was adored by the regiment, on account of his grace and his extraordinary intelligence. Left an orphan at a fortnight old, he was adopted and reared (by the milk-bottle) with paternal care by the sous-officiers of the first squadron; as he grew up, he learned to know every one of his protectors by name, however exaggerated such an assertion may appear. He belonged to the small breed of poodles vulgarly called "moutons." His frizzled hair, incomparably fine and silky, was as white as snow, and his bright sparkling eyes seemed to be constantly asking for something to do or to divine.

Kebir was not yet four months old when a formal order was given to clear the quarters of every dog. A certain person who, luckily for the chasseurs, did not make old bones in Africa, the Commandant Seven-Stars, displayed in the execution of this order a degree of vehemence and brutality incompatible with the dignity of a superior officer. Armed with a pair of pistols laden with ball, Commandant Seven-Stars prowled about, by day and by night, in pursuit of the proscribed unfortunates, and fired without pity on every poor animal who was indiscreet enough to fall in his way. Kebir was very soon made aware of the threatened danger. For three or four successive days, his patrons pointed out to him the commandant, with the following recommendation: "You see that great long monsieur there. Very well; whenever you see him coming in one direction, you slip away in the opposite direction, and come and hide yourself in bed." Kebir's secret bed was so cleverly concealed in the dormitory, that it was impossible to discover it.

Kebir took the hint; never could Commandant Seven-Stars get within pistol-shot of him—which, perhaps, was as fortunate for the commandant himself as it was for the pretty poodle.

Kebir adored horses in general, but he had a particular friendship for the steed belonging to the head quartermaster. Whenever the latter returned to quarters after carrying a report to the colonel, Kebir was always at his post, awaiting the arrival of his friend the horse. The quartermaster dismounted, tossed the reins to the dog, who set off as fast as he could trot and led the horse to his proper place. The stable-guard gave the horse his corn, when Kebir jumped into the manger to prevent the horses on either side from pilfering their comrade's ration. The repast concluded, the poodle leaped on the back of his friend, and thence bounding from croup to croup the whole length of the stable, at last descended to the ground, to join the sous-officiers at their mess.

So much cleverness obtained its recompense. Kebir's presence, if not authorised, was at least supported by the terrible commandant, who one day, in the middle of parade, was greatly astonished to receive, from the mouth of the animal itself, a note to this effect: "I thank Commandant Seven-Stars for leaving off firing at me with his pistols. The commandant is requested to give an acknowledgment of the receipt of this."

While the commandant was perusing this

singular missive, Kebir, seated on his hind-quarters, fixed his bright eyes on the reader, whose countenance unbent itself, perhaps for the first time in his life. The acknowledgment, signed and given into Kebir's charge, was brought to the sous-officiers' chamber, whence they were frequently accustomed to despatch their orders by the same means, the surest and the readiest of all. Often and often the adjutant on service has given a sealed letter to Kebir, saying, "Take this to your quartermaster, and bring me the answer."

If the party in question were not in his room, one of his comrades had only to say, "He is gone to the canteen, or to the stable; you will find him there," and Kebir always found the person addressed, and always brought back the answer.

Whenever a chasseur belonging to the squadron had occasion to go into the military hospital, the billet-master used to call Kebir, and, putting the hospital ticket into his mouth, would say, "You will go with the patient, and show him the way to the hospital." Kebir, limping on three legs, and pretending that he also had need of the doctor, proceeded straight to the establishment, jumped on a post beneath the bell-pull, and rang the bell. As soon as the infirmary porter opened the door, he knew at once that he had to receive a patient belonging to the first squadron. As soon as his receipt was signed, Kebir took it back, without limping at all—his cure was supposed to be effected—gave it to the billet-master, and the business was ended.

On Saturdays—the day for cleaning up and mending clothes—Kebir kept a little shop supplied with trifling articles, such as thread, needles, pipes, tobacco, and so on; the whole arranged in packets of one and two sous each. A chasseur came, took a two-sou article, and purposely laid only one sou on the counter. The shopkeeper would then jump up on his shop, and sometimes inflict a sharp bite on the dishonest purchaser, who was fairly forced to come down with his cash. If any one gave a two-sou piece in payment for a two-sou packet of tobacco, so much the worse luck for him. Kebir insisted on having two pieces of money for every two-sou article, and there was no means of avoiding it. It is clear that, with such intelligence, the ordinary feats of poodles were mere child's play for Kebir, who could play at dominoes so admirably as to make other canine gamesters die of envy.

Poor Kebir came to an untimely end. He was murdered by a rascally chasseur discharged from the service, who had sworn to have his revenge for a punishment inflicted on him by an adjutant of whom Kebir was particularly fond. When the unfortunate animal's body, pierced with sword-strokes, was found in an out-of-the-way corner of the quarters, all the chasseurs of the first squadron held a tumultuous inquest over it. Luckily for the culprit, he was out of their reach, on board ship.

"You see, quartermaster," said an old chasseur who related the particulars of Kebir's death, "if the brigand who killed our poor poodle had not taken himself off immediately afterwards, we should have fought him, every one of us, one after the other, until one of the parties had gained the victory. Never was the squadron so sad since the death of your poor sparrow, Cyrus, you remember, who whistled like a nightingale. It was not a man who killed *him*, but only a rat; and a rat is nothing but a brute. But for a Chasseur d'Afrique to assassinate an unfortunate little dog! O the wretch! If ever I lay hold of him!"

RIFLE PRACTICE WITH ST. IVES.

I WENT down in the country the other week for four or five days' rifle practice, with an enthusiasm not unbecoming a zealous volunteer.

I wrote to my usual comrade in such sports, my neighbour, Captain St. Ives, of the Cambridge Rifles, and asked him to fix a day and place for our first meeting. The same night I got the following answer, which I subjoin, because its pleasant rural tone gave me an agreeable foretaste of the pretty scene where our "wappenshaw" was to be held, and of the country beauty that lent a charm to our five days' amusement:

"Walk up Summer Lees to the Abbey, turn up across the down at old Hibberd's, and go straight ahead; it cuts off a large corner. There is a post-office at Knoyle, so you can put any letters in there. When you get to the sign-post, shortly after the end of the limekiln hill on your right, you will see some pasture land and an orchard across the other side; make for the left-hand corner—a path is trodden through the grass the other side of the *rails*, avoid the *gate*—and then turn sharp to your right through the cut grass, which will bring you direct to Teffont."

But an hour after I received the note furnishing such an attractive topographical map of the country, I heard the sound of hoofs outside my cottage-gate, and who should it be but St. Ives himself, smart and soldierly, in grey uniform cuffed with scarlet, mounted, and on his way to drill one of his new companies at Crockerton Furze. He had his rifle slung behind him, and wore over his right shoulder a large canvas haversack, containing, as he told me in a business-like way, "a three hundred-yard cord, and pegs for judging-distance drill." He agreed to call for me (having changed his plan) as he returned, send his horse home by my servant, and walk up with me to Teffont Magna Downs, where he had lately devised a new butt with fifteen hundred yards' range.

I shot a blackbird or two, that were sitting in permanent committee on my best strawberries; and by the time I had cleaned my gun, wiped my long Enfield, measured out thirty ball-cartridges, counted out five-and-thirty caps, put on my belt and cartouch-box, got some paper for patching, and a pot of paste to plaster up the wounds I intended to inflict on the canvas target, St. Ives arrived again. He was in good humour, for the smart innkeeper who is sergeant of the Arrowbury Company had been useful in drilling the recruits, and left his

(St. Ives's) hands clear for judging-distance, which, by-the-by, is a most necessary but horribly difficult study. We had a pleasant walk to Teffont Magna Downs, through the village, where the grey stone cottages with mullioned windows were cockaded with roses, and past some new-formed mountains of fresh-mown hay. The road, now in sun, now in shadow—it wanted an hour of sunset—was a sight to rejoice the eye, for, even the sunshine-paved spaces had wafts of moving shadows upon them; as for the shadow-portions, they had always half a dozen threads of sunshine drawn across the dark, like the gold strings of some fairy loom. And what the more made me think "the good people" were about, was, that every now and then, just as a blackbird perched in some elder bush (quite a cauliflower with its great white flowers) began to sing, there would blow up a sudden drifting cloud of dust, that ran before us in the way that the Irish say dust-clouds do when they envelop a troop of fairies, those mournfully happy beings that (unlike your dismal ghost) love daylight and summer, and all happy hours and places. Now and then, we stopped, St. Ives and I, in the country lane, to watch the distance gradually turning the fir woods behind us, a heavenly blue; to hear the meditative cows breathing over the grass they pulled up in mouthfuls; to see the haymakers scatter themselves at skirmishing distance over the tawny meadows, which have since acquired the dry rusty look of an old labourer's beard; or to lean over a five-barred gate and take a tranquil pleasure in watching the green multitude of wheat stalks suddenly sway and murmur as if some question were being put to the five-acre parliament, and the agricultural interest were troubled in their sleep.

But by this time we have worked out St. Ives's topographical map, and are on the white dusty road, across which lies the bridle-path that will lead us to the right over Teffont Downs to the butt. St. Ives has the eye of an Indian scout for dark lines of feet in grass, and he soon makes it out. I really do believe he knows every one of those ten thousand molehills individually.

A close prickly thorn-bush, a now dry basin cut in the chalk to water the sheep, and we are at the thousand yard post. Strong pegs in the grass, and numbers cut through the turf till the earth shows. I see the target looks from here smaller than a pocket-handkerchief, the black bull's-eye no bigger than a pill-box. I tremble to think of having my life dependent on the success of such a shot; yet the ground even here is strewn with the empty whity-brown tubes of discharged cartridges.

"I made very pretty practice here last week, when we opened our butt," says St. Ives to me. . . . .

Nine hundred—eight hundred—seven hundred—six hundred—five hundred—four hundred—three hundred feet.

"Every two minutes the target gets larger. It grows—it grows. Now it is a foot bigger, now it is bigger still. I think I could nail it now. But who is this with swift feet, emerging as from the ground?"

"Why, Lacy, our old keeper, to be sure," says St. Ives, "come to put on the patches. Give him the paste-pot. Have you got the flags, Lacy?" Here St. Ives makes a speaking-trumpet of his hands, and roars out the question.

"Yes, sur," roars back the kippur. "Were you cart, sur, in that thur starm?" (Lacy is playing Boreas to his master's Aquilo.)

St. Ives, disdaining to reply to questions about the weather at such an unreasonable distance, does not answer till he gets close to the keeper. Now, I see the rifle-pit—a sort of chalky grave, four feet deep, from which Master Kippur had emerged. It is sheltered from the flying lead by a bulwark of chalk and turf, walled up with hurdles, and some three feet thick. On the turf behind Master Kippur, lie the three flags—red, blue, and white—which express outside, centre, and bull's-eye.

But now we go up and look at the butt itself, which is a huge horse-shoe rampart of earth and sods, that will stop any but the wildest bullets, and hoard them up for St. Ives's melting-pot again. We want to shoot nothing but invaders. The target, a stout canvas strained on two poles, is hung between two strong saplings, and blows tight with the wind—which, by-the-by, is a little too strong for rifle-shooting, but will not deflect the bullets much at the shorter ranges.

The canvas is a square, St. Ives says, with true volunteer unction, that represents the height and width of a column of men three deep. Lacy all this time is tightening the target and patching with white paper circles the rough-edged perforations torn by the bullets of his master's last night's practice. The keeper now takes to his burrow, as we shoulder our rifles and pace back to the two-hundred-yard post.

St. Ives opens his large leather pouch (remarkable for holding thirty rounds), and takes out a government cartridge. He twists off one end, pours into the rifle-barrel the small dose of large flaky-grained powder, slips in the greased bullet, levers off the sloughing paper, drives home the pointed lead with a strong gentle pressure of the cup-like end of his steel ramrod, puts the little copper hat of a cap on the nipple, and full-cocks. I, on the other hand, load on a different recipe. I pour in the powder from a horn, through a small measuring tin filter, to ensure the exact quantity of a charge. Then, I take out my thimble-shaped conical bullet, place the bottom of it on a greased circle of thin linen, and drive it into the gun.

We are both loaded. Yonder, beyond the rude hills and furze-bushes, right against the dark redoubt of clay and turf, is the target, looking about as big as an archery target; the black wafer in the centre, about as large as the crown of a large hat. While St. Ives makes ready I throw myself on the parched grizzly turf (slightly thistly, by-the-by), and look up to

freshen my eye at the great snow mountains of cloud,

> Those mighty fragments rent away
> From some white Alp of yesterday.

The larks are singing overhead. The blackbirds answer them from the plantation on the hill.

St. Ives is now in a superb position: his left arm on his chest and quite under the gun, so that the barrel is embedded firm and steady in the palm of his left hand; his right arm is rectangular, and kept well out. The back and foresight are in splendid line. The barrel does not waver nor tremble a hair's breadth: it might be a bar of steel riveted into a stone wall. The keeper went under cover when I threw up my felt just now. There is a dead silence. St. Ives holds his breath and presses the trigger gently, but firmly—a jerk or bend forward from anxiety would ruin the aim.

Bang! A thin angry jet of fire, a puff of backward-blown smoke, a ping! a whiz! then a curious echo as of an axe coming down on a wood-block; a slight ripping sound as of torn canvas, and a spirt of dust in the butt immediately behind the target.

"A centre, I'll bet a fiver, though I say it that shouldn't say it!" says St. Ives, keeping his gun for a moment in position.

The keeper emerges from his troglodyte cave and lumbers to the target. He looks a moment, then returns to his burrow.

"A miss!" said I.

"Not it," replied St. Ives, quietly ringing down his ramrod. "I know all his moves. He's only gone back to get his rule to measure if it is a centre or a bull's-eye."

The keeper waves the blue flag—St. Ives's *was* a centre.

Now, as this was one of my first days' rifle practice, I may as well confess that the art is not an easy one—cool head, iron nerves, strong wrist, keen true eye, much thought and observation, and all these things aided by constant practice, are needed to make a good rifle shot. The quick instinct and partnership of eye and hand is all very well for a partridge or rabbit shot, but here other qualities are required. The distances are so long, that an error of the smallest fraction of an inch in the aim, throws the bullet up or down, many yards. At first it seems almost impossible to keep a rifle weighing eight pounds, steady, in a difficult position; anxiety, moreover, is as detrimental to good aim, as carelessness or even incompetence. Then, the wind and any fault of one's gun have both studiously to be provided for. It is often necessary, too, purposely to aim a little too low or too high, to allow for the involuntary jerk up of the rifle-barrel in firing.

I have slipped the bar of the backsight to the little figures 200. I make ready, I present. I feel the little nib of the foresight coming up over the horizon of the notch or gap in the backsight, and both telling against the black wafer. I try to get an aim dead in the centre, but I feel the barrel waver. I wish I had pulled on my first instinct. Slowly I readjust it. I remember my breath—I press the trigger in dead silence. Again the crack, rush, and billet-chopping echo.

"High to the right," said St. Ives. "I saw it hit. Half the bullets fired fell away to the right. You can correct that, partly by making a rest of the sling, and twisting your elbow in it."

The keeper, without going to the target, waved a white flag.

We fire six more bullets, all either whites or blues, except one bull's-eye of St. Ives's, at two hundred, and we then move backward to the three hundred yards: a distance generally found peculiarly difficult by volunteers.

We move the bars of our rest up to the required distance.

"Patch," roars St. Ives to the keeper. Out he tumbles, paste-box in hand, and is soon busy at work. Our gun-barrels now begin to get besmirched about the breech, the nipples are black, and moist at the tips; while at the muzzles there are little spits and frothings of red, the result of the fired grease from the cartridges.

The target now looks scarcely bigger than the door of a hackney-coach; the black wafer, too, contracts. St. Ives lies on his stomach, like a deer-stalker, and fires; or he kneels on his left heel and makes a firm rest of his left elbow on his left knee. We look at each bullet as it emerges, clean and bright, from its paper chrysalis, with tender solicitude. St. Ives is four above me, and the distance is increasing; but I get steadier, and begin to feel an instinct when I shall hit and how my aim is. We now no longer hear the rip of the cloth, and have to trust entirely to the keeper and his three flags.

As I lie on the grass, while the patching goes on, among a litter of scraps of cartridges, powder-horns, boxes of caps, turnscrews, rag, bullets, and patches, I can hear, as the stun of the shot leaves my ears, and almost before each drifting puff of smoke has died away, the cheery carols, clear, pure, and merry, of the blackbirds chorusing from their golden hills within the dark covert of the fir-trees on the hill. Every now and then I see three or four rabbits come peering out between the furze, and then amble back to their holes.

At this moment St. Ives, who has been looking about the grass in an observant way, suddenly directs my attention to a large grassy molehill some four feet in diameter, which one of yesterday's Minié bullets has pierced with as clean and exact a perforation as a punch makes in a card. The bullet has pierced some two feet of solid earth, and has left at going in and going out, only a little spit of dust to mark its terrible passage.

Back crawls the keeper, up flies my wide-awake. In a moment Lacy's head peers over the rampart, and as my gun-barrel becomes horizontal it disappears with extreme rapidity. This time I aim too low, and the ball spurns the dust three feet from the left target-post.

"Too low, but a good bee-line," says St. Ives, encouragingly. In beginning long dis-

tances some rifle instructors teach you to commence by firing a little short till you get the true principle of the line.

Soon, the score stood thus:

At two hundred yards—

BLANK: Blue—white—blue—blue—miss—white.

ST. IVES: Blue—blue—white—white—blue—blue.

At three hundred yards—

BLANK: Miss—white—white—blue.

ST. IVES: Blue—white—blue—blue.

Now for a specially good one! Powder, every grain in, gun wiped and ragged out first, bullet true and well sent home, cap pressed firmly on nipple, sight looked to for certainty. I am tolerably sure of the target somewhere; the only question is about a white, blue, or red. I will fire quick, just a trifle low, take care to pull the trigger slowly and without jerk, and not to cast up the barrel in pulling.

I take a good middle sight, and aim low. Crack! I am more than sure my aim was true and careful.

"Hurrah! a red flag: it is a bull's-eye. The first I ever gained at three hundred yards, and only my second day's shooting at that distance.

"A fluke," sneers my evil genius of distrust. "A splendid shot," whispers my evil genius of self-conceit.

"Decidedly improving," says St. Ives; "surer and more intelligent shooting, more understanding of the necessary allowances."

I get fonder of my weapon now, because I begin to understand better its tremendous powers, its foibles, its necessities, and to appreciate its fidelity to all who compel it to be their slave.

"But now," says St. Ives, "let us walk up and see how the target looks, and what the tendency of to-day's bullets is."

So up we went, passing, thirty yards off, a still smoking wad. The great white butterflies left the pink germander flowers to hover round us, like fussy parasites, as we walked.

"Very pretty practice, sir," says the keeper, looking round from where he is kneeling before the target, busy with his patches.

We examined the target as if it had been a chart, and we were trying to discover a new north-west passage. We extracted some curious facts from that research. One of my bullets had entered the same hole as that of one of St. Ives's, and had merely torn it larger. We had also a similar tie in the lower pole of the target, out of which the unanimous pair had gouged pieces of deal as thick as a man's thumb.

We then went to the other side of the target to see what the bullets had done there. We found the turf cut in grooved lines some two feet long; in the loose earthen part of the turf the bullets had torn and twisted the soil into small superficial rat-holes, but in the chalk and solid clay they had penetrated deeper and more longitudinally, and to the depth sometimes of twelve inches; for we probed the wounds with our steel ramrods, and then cut down to the bullets with our knives. The bullets thus extracted were in various conditions; some, were smooth, and fit to fire again at once without even a greased patch; others, were blunted at the point. Some were mere flat pellets; others, jammed into flints, were bruised into quite a square shape. Considering that nearly all our stray bullets would, even if they had missed the head of an enemy's column, certainly have plumped on the rear ranks, what destruction we alone (I, too, a mere beginner) might have done that day from a rifle-pit had that target been but living invaders of Old England!

We went on shooting, at four hundred yards, and after a preliminary miss or two, till we got the range, did well at that distance. At five hundred I got one centre and several misses, but then it was getting dusk, and the target, too, really looked no bigger than a pocket-handkerchief; besides, it now became very doubtful where the keeper was.

It was time to go, for the stars were blossoming out, and the fern owl had begun its strange cry round the thorn-bushes, at the thousand yards' distance-post; the sheep were folded, and the bats were on the wing; the curlew's cry came mournfully and wild over the downs: yet still, through the warm odorous dusk of summer twilight, the indefatigable blackbirds poured forth their songs, and the rabbits, ever curious yet timid, could safely trot out now, and sniff at the torn cartridges.

We shouldered our rifles, packed up our traps, girded on our pouches, shouted "Good night!" to Lacy the keeper, and were soon on our way home to the village.

The turf was cool and dewy beneath our feet, the sky diamonded and pure above our heads, the fern-owl glimmered through the dusk, the curlew, in the distance, complained of its transmigration. To rouse the echo in the fir woods, St. Ives gave a long, far-reaching, quavering Australian "Kooooe!" such a cry as the Bushmen use for a signal.

"Kooooooi!" answered the wandering mocking voice, once a nymph, whose love (the story says) brought it to this strange pass.

How sweet the new hayricks of June smelt as we passed down the lane where the white owl flitted! How pleasant looked the lobster in its crimson shell, hiding in a green ambush of salad, when I peeped in at my cottage window, and saw the dear smiling one hurry to meet us as she heard the garden-gate slam!

A FAIR ON THE GANGES.

AT Hurdwar, in the north-west of India, about eighty miles from Meerut, there is held, once a year, a fair at which devout Hindoos, when the planets are propitious, wash away their sins in sacred Mother Ganges.

To this fair I set off with some friends one April morning from my cool retreat in the hills, seven thousand feet above the sea level. Descending below the line of oaks, blossoming pear-trees, and huge rhododendrons, passing strings of

mules and hill-men with their heavy creels, upward bound with the produce of the plains that sweltered in the sun below, we reached the little village of Rajpore, through which the road runs to the town of Deyrah. At Deyrah, tents and servants having been sent on some days before, we rested before making our grand start for the fair, which we were to see in one of its grand seventh years, when the power of the Ganges is greater, and the throng of Hindoos with sins to wash away is greater, than in the intervening lesser years.

Deyrah capital of its valley, Deyrah Doon, charms the old Indian with rose-clustered cottage porches, and not less with a bather's turreted fountain, that administers on its four sides the blessing of a shower-bath. We left Deyrah for a cool night journey in doolies—those long meat-safes slung on poles—each of us with sixteen bearers and a couple of torchmen to light our path and scare away the wild beasts; for, thirty miles of our way lay through the dense forest at the foot of the Himalayas. We were not left to depend on our torches only. At every mile of the forest road, bonfires, each attended by two stokers, were lighted. Yet in the dark our bearers yelled and waved their lights while we heard elephants crashing in the jungle. Over a road slippery with night dews, where the owls hooted around us, we passed, until the cries of the jackals warned us that a tiger might be near. But no tiger attacked us, so I went to sleep, and was aroused at sunrise by the screaming of the peacocks; but there were the brave little jungle cocks too—and the jungle cock is great-great-grandfather to our domestic bird. We heard the woodcutter's axe under the cool shades of the banyan; the woodcutter working merrily, in dread of no attack from elephant or tiger, for did he not wear the charm bought of the fakeer? With hop, skip, and jump, a troop of monkeys crossed our path, and up-stairs they went, hand over hand, one after another, to the top of an old tree. I lay with my head out of the dooly, seeing all that was to be seen, when the crack of guns and the pi-i-i-ing of bullets a few feet over our heads startled us all. One of our men was shot through the hand, another through the arm. There were four gentlemen on two elephants tiger-shooting, and this was an inconvenience consequent on the sport. We were not precisely in the line of firing, but the elephants, new to their work, were restless, and scattered the shot by their unexpected movements. The fight was in a corn-field; round about it natives, up in the trees, were looking on. The man-killer in particular request had been a terror to the neighbourhood. He carried off a grasscutter only last night, and was supposed to be a beast that came down every year at fair time to lay in wait for stragglers. The Englishmen killed him, and carried him off in triumph to the fair.

Walking on from the scene of battle with the doolies following, we came to the temples on the banks of the Ganges where the river rushes through a narrow gorge of the Sevallick range of the Himalayas. The gorge is called the Gate of Hurree, Hurreedwar. The hill on the right is pierced with caves, and at the cave mouths we saw many nearly naked men, with matted locks, and with necklaces of beads and charms: all holy fakeers who live on alms. Among them were some of the dreadful sect of the Aghors, with ashes and yellow-ochre on their skins, carrying in their hand human skulls; they are said to have been known to eat man's flesh, and whose touch is pollution.

As we advanced into the fair, we had to leave the main street, which was choked up with human beings, some going and some coming from the river—the clothes of the latter were dripping, and the crowd of wet worshippers turned the road into a quagmire of mud, through which, to say nothing of the dense throng, walking was easy for none but the young and nimble. We afterwards heard that this condition of road led to fearful results, for on the propitious moment being announced by the gongs and shell trumpets from the temples, a rush was made for the river, in which many of the old and infirm were trodden to death. The entrances to this, as to most of the ghauts or bathing-places, being flanked by masonry, the crush was the more intense, and the screams of women, the shouts of men roaring out "Hurru, Hurru" (the name of the tutelar deity of the place), the blowing of the mysterious-sounding shell trumpets, and the beating of gongs, made up a scene of horrible confusion not to be described. A regiment of Sepoys is always stationed at the fair to control in some measure the movements of the bathers, but they could not do much with a crowd of hundreds of thousands. Ropes also are stretched by order of government across the river from bank to bank, to give a hold to those who may be swept away by the fierce current, but notwithstanding all precautions many lives are annually lost. Most of the temples are on the river-banks; some lesser ones, however, are scattered here and there without any apparent system. Like all Hindoo shrines, they are heavy gloomy masses, pyramidal, and elaborately carved. They do not equal in size or grandeur the famous temple of the Vishnu Pud at Gya, and they are all much smaller than the Juggernaut temple in Orissa.

The interiors of Hindoo temples do not in any way realise the European idea of a place of public worship. The priests alone officiate at the shrine, muttering their muntras or incantations, and at intervals placing a few flowers or pouring a few drops of milk on the sacred stone, the lingam, or at the foot of an image. The public is allowed to file through the vault or chamber, and on arriving opposite the object of adoration each worshipper touches the ground with his forehead, then stands up and joins his palms in front of his face. He then pours out his libation of milk or melted butter on the altar, and the rites are over.

The devotees being all in wet clothes just as they came from the river, the temple floor was at last knee-deep in a compost of milk,

mud, and crushed flowers. During the whole performance the air rang with shouts, the gongs boomed out funereal chimes, the people were in a religious frenzy, capable of any wild act of enthusiasm.

It was in moments such as these, in the old time, that human victims were found ready to immolate themselves before the demon's throne. I once knew of a party of Hindoos, who, after a debauch, while they were labouring under the maddening effects of bhang (hibiscus Indicus), proposed to act such a scene as I have described; the victim for a sacrifice being wanted by the mock high priest, one of them stepped forward to be the goat or buffalo (the usual sacrifice), and in an instant his comrades cut off his head. The murderers fell asleep, and woke next morning, prisoners in the hands of the police. Some, I believe and hope, were hanged, and the rest transported. I have seen extraordinary tortures undergone by Hindoos during the Churruk Poojah, or swinging festival. These deluded wretches, who undergo a fortnight's training—to render their blood less inflammatory, I suppose—have paraded before me, some with a long iron rod a quarter of an inch thick, stuck through the centre of their tongues; others with the hooks by which they had been hung up, still quivering in the bleeding muscles of their backs; but the most eccentric torture I ever witnessed was a sort of seton dance. A man, dressed in fighting costume, sword and shield in hand, with a plume of feathers in his hair, and variegated cloth round his loins, had passed two pieces of twine through the skin of his sides just below the ribs; and, while two men kept the strings tight, and nicely oiled, to allow them to slide easily through the wounds, he performed a maniac dance to a band of music which accompanied him.

Accidents often happen in this festival. I have known a poor wretch to fall from the swinging-tree and break both his legs, because the muscles of his back, through which the hooks are passed, were torn through by his weight. It is a common thing for a man to vow that he will measure, with his body laid at full length on the ground, the distance from his place of abode to Juggernaut, though it may be a thousand miles. Of course this preposterous feat takes years to accomplish, and many die by the way: their bodies being left to the care of the jackals and vultures. I have seen a man whose nails had grown through the back of his hand, which, of course, was clenched, and had probably been bound in that position; another, who, with an upright withered arm, supported a pot of the sacred foolsee plant, his nails curling round the sides of the snare. Another form of this fanaticism I once saw in the person of a stout well-to-do looking man (clothed with only a strip of leopard's skin round his loins), who had been a rich banker, but was then toiling along the hot and dusty road on foot, subsisting on alms bestowed on him at each village he passed. He had made over all his worldly possessions to his relatives, and had devoted the remainder of his days to a pilgrimage to the sacred city of Oujein.

It is not beside our mark to talk of Hindoo superstition as we traverse the fair. Street upon street of tents, of all the colours of the rainbow, stretch, in irregular lines, as far as the eye can reach. In some, we see the gold embroidered cloths of Delhi, and the silks of Mooltan; in others, the familiar labels of Manchester, attached to some gaudy chintz or snow-white long-cloth, demonstrate the power of machinery—for these very goods have cost double their original price in transit charges, and yet beat out of the field the handloom work of the district in which cotton itself is grown.

Here is a grand affair! A gaudy tent with many-coloured shamianah, or awning, in front, under which sit a party of Cashmere nautchnees or dancing-girls, rehearsing portions of their songs for the evening's entertainment. They sing to the accompaniment of a violin and two tubluks, or small hand drums. Beautiful peris they doubtless are in the eyes of those who gaze and listen their fill *now*, their purses not being long enough to command an entrance to the regular nautch, which will take place after dark, when the fair shall be bright with coloured lamps, and the sounds of revelry take place of the discordant noises of the morning. Here, is a huge elephant, chained by all four legs; he has been brought up from the forests of Assam within the last six months, and is not nearly tame. Two female elephants stand on either side of him, who keep him in good humour: he gallantly tearing tender shoots from the branches before him, and gently placing them in the mouth of his favourite sultana. "How much for his lordship?" we ask the keeper. "Seven hundred pounds, besides backshish to the grooms who attend him." And that money will be paid, too, by some of the native princes who come to the fair, and to whom a large elephant is the true representative of state. "Bom Bom Mahudes!" is the shout of a string of men from Juggernaut, or some equally distant shrine, carrying, balanced on their shoulders, wicker baskets, containing jars of sacred water. The water is for sale, at so much a drop, and will be offered in oblations at the temples.

Here is a wild group of Ishmaelites, horse-dealers for the nonce, and not the less robbers for that, though they do not plunder now as they used to do at home in the wild passes of Cabool. They are enormous men, with limbs like those of English navvies. And whom do we meet now, striding defiant? Whom but our gallant little Major Toddles, in a huge pith helmet and long jack-boots. The major has come to buy a horse, and saunters off in the direction of the horse-fair. My friends and I had come with the same desire, and it was in the centre of the horse-fair that we found our tent. So we engaged a dulal, or broker, who spread the news of our being purchasers, and were soon besieged by a motley crowd of Affghan, Mogul, Arab, and Hindustanee horse-dealers,

who galloped their steeds about, for our approval. Being a heavy weight, my first selection was a very handsome bay Persian, which seemed suited to me in every way, and was so quiet that I put a saddle on him, and rode him in the evening through the different streets of the fair. As we rode quietly along, we came upon Sheik Abdool, the Arab dealer, with his string of sons of the desert, picketed in line, all too slight for me, and moreover too heavily priced, a hundred and fifty pounds being a common limit for a little animal standing only fourteen hands one inch. These horses are, however, wonderful for their pluck and hardiness, and will carry a great deal more weight than they seem equal to. Here, are two gigantic Persian horses, iron grey, and a perfect pair, with silver bracelets or bangles on their legs, which jingle musically at every movement; they are covered over with trappings of velvet and silver, and will make glorious chargers for some pageant-loving native prince. Way there, for the Rajah of Doulutpore! He comes seated on his tusker elephant, with silver howdah (or castle), preceded by footmen and outriders dressed in their holiday best. We have to get under the lee of some tents, to allow his highness to pass, and he looks down with supreme contempt on Europeans. In different parts of the fair we made fresh purchases, and great was our satisfaction for the time present; but, on my return to the hills, I found that horse-jockeying was not confined to Yorkshire. My beautiful Persian dwindled down to half his size, and fell lame on all four legs, and I was glad to sell for about two pounds, he having cost me thirty.

The fair generally lasts about ten days, but on the occasion of my visit the cholera broke out, and suddenly scattered the pilgrims to the four winds. It was reported by the government officials that about a million of people had assembled on this anniversary, and, seeing that not the slightest attempt at any sanitary precautions had been made, the outbreak of a pestilence was not much to be wondered at.

THE BIRDS' PETITION.

Sir Robin Redbreast, K.G. (Knight of the Garden), having taken, by acclamation of wings, the chair, Mr. Secretary Screech-Owl opened the meeting by putting on a pair of blue spectacles to soften the garish light of day. He then shook from his pinion a quill, which furnished the pen wherewith to report the proceedings; which proceedings proved unanimous, although some of the votes were given by proxy, as several members were unavoidably absent.

Mr. Tawny Owl (cousin-germain to the secretary) happened to be in deep affliction at the tragical fate of his missing wife, whose remains he had only that morning recognised nailed against a stable door. Indignant at the cruelty, he was quite unfitted for calm deliberation; he did nothing but frantically exclaim, "What fools men are! What ignorant asses! They might just as well gibbet every one of their cats, as gibbet myself or my innocent partner!" His friends, therefore, advised him to remain at home and attend to the wants of his four half-fledged motherless owlets. Their cupboard now will be scantily furnished; "but," as he wisely remarked, "half a mouse is better than no meat."

Cock Sparrow, Esq., could not leave The Eaves (his ancestral residence, commanding a fine view from an airy situation), because the interesting situation of the Hon. Mrs. Sparrow would not admit of an hour's delay in the construction of their second nest; but he forwarded for inspection, as his testimonial, the wing-cases of seven hundred cockchafers, which, besides numberless larvæ and caterpillars, had been consumed in the rearing of his first spring brood.

The manifestation agreed to was this:

"We, certain small and middle-sized birds, some of us permanent residents, others of us alternately domiciled in Europe and Africa, and now in open-air public meeting assembled, without the permission of the Right Worshipful the Mayor, do hereby present our humble petition to the High and Mighty Senate of the Empire of France:

"We beg to inform you, Messieurs les Sénateurs, that their exist in France several thousand species of insects, all endowed with frightful fecundity, and almost all living exclusively at the expense of valuable vegetable productions. The sturdy oak, the ornamental elm, the fir, the pine, the precious olive, and the still more precious vine, languish—when they do not die outright—from the attacks of hosts whose legions are marshalled under standards inscribed Lucanus, Cerambyx, Scotylus, Scarabæus, Phlæotribus, Dacus, Pyralus, Phalæna, and other barbaric mottoes, which the most voluble starling amongst us cannot pronounce.

"Wheat and other corn plants are ravaged at the root by the grub of the cockchafer; in the bud, by the cecidomyx; in the grain, by the weevil. Cruciferous plants, such as colza and turnips, are destroyed as soon as they are out of the ground, by one set of parasites, while other insect foes await the formation of the pod to take up their lodging in it, and feed on its contents. Peas, beans, and lentils, are like the candle which an unthrifty housekeeper burns at both ends; at top their fruit is cleaned out by grubs; at bottom the vital sap is intercepted by underground and burrowing insects. Your petitioners do not go so far as to say that, in every field, the insects eat everything; but, after the insects have taken *their* tithe, the farmer has still a further tithe to pay to mice, rats, and the innumerable small extortioners who, after a joyous summer in the field, take up their winter quarters in the barn.

"The loss occasioned to the wheat, in one single year, in one department of the east of France, by one sole species of larvæ, is estimated at one hundred and sixty thousand pounds, at the very least. To this insect are attributed the scanty harvests of the three years which preceded 1856. In certain fields, the loss amounted to nearly half the crop. Out of twenty pods of colza, taken at hazard, and con-

taining five hundred and four seeds, only two hundred and ninety-six seeds were good; the rest were consumed or damaged by insects. A crop of colza which produced only one hundred and eighty pounds' worth of oil, ought to have given two hundred and eighty-eight pounds' worth, and would have done so, if your petitioners had been allowed fair play. In Germany, the nun moth (phalæna monacha) has caused whole forests to perish. Three years ago, in Eastern Prussia, more than twenty-four millions of cubic metres of fir-wood were obliged to be felled, solely because the trees were dying from the attacks of insects.

"Considerable as are these losses, you will be surprised, Messieurs les Sénateurs, that they are not greater, when you consider the portentous fecundity with which these adversaries are endowed; and if Divine Providence had not raised up, in us, your petitioners, a preventive check worthy of His wisdom, long ago would all vegetation have disappeared from the surface of the earth. Man, in fact, is powerless to combat with enemies like these. His genius is able to measure the course of the stars, to perforate mountains, to make a ship pursue her way in the teeth of the tempest; the beasts of the forest retreat before his advancing steps; but, in the presence of the myriads of insects who fall upon his cultivated fields and render all his labours vain, his strength is only weakness. His eye is too feeble to catch sight of more than a few of them; his hand is too sluggish to strike them; and besides, could he crush them by millions, they would be reproduced by billions. From above, from below, from the east, from the west, their countless legions succeed each other, in relays which know neither repose nor armistice. In this indestructible army, which marches to the conquest of human labour, each regiment has its allotted month, its day, its season, its plant, its tree. Each knows its own post in the fray, and never errs in taking it. Man must have succumbed in this unequal struggle, had not Providence given him in us—the birds—powerful auxiliaries, faithful allies, who marvellously well perform the task that man is incompetent to accomplish. Yes, Messieurs les Sénateurs, we, your petitioners, are in reality your patrons and protectors.

"For the sake of retrieving our characters, we have submitted to post-mortem examination; our stomachs have been searched; and medical men will certify, not only in what proportion we feed on insects, but what particular species we search out and destroy, and, consequently, what plants we preserve from their enemies.

"The three hundred and thirty species of birds who breed in France may be divided into three principal classes. In the first, your petitioners will place all birds who are injurious, at least indirectly so, inasmuch as they destroy many of us, the insectivorous birds. It includes the diurnal birds of prey, the eagles and hawks, and also the omnivorous birds, the crows, magpies, and jays. But here justice compels us to make an honourable exception in favour of the common and the rough-legged buzzards, each individual of whom consumes about six thousand mice per annum. Complete absolution must be granted to the rook, for his assistance in the destruction of cockchafer grubs.

"In the second class, your petitioners range what are called granivorous birds, but who, in reality, are birds of double alimentation; for, with the exception of the pigeon, there is no bird which is purely granivorous; they all feed, either at the same time, or according to the season, both on seeds and insects. Noxious in the first case, useful in the second, there is a balance to be struck between the service they render, and the evil they do. Such are sparrows and other hard-billed birds. Frederick the Great declared war against sparrows, because they were just as fond as his majesty of cherries. Of course they beat a retreat and disappeared. But in two years, not only no cherries were to be had, but scarcely any other fruit; the caterpillars took the lion's share. The mighty king was glad to sign a treaty of peace with the birds, in which they stipulated for a moderate share of the blackhearts and the whitehearts in the royal gardens.

"But if sparrows, rooks, and others of their kind, exact payment for their services, the third class, much more numerous, give their aid gratuitously. Such are the nocturnal birds of prey, whom ignorance pursues as 'of evil omen.' Better than cats, they neither steal the milk nor lick the cream; they are the terror of all sorts of rats and field-mice, not to mention the multitude of night-flying insects they destroy.

"The hedge-sparrow devours per day some five hundred and fifty insects, amongst which figure the kinds the most redoubtable to man. Now, of the harm done by one of these insects you may form, Messieurs les Sénateurs, some idea, if you recollect that the chockchafer lays from seventy to a hundred eggs, soon to be transformed into so many worms, which for three or four years live exclusively on the roots of your most precious plants. The weevil lays about the same number of eggs, each of which destroys a kernel of wheat; one weevil may, therefore, be assumed to cause the destruction of an ear of wheat alone. The pyralus deposits about a hundred and twenty eggs in about as many blossom buds of the vine. From each egg so deposited, ensues the loss of a bunch of grapes.

"And now, Messieurs, be pleased to deign to put these two sets of figures together. Admitting that, out of the five hundred insects destroyed in a day by one bird, the tenth only are noxious creatures—say forty weevils and ten pyraluses (which is below the truth), you have an average of more than three thousand kernels of wheat and eleven hundred bunches of grapes saved in one day by one little bird. Suppose as many natural causes as you please, to arrest the ravages of insects; reduce the effects of the birds' effort as much as you like; there will still remain sufficient grounds to justify the say-

ing of a contemporary writer: 'The bird can live without man, but man cannot live without the bird.' A titmouse in one year consumes more than two hundred thousand microscopic eggs and larvæ.

"One would believe, Messieurs les Sénateurs, that grateful man would take under his special protection such indispensable friends as these; that he would destroy the winged foes that prey upon them, as well as the snake which glides up to the nest to devour the mother with her young. Alas! no. More cruel than the falcon, who kills to live, man kills for the pleasure of killing. The gun is not sufficiently murderous; it is reserved for more noble game. We, your melodious useful petitioners, are assailed with a variety of horrid engines—with nets, nooses, traps, and birdlime, which crush and torment us for hours, without killing us outright. We spare you the details of our sufferings.

"But whilst we thus spare you, we strongly protest against the sportsmen—magnanimous heroes!—who, along the coast from Marseilles to Toulon, slay their two hundred soft-billed birds per day, in order to display upon a spit a row of tiny roasted carcases, which, when they were alive and useful, were little more than bunches of fluffy feathers. We protest against the hideous race of bird-catchers, who capture scores of songsters on the chance that one out of the number may survive his captivity. We protest against idle and unfeeling children who play truant from school, for the sake of plundering our eggs and stringing them into a useless and fragile ornament. We protest against cruel and stupid parents, who look on with indifference while their boys—and worse, their girls—are tormenting our progeny and reducing our race to the verge of extinction. Senators of France, we beseech you, for your own sakes, have pity on us! Take us under the protection of the law.

"Your petitioners are well aware that, supposing penalties to exist for the destruction of birds' nests containing eggs or young, police-officers would shut their eyes or look another way, if those penalties were heavy; if they amounted, as has been proposed, to six hundred and even to two thousand francs. The offence being commonly committed by children whose parents are the parties civilly responsible, there would be an unwillingness to inflict ruin on fathers and mothers whose only fault is, after all, the toleration of practices which seem to be authorised by ancient custom. But, by reducing the fine to one franc, this light penalty, saddled with the costs, would act as a paternal warning, which could not shock the conscience either of the magistrate, or of the person who took the culprit in charge.

"Your petitioners are not blind to the probability that the reforms they propose, will shock many prejudices, many inveterate habits, considered rights in certain rural districts. Might not a little persuasion, therefore, accompany or even precede coercive measures? Your petitioners venture to propose that the Ministers of Agriculture and Public Instruction should cause to be prepared, for the use of village schoolmasters, a set of simple clear and familiar lessons which may usefully employ a few class hours in every week. Already have several bishops, with the Cardinal Archbishop of Bordeaux at their head, taken the initiative in this economical as well as moral and humane branch of tuition. It is to be hoped they will be seconded in this good work by our worthy friends, the country curés.

"Your petitioners further suggest that, while good is taught, the teaching of evil should be refrained from. They protest against pictures of Paul offering to Virginia a nest of young birds, also against statuettes of Damon climbing a porcelain-tree in order to present a Sèvres Phyllis with a brood of callow thrushes which the mother bird is feeding. The pictured and the sculptured nests may be exceedingly pretty objects to look at, but we, your petitioners, ask what Virginia and Phyllis are going to do with the nestlings when they have got them? Will they try to rear them? Ten to one they will fail. But the chances are, that instead of trying, they will worry the young birds to death, and then toss them to the cat: which is not pretty at all, in your petitioners' opinion.

"Finally, if France holds to the English alliance, she will refrain from the murder of English favourites who are travelling direct to England. That insular people are very prejudiced and almost superstitious respecting any harm done to our red-bosomed Chairman's family especially. We, your petitioners, it may be said, have a selfish interest in the matter; and we confess we prefer reaching the north of Europe by any route, in preference to France. The grand nation which takes the lead in civilisation, and also in revolution, will surely put a stop to such crying injustice and self-injury; when your petitioners will ever pray."

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"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR."—SHAKESPEARE.

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A STRANGE STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY NOVEL," "RIENZI," &c.

CHAPTER IX.

IN a very few minutes I was once more in the grounds of that old gable house. The servant, who went before me, entered them by the stairs and the wicket-gate of the private entrance; that way was the shortest. So again I passed by the circling glade and the monastic well—sward, trees, and ruins, all suffused in the limpid moonlight.

And now I was in the house; the servant took up stairs the note with which I was charged, and a minute or two afterwards returned and conducted me to the corridor above, in which Mrs. Ashleigh received me. I was the first to speak. "Your daughter—is—is—not seriously ill, I hope. What is it?"

"Hush!" she said, under her breath. "Will you step this way for a moment." She passed through a doorway to the right. I followed her, and as she placed on the table the light she had been holding, I looked round with a chill at the heart—it was the room in which Dr. Lloyd had died. Impossible to mistake. The furniture, indeed, was changed—there was no bed in the chamber; but the shape of the room, the position of the high casement, which was now wide open, and through which the moonlight streamed more softly than on that drear winter night, the great square beams intersecting the low ceiling—all were impressed vividly on my memory. The chair to which Mrs. Ashleigh beckoned me was placed just on the spot where I had stood by the bed-head of the dying man.

I shrank back—I could not have seated myself there. So, I remained leaning against the chimney-piece, while Mrs. Ashleigh told her story.

She said that on their arrival the day before, Lilian had been in more than usually good health and spirits, delighted with the old house, the grounds, and especially the nook by the Monk's Well, at which Mrs. Ashleigh had left her that evening in order to make some purchases in the town, in company with Mr. Vigors. When Mrs. Ashleigh returned, she and Mr. Vigors had sought Lilian in that nook, and Mrs. Ashleigh then detected, with a mother's eye, some change in Lilian, which alarmed her. She seemed listless and dejected, and was very pale; but she denied that she felt unwell. On regaining the house she had sat down in the room in which we then were—"which," said Mrs. Ashleigh, "as it is not required for a sleeping-room, my daughter, who is fond of reading, wished to fit up as her own morning-room, or study. I left her here and went into the drawing-room below with Mr. Vigors. When he quitted me, which he did very soon, I remained for nearly an hour giving directions about the placing of furniture, which had just arrived from our late residence. I then went up-stairs to join my daughter, and to my terror found her apparently lifeless in her chair. She had fainted away."

I interrupted Mrs. Ashleigh here. "Has Miss Ashleigh been subject to fainting fits?"

"No, never. When she recovered she seemed bewildered—disinclined to speak. I got her to bed, and as she then fell quietly to sleep, my mind was relieved. I thought it only a passing effect of excitement, in a change of abode; or caused by something like malaria in the atmosphere of that part of the grounds in which I had found her seated."

"Very likely. The hour of sunset at this time of year is trying to delicate constitutions. Go on."

"About three-quarters of an hour ago she woke up with a loud cry, and has been ever since in a state of great agitation, weeping violently, and answering none of my questions. Yet she does not seem light-headed, but rather what we call hysterical."

"You will permit me now to see her. Take comfort—in all you tell me I see nothing to warrant serious alarm."

CHAPTER X.

To the true physician there is an inexpressible sanctity in the sick-chamber. At its threshold the more human passions quit their hold on his heart. Love there would be profanation. Even the grief permitted to others he must put aside. He must enter that room—a Calm Intelligence. He is disabled for his mission if he suffer aught to obscure the keen quiet glance of his science. Age or youth, beauty or deformity, innocence or guilt, merge their distinctions in one common attribute—human suffering appealing to human skill.

Woe to the houscholds in which the trusted Healer feels not on his conscience the solemn

obligations of his glorious art. Reverently, as in a temple, I stood in the virgin's chamber. When her mother placed her hand in mine, and I felt the throb of its pulse, I was aware of no quicker beat of my own heart. I looked with a steady eye on the face, more beautiful from the flush that deepened the delicate hues of the young cheek, and the lustre that brightened the dark blue of the wandering eyes. She did not at first heed me; did not seem aware of my presence; but kept murmuring to herself words which I could not distinguish.

At length, when I spoke to her, in that low, soothing tone which we learn at the sick-bed, the expression of her face altered suddenly; she passed the hand I did not hold over her forehead, turned round, looked at me full and long, with unmistakable surprise, yet not as if the surprise displeased her; less the surprise which recoils from the sight of a stranger than that which seems doubtfully to recognise an unexpected friend! Yet on the surprise there seemed to creep something of apprehension—of fear;—her hand trembled, her voice quivered, as she said,

"Can it be, can it be? Am I awake? Mother, who is this?"

"Only a kind visitor, Dr. Fenwick, sent by Mrs. Poyntz, for I was uneasy about you, darling. How are you now?"

"Better. Strangely better."

She removed her hand gently from mine, and with an involuntary modest shrinking, turned towards Mrs. Ashleigh, drawing her mother towards herself, so that she became at once hidden from me.

Satisfied that there was here no delirium, nor even more than the slight and temporary fever which often accompanies a sudden nervous attack in constitutions peculiarly sensitive, I retired noiselessly from the room, and went not into that which had been occupied by the deceased inmate, but down stairs into the drawing-room, to write my prescription. I had already sent the servant off with it to the chemist's before Mrs. Ashleigh joined me.

"She seems recovering surprisingly; her forehead is cooler; she is perfectly self-possessed, only she cannot account for her own seizure, cannot account either for the fainting or the agitation with which she awoke from sleep."

"I think I can account for both. The first room in which she entered—that in which she fainted—had its window open; the sides of the window are overgrown with rank creeping plants in full blossom. Miss Ashleigh had already predisposed herself to injurious effects from the effluvia, by fatigue, excitement, imprudence in sitting out at the fall of a heavy dew. The sleep after the fainting fit was the more disturbed, because Nature, always alert and active in subjects so young, was making its own effort to right itself from an injury. Nature has nearly succeeded. What I have prescribed will a little aid and accelerate that which Nature has yet to do, and in a day or two I do not doubt that your daughter will be perfectly restored. Only let me recommend care to avoid exposure to the open air during the close of the day. Let her avoid also the room in which she was first seized, for it is a strange phenomenon in nervous temperaments that a nervous attack may, without visible cause, be repeated in the same place where it was first experienced. You had better shut up the chamber for at least some weeks, burn fires in it, repaint and paper it, sprinkle chloroform. You are not, perhaps, aware that Dr. Lloyd died in that room after a prolonged illness. Suffer me to wait till your servant returns with the medicine, and let me employ the interval in asking a few questions. Miss Ashleigh, you say, never had a fainting fit before. I should presume that she is not what we call strong. But has she ever had any illness that alarmed you?"

"Never."

"No great liability to cold and cough, to attacks of the chest or lungs?"

"Certainly not. Still I have feared that she may have a tendency to consumption. Do you think so? Your questions alarm me!"

"I do not think so; but before I pronounce a positive opinion, one question more. You say you feared a tendency to consumption. Is that disease in her family? She certainly did not inherit it from you. But on her father's side?"

"Her father," said Mrs. Ashleigh, with tears in her voice, "died young, but of brain fever, which the medical men said was brought on by over study."

"Enough, my dear madam. What you say confirms my belief that your daughter's constitution is the very opposite to that in which the seeds of consumption lurk. It is rather that far nobler constitution, which the keenness of the nervous susceptibility renders delicate but elastic—as quick to recover as it is to suffer."

"Thank you, thank you, Dr. Fenwick, for what you say. You take a load from my heart. For Mr. Vigors, I know, thinks Lilian consumptive, and Mrs. Poyntz has rather frightened me at times by hints to the same effect. But when you speak of nervous susceptibility, I do not quite understand you. My daughter is not what is commonly called nervous. Her temper is singularly even."

"But if not excitable, should you also say that she is not impressionable? The things which do not disturb her temper, may, perhaps, deject her spirits. Do I make myself understood?"

"Yes, I think I understand your distinction. But I am not quite sure if it applies. To most things that affect the spirits she is not more sensitive than other girls, perhaps less so. But she is certainly very impressionable in some things."

"In what?"

"She is more moved than any one I ever knew by objects in external nature, rural scenery, rural sounds, by music, by the books that she reads—even books that are not works

of imagination. Perhaps in all this she takes after her poor father, but in a more marked degree—at least, I observe it more in her. For he was peculiarly silent and reserved. And perhaps also her peculiarities have been fostered by the seclusion in which she has been brought up. It was with a view to make her a little more like girls of her own age that our friend, Mrs. Poyntz, induced me to come here. Lilian was reconciled to this change; but she shrank from the thoughts of London, which I should have preferred. Her poor father could not endure London."

"Miss Ashleigh is fond of reading?"

"Yes, she is fond of reading, but more fond of musing. She will sit by herself for hours without book or work, and seem as abstracted as if in a dream. She was so even in her earliest childhood. Then she would tell me what she had been conjuring up to herself. She would say that she had seen—positively seen—beautiful lands far away from earth; flowers and trees not like ours. As she grew older this visionary talk displeased me, and I scolded her, and said that if others heard her, they would think that she was not only silly but very untruthful. So of late years she never ventures to tell me what, in such dreamy moments, she suffers herself to imagine; but the habit of musing continues still. Do you not agree with Mrs. Poyntz, that the best cure would be a little cheerful society amongst other young people?"

"Certainly," said I, honestly, though with a jealous pang. "But here comes the medicine. Will you take it up to her, and then sit with her half an hour or so? By that time I expect she will be asleep. I will wait here till you return. Oh, I can amuse myself with the newspapers and books on your table. Stay! one caution: be sure there are no flowers in Miss Ashleigh's sleeping-room. I think I saw a treacherous rose-tree in a stand by the window. If so, banish it."

Left alone, I examined the room in which, O thought of joy! I had surely now won the claim to become a privileged guest. I touched the books Lilian must have touched; in the articles of furniture, as yet so hastily disposed that the settled look of home was not about them, I still knew that I was gazing on things which her mind must associate with the history of her young life. That lute-harp—must be surely hers, and the scarf, with a girl's favourite colours—pure white and pale blue,—and the bird-cage, and the childish ivory work-case, with implements too pretty for use, all spoke of her.

It was a blissful intoxicating reverie, which Mrs. Ashleigh's entrance disturbed.

Lilian was sleeping calmly. I had no pretence to linger there any longer.

"I leave you, I trust, with your mind quite at ease," said I. "You will allow me to call to-morrow, in the afternoon?"

"Oh yes, gratefully."

Mrs. Ashleigh held out her hand as I made towards the door.

Is there a physician who has not felt at times how that ceremonious fee throws him back from the garden land of humanity into the market-place of money—seems to put him out of the pale of equal friendship, and say "True, you have given health and life. Adieu! there, you are paid for it." With a poor person there would have been no dilemma, but Mrs. Ashleigh was affluent: to depart from custom here was almost impertinence. But had the penalty of my refusal been the doom of never again beholding Lilian, I could not have taken her mother's gold. So I did not appear to notice the hand held out to me, and passed by with a quickened step.

"But, Dr. Fenwick, stop!"

"No, ma'am, no! Miss Ashleigh would have recovered as soon without me. Whenever my aid is really wanted, then——but Heaven grant that time may never come. We will talk again about her to-morrow."

I was gone. Now in the garden ground, odorous with blossoms; now in the lane, enclosed by the narrow walls; now in the deserted streets, over which the moon shone full as in that winter night when I hurried from the chamber of death. But the streets were not ghastly now, and the moon was no longer Hecate, that dreary goddess of awe and spectres, but the sweet, simple Lady of the Stars, on whose gentle face lovers have gazed ever since (if that guess of astronomers be true) she was parted from earth to rule the tides of its deeps from afar, even as love from love divided rules the heart that yearns towards it with mysterious law!

CHAPTER XI.

With what increased benignity I listened to the patients who visited me the next morning. The whole human race seemed to me worthier of love, and I longed to diffuse amongst all some rays of the glorious hope that had dawned upon my heart. My first call, when I went forth, was on the poor young woman from whom I had been returning the day before, when an impulse, which seemed like a fate, had lured me into the grounds where I had first seen Lilian. I felt grateful to this poor patient; without her, Lilian herself might be yet unknown to me.

The girl's brother, a young man employed in the police, and whose pay supported a widowed mother and the suffering sister, received me at the threshold of the cottage.

"Oh, sir! she is so much better to-day; almost free from pain. Will she live, now? can she live?"

"If my treatment has really done the good you say; if she be really better under it, I think her recovery may be promised. But I must first see her."

The girl was indeed wonderfully better. I felt that my skill was achieving a signal triumph, but that day even my intellectual pride was forgotten in the luxurious unfolding of that sense of heart which had so newly waked into blossom.

As I recrossed the threshold, I smiled on the brother, who was still lingering there:

"Your sister is saved, Waby. She needs now chiefly wine and good though light nourishment; these you will find at my house; call there for them every day."

"God bless you, sir! If ever I can serve you——" His tongue faltered—he could say no more.

Serve me—Allen Fenwick—that poor policeman! Me, whom a king could not serve! What did I ask from earth but Fame and Lilian's heart? Thrones and bread man wins from the aid of others. Fame and woman's heart he can only gain through himself.

So I strode gaily up the hill, through the iron gates into the fairy ground, and stood before Lilian's home.

The man-servant, on opening the door, seemed somewhat confused, and said hastily, before I spoke,

"Not at home, sir; a note for you."

I turned the note mechanically in my hand; I felt stunned.

"Not at home! Miss Ashleigh cannot be out. How is she?"

"Better, sir, thank you."

I still could not open the note; my eyes turned wistfully towards the windows of the house, and there—at the drawing-room window—I encountered the scowl of Mr. Vigors. I coloured with resentment, divined that I was dismissed, and walked away with a proud crest and a firm step.

When I was out of the gates, in the blind lane, I opened the note. It began formally, "Mrs. Ashleigh presents her compliments," and went on to thank me, civilly enough, for my attendance the night before, would not give me the trouble to repeat my visit, and enclosed a fee, double the amount of the fee prescribed by custom. I flung the money, as an asp that had stung me, over the high wall, and tore the note into shreds. Having thus idly vented my rage, a dull gnawing sorrow came heavily down upon all other emotions, stifling and replacing them. At the mouth of the lane I halted. I shrank from the thought of the crowded streets beyond. I shrank yet more from the routine of duties, which stretched before me in the desert into which daily life was so suddenly smitten. I sat down by the roadside, shading my dejected face with a nerveless hand. I looked up as the sound of steps reached my ear, and saw Dr. Jones coming briskly along the lane, evidently from Abbots' House. He must have been there at the very time I had called. I was not only dismissed but supplanted. I rose before he reached the spot on which I had seated myself, and went my way into the town, went through my allotted round of professional visits, but my attentions were not so tenderly devoted, my skill so genially quickened by the glow of benevolence, as my poorer patients had found them in the morning.

I have said how the physician should enter the sick-room. "A Calm Intelligence!" But if you strike a blow on the heart, the intellect suffers. Little worth, I suspect, was my "calm intelligence" that day. Bichat, in his famous book upon Life and Death, divides life into two classes—animal and organic. Man's intellect, with the brain for its centre, belongs to life animal; his passions to life organic, centred in the heart, in the viscera. Alas! if the noblest passions through which alone we lift ourselves into the moral realm of the sublime and beautiful really have their centre in the life which the very vegetable, that lives organically, shares with us! And, alas! if it be that life which we share with the vegetable, that can cloud, obstruct, suspend, annul that life centred in the brain, which we share with every being howsoever angelic, in every star howsoever remote, on whom the Creator bestows the faculty of thought!

CHAPTER XII.

But suddenly I remembered Mrs. Poyntz. I ought to call on her. So I closed my round of visits at her door. But the day was then far advanced, and the servant politely informed me that Mrs. Poyntz was at dinner. I could only leave my card, with a message that I would pay my respects to her the next day. That evening I received from her this note:

"Dear Dr. Fenwick,—I regret much that I cannot have the pleasure of seeing you to-morrow. Poyntz and I are going to visit his brother, at the other end of the county, and we start early. We shall be away some days. Sorry to hear from Mrs. Ashleigh that she has been persuaded by Mr. Vigors to consult Dr. Jones about Lilian. Vigors and Jones both frighten the poor mother, and insist upon consumptive tendencies. Unluckily, you seem to have said there was little the matter. Some doctors gain their practice, as some preachers fill their churches, by adroit use of the appeals to terror. You do not want patients, Dr. Jones does. And, after all, better perhaps as it is.

"Yours, &c.

"M. Poyntz."

To my more selfish grief anxiety for Lilian was now added. I had seen many more patients die from being mistreated for consumption than from consumption itself. And Dr. Jones was a mercenary, cunning, needy man, with much crafty knowledge of human foibles, but very little skill in the treatment of human maladies. My fears were soon confirmed. A few days after I heard from Miss Brabazon that Miss Ashleigh was seriously ill, kept her room. Mrs. Ashleigh made this excuse for not immediately returning the visits which the Hill had showered upon her. Miss Brabazon had seen Dr. Jones, who had shaken his head, said it was a serious case; but that time and care (his time and his care!) might effect wonders.

How stealthily at the dead of the night I would climb the Hill, and look towards the windows of the old sombre house—one window, in which a light burnt dim and mournful, the light of a sick-room—of hers!

At length Mrs. Poyntz came back, and I

entered her house, having fully resolved beforehand on the line of policy to be adopted towards the potentate whom I hoped to secure as an ally. It was clear that neither disguise nor half-confidence would baffle the penetration of so keen an intellect, nor propitiate the good will of so imperious and resolute a temper. Perfect frankness here was the wisest prudence; and, after all, it was most agreeable to my own nature, and most worthy of my own honour.

Luckily, I found Mrs. Poyntz alone, and taking in both mine the hand she somewhat coldly extended to me, I said, with the earnestness of suppressed emotion:

"You observed, when I last saw you, that I had not yet asked you to be my friend. I ask it now. Listen to me with all the indulgence you can vouchsafe, and let me at least profit by your counsel if you refuse to give me your aid."

Rapidly, briefly, I went on to say how I had first seen Lilian, and how sudden, how strange to myself had been the impression which that first sight of her had produced.

"You remarked the change that had come over me," said I; "you divined the cause before I divined it myself; divined it as I sat there beside you, thinking that through you I might see, in the freedom of social intercourse, the face that was then haunting me. You know what has since passed. Miss Ashleigh is ill; her case is, I am convinced, wholly misunderstood. All other feelings are merged in one sense of anxiety—of alarm. But it has become due to me, due to all, to incur the risk of your ridicule even more than of your reproof, by stating to you thus candidly, plainly, bluntly, the sentiment which renders alarm so poignant, and which, if scarcely admissible to the romance of some wild dreamy boy, may seem an unpardonable folly in a man of my years and my sober calling; due to me, to you, to Mrs. Ashleigh; because still the dearest thing in life to me is honour. And if you, who know Mrs. Ashleigh so intimately, who must be more or less aware of her plans or wishes for her daughter's future; if you believe that those plans or wishes lead to a lot far more ambitious than an alliance with me could offer to Miss Ashleigh, then aid Mr. Vigors in excluding me from the house; aid me in suppressing a presumptuous, visionary passion. I cannot enter that house without love and hope at my heart. And the threshold of that house I must not cross if such love and such hope would be a sin and a treachery in the eyes of its owner. I might restore Miss Ashleigh to health; her gratitude might—— I cannot continue. This danger must not be to me nor to her, if her mother has views far above such a son-in-law. And I am the more bound to consider all this while it is yet time, because I heard you state that Miss Ashleigh had a fortune—was what would be here termed an heiress. And the full consciousness that whatever fame one in my profession may live to acquire, does not open those vistas of social power and grandeur which are opened by professions to my eyes less noble in themselves—that full consciousness, I say, was forced upon me by certain words of your own. For the rest, you know my descent is sufficiently recognised as that amidst well-born gentry to have rendered me no mésalliance to families the most proud of their ancestry, if I had kept my hereditary estate and avoided the career that makes me useful to man. But I acknowledge that on entering a profession such as mine—entering any profession except that of arms or the senate—all leave their pedigree at its door, an erased or dead letter. All must come as equals, high born or low born, into that arena in which men ask aid from a man as he makes himself; to them his dead forefathers are idle dust. Therefore, to the advantage of birth I cease to have a claim. I am but a provincial physician, whose station would be the same had he been a cobbler's son. But gold retains its grand privilege in all ranks. He who has gold is removed from the suspicion that attaches to the greedy fortune-hunter. My private fortune, swelled by my savings, is sufficient to secure to any one I may marry a larger settlement than many a wealthy squire can make. I need no fortune with a wife; if she have one, it would be settled on herself. Pardon these vulgar details. Now, have I made myself understood?"

"Fully," answered the Queen of the Hill, who had listened to me quietly, watchfully, and without one interruption. "Fully. And you have done well to confide in me with so generous an unreserve. But before I say further, let me ask, what would be your advice for Lilian, supposing that you ought not to attend her. You have no trust in Dr. Jones; neither have I. And Anne Ashleigh's note received to-day, begging me to call, justifies your alarm. Still you think there is no tendency to consumption?"

"Of that I am certain, so far as my slight glimpse of a case that to me, however, seems a simple and not uncommon one, will permit. But in the alternative you put—that my own skill, whatever its worth, is forbidden—my earnest advice is, that Mrs. Ashleigh should take her daughter at once to London, and consult there those great authorities to whom I cannot compare my own opinion or experience; and by their counsel abide."

Mrs. Poyntz shaded her eyes with her hand for a few moments, and seemed in deliberation with herself. Then she said, with her peculiar smile, half grave, half ironical:

"In matters more ordinary you would have won me to your side long ago. That Mr. Vigors should have presumed to cancel my recommendation to a settler on the Hill, was an act of rebellion, and involved the honour of my prerogative. But I suppressed my indignation at an affront so unusual, partly out of pique against yourself, but much more, I think, out of regard for you."

"I understand. You detected the secret of my heart; you knew that Mrs. Ashleigh would not wish to see her daughter the wife of a provincial physician."

"Am I sure, or are you sure, that the

daughter herself would accept that fate; or if she accepted it, would not repent?"

"Do not think me the vainest of men when I say this—that I cannot believe I should be so enthralled by a feeling at war with my reason, unfavoured by anything I can detect in my habits of mind, or even by the dreams of a youth which exalted science and excluded love, unless I was intimately convinced that Miss Ashleigh's heart was free—that I could win, and that I could keep it! Ask me why I am convinced of this, and I can tell you no more why I think that she could love me, than I can tell you why I love her!"

"I am of the world, worldly. But I am woman, womanly — though I may not care to be thought it. And therefore, though what you say is—regarded in a worldly point of view, sheer nonsense—regarded in a womanly point of view, it is logically sound. But still you cannot know Lilian as I do. Your nature and hers are in strong contrast. I do not think she is a safe wife for you. The purest, the most innocent creature imaginable, certainly that, but always in the seventh heaven. And you in the seventh heaven, just at this moment, but with an irresistible gravitation to the solid earth, which will have its way again, when the honeymoon is over. I do not believe you two would harmonise by intercourse. I do not believe Lilian would sympathise with you, and I am sure you could not sympathise with her throughout the long dull course of this work-day life. And therefore, for your sake as well as hers, I was not displeased to find that Dr. Jones had replaced you; and now, in return for your frankness, I say frankly—do not go again to that house. Conquer this sentiment, fancy, passion, whatever it be. And I will advise Mrs. Ashleigh to take Lilian to town. Shall it be so settled?"

I could not speak. I buried my face in my hands—misery, misery, desolation!

I know not how long I remained thus silent, perhaps many minutes. At length I felt a cold, firm, but not ungentle hand placed upon mine; and a clear, full, but not discouraging voice said to me:

"Leave me to think well over this conversation, and to ponder well the value of all you have shown that you so deeply feel. The interests of life do not fill both scales of the balance. The heart which does not always go in the same scale with the interests, still has its weight in the scale opposed to them. I have heard a few wise men say, as many a silly woman says, 'Better be unhappy with one we love, than be happy with one we love not.' Do you say that, too?"

"With every thought of my brain, every beat of my pulse, I say it."

"After that answer, all my questionings cease. You shall hear from me to-morrow. By that time, I shall have seen Anne and Lilian. I shall have weighed both scales of the balance, and the heart here, Allen Fenwick, seems very heavy. Go, now. I hear feet on the stairs. Poyntz bringing up some friendly gossiper; gossipers are spies."

I passed my hand over my eyes, tearless, but how tears would have relieved the anguish that burdened them! and, without a word, went down the stairs, meeting at the landing-place Colonel Poyntz and the old man whose pain my prescription had cured. The old man was whistling a merry tune, perhaps first learned on the play-ground. He broke from it to thank, almost to embrace me, as I slid by him. I seized his jocund blessing as a good omen, and carried it with me as I passed into the broad sunlight. Solitary—solitary. Should I be so evermore?

PASTORS AND MASTERS.

A QUARTER of a century ago—in the year 'thirty-five—appeared the first report of the Royal Commission of Inquiry into the Ecclesiastical Revenues of England and Wales. It showed that the gross income of all the bishops amounted to One Hundred and Eighty-one Thousand Six Hundred and Thirty-one pounds a year, being an average of Six Thousand Seven Hundred and Twenty-seven pounds per bishop. It showed that of the beneficed clergy one had an income of Seven Thousand Three Hundred a year, another nearly Five Thousand, two others nearly Four Thousand, and about a hundred and fifty more had incomes varying between One and Three Thousand, but generally under fifteen hundred. There were, at the same time, nearly five thousand of the beneficed clergy who had incomes less than Two Hundred a year, and more than five thousand unbeneficed clergy, acting as curates—of whom more than four thousand were doing the work of non-resident clergy — who had not more than Eighty pounds a year to keep their families upon. Then, too, as now, while there were churches wanting congregations, there were congregations wanting churches. In thirty-four London parishes, with a population of a million and a hundred thousand, there was church-room for the hundred thousand, but none for the million. The want in many other places was hardly less urgent, and upon the facts thus ascertained action was taken. They were not facts showing the Church to be a failure, but they were facts showing reason why men of all creeds who honestly work for love of God and their neighbour, should agree as much as possible and pull together.

The Archbishop of Canterbury himself brought into the House of Lords the bill which passed into an act for reducing episcopal incomes, widening the sphere of episcopal work, abolishing thirty-four useless canonries, lowering the stipends of new deans and canons, suppressing sinecure prebends and rectories, and appropriating all that could be saved, especially what could be saved out of cathedral and collegiate revenues, as far as possible towards two great purposes: namely, the better payment of clergy-

men who worked for large populations on inadequate stipends, and addition to the church-room in districts where it was most deficient, by the founding of new churches and the endowment of more clergy. There was a most honest desire to do what had to be done.

For the proper application to these two appointed uses of the surplus revenues created by a wise retrenchment, commissioners, styled the Ecclesiastical Commissioners of England, were appointed, with full powers to work, by means of orders in council. It was thus that in August, 'thirty-six, established with a righteous purpose, in which—though there was a party that resisted—the Church even as represented by its dignitaries who would be the chief worldly losers by the change, took a right Christian part, the Ecclesiastical Commission came into existence. The first commissioners were the two archbishops and three bishops—five in all—on the part of the Church, an equal number of members of the government, and three laymen. Four years later, parliament, dealing with the revenues of the cathedral chapters, enlarged the number of commissioners to forty-nine. For, the affairs of all cathedrals being brought into question, all the bishops of England and Wales obtained the right to sit in the commission, besides three deans; so that there were twenty-nine of the clergy, and to balance these there were added twenty laymen, two of them to be nominees of the Archbishop of Canterbury. The provision of additional church room was the use to which these commissioners were directed to put the surplus revenues under their control.

Three years later the commissioners received a loan of six hundred thousand pounds from Queen Anne's Bounty, towards the endowment (with not less than one hundred and fifty pounds a year) of additional church districts. Another change was made when, in eighteen fifty, the three Church Estates Commissioners were added to the forty-nine. Of these three, the first, appointed by the crown, was to receive a salary of not less than twelve hundred a year, and in him were to be vested all the estates held in trust for the commission. The three, with two out of the forty-nine, were to form a "Church Estates Committee" for exclusive management of all the property of the Ecclesiastical Commission.

Six years afterwards, namely, in 'fifty-six, the elder "Church Building Commission" being extinguished, all its powers were transferred to the Ecclesiastical Commission. And last year an act was passed giving to the commission all the estates of each see from the close of the tenure by its occupant at the date of the act's passing, and providing that in place of the fixed money payments hitherto secured to the archbishops and bishops there shall be secured to each see other estates calculated to yield the amount of the stipend enjoyed at the time of transfer. These arrangements represent the main principles governing the sixty or more acts by which the Ecclesiastical Commission as it now exists is defined and regulated, while more than a thousand orders in council have given validity to its decisions.

The practical result of all this legislation is, that the Ecclesiastical Commissioners are the greatest buyers and sellers of landed estates in the kingdom. No other corporation holds so large an amount of national property in trust. Stewardship by a cumbrous commission is not likely to be of the best. In April, 'forty-five, nine years after the commission was established, a Board minute stated that "no definite principles had as yet been laid down respecting the general mode of dealing with lessees of Church property." The manner of sale was precisely that of the costermonger, who asks tenpence for a basket of strawberries when he means to take sixpence. As the agent of the commissioners put this principle of trade to a committee of the House of Commons—using, no doubt, finer phrases than the costermonger would employ—"in negotiating, the prices respectively fixed to each property were treated by us as the upset price, and, for the purpose of negotiating, a larger amount was asked in the majority of cases." This was, he says, "quite the usual plan," the exceptions were "not one in a hundred." If a gentleman accustomed to plain dealing assumed the straightforwardness of a transaction thus carried out under episcopal superintendence and paid the overcharge, did the commission return the excess with an explanation of the mistake under which its customer was labouring, or did it rejoice in having pigeoned a simpleton, and put the gains to the account of the Church? They might, however, be entitled to the money, for as they were in the habit of calculating the value of reversions by the obsolete and erroneous Northampton tables, the price set by them on an estate was sometimes ten per cent below, sometimes even as much as ninety per cent above, the market value. Until the use of these tables was taken away from them by act of parliament seven years ago, the Ecclesiastical Commission always stuck by them as a chosen guide, although they had been in disuse almost everywhere for half a century.

No doubt the most irreproachable commissioners were often told of their mistake, but they seem to resent being spoken to by anybody so audacious as to suppose they can require to be further edified. The vicar of Aberdare, witness before a committee of the House five years ago, testified that he had informed the commissioners of the real value of property held by them in his parish; indeed, for the good of the Church, he had troubled himself to come up to London and make known in the proper quarter that land yielding the commissioners only a nominal revenue had increased in value, so that if let for building it would be worth fifteen hundred a year, while thirty thousand pounds might be got for the lease of another part of the same land because of its containing mineral. The Ecclesiastical Commission, though it acted on the information, took it unkindly. What

right had a country vicar to suppose that the great commissioners were not aware of everything? Said the secretary, Mr. Chalk, to Mr. Griffith, the vicar, "What business is it of yours to meddle in this matter, which does not concern you at all?" Mr. Griffith was so bold as to think that the interests of the Church did concern him and every member of it. The vicar's mistake was the not understanding, what nearly every inferior clergyman who does business at the office of the Ecclesiastical Commission complains that he is made to understand, how very magnificently high and mighty the commission is, and how entirely it is cream of the first skimming.

Like their magnificence, is the sense of spiritual destitution the commissioners have shown. When they had given ten thousand pounds to build a palace for the bishopric of Ripon, upon its being represented that the new bishop wanted standing room for four carriages instead of two, and "four additional stables to best stables," also that he had laid out four hundred pounds beyond his allowance on paper-hangings, and two hundred and fifty pounds upon a flower-garden, the ten thousand were made nearly fifteen, for here was destitution! Four stables too few, and only allowance of room for two carriages! Then, for the Bishop of Lincoln (and, without intervention of a valuer, from the agent of the bishop, who had himself become owner of the estate), Riseholme was bought at a price that made the land pay less than two per cent because the house was certified to be a fit and convenient residence. But, fourteen thousand pounds were afterwards allowed by the commission for "repair" of this fit and convenient residence, which was, doubtless, destitute of many necessaries. Stapleton House having been bought as a second residence for the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, and twelve thousand spent upon repairs and alterations—the whole property being bought without survey and valuation, because in their all-sufficiency the commissioners "were satisfied that the estate was worth the money that was paid for it"—cost in all not a hundred less than four-and-twenty thousand pounds. Afterwards it was sold for twelve thousand, because, said the commissioners—reliant still on their own self-sufficiency—"it appears to us that the said sum of twelve thousand pounds is a fair and reasonable price for the said house, with the lands and premises attached."

For the Bishop of Rochester, Danbury Park was bought at eighty or ninety pounds an acre, when similar estates adjacent to it had been bought at an average of little more than fifty pounds an acre. Eight or ten thousand pounds too much—according to the vulgar computation of the lower race of men—was paid for that property. In common life, nobody makes such a fool of himself, or gets so much taken in, as the pompous Sir Oracle, who bases all his business and all his argument upon the sublime ground of an "it appears to me." Perhaps there may be a rule of the same sort governing the lives of some commissions.

The Ecclesiastical Commissioners have spent upon episcopal residences one hundred and seventy thousand pounds, and "cannot withhold the expression of their deep regret that the limited amount of their present means must still leave untouched a considerable portion of that spiritual destitution the removal of which was the main object of the crown in issuing the original commission of inquiry, and of parliament in confirming its recommendations."

The commission had a discretionary power of augmenting the incomes of archdeacons; and that power they have used without regard to the large incomes which many archdeacons derive from other sources. No less than fifty-two archdeacons have been thus enriched to the full measure permitted by the law. We all remember how, the other day, the income of a rich Dean of York was raised from one to two thousand a year by this commission, with a lively sense of the destitution of the higher clergy.

By Sir Robert Peel's act of the year 'forty-three, empowering the Ecclesiastical Commissioners to borrow six hundred thousand pounds from the governors of Queen Anne's Bounty for the formation of additional church districts, with an ultimate endowment of not less than one hundred and fifty pounds a year, the formation of what are now called the Peel districts was set on foot. The commissioners looking, properly enough, to populous places, have marked out large flocks for about two hundred and fifty shepherds, now and then giving as many as twelve thousand persons to the charge of one minister: and here they economise. For, while they spend the most that the law suffers on the comforts of dignitaries, they spend quite as uniformly the least that the law suffers upon the necessities of the poor and hard-working priests. The least sum named by the act is the highest sum paid for work in a Peel district. No doubt a great many districts are manned in this way for a little money, and a show of great results is made; but surely it is not upon the bread-and-cheese of the working clergy that the economy of the commission is most usefully enforced. The Dean of Chichester, respected for twenty years as the earnest and indefatigable Vicar of Leeds, knew in Leeds five of these Peel districts, and of town livings generally he has said, they are, "with few exceptions, the worst endowed livings in the Church. The more highly educated of our clergy, therefore, remain at the universities until they retire to country parishes, where the work might be done by men of inferior ability, and of less intellectual power. And this being the evil complained of, instead of supplying a remedy, we are actually increasing it by the formation of our Peel districts. By the formation of Peel districts we are creating an additional number of pauper benefices, and by so doing we are, for the reasons already assigned, retarding the extension of the Church." If the commission

must vote pine-apple money to bishops, let it at least economise by dividing its crumbs among a smaller number of what it would call the inferior clergy, and endow its new livings with means for the pastor and his family actually to taste meat every day.

But the all-wise commissioners, not stopping at the mismanagement of what they have to distribute, actually divert gifts from the Church, and slam their doors in the faces of men who bring offerings for the service of God and for the maintenance of an efficient clergy. They are known to some of their brethren as Commissioners for the Prevention of Church-building. If any man, having a good practical title to his land, wishes to give a part of it to the commissioners for a church, down they come upon him with a solicitor, who, instead of being paid by a salary for making requisite inquiries, makes, as the valuer does, his separate charges for every bit of work, and in this case inflicts his charge on the benevolent donor for a searching scrutiny into his title to his own estate. No offer of land is entertained by the commission till the donor agrees to pay law charges for investigation of his titles, and will run the risk of having a flaw found for him that may damage the value of his whole estate. A wise man will think twice before he gives land upon such ungracious terms. A salaried law adviser might include in the duty, for which he should be paid by the commission, all requisite inquiry of this sort, and nothing would have been easier than for the commissioners to have obtained long since a short act, giving them, under proper restriction, parliamentary titles to gifts of this sort. But even this incredible energy of obstruction to the cause they are bound to support is not enough for the most mighty commissioners. Why must they deny to a man who will build or endow a church the patronage of the living he has given, and insist that it shall go to enrich patrons of the adjoining living? The Dissenters, free from all these arbitrary and offensive trammels upon generosity, are always eager to meet spiritual destitution, and the chapel-building, as we know, goes on where church-building is at a stand-still.

There was, indeed, a fund given to the commissioners twenty-one years ago, by the Cathedral Act, for the augmentation of benefices. Good resolutions were made as the conditions of augmentation in February, 'forty-four, and, for want of means, suspended in the following August for the next twelve years, at the end of which time there was again a surplus; and the earlier resolutions having been rescinded, it was determined that grants, no longer of annual aids, but of capital sums, never exceeding six hundred pounds, should be made, only when met by a benefaction of equivalent amount. The common fund has been mixed with the episcopal fund since eighteen fifty. The deficiencies, therefore, arising out of grants to bishops, when in excess of the episcopal fund, are covered by deduction from the fund available for augmentation of small benefices; and that fund has accordingly been lessened by very considerably more than a hundred thousand pounds. More than a hundred and twelve thousand have thus been transferred from the account of the poor clergy to meet the wants of bishops. Even the augmentation of poor livings has gone on most actively among men who, if they are not the rose, live near the rose. Before the year 'forty-four, less money had gone to the great populous towns and town districts than to the cathedral cities blessed already with large and strong bodies of clergy. More money had been allotted to Norwich than to Manchester; more to York than to Liverpool; more to Ripon than to Birmingham. From that year to the end of 'fifty-nine, the small towns enjoyed not less favour. Manchester had fifty pounds, Liverpool nothing. The grants of additional income went to two hundred and thirty-one places with a population under a thousand, and to three hundred and twenty-four with a population under two thousand, but only to a hundred and fifty-nine with a population greater than two thousand.

In respect of local claims on account of tithes, there has been the same inequality. Thus, while a hundred and thirty-five pounds a year is practically considered an extreme income for the hard-working town clergy, we find that the vicar of West Tarring, with a population of about a thousand, has granted to him three hundred and eighty pounds a year from the Ecclesiastical Commission, raising his income to four hundred and seventy-four. Similarly the vicar of Figheldean, with a population of five hundred and twenty-seven, receives within ten pounds of the sum of the grants made to the whole of Manchester, besides two acres of land, to raise to three hundred and fifty pounds a year an income already greater than the commissioners' ideal for a clergyman in a populous town district! The hard-working posts in those town districts, were they twice as well paid as they are, could not be given away as matters of favour or reward. The favour—if there is to be any in question—is conferred by the man who, with a stout heart and earnest Christian spirit, undertakes to do the work. Is it for this reason that so much of the money entrusted to the commission for increasing the efficiency of the Church, is diverted from the populous places ill furnished with religious instruction, and spent on those quiet country livings, of which the enrichment goes to the bettering of a great man's patronage?

The accounts of this bad commission are imperfect and confused. As the secretary has testified, "capital and income and all sorts of things are mixed up together." The commissioners themselves said, in their second report, that the accounts did not include all sums paid—agent's charges, for example, are habitually omitted. But upon the best calculation that can be made, the gross result appears to be, that of the large funds entrusted, for the benefit of the poor clergy and of populous town districts needing spiritual aid, to the mismanagement of this precious commission, one-third part has been

sunk in costs of management and favours done to the high dignitaries of the unequally paid Church.

Has no exemplary person in power anything to say, or do, about this?

ON THE TIGHT ROPE.

"Dancing," say learned ballet-masters, "is distinguished into High Dance, or Funambulism, consisting of Capers, Gambols, and Low Dance, which is Terra à Terrâ, or close to the Ground." Funambulism may therefore claim to be one of the highest branches of the dance. But art not unfrequently moves in a circle, reverting, after a certain time, to some ancient phase of its previous career. Such is the case with dancing on ropes. Rope-*dancing*, which began with rope-creeping (funerepus, qui in fune repit) and with rope-walking, after passing through pas seuls and pas de deux on single and double tight ropes, has returned to primitive rope-walking and rope-running again, it must be confessed, with additions, if not with embellishments. The funambulus of Terence, despising minor feats of grace and agility, is once more a high funambulus at the Crystal Palace. The Greek expression was like the Latin; the σχοινοβατης mentioned by Chrysostom was literally a walker on a rope of rushes. And now, the Terpsichore of the straightened cord sends her pupils to take lessons and gymnastic training of Hercules and Mercury. Herr Groddeck, in his day Professor of Philosophy at Dantzic, in his learned dissertation, De Funambulis, defines, in Hibernian vein, a rope-dancer, a person who *walks* on a thick rope fastened to two opposite posts.

The ancients, he tells us, undoubtedly had their rope-dancers as well as we, who exercised their art in four several ways. The first vaulted or turned round the rope, like a wheel round its axis, and there hung by the heels or the neck. The second flew, or slid from above, downwards, resting on their stomachs, with their arms and legs extended; a modification of this feat has been performed by elephants. The third ran along a rope stretched in a right line, or up and down. Lastly, the fourth not only walked on a rope, but made surprising leaps and turns thereon; in short, their funambular æsthetics were those of the rope school now flourishing.

Passing from historical to moral considerations, Herr Groddeck maintains that the profession of a rope-dancer is not lawful; that the professors are infamous and their art of no use to society; that they expose their bodies to very great dangers; and that they ought not to be tolerated in a well-regulated state. Afterwards, tempering the severity of his sentence, perhaps also yielding a little to his own private and particular tastes—for who would write an erudite essay, "De Funambulis," unless he took some interest in funambuli and funambulæ?—he admits that there are sometimes reasons for patronising persons of precarious lives; that the people must have their shows; that one of the secrets of government is to furnish them therewith, and other pretexts of equal plausibility.

Herr Groddeck did right to withdraw his hard words, so long as the funambulist risks his own life only. What a task it is that a man undertakes—or which more frequently is undertaken for him by his parents and guardians—when he sets to work to earn his bread by juggling with the laws of gravity, his own person being the object juggled with! Before the rope-walker can exercise his art, two distinct difficulties have to be overcome: first, the maintenance of his equilibrium, and secondly, the faculty of reaching and remaining at precipitous heights without feeling fear or turning giddy. But although these two difficulties, in combination, appear almost insurmountable to persons unused to them, they are, nevertheless, frequently surmounted unconsciously and instinctively by many animals and many men.

The very act of walking upright, with which the human species is gifted, is a complicated and continued process of balancing, effected by adapting very small supports—the feet—to the varying position of the centre of gravity of the whole body. The child has to acquire the art in his infancy; and the adult loses it, temporarily, whenever intemperance, congestion of blood, convulsion, or faintness affects his mental faculties. Let a statue of a man be fabricated out of any solid material of the same specific gravity as the human body, and it will require a skilful artist to make it stand on its feet unsupported by a prop and unfastened to its pedestal. Even when it has been made to stand upright, a very slight shock above or shaking below will cause it to fall.

This really wonderful feat of equilibrium is performed by every living biped, without being considered anything extraordinary. Quadrupeds, with their four supports, have a mere nothing to do in comparison. They stand, like tables or chairs, of themselves; even in case of accident to one leg, they would still keep up and avoid falling, as tripods, so long as their muscular powers remained unimpaired. Certain quadrupeds do, however, attain considerable proficiency in the equilibrist's art. The chamois will balance itself adroitly on narrow pinnacles and ledges of rock; the goat the same; and may also be taught tricks as surprising as human performances on the slack wire. Mountain sheep show great steadiness and courage in picking their way along dangerous paths. Mules enjoy an undisputed celebrity. All these animals seem to take a perverse and foolhardy pleasure in skirting the very brink of the precipice. What occasional accidents may happen to the chamois is hard for lowlanders to ascertain, but neither of the latter species are absolutely perfect in their training. Poor Madame d'Herlincourt, only the other day, was pitched over the precipice of the Gemmi Pass, through the fault of a very fallible mule, and smashed to bits, literally. In the basins of waterfalls of any respectable height, it is not rare to see floating the body of a sheep or a lamb that has fallen into the upper stream, and then, carried away by the current, has been shot over the rock into the caldron below.

No reasonable doubt can be entertained that elephants have been taught to walk on ropes. The bibliography of the subject, which we spare the reader, may be found in Aldrovandi, De Quadrupedibus, lib. i. From this it appears that the funambula species was the African, not the Asiatic, elephant. To show the preciseness of these records, one statement is, "Nero, according to Xiphilinus's account, gave great and most magnificent games in honour of his mother; on which occasion, an elephant, introduced into the theatre, mounted an arch on the top of it, and from thence walked upon a rope with a man on his back." Whoever, now, should go to the expense of training elephants to walk a rope, would probably receive very considerable returns for his outlay.

With the exception, however, of elephants, we may hold quadruped funambulists to have mistaken their vocation. The animals who are really at home amidst giddy heights, delighting to traverse suspension-bridges composed of a single rope or cane, are the quadrumani, the four-handed animals, the monkeys, great and small. In fact, the best rope-dancers imitate their personal mechanism as far as they can. True, Blondin has no prehensile tail; but his hands are prehensile to an eminent degree, while his feet are quite handy, grasping the rope. Without wishing to offend those gentlemen (on the contrary, to pay them a compliment), we may take Léotard to be a flying squirrel of superior grace, and Blondin an experienced gorilla of surpassing abilities and suavity.

From walking erect upon a boarded floor to walking along one of its narrow planks, and thence to walking along a plank across a stream, to walking along the top of a single-brick wall, along a square bar of iron or wood, along a very stout rope like a ship's cable, the transition seems natural and easy. It would be so in reality, but for the entrance of the second element of difficulty in the practical problem—the influence of height on the human nervous system.

Come on, sir; here's the place: Stand still. How fearful
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!
I'll look no more;
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.

There ought to be no more difficulty in walking along the top of a wall thirty feet than on one only three feet from the ground. To cross the joists of the fourth story of an unfinished and unfloored house ought to be just as easy as to cross those of the ground-floor with no cellar beneath it. To run up a rope to the top of St. Paul's Cathedral, and to run up a rope to a first-floor window, requires exactly the same conditions of equilibrium, exerted for a longer interval of time in the former case; and yet most persons would rather attempt the one than the other.

The power of resisting giddiness in looking down from precipitous heights is partly constitutional and partly the effect of habit. The safest way is *not* to look down at all, if it can be avoided; but it cannot always be avoided. This is the reason why it is so much easier to ascend an upright cliff or crag than it is to descend it. It is not the mere elevation which tries the nerves, but the sheerness of the precipice, the abruptness of the slope, the angle of inclination, the danger in fact. Many persons who would look with indifference down an inclined plane of forty-five degrees, shrink at the brink of a perpendicular descent. At Cape Blaney, on the French coast, opposite to Folkestone, there is a chalk cliff varying from two to three hundred feet, which gives goose-flesh sensations, and causes cold water to run down your backbone in a way unfelt on the top of Snowdon, Vesuvius, and the Righi.

To resist this feeling is a point of honour with mountaineers, sailors, and several other professions. Hence, Nelson's invitations to his midshipmen to meet him at the masthead. In Martyn's time (see his Voyage) no young man of St. Kilda could pay his addresses to a girl, until he had previously performed the ceremony, which consisted in standing on the top of a lofty, precipitous rock overhanging the sea, with both his feet half over the edge of the rock, and with his face towards the sea, and then bowing forwards until he touched the tips of his toes with both hands; being then only at liberty to resume his upright position, and to retire inland to his lady fair. The curious may practise the evolution on their private door-step with a horse-hair mattress spread before it. In respect to the resistance to giddiness, it is probable that many mariners, shipwrights, Swiss guides, finishers of cathedral spires and weathercocks, and members of the Alpine Club, with Professor Tyndal at their head, are quite as accomplished and as sure of themselves as any funambulist that ever mounted a rope.

Vauxhall, now historical, displayed during a considerable period remarkable rope ascents, rendered still more trying by the accompaniment of fireworks. Of the rope-runners who have attained celebrity by mounting up to great heights, one of the most famous is Madame Saqui, a Frenchwoman married to an Italian, who for years and years danced on the cord, to the delight of Parisian and other audiences. Her style was fantastic rather than graceful, abrupt and fearless, striking by its originality instead of charming by its elegance. This might be a matter of necessity more than of choice; for she was a short, thin, wiry little woman, so badly made that some people said she was deformed, and she artistically exaggerated her natural defects by the eccentricity of her costume. She established a small theatre in Paris, for the display of her funambular feats, named after herself, the Théâtre Saqui, which, like the still existing Funambules, subsequently discarded rope-dancing for vaudeville and farce. The Théâtre de la Gaîté also, in its infancy, derived its support from athletic displays and rope-dancing.

Madame Saqui may still retain a place in the

memories of veteran English playgoers, from her performances at Covent Garden Theatre—the Covent Garden of the Kembles and the Youngs. It was little enough indeed that she did there to make up for encumbering the house with her rope, and marring the effect of the dramatic portion of the evening's entertainment; but that little sufficed to make people's flesh crawl on their bones, and to give them, if not a new, at least a violent sensation.

The rope was stretched from the back of the stage to the back of the one-shilling gallery. At the appointed moment, Madame, suddenly becoming visible, like a fiendish apparition, climbed to her station on the foot of the rope, with the agility of an ape, and then, with nothing to balance her but a short wand held between her two hands, and with her eyes fixed on the upper end of the rope, started on her ascending course at what appeared to be a rapid run, but which, doubtless, was a skilfully regulated pace, consisting of a quick succession of short steps. The eye of the spectator would be more likely to be caught by a brilliant vibration of the feet, and by the *apparent* effort, than by the actual onward progress made. Anxious were the looks upturned from the pit, as the human meteor sped on its way overhead.

Arrived at the summit of her aërial mount, she turned round abruptly and immediately began the descent, which, unlike other faciles descensus, was by no means easy, especially as she had to combine apparent rapidity with the power of putting a continual break upon herself—a constant restraint upon her own impetus down such a slope. In this, her light weight would be in her favour, seeing that the momentum of an object is made up of the velocity and the mass. Her journey ended, she leaped away and out of sight with the same imp-like briskness as she had begun. The apparition was gone—until the clock struck the following evening.

One of the last, if not the very last, and certainly not the least surprising of her appearances, occurred at Havre, in August, 1852. Political events in France had then taken so clear and decided a course, that it was deemed expedient to celebrate them by a "Venetian Fête," got up with properties sent down by "The Administration of National Pleasures;" the same properties which have since contributed to national pleasures at Chambery and Nice. Madame Saqui was then decrepid, poor, and old; she had seen some seventy hard-working winters; but she was game to the last. In politics, she was a staunch Bonapartist. She had danced for the First Consulate and for the first Empire, and she would dance for the second Empire. The authorities could not refuse her.

The rope, fixed to the ground at each end, and then raised by props, so as to leave a horizontal portion, or rather a gentle catenary curve in the middle, at a sufficient elevation to be dangerous, was located in one of the largest open spaces belonging to the town, for the accommodation of the crowds of spectators.

The day of the Venetian Fête was stormy, with wind, rain, and heavy squalls from the sea. At four in the afternoon, the hour fixed for Madame's exhibition, it blew almost a hurricane. The rope quivered in the gale. With her costume (an enchanter's robe with flowing sleeves, and a long white beard) and her fleshless frame, she was altogether as light a body as one of Mr. Waterton's owls stuffed with cotton wool. The gale would have carried her away past finding, and she consented not to make the attempt then. But about seven in the evening there was a temporary lull, and the old acrobat's heart glowed to renew her triumphs. Confidently she set foot on her beloved rope, mounted steadily, took the level portion undismayed, and descended safely. She had done it; she had run the rope for the second Empire, and so sealed its prosperity. She considered it next door to a coronation.

On this occasion it was observed that Madame Saqui, in consequence of age and infirmity, walked not too well on vulgar earth, but that as soon as she set foot on hempen ground, her vigour returned and she became inspired; also, that she grasped the rope with her feet, Blondin-wise, and likewise chimpanzee-wise, with the exception of having no pedestrian thumb.

Madame Saqui does not seem to have ever imagined omelette-cookery or other operations at her giddy eminence. An amateur, who might never have heard her named, improvised a pleasant interlude of the kind. As soon as the first chain of the Menai-bridge was fairly hung and fixed between its points of suspension on the opposite shores, a Welsh cobbler walked along it to the middle, sat down, and there made a pair of shoes. He was followed by a less courageous individual, who crossed the Strait on the single chain astride.

HAPPY AS A PRINCESS.

For is it not the ultimate of human happiness to be a princess and a queen's daughter? Is there anything more beautiful, more enchanting, than her rose-coloured existence? Does she not live in the most magnificent palace in the world, always dressed in gold and silver, with a diamond crown on her head, surrounded by the most amiable and beautiful young ladies—none of whom are to be compared in any manner to herself, though—and with a thousand kings and princes, all handsome young men, of undeniable territories, fighting at tournaments, and doing the most incredible prodigies of valour, for sake of her smiles alone? To be sure she has the trifling inconvenience sometimes of a fairy godmother, as spiteful as she is ugly; of a dwarf, or an evil genius, or an ogre, or a Saracen, for her lover, who may carry her off and bury her in some enchanted cave, guarded by dragons, and only lighted by carbuncles or sapphires; but then she is always sure to be delivered by the most charming prince that was ever seen, and her very sufferings are only so many enhancements of her future joys. Who

would not be a princess, to live always on cakes, and fruits, and bonbons; to have as much money and as many lovers as she can possibly manage, and more than she wants; to be the darling of the whole world about her; and finally to be married to a young king, as beautiful as Love, and as amiable as he is beautiful? "As happy as a princess!" What female imagination can go beyond that?

And yet there was once a princess living here on this island, and during the lives of some of us, with whose fate not the meanest of the sisterhood might have wished to exchange her own: a princess who, when a marriageable young woman, was treated with the disrespect and tyranny of a naughty child; who was kept close prisoner in an ugly and unhealthy place, and denied even the privilege of change of air for her health; who was tyrannised over by her father, separated from her mother—which last was no great loss, though—neglected and ill-treated by her grandmother, surrounded by spies and gaolers; at one time almost forced into a marriage with a man she did not and could not love; and who passed her days in alternate terror and despair, not knowing what new humiliation her tormentors might not have imagined against her since the last had had time to cool. This was a princess who would have sat on the throne of England had her life been spared, and who, at the very moment of her worst humiliations, had apparently a better chance than the worn-out debauchee, her father, of wearing the crown which would have made her sovereign of the most powerful kingdom in the world. Poor Princess Charlotte!

The daughter of a reckless woman and an abandoned unprincipled man, the marvel was that she had any virtues of her own, and had not rather inherited all the vices on both sides with which nature had so liberally endowed her parents. As it was, she was even beyond the average in good feeling and ability; and, notwithstanding a hasty temper and more than the ordinary amount of royal imperiousness, she gave fair promise of a capable and noble womanhood, and of sufficient good sense and discretion to have made her reign as rational and judicious as the present. She was handsome in person, dignified and yet kindly in manner, with the good personal habits traditional to most of her race, and of a very warm and loving nature. Moreover, she was the passive symbol and rallying word of the liberal party, and without having ever done anything marked in life, good or bad, was the idol and the hope of the whole nation. She was, in fact, all the more beloved, and showed to all the more advantage, because of her freshness and untainted girlhood, contrasted as she was with the regent, whose very name was synonymous with vice, and contrasted with the princess, whose grave errors her best friends could only excuse, not deny. She was the only one of the sovereigns in present being, or in future time, for whom the nation could feel pride or love. The familiar, domestic, "family man," was a moping idiot; the mean, close-fisted, German queen, who darned her stockings and slapped her daughters at Windsor, had never been popular; of the Regent all good men were ashamed; for the Regent's wife all good women blushed and sorrowed. The young Princess Charlotte alone was left as the hope and darling of the people; whose virtues were not mere dust and ashes, and in whose future there might be expectation and delight.

But what a life of petty trials and home humiliations she went through! As happy as a princess? The heiress of three kingdoms, a principality, and a crowd of conquests and colonies, was not half so happy as red-cheeked Betty, who trundled her mop in the kitchen, and was of too little importance to be made miserable by tyranny and intrigues. A more melancholy picture of the inner life of royalty cannot well be imagined than that which Miss Cornelia Knight gives us in her Autobiography; nor can a much more sorrowful lesson on the debasing influence of a court on the souls of courtiers be met with anywhere. I doubt, indeed, if courtiers have any souls, and rather incline to the belief that they have burnt them all away in incense to their earthly gods; that they have kowtowed so long and so lowlily they are no longer able to stand erect and look before them like men. What can we say of a poor weak slavish creature who goes into hysterics if majesty looks coldly on her; who manœuvres, and studies, and plans, and plots, for her fitting presentation at the next drawing-room, as if a queen's feathers were literally angel's wings, and a queen's familiar word the passport to heaven itself? I wonder if any poor sinning soul kneels at Saint Peter's feet before the gate with half the unction and self-abasement of a thorough-going courtier grovelling before majesty in the throne-room!

Well! Weak, intelligent, intensely proper, humble, cautious, kowtowing Miss Cornelia Knight, was put into the uncomfortable little temple where the Princess Charlotte was the presiding deity, and she burnt her incense to her heart's content, and exhaled all her independence, and self-respect, and womanhood, in magnificent clouds of perfumed smoke, according to the fashion of time and place. In the mean time the princess did not care a straw for all the incense in the world. What she wanted, with her solid character and material matter-of-fact imperiousness, was more personal liberty; more personal consideration, a finer house, and a more appropriate establishment; her purse in her own hands, and not held by both ends by gouvernante or lady; she wanted a husband of her own choice; a private little court of her own ruling; she wanted to be freed from the unkindness of her father, and the prim old maidenisms of her aunts; from her coarse old grandmother's insolence and dislike; from her state of pupilage and dependence generally; and she kicked over Miss Cornelia Knight's burning censer without the least remorse, as she paced backwards and forwards through the dark uncomfortable little temple, where she was nothing better than a

prisoner with a few second-hand and very shabby "properties" of an idol.

"The life we led at Warwick House was exactly that of a child and its nurse," says Miss Knight; the child being then a well-grown, finely-developed young woman, with a decided will of her own, and the object of all the matrimonial intrigues convulsing half the courts in Europe. One of the many annoyances heaped on this poor "child" was being kept very close in money matters. She was allowed only ten pounds a month for her own private pocket money, but afterwards this was increased to fifteen, out of which she had to find her losses at play, always very heavy; make presents, which she was very fond of doing, and ever of the most handsome and costly description; do all her little charities, and buy all her little knick-knacks. We must acknowledge that fifteen pounds a month was not quite the amount usually ascribed to the ideal princess who gives away diamond rings, and pearl necklaces, and magnificent estates, and fairy palaces with bewildering profusion; who is never at a loss for means to equip armies or navies at her pleasure, or to pension off faithful pages and constant damsels, with some fabulous amount of dower and pin-money; and who makes the astounding fortunes of a whole family if they chance to strike her royal fancy, and are not too virtuous to accept her royal bounty. Fifteen pounds a month could not do much of all this; and even with all Mrs. Lewis's economy, and turning and twisting about of old silks and well worn laces, her patching up of two antiquities to make one very doubtful novelty, eight hundred a year for dress and private expenditure was not exactly the sum one would have thought sufficient for the heiress of the royal revenues of England.

The "child" had a gouvernante—the Duchess of Leeds—as well as the nurse, who was the travelled Miss Cornelia Knight; but the duchess was a very good, easy woman, "who had no inclination to quarrel with anybody," and still less to coerce her royal charge; and so was of very little obstruction or offence in the path of the high-spirited young lady, whom, indeed, it would have been no easy matter for any one to coerce. "Provided that she might ride two or three times a week at Hall's—a second-rate riding-school—on an old, quiet horse, for exercise, get into her shower-bath, and take calomel when she pleased, dine out, and go to all parties when invited, shake hands with everybody, and touch her salary, she cared for nothing more except when mischievous people, to plague her, or curious gossips to find out what was going on, talked to her about Princess Charlotte's petticoats being too short, of her royal highness nodding instead of bowing, or talking to the maids of honour at chapel between the prayers and the sermon." Then the poor duchess became miserable and bilious, cried in her sleep, and besought the "nurse" to speak exhortatory words to their joint charge, as she herself was far too nervous to do anything of the kind unless driven to the last extremity. She was a very placid, amiable kind of gaoler, far too amiable, indeed, for her employers, while priggish, conscientious, well-intentioned Miss Knight passed everybody, both employers and charge, by her inordinate amount of sensibility, and the extraordinary quantity of incense she daily burned. But, above all, she fussed everybody by her passion for letter-writing. If the queen—old Queen Charlotte, too, as if any one in their senses would have cared for what she did or did not do!—did not speak to her as usual, there was a correspondence; if she disdainfully called her a "sub-governess," and not a "lady companion," there was a correspondence; if Princess Charlotte shook hands with her more coldly to-day than yesterday, or did not shake hands with her at all, there was a correspondence. In short, there was a long letter sent to some one on every possible occasion; for Miss Knight was famous for her pen, and, evidently proud of her powers of writing, so diligently inflicted her productions on all the royal family, and all the great personages with whom she could connect herself, in the most provoking manner possible. Among the troubles of the young princess, I think Miss Cornelia Knight may count as one of the most oppressive if one of the least hostile.

Then the princess had the trouble—very annoying to a young girl not disinclined to a little stately flirtation—of being watched and whispered about, whenever she spoke to any gentleman of the circle. If her cousin the Duke of Gloucester sat by her at a ball, she was desired to change her seat, so as to be divided from him: if the Duke of Devonshire danced with her once too often, there were all sorts of winks, and nods, and hints, and innuendoes; not that this was objected to—not the least in the world; for the duke was romantic and ardent, the princess frank and handsome, with beautiful shoulders and lovely little feet; and both the Regent and his ministers saw the political importance of making the most of her charms, if by them they could attach to their own special party any influential and as yet dubious and unconverted partisan. But the princess, not entering into all this, and only caring for a little innocent liberty, used to come home "hurt and indignant at having been watched and worried;" and so even the few balls to which she was admitted were more pain than pleasure to her, much as she would have enjoyed herself if they had but let her alone, and suffered her to be natural and gay in her own manner. But though the Regent and his ministers did not object to the attentions of the Duke of Devonshire while they thought they could turn them to account, no sooner did the Prince of Orange appear on the scene, than the poor duke was flung overboard, and now there could not be too much reticence and formality. The Duchess of Leeds, correct Miss Knight, and their royal charge, were all severely rated and reprimanded one day for having been seen driving twice in the day on the Chiswick-road, when the duke was giving a grand breakfast there. Twittering slavey Cornelia devotedly

took the whole blame on herself, saying that she had proposed the drives, that "Princess Charlotte might see the carriages," poor child! for her life was so monotonous and cheerless, added Cornelia, she thought it her duty to do all she could to brighten it. Slavey was ill of her scolding, nevertheless, and wrote to Lady Liverpool a long letter of self-justification, according to her wont; and the royal mountain and the Chiswick mouse finally dissolved away in smoke, as is the rule with such royal mountains in the enchanted regions of a court. The Orange affair was now the chief thought of the world in which Princess Charlotte lived her brief day; how to get her finally disposed of, the Regent's main care. And though she had no inclination towards the match or the man; though she told Sir Henry Halford that she would prefer her cousin of Gloucester to any man she knew; though she had a picture, like the Duke of Devonshire, hanging up in her room; and though, again, she told her mother that she thought the Prince of Orange so ugly she was often obliged to turn away her head in disgust when he was speaking to her; yet the love of liberty and the hope of independence were stronger in her than admiration, kinship, or disgust; and in a very short time she was brought to accept the engagement offered to her, consenting to be the betrothed of the plain and sickly-looking young soldier, whose ears she would have boxed before they had been married a week and a day. That she did not undertake this engagement with any large amount of graciousness or good-will, may be inferred from the characteristic fact that when she went to dine at her father's, on the eventful day which was to fix her fate, she went in the most unbecoming and dowdyish dress she had—violet satin and black lace—which was not a combination likely to suit her fair young liberal figure. The little bit of girlish spite and spleen put into that choice of costume is very amusing.

The marriage was ultimately broken off, because the princess was afraid she should be sent out of the country. She thought it as well that she should remain in it, and fight her own battles, and her mother's, on the field of action; and because she was, characteristically, kept in ignorance of her father's intentions with respect to her foreign residence, if even she had consented to live abroad, he meaning, or saying that he meant, that she should hold her own court at Brussels, and she believing that she was to be shut up in the same house with the father and mother Orange, all among the dykes and the Dutchmen, with no more independence than she had at present—a home in a frightful country, with the addition of an unwelcome husband and the loss of personal friends, the only changes in the outward conditions of her life. So then there was more stormy weather between the Regent and the heiress. Slavey went backwards and forwards with messages and letters, and there were intrigues here and intrigues there, and the whole courtly atmosphere was in a turmoil and a flame. And of course a Russian woman got mixed up in the fray; and because the Russian court had its own designs on the Orange prince, the young lady's dissatisfaction was fanned and fomented, and Prince Augustus of Prussia, but specially Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, were manœuvred into her way, and pressed on her notice, so that the plot might be made so thick and slab not the keenest-sighted among them would discover the truth, nor the deftest-handed extricate it from the lies and intrigues with which it was mixed up. Of Prince Leopold, Miss Knight says that he was "a handsome young man, a general in the Russian service, brother-in-law to the Grand-Duke Constantine, and a great favourite with the Emperor of Russia. He paid many compliments to Princess Charlotte, who was by no means partial to him, and only received him with civility." However, he got her great friend, Miss Mercer Elphinstone, on his side, and Miss Mercer Elphinstone had almost unbounded influence with the Princess; and he crept into the Regent's favour; and though his first proposals were rejected by that exemplary father and most moral man, yet the handsome young German general knew the value of time and tide, and in his due season rode triumphantly over the bar, where better craft had been wrecked. Mysterious reports got about how that he was frequently admitted to tea at Warwick House—Princess Charlotte's town temple—where he was on the most delightfully easy and familiar terms with her, her gouvernante the dear old duchess who was so fond of calomel and shower-baths, and even with starch-necked Slavey herself; all of which reports, though contradicted, as of course, yet set certain ideas afloat, and accustomed the public to the notion that the penniless, handsome, cool-headed Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, was not an unlikely match for the future Queen of England.

In the midst of this pleasant, crafty game, came the Regent's thundering command that the princess should dismiss her gouvernante, her ladies, and her servants, leave Warwick House for Carlton House where she was to be confined for five days, then carried off to Cranbourne Lodge in the midst of Windsor Forest. And when there, she was to see no one but the horrible old queen once a week: the person whom, of all the world, she most hated, and who most hated her. In short, she was to hold herself as a criminal and a prisoner, and trust to her father's love and mercy alone for things to come right. On hearing this new trouble, the princess rushed down those convenient back stairs, without which court life would be unendurable, flung herself into a common hackney-coach, and flew off alone to her mother's: about the most imprudent thing the poor headstrong, passionate girl could have done. Then the row became general, and things came to their climax; as they do when nothing worse can possibly happen. Her flight caused the most intense excitement. The Dukes of York and Sussex, Lords Eldon, Liverpool, and Ellenborough, the Bishop of Salisbury, Mr. Henry Brougham, and

other people of note and influence, were either sent for by the princess or sent to her by the Regent; but not one among them all—not even Mr. Brougham, the sworn champion of liberalism and the Princess Caroline—not even the Princess Caroline herself, the sworn foe of the Regent and the whole court party—had madness enough to wish her to remain. On the contrary, they all urged her to return at once to her father's guardianship, and urged her to accept as meekly as might be the fate to which he should please assign her. Meekly? Not much of that could be hoped for from the fiery daughter of the still more fiery Caroline of Brunswick, or from the imperious child of the most selfish man of his time! Lord Brougham seems to have given her sound and practical advice. The taunted badgered girl turned to him and asked him what he would advise her to do.

"Return to Warwick House or to Carlton House, and on no account pass a night out of it."

She was exceedingly affected, even to tears, and asked if he, too, refused to stand by her? The day was beginning to break; a Westminster election, to reinstate Lord Cochrane (after the sentence on him, which abolished the pillory and secured his restoration), was to be held that day at ten o'clock. Mr. Brougham led the young princess to the window, and said, "I have but to show you to the multitude, which in a few hours will fill these streets, and that park — and, possibly, Carlton House will be pulled down, but, in an hour after, the soldiers will be called out, blood will flow, and if your royal highness lives a hundred years, it will never be forgotten that your running away from your home and your father was the cause of the mischief; and you may depend upon it, the English people so hate blood that you will never get over it."

These wise and seasonable words did what no threats or attempts at coercion had been able to do; the storm subsided, and Princess Charlotte went home in one of her father's coaches, to await her punishment for past offences, and be a better girl in future.

It is not surprising that she tried to escape the guardianship of a man whom she could not but feel was the most bitter enemy she possessed. The Regent was no father to her; he was simply a master and a jailor; while she to him was an obstacle, a displeasure, a rival, a being to be harshly treated on all occasions, and to be spoken against in the most uncompromising manner possible. As, when he spoke of her to the Empress of Russia, after the Orange match was broken off, and abused her soundly, daughter or no daughter. And as when she ran away to her mother's, and he sat in the vacant rooms at Warwick House, "very cool and rather pleased, saying he was glad, that everybody would now see what she was, and that it would be known on the Continent, and no one would marry her;" adding a few more striking amenities, in the usual first-gentlemanly style of the Prince Regent. No one can be astonished, and no one now can judge her harshly if, in her first terror at knowing that she was to be separated from her ladies and given up wholly into the keeping of this enemy of hers, she took the natural step of an escape, and tried to avoid what she could not overcome. But it made a tremendous scandal at the time, and of course public opinion was divided into two parties, according as the Regent or the princess was in favour. Between father, grandmother, and aunts — between monotony and seclusion on the one side, tyranny and espionage on the other—our poor princess had but a weary time of it; leading about as stupid, careless, and colourless an existence as it was well possible for any one to have. None of her own family ever visited her, save when absolutely obliged by the frigid proprieties of their condition. Her father would pass months without seeing her; and when he did see her, it was only to rate her, more or less severely, as the last fit of debauch was pressing more or less heavily on the royal blood and bile. Her grandmother's dislike to her was positively frantic; her aunts were timid, cold, and tried to keep matters as smooth as they could by perpetual compromise. The Regent was the ogre, the Saracen, the Jinn, the cruel sprite, the haunting demon, of the princess's life; and that terrible old queen was the fairy godmother, who had not been asked to the christening breakfast; and both together they made her as miserable as any poor persecuted damsel in a fairy tale, who is shut up in an enchanted castle, and is forced to do all manner of despite to her nature and her love.

Do not let us hear any more of the happiness of a princess, or the perpetual delights of royalty. Kings and queens are very like actors. They keep all their flutter and grandeur for the stage and the public; they parade before the footlights with sweeping trains and flashing crowns of burning jewels—with a crowd of courtiers ever kneeling and huge censers of incense ever burning before them. But they have comfortless homes and aching hearts, and squalor and wretchedness for their own firesides; and when quietly behind the scenes, they hate, and squabble, and bicker, and fret, just like meaner creatures: only covering up the scars with a little French chalk when the call-boy beckons, and the public parade begins anew. "Happy as a princess?"—Happy as a victim; free as a captive; cherished as an enemy. These were the conditions of Princess Charlotte's life.

THE HUNDRED AND FIRST REGIMENT.

While France possessed only one hundred regiments—and that is not so very long ago—Monsieur Jules Noviac, one of Figaro's contributors, conceived the happy idea of giving a general sketch of the leading features of the French army, under the title of the Hundred and First Regiment, which title, as no such regiment then existed, acquitted the author of the slightest intention of personality. "The 101st Regiment" (in combination with other clever essays forming a volume to which *it* gives the title) is now in its thirty-third edition.

What is a regiment? (Thus, the author in question.) Everybody looks upon it from his own point of view. The dictionary calls it "a body of military men." The country regards it as a faithful dog that hinders the neighbours from committing petty annoyances; orderly people pretend that it is tranquillity; agitators will have that it is the sword of Damocles struck off in three thousand copies. Contractors consider it as an income of twelve hundred pounds per year; mathematicians, as an integral number reducible to vulgar fractions. For Béranger, it was the Sons of France; for the nursemaids of the Tuileries, it is the Conservatoire of Sentiment. Mothers are sad when they see it pass; fathers are good-natured enough to fancy that it is gratuitous board and lodging which the government offers for the reception of their sons. To the school of cowards, it is an enigma; to the women, it is three thousand men. In all this, it is possible that only the women and the dictionary are right.

The Hundred and First is a fine regiment. Separately, the men are not handsome; by no means. But put them together in a corps, and they are magnificent—and are they brave? Inquire of the whole army. 'Tis not along the Boulevards that you should see the Hundred and First pass; there, you will think it stuck-up and given to attitudinising—two sad defects in a regiment. Here, on the high road, is the place to see it, with its cap on one side and its eye alert. It enjoys existence, laughing and singing, with its three thousand voices, one of its favourite songs. While it sings on its way, let us have a good look at it. Take a chair. First come the sappers.

To know one sapper from another, is a proof of remarkable perspicacity. Sappers resemble negroes in this respect, that, if you know one, you know all. This soldier—not to call him always by his name—with his hairy cap, his face to match, and his hatchet, reminds you of Robinson Crusoe. He wears a white apron, the emblem of his functions in the capacity of nursemaid; you will see him soon taking out the colonel's little girl for a walk. That black and bearded head beams ineffable smiles on the little pink and white creature who, far from being afraid of him, calls him "*My ducky darling sapper.*" If you listened to the stories which the soldier invents to amuse the child, you would be highly delighted. They overflow with unheard-of-ness. Unfortunately, the dénoûment never varies. It is, to wit, the history of a little girl who, after being very well-behaved, very kind, very charitable, and very virtuous, marries at last—a general of division. Poor little thing!

Good gracious! What a handsome soldier! Parbleu! I believe so; 'tis the drum-major. I would wager my head, sir, that you have heard that the drum-major of the Hundred and First is somewhat stupid? It is really the case; but the whole truth is, that he won't take the trouble to sharpen his wits. What could he do with them if they *were* sharp? "That sort of thing is beneath his position." Accustomed to behold humanity beneath him, he believes himself above humanity. Envied by some, disdained by others, he remains alone—with his shoulder-belt. Even love cannot regenerate him, for he is loved solely for his feather and his cane. Of all the varieties of womankind, he knows only the most insipid—the women who admire *fine men*. Don't wish to step into his shoes, and stop your ears, for here are the trumpeters.

Handsome pay (three sous per day) and the certainty of making a noise in the world, render the drummer insufferably proud. In obedience to tradition, he slightly cocks his head on one side, to give himself a gracious air. When he returns to his cottage, his daddy, and his pigs, he will cleverly insinuate that he renounced military honours to follow his vocation for agriculture.

The colonel is always serious and wearied out, which is perfectly comprehensible. To manage three thousand men is no trifle, and to hear the regimental band play every day the same variations on Guillaume Tell is anything but amusing. On his Arab horse, with his back turned to the regiment, the colonel sees and knows everything; what he does not know, he guesses. On returning to quarters, he will consign to barracks for a couple of days, number seven of the second rank, of the third company, of the second battalion, for slinging his cartridge-box awkwardly; but his proverbial severity will cease, the moment he passes general of brigade.

The lieutenant-colonel speaks like the colonel, walks like the colonel, scolds like the colonel, laughs like the colonel, does everything like the colonel. But he is an older man. How does this happen? Nobody knows; it lieth between Destiny and the Minister.

The commandant of the third battalion, scarcely thirty years of age, won his epaulettes and the officers' cross of the Legion of Honour in the Crimea, where he reaped glory by waggon-loads. He bears one of the most honourable names in France; he has an income of sixty thousand francs a year; and he has a young wife as fair as his fortune. Esteemed by his chiefs, beloved by the soldiers, a magnificent career is open to him. Here is more than enough to make him the happiest man in the world. Well; he is nothing of the kind. This poor commandant bears a serpent in his bosom—a chronic grief, an incurable pain. The serpent, the grief, the pain, lie in the fact that he is an inch shorter than M. Thiers, the shortest of all known great men.

Amongst the officers of the Hundred and First is found the married officer who associates with nobody, not even with his married colleagues, because it "gives rise to gossip;" and, in the corps, half a word soon takes gigantic proportions. It is an unlucky day when Captain Michel calls on Captain Baudoin, and asks, "Captain, is it true that you said that I said my wife told me that Captain Laudry's wife had told her that her husband wore stays?" The officer of fortune has no fortune at all.

The serious officer employs his time in studying theory, administration, and manœuvres. One type has all but disappered from the French army; namely, the loud, braggart, coarse officer, finding fault with everything in season and out of season. Every day Atticism is gaining ground. The Crimean war gave the last blow to boastfulness and insolence. Why need a man boast, when he has shown solid proofs of courage? What is the use of putting on threatening looks and staring right and left with an ever-knitted brow, when all the world knows how redoubtable you are if occasion require?

The sergeants constitute three categories: the *sergent* who has only seven years' service, the *sargent* who has fourteen, and the *chargent* who has one-and-twenty.

The *sergent* is a badly-drawn portrait, with a feeble outline of the features. He combines simpletonism with presumptiousness. In the novelty of his relative superiority, he feels an immoderate craving to display his full authority; he worries the soldiers. If the colonel knew it! Never does he leave the chamber without having punished his man. The French soldier never murmurs; he sings, which is his revenge. Hardly has the punisher turned his heels, when the light breeze wafts to his ear the finale of the Vexed Sergent:

And, rrrantaplan,
Do what you can;
Lieutenants two
Are higher than you;
So, while we can,
Sing r-r-r-rantaplan.

His looks are sombre, he boils with rage, but he holds his tongue for fear of being taken for a vexed sergent.

The *sargent* is quite a different person. A perfect trooper, serving for the love of the art, conscious of his value, nothing moves, nothing surprises, that placid and martial countenance. Provost at arms—pronounce *provoo*—he takes a part in every duel. In the regiment, they fight more readily than in the world. If one soldier says to another, "You are an awkward fellow!" it is sufficient. The proper steps are taken. Arrived on the ground, the adversaries salute each other. Then one of them, laying his sword-guard on his heart, says, "Begin, *Monsieure.*"

"Certainly not," replies the other, with courtesy.

"To oblige you," resumes the first, stretching his legs, almost wide enough to split himself.

The blades are on the point of crossing. The *sargent* advances, and gravely pronounces the following speech, which never varies:

"*An istant!* Before you begin you ought to know that, from the remotest times of antiquity, even as far back as the Romans, the diverse disputes of honour have always been decided by arms, notably by the foil, which is the noblest, without wishing here to humiliate the sabre in any way. But before your fury carries you beyond the bounds of politeness, reflect that it is more beautiful to repair a fault than to have not committed it. It is never too late to retrieve one's errors, and to avoid the greatest remorse in this worldly life. If you feel yourself to be in fault, throw yourself into the arms of your adversary, that he may grant you pardon. In the other case, if your cause is good, fight till your very last breath; for remember, *both one and the other of you*, that he who retracts out of fear and pusillanimity, or through other motives, no matter what, is considered as a coward and —and—as a *pignouf*, not fit to be a French soldier."

The combat commences; you know how it finishes; a scratch on the right hand, the accolade, and all is over.

The *chargent* is brave to the tip of every hair. For the last twenty years a hundred thousand men have saluted his lace stripes; and it costs him a very slight effort to believe that those salutes are addressed to himself: which belief justifies the very good opinion he entertains of his own person. He has seen everything, he knows everything; beloved and respected by the Hundred and First, he expects to be beloved and respected everywhere. Louis XIV. was not so strict about etiquette as he is about his prerogatives.

A carabineer, passing near him, neglected to raise his hand to his cap.

"Why don't you salute me?" askes the *chargent*, walking straight up to him.

"I beg your pardon, sergeant, I did not notice your stripes."

"Do you intend to insinuate that you are short-sighted?"

"No, but——"

"There is no 'but' in the matter. I could take down your matricular number and have you put into the corner; but I am not susceptible of bringing anybody to grief. Only please to listen to what I say. You belong to the First Carabineers, which is the finest regiment in France; well! by your insolent incongruity you entirely deprive it of its prestige. That is all I have to say to you."

The carabineer was flabergasted, as well he might.

With this profound knowledge of life, he is overwhelmed with questions: "*Chargent*, what is that grease in the yellow pots which stand in the windows of the dealers in eatables?"

"Grease! It is fat liver pâté; the most delectable thing in the world. It costs twenty-seven francs the half-pound, without the truffles."

"Oh, ho! And with the truffles?"

"It is worth its weight in gold."

"Have you ever tasted any yourself, *chargent?*"

"Approximatively."

"I don't know what that means."

"It means that I have never tasted it personally myself; but I once had a comrade who had a fellow-townsman who polished the floors of a captain who often had it on his table."

"*Chargent*, is it true, what Corporal Siphlet says, that at Bordeaux you kept company with a black woman?"

"Certainly, it is quite true."

"With a negress?"

"Not exactly."

"With a mulatress?"

"Not exactly; it was with one of my fellow-townswomen whose husband was a coalheaver."

"*Chargent*, why does the commandant of the first battalion wear green spectacles?"

"When his wife gives him a glass of sugar and water, it is to make him fancy it a glass of hock."

As long as the oldest trooper can remember, the Hundred and First has always had in its ranks *a sergeant who saved a general*. At Fontenoy, Wagram, and Montereau, the glorious deed was performed. In Spain, during the campaign of '23, a sergeant found an opportunity of saving a lieutenant-general, who, in truth, was in no great danger; but seeing the difficulties at the time of finding a general more exposed, they could not be over-particular, and the Hundred and First maintained its traditional heroism. Alma and Inkermann were inscribed in glorious letters on the regimental flag, without the possibility occurring of saving a general. They saved superior officers, captains, lieutenants, subalterns, corporals, and soldiers, but nothing in the shape of a general. A man is a man, and it is a very fine thing to save one's fellow-creature, but humanity once satisfied, vanity holds up her head. It is of no use talking; one is better pleased to save a general than a musician, to say nothing about a sapper and miner. Besides, it was necessary for the honour of the corps; the colonel several times alluded to it with some degree of bitterness. But it is probable that the persevering way in which the subalterns of the Hundred and First watched over their generals, prevented even the likelihood of their ever falling into danger.

This topic was the general subject of conversation in camp, when, during the night of the 15th of February, 1855, Sergeant Blandureau with four volunteers was posted in an ambuscade situated about forty yards from the French parallels, and about seventy from the Russian batteries. The weather was enough to kill a dog; there was the silence of death and so thick a darkness, that you could not tell a foraging-cap from a twenty-four cannon-ball. Sergeant Blandureau had to remain there fourteen hours—from half-past four in the afternoon, till half-past seven in the morning; and, to pass the time, he could not even venture on the resource of smoking. The light of his pipe would have betrayed him to the enemy; and he was placed there to give the alarm to the guard of the trenches, in case of a sally. With his eye on the watch, his neck stretched to its utmost length, and his ear attentive, the brave subaltern could not prevent his thoughts from wandering to his native village, when the sound of a trumpet recalled them.

"Listen, sergeant," whispered one of his companions; "they are going to be at it again to-night——"

The poor wretch had no time to say more; a Russian bayonet pinned the rest of the sentence in his throat. The other three volunteers were instantly killed. The sergeant had scarcely time to give the alarm by discharging his musket, when he was felled to the ground with gun-stock blows. But a sergeant of the Hundred and First is not so easily settled; he is tough enough to stand a score of hard knocks. Blandureau was a little stunned; nothing more.

The Russians were vigorously repulsed. A calm succeeded to the cannonade. Sergeant Blandureau recovered his senses, sought for his comrades, called them by name. Dead! All dead! He was the sole survivor. He determined to regain the trenches. Still bewildered by the contusions he had received, he groped his way with difficulty. All was black around him; at every step he stumbled over a corpse. Is the Hundred and First never to set eyes on its sergeant again? Courage, then! And on he plodded again. Once more he tripped against a body stretched on the ground. It was that of a Frenchman, still alive; for it rapped out so energetic a "Nom de Dieu!" that the Russians, who were only twenty paces off, heard it.

A cannon illumined the scene for an instant. Blandureau heard the grape-shot plough up the earth; a biscayan shattered his gun. Misfortune is always good for something; the flash showed him the direction to follow. He resolutely hoisted on his shoulders the comrade who had procured him this friendly greeting from the Russians.

"Sacrebleu!" he thought, as he toddled along, "here's a fellow who does not starve himself! The clocks of Sebastopol are striking three in the morning, and I have yet a good long walk to take, with this well-fed individual on my back."

And so he tottered and stumbled along, sometimes wrong and sometimes right, over rough ground, among dead bodies and broken weapons, until at last he deposited his burden in the battery which guarded his regiment, and then fainted.

Next morning, Blandureau woke up as fresh as if he had passed the night in his bed. "Where's my wounded man?" he cried, rubbing his eyes. "Let me see the little lamb who could not walk because he had a couple of bullets in his belly."

"Here he is," they said, pointing to a person surrounded with surgeons, who were dressing his wounds with the most anxious care.

"The general!"

"Yes, my brave fellow. Come, and let me press you in my arms."

"The general! 'Twas the general!" shouted Blandureau, half crazy with joy.

"Yes, indeed; 'tis I. Come to me, I say?"

"Oh, general!"

"You are a brave fellow; thank you. I shall never forget that I owe you my life."

"As for that, general, you are under no great obligation. I took you for one of my comrades so thoroughly as to call you a little lamb. But since it is you, general, you may be sure that—

that—certainly that—I am very glad of it, and that if I had known it—naturally—I should have saved you all the same. There!"

The corporal—that subaltern commandant—is the connecting link between the soldiers and the inferior officers. Charged with the direction of four men, you are aware with what modesty he acquits himself of that important mission. Occasionally obliged to send in a report, he compresses his orthography in a style which is not without its merit.

"*Onthetwen tysev enthmarchin theeve ningwe metfourmen.*"

[On the twenty-seventh March, in the evening, we met four men.]

In eighteen hundred and forty-odd, Monsieur De X., the préfet of a department, resigned his place, to come to Paris. But monsieur, his son, twenty years of age, was gifted with sundry qualities which unfitted him for the capital. Consequently, young De X. enlisted in the Hundred and First, in the expectation of dazzling everybody around him by his smartness and his handsome allowance. The very day of his arrival he heard a corporal call him by name.

"The matter, *ying* man, is that you are on *corvée*, task-work, to-day, and that you must sweep out the court, *ying* man."

"Good! We'll see about it."

So the young patrician set to work bravely. After slaving at it for a couple of hours, the court was a little dirtier than when he began. Up came the corporal.

"What have you been doing there?"

"I have done what I could; but I don't know——"

"You don't know—and they call you a *eddiccated ying* man. I dare say! But how did they spend their time in your family, if they never taught you how to sweep a yard?"

"I meant to learn, as soon as I had taken my degree."

"The explanation is quite sufficient; begin again, and try to do it better. If you don't, I will nail you for four-and-twenty hours."

"Oh! corporal, you have too much integrity——"

"That will do; don't add insolence to insubordination."

In a regiment, there are as many types of the soldier as there are men—from the model grenadier to the fellow who will be shot. The latter is known by the name of *customer*; but the race has rapidly diminished ever since the government has interfered with the procuring of substitutes. The town workman, when he is called by lot, turns soldier with indifference, sometimes gladly, when the times are hard; but the case is quite different with country folk. One day a peasant lad received a paper, summoning him to join his regiment. He ought to have been prepared six months, because, at the conscription he drew No. 7. He weeps; it is a sad thing to leave his kindred for so long a time, and to be cut off from communicating with them, because he cannot write. A conscript's departure is pitiable to see. After grief, comes rage; he says he is a peasant, and won't be a soldier. He seizes his gun, his flail, his scythe, and is transformed, for two or three minutes, into a sort of revolted angel. But his father comes, and says, "It is your duty." His mother pretends to dry her tears; he goes away singing. On reaching his corps, he neither weeps nor sings. The revolted angel is become an angel of resignation. In six months, you will see him proudly strutting in the Champs Elysées, cheerful and happy.

Did you notice a man with a red nose, and a ribbon the colour of his nose, closely buttoned up to the chin, with a stiff gait, a sparkling eye, and a brush moustache? He follows the regiment. We found him at the door of the officers' mess-room, we saw him in the barrack-yard, and we find him again at the gate of the quarters. That man is Captain Morel, the last of the *grognards*, or grumblers, literally translated.

The species is becoming rare, which is not to be regretted. This person is an unique specimen of the *grognard* and ill-bred officer. Retired on half-pay, three years ago, he cannot live without the regiment to which he ceases to belong; he is now merely an ornamental appendage. He is tolerated, but not liked; he is wearisome. His only excuse is that he has been a brave fellow in his time. While he was in the corps, the soldiers used to say, "That mad fellow, Captain Morel, is never happy but when he is in a rage."

During his last year of service, the colonel, who had been made an officer of the Legion of Honour, gave a grand dinner, to which were invited the authorities of the town and the whole staff of officers. As ladies were to be present, he sent for Morel to come and speak to him.

"Captain, I give a dinner on Monday."

"I know it, colonel."

"And, as I hold you in esteem, I have sent you an invitation, but I now beg of you not to come."

"May I ask, without indiscretion, colonel, why you offer me such an affront as this?"

"Mon Dieu; captain, there is no affront in the matter, since the refusal will come from you; but considerations which you will understand——"

"All I understand is, that I am not considered in the least."

"Well, then; I am afraid that your very military style of conversation should shock the ladies whom we expect."

"A thousand thunders! May the devil's carcase double strangle me if I understand!"

"You will go on in that way at table. You know that the city dames are a little——"

"Stiff and starch, precise and prim; butter won't melt in their mouths. They screw up their lips like——"

"Exactly."

"Very well, colonel, the thing is settled; I won't come. I am a mangy, itchy, scurvy fellow. It's a pleasant position——"

"But, captain——"

"It's a very pleasant position to be in, after thirty years' service, eleven campaigns, and seven wounds!"

"If you would only promise me not to talk?"

"As for that, colonel, I can easily promise you; even if I had your permission, I would not open my mouth."

"Positively?"

"If I utter a word, I'll spit out my tongue five-and-twenty feet above the level of the sea."

"I had rather have your word of honour."

"You have it, colonel; you have it."

On the day of the dinner, the captain, in full uniform, presented himself at the colonel's, and bowed to everybody without pronouncing a syllable. One gets used to everything. Shortly, nobody paid any further attention to the captain's pantomime, who ate like an ogre to render silence less difficult. The third course was about to be succeeded by a dessert; the captain was eating a roasted woodcock; the colonel was congratulating himself at having escaped humiliating an old brother in arms.

All at once, a horrible cry burst from the captain's lips. One of his grinders had been broken by a shot lodged in the woodcock's thigh.

"Sacré nom de millions de diables!" shouted the *grognard*, holding out with one hand the murderous shot and with the other the woodcock's head. "This infernal brute didn't die of the measles!"

DICTIONARY DREAMS.

The merits of these small sugar-plums—which appear to have been dropped with a spat upon the yellow paper to which they adhere—may be very great; yet are they something fly-blown, and less protected from dust and other defilement than their neighbours the brandy-balls, which live in a square green bottle stopped at the mouth with a wedge of newspaper. The "Parliament" looks as if it had been in existence for such a length of time that it might with propriety be called the Long Parliament. The transition from parliament to sleep is so natural and easy, that it is no way surprising to see a baby's nightcap in close proximity to the pastry just named. The doll with the stare and the eyelashes set in flat radiation like chevaux-de-frise is in strict keeping with the baby nightcap, and had they given any nostrils to its wedge-shaped nose, it would have been as pleasing an object of contemplation as the little china baby in a bath, which, sitting up in a singularly erect and rigid manner, looks as if it had turned on the hot water in a scalding stream, and, unable to turn it off again, was summoning assistance with screams of anguish.

The writer begs many thousands of pardons of the reader for not having mentioned before that he is looking in at the window of *the* shop in the village of Torpor-cum-Slugs, Bedfordshire. It is a wet day, and he has nothing to do: so, being of a restless nature, he goes out in the rain, and finding a pent-house mercifully and inexplicably erected over the shop front of *the* shop, he encamps at once underneath it, and stares into the window with all his eyes. The objects already named are far from being the only objects which claim his attention. Is there not hair-oil in little thin blown bottles? Are there not portraits of the clerical world? Are there no papers of pins, no herrings, no whetstones for scythes? Are there not masks, and besides the tracts, strips of ballad and comic song? Is there not one envelope with a Queen's head upon it? There are all these things, and there is one thing more (and in the literary department of the window, too), which at once has a marked effect upon the conduct of him who is making this village shop a subject of study and reflection.

To dive a finger and thumb into his waistcoat-pocket in search of a penny, to rush into the emporium, to come out again without the penny, but bearing in his hands a small pamphlet (stitched), to hasten along the village street, reading as he goes, to stumble up the stairs of his lodgings, reading still, and to drop upon the horsehair sofa without even taking his hat off, were with the present writer proceedings which occupied infinitely less time than it has taken to record them.

The object of all this excitement was a pamphlet, a small and shabby pamphlet; the principal external characteristic of which, was, that while the back of its cover was of a bright pink colour, the front was of a pale drab—indications which will carry at once to all thoughtful minds the conviction that the work so bound had been an old inhabitant of the shop-window, and had paled on the side exposed to the light, while its more protected cover had retained its normal freshness of tint.

Let us speak of the illustration with which the front or pale side of this little volume is decorated, for it is one of much beauty and refinement. It represents a lady and gentleman kneeling on a cushion, hand in hand, the lady dressed as a bride and the gentleman in a shooting-jacket, but with his hair curled, to make amends for this apparent carelessness in his attire. The cushion on which this young couple (they are both much depressed in spirits) kneel, seems to surround the base of a circular stove, which has, however, apparently no fire in it, as a Cupid, very slightly draped and with not so much as a sock to protect the foot on which he is supported, stands on one leg upon the top of the stove and flourishes a lighted torch, with which he will perhaps ultimately light the fire. A vase of flowers grows out of the lady's back, and a smaller vase out of the gentleman's left heel, completing the composition. Let us hope that this is all right, but it must be admitted that there is no clergyman present of any persuasion or denomination whatsoever. The only way out of this difficulty is to suppose that this marriage is a Scotch one, and that the Cupid is the witness. He will do as well as another.

The illustration here described is found inside

the cover, repeated on the title-page, and further adorned by colour. It has apparently been executed with much freedom of handling and a full pencil. The bride has a crimson body and a flesh-coloured skirt; and there is a suggestion in the manner of the execution that all the dabs of red (in an edition or two) have been done first, while that colour was in the brush, and that then the green, yellow, and flesh-coloured dabs have followed in due course. The artist having with that noble impetuosity which is ever the characteristic of true genius, scorned the limits of outline, and suffered his brush, in imparting a bright blue tint to the bridegroom's shooting-jacket, to encroach at the cuff upon the limits assigned to it by the engraver, in such wise that this interesting personage shows us a hand that seems at first sight to be decorated with an indigo mitten. For the rest, it would be hard to say what the work of art thus minutely described has to do with the volume of which it forms part; for the book itself is of a philosophical and speculative rather than a matrimonial character, and is called (not to keep the reader longer in suspense) the Ladies' Own Dream-book.

Of all those topics which it is the function of thought to investigate, there are none perhaps possessing a more universal interest for all mankind than those in which the unseen and immaterial world, the world of spirits, of omens, of superstitions and dreams, becomes the subject of our speculation. Who has not been troubled by strange and inexplicable dreams? Who has not been pursued by such dreams during the day succeeding their occurrence? Who has not longed to get some means of explaining the vision by which he has been haunted? And lastly, who has not felt how invaluable would be the aid of some guide in such matters, on which profound dependence might be placed. Such a guide, confident, unerring, and authoritative, is the Ladies' Own Dream-book.

In this precious volume the subjects on which well-regulated persons may most reasonably be expected to dream, are found alphabetically arranged, so that the fevered victim of nightmare, starting from his couch of suffering, has nothing to do but to light a candle, and turning to the subject of his dream, may put himself at once out of his misery, or into it, as the case may be; for it would be useless to attempt to deny that, according to the opinion of the Ladies' Own Dream-book, there are some topics which it is by no means desirable to dream about, and which augur all sorts of impending horror to the dreamer.

The very first word in the list (adders) is an instance of the kind. Let us see what we have got to expect if we should happen to dream about adders:

ADDERS.—To dream of these venomous reptiles, are a bad omen, they signify you have enemies who are endeavouring to do you some harm; if you are bitten by them, it signifies you will experience some misfortune, but if you destroy them you will triumph over your enemies.

Under the head of "awning," let us see what we have.

AWNING.—To dream that you are sitting under an awning is a sign that you will shortly leave this country most probably *to* Australia; if you seek this shelter on account of the heat of the sun, that you will prosper there.

The use of the word "to" in the above passage is very remarkable, and seems to imply that the dreamer will either abandon his country to be seized upon and annexed by Australia, or that he will be in such a position as to bequeath his native land as a legacy to that portion of the globe. This is, indeed, giving something like an interpretation to a dream. If such results as these are to follow all dreams upon the subject of awnings, it will surely become necessary for government to require Mr. Edgington and all other tent-makers to keep their shutters up, and not expose longer to the public eye anything that might suggest the shade of canvas to the British dreamer. But we have not done with the letter A. Let us see what dreaming about ale-houses may be expected to bring about:

ALE-HOUSE.—To dream that you are in an ale-house is a sure sign of sickness, especially if your dream happens about break of day.

This is a very rational interpretation; the transition being easy and obvious from the ale-house to sickness. It is impossible, too, to name a time in the twenty-four hours when the visitation is more likely to occur than at the break of day.

We come now to a very remarkable announcement indeed, the latter part of which, especially, is environed with mystery:

ABUNDANCE.—To dream of abundance shows that you will experience great prosperity; and that your future husband will be true to you; and you will have many children, who will be a blessing to you; *but if you sell any part*, you will be crossed in business.

Gracious Heavens! what *does* this mean? "If you sell any part you will be crossed in business?"

Let us approach this matter in a spirit of humble inquiry. This is the Ladies' Own Dream-book, and the lady here addressed is obviously supposed to be in business. It would be delightful to know in what branch. Is she in the chandlery line, or is it tobacco? It might be licensed victualling; but there is no end to conjecture on the subject. She is in business, she will be courted and won by an exemplary personage, who will be true to her, and by whom she will have many children; but if she sells any part she will be crossed in business. Sells any part! Any part of what? Her children obviously! "Crossed," too, in business; we have all of us heard of being crossed in love, but never, surely, in business.

Business, however, is for ever in the mind of the distinguished compiler of the Ladies' Own Dream-book, which, considering the speculative subject of the work, is rather remarkable. The allusions, throughout, to business are continual and of very high value. We have

already considered this in the case of the dream on abundance, but this is only one instance among many, as shall be presently shown.

BAKING.—To dream that you are baking bread is a good sign; *if you are in business* you will most assuredly prosper; if you are in love, that your affection will be returned; but should the bread be burnt, it portends assault by enemies, poverty, and various misfortunes.

Thus we see how a dream, which commences hopefully, may, by a very small change in its course, become fatal to our best wishes. The whole hinging on the question whether the loaf which we are engaged with in our dream should turn to be slack-baked or the reverse. We find "business" again alluded to in another portion of our manual, and here, also, a curious suggestion of another kind is forced upon our attention:

CUCUMBER.—To dream of cucumbers denotes recovery to the sick, and you will fall speedily in love; or if you are in love you will marry the present object of your affection; *also moderate success in trade.*

Now, does not a suggestion such as this open an enormous field of conjecture as to what may be done in the way of *cultivating* auspicious dreams. Let the young tradesman, for instance, who wishes to succeed in business, after reading the above, proceed straightway to get himself a gigantic cucumber; let him spend the day in contemplating it from every conceivable point of view, and, finally, let him eat the whole of it for his supper, and immediately retire to rest. Between the intervals of indigestion the young tradesman is not unlikely to get a nap or two, in the course of which the cucumber, which is rending his entrails, may dance for a moment before his mind's eye. Once let this happen, and he is a made man. He wakes up dyspeptic, probably for life, but with a blissful consciousness that a "moderate success in trade" (and what well-regulated person desires more) is secured to him during the remainder of his career. If, however, the young tradesman could manage to introduce an egg or two into his dream, there is no end to the prosperity which he might expect, for see what is said on this subject:

EGGS.—To dream you are buying eggs is a favourable omen; to dream you are selling eggs is also lucky; you will be happy in marriage, have many children, and do well.

There are, however, some things which we should be as careful to exclude from our sleeping thoughts as we should be to cultivate others. Let us, by all means, beware of Hares, for "to see hares is pain and agony." "Hanging," again, "indicates generally misfortunes and chagrin." "Ravens, denote disaster, adultery, death, and enemies," while if you dream that you see tailors at work, you may expect treachery and deceit. "Onions" denote "much suffering;" and as to comets:

COMETS.—To dream of comets is a sign of war, plague, famine, and death; to the lover it denotes an entire frustration of his hope; to the farmer, failure of his crop; and to the seaman, storms and shipwreck. After such a dream, change, if possible, your present place of residence.

This last piece of advice given, as it appears to be, to persons on ship-board, seems somewhat cruel. There are many doubtless so situated, who would gladly follow this counsel, but where are they to go? The natural answer to the question is—overboard.

While on the subject of evil dreams, it may be well to mention that "needles are a sign of hatred; to thread a needle is inquietude;" while "to dream that you are bandy is an unlucky omen, it is a sign you will meet with many misfortunes."

Among the remarkable phenomena which strike one in perusing the pages of the Ladies' Own Dream-book, may be classed the peculiar views held by the compiler as to the subjects which people are in the habit of dreaming of. Thus we are informed that "to dream you are sitting on the top of a church denotes vain hopes." *Does* any one ever dream that he is sitting on the top of a church? Does any one ever dream of coals, which, it seems, "is a sign of riches?" It is affirmed, too, by our author, and here once for all attention may be called to his peculiar grammatical idiosyncrasies, that "to dig up an iron pot *is* great cares." Surely it is too much to suppose that anybody ever dreams of digging up an iron pot. Did the reader, again, ever dream that he was a fool?

FOOLISH.—To dream you are a fool is a very favourable omen, and imports much good to the dreamer; expect to be successful in your undertakings. If a maiden dreams that she is foolish, it is a certain sign that she will soon be married to the *youth* of her affections.

But perhaps of all the outrageous things that a lady can be expected to dream about, the most wonderfully unlikely is *her own backbone.* Yet this contingency is thought by our sage to be worthy of especial notice.

To dream of the backbone is a lucky omen; it denotes health and prosperity in all your undertakings; if you are in love, your sweetheart will be faithful, and you are very near marrying; it also denotes that you will have many children, and be very happy. To dream you have *grown strong in* your back denotes that some legacy will fall to you, and that you will unexpectedly become rich; if you are in love, you will marry the object of your affections; to a man it denotes that he will shortly see the woman who is to be his wife; and to a woman, that she will soon see the man destined to be her husband, and they will become rich, and be very happy.

We will give a few more quotations from our oracle for the reader's comfort and advantage, begging, in passing, to call his attention to the patriarchal manner in which this interpreter of dreams invariably connects happiness and a large family as inseparable things.

KITTENS.—To dream of kittens is a favourable dream, your marriage will be prosperous, and that you will have many children.

DRUNKENNESS.—To dream you are drunk is loss

in business, but success in love; to a woman it denotes she will be beloved by a stranger; and to a man it denotes that he is beloved by a woman whom he does not at present think of.

FINGERS.—If you dream you have cut your fingers, if they bleed is a good omen; you will be successful in love and get money when you least expect it; if you dream they do not bleed, then it denotes damage by a variety of accidents, and that lawsuits will attend you.

ORGAN.—Betokens prosperity; to play, an unsettled life; to hear it play many tunes, that you will be happy; discordant, misfortunes.

RIDING.—To dream you ride with a company of men is very lucky and profitable, but with women it signifies misfortune and deceit.

SHAVING.—To dream you are shaved denotes disappointment and crosses.

TEETH.—To dream your teeth fall out is good; to put them in unlucky; to break them, vexation; decayed or hollow are good friends; good teeth, troubles and sorrow; short teeth, prosperity.

AUNT.—To dream of this relation is a happy omen, provided she is not angry with you; but if she frowns on you, you must expect to meet with some misfortune.

UNCLE.—To dream you see your uncle, depends in a great measure upon the temper you see him in; if looking *favourable* upon you it is a good dream; if on the contrary, you will have many trials to overcome.

We will now leave this portion of the interesting volume we have been considering, with one word of expostulation. Under the word "beheading," we find that "to dream you see any one beheaded" denotes, among other things, "that *if you are in prison* you will speedily gain your liberty." The insertion of this clause seems to have been an ill-considered proceeding, calculated to shake the reader's confidence. For, a work of reference intended to meet the exigencies of "ladies" who are committed for fourteen days to the House of Correction is scarcely calculated to find favour with the general public.

The concluding portion of the Ladies' Own Dream-book is devoted to matters of even greater importance than those we have been already engaged with. Arrived at his last page, the author, from having been simply an interpreter of dreams, launches forth into a wider and deeper field, and displaying before his disciples the black mirror of Destiny, bids them take courage and behold. The Book of Fate is printed on a single page, and shall be given entire, for the benefit of those who are not afraid of a few home-truths.

Reader! On what day wert thou born? Peruse this page and tremble.

Concerning children born on any day of the week.

SUNDAY.—The child born on a Sunday will obtain great riches, and be long-lived and happy.

MONDAY.—Not very successful, irresolute, subject to be imposed on, good natured, and willing to do everything in his power (nice fellow).

TUESDAY.—The person born will be subject to violent starts of passion and not easily reconciled; and he will be in danger of dying by violence if he does not put a constraint upon his inclinations.

WEDNESDAY.—He will be given to study, *and excel in literature.* (Evidently the natal day of the author of the Book of Fate.)

THURSDAY.—The child born will attain great riches and honour.

FRIDAY.—The child will be of a strong constitution and amorous.

SATURDAY.—Is an unlucky day, but the child may come to good, though they are in general of an evil disposition.

Signs of a Generous, Civil, and Courteous Person.

1. The forehead large, fleshy, plain, and smooth.
2. The eyes moist and shining.
3. The countenance expressive of joy and content.
4. The voice pleasant.
5. The motion of the body slow, &c.

Signs of a Churlish, Rough-hewn, and Ill-natured Person.

1. The form of the body both meagre and lean.
2. The forehead cloudy, sullen, and wrinkled.
3. The eyes cast down and malicious.
4. A nimble tongue.
5. Walking a short, quick, and uneven pace.
6. Secret murmuring to himself as he walks.

The reader now knows the worst. He knows that if he were born on a Monday, a Tuesday, or a Saturday, he is in a rather bad way. He knows by close observation of himself whether he is a civil and courteous, or a churlish and *rough-hewn* person, though perhaps this last epithet may puzzle him a little. He knows that if he has "a nimble tongue" he had better hold it; that he must beware of a short quick step in taking his constitutional; and that he must not enliven his walk by "muttering to himself." He must cultivate, moreover, a *fleshy* forehead and a moist eye, a "slow motion of the body, &c.," though what peculiar quality this same "&c." may indicate is less clearly shown than might be wished. And so we take our leave of this awful volume, heartily wishing the reader a fleshy forehead, a moist eye, and pleasant dreams about his or her backbone.

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ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

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A STRANGE STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY NOVEL," "RIENZI," &c.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE next day I had just dismissed the last of my visiting patients, and was about to enter my carriage and commence my round, when I received a twisted note containing but these words:

"Call on me to-day, as soon as you can.
"M. POYNTZ."

A few minutes afterwards I was in Mrs. Poyntz's drawing-room.

"Well, Allen Fenwick," said she, "I do not serve friends by halves. No thanks! I but adhere to a principle I have laid down for myself. I spent last evening with the Ashleighs. Lilian is certainly much altered—very weak, I fear very ill, and I believe very unskilfully treated by Dr. Jones. I felt that it was my duty to insist on a change of physician, but there was something else to consider before deciding who that physician should be. I was bound, as your confidant, to consult your own scruples of honour. Of course I could not say point-blank to Mrs. Ashleigh, 'Dr. Fenwick admires your daughter, would you object to him as a son-in-law?' Of course I could not touch at all on the secret with which you entrusted me; but I have not the less arrived at a conclusion, in agreement with my previous belief, that not being a woman of the world, Anne Ashleigh has none of the ambition which women of the world would conceive for a daughter who has a good fortune, and considerable beauty; that her predominant anxiety is for her child's happiness, and her predominant fear is that her child will die. She would never oppose any attachment which Lilian might form, and if that attachment were for one who had preserved her daughter's life, I believe her own heart would gratefully go with her daughter's. So far, then, as honour is concerned, all scruples vanish."

I sprang from my seat, radiant with joy. Mrs. Poyntz dryly continued: "You value yourself on your common sense, and to that I address a few words of counsel which may not be welcome to your romance. I said that I did not think you and Lilian would suit each other in the long run; reflection confirms me in that supposition. Do not look at me so incredulously and so sadly. Listen, and take heed Ask yourself what, as a man whose days are devoted to a laborious profession, whose ambition is entwined with its success, whose mind must be absorbed in its pursuits—ask yourself what kind of wife you would have sought to win, had not this sudden fancy for a charming face rushed over your better reason, and obliterated all previous plans and resolutions. Surely some one with whom your heart would have been quite at rest; by whom your thoughts would have been undistracted from the channels into which your calling should concentrate their flow; in short, a serene companion in the quiet holiday of a trustful home. Is it not so?"

"You interpret my own thoughts when they have turned towards marriage. But what is there in Lilian Ashleigh that should mar the picture you have drawn?"

"What is there in Lilian Ashleigh which in the least accords with the picture? In the first place, the wife of a young physician should not be his perpetual patient. The more he loves her, and the more worthy she may be of love, the more her case will haunt him wherever he goes. When he returns home, it is not to a holiday; the patient he most cares for, the anxiety that most gnaws him, await him there."

"But, good Heavens! why should Lilian Ashleigh be a perpetual patient? The sanitary resources of youth are incalculable. And——"

"Let me stop you; I cannot argue against a physician in love! I will give up that point in dispute, remaining convinced that there is a something in Lilian's constitution which will perplex, torment, and baffle you. It was so with her father, whom she resembles in face and in character. He showed no symptoms of any grave malady. His outward form was like Lilian's, a model of symmetry, except in this, that, like hers, it was too exquisitely delicate; but, when seemingly in the midst of perfect health, at any slight jar on the nerves he would become alarmingly ill. I was sure that he would die young, and he did so."

"Ay, but Mrs. Ashleigh said that his death was from brain fever, brought on by over study. Rarely, indeed, do women so fatigue the brain. No female patient, in the range of my practice, ever died of purely mental exertion."

"Of purely mental exertion, no; but of *heart* emotion, many female patients, perhaps?

Oh, you own that! I know nothing about nerves. But I suppose that, whether they act on the brain or the heart, the result to life is much the same if the nerves be too finely strung for life's daily wear and tear. And this is what I mean, when I say you and Lilian will not suit. As yet, she is a mere child; her nature undeveloped, and her affection, therefore, untried. You might suppose that you had won her heart; she might believe that she gave it to you, and both be deceived. If fairies now-a-days condescended to exchange their offspring with those of mortals, and if the popular tradition did not represent a fairy changeling as an ugly peevish creature, with none of the grace of its parents, I should be half inclined to suspect that Lilian was one of the elfin people. She never seems at home on earth; and I do not think she will ever be contented with a prosaic earthly lot. Now I have told you why I do not think she will suit you. I must leave it to yourself to conjecture how far you would suit her. I say this in due season; while you may yet set a guard upon impulse; while you may yet watch, and weigh, and meditate; and from this moment on that subject I say no more. I lend advice, but I never throw it away."

She came here to a dead pause, and began putting on her bonnet and scarf which lay on the table beside her. I was a little chilled by her words, and yet more by the blunt, shrewd, hard look and manner which aided the effect of their delivery. But the chill melted away in the sudden glow of my heart when she again turned towards me and said:

"Of course you guess, from these preliminary cautions, that you are going into danger? Mrs. Ashleigh wishes to consult you about Lilian, and I propose to take you to her house."

"Oh, my friend, my dear friend, how can I ever repay you!" I caught her hand, the white firm hand, and lifted it to my lips.

She drew it somewhat hastily away, and laying it gently on my shoulder, said, in a soft voice, "Poor Allan, how little the world knows either of us! But how little, perhaps, do we know ourselves. Come, your carriage is here? That is right; we must put down Dr. Jones publicly and in all our state."

In the carriage Mrs. Poyntz told me the purport of that conversation with Mrs. Ashleigh to which I owed my reintroduction to Abbots' House. It seems that Mr. Vigors had called early the morning after my first visit; had evinced much discomposure on hearing that I had been summoned; dwelt much on my injurious treatment of Dr. Lloyd, whom, as distantly related to himself, and he (Mr. Vigors) being distantly connected to the late Gilbert Ashleigh, he endeavoured to fasten upon his listener as one of her husband's family, whose quarrel she was bound in honour to take up. He spoke of me as an infidel "tainted with French doctrines," and as a practitioner rash and presumptuous; proving his own freedom from presumption and rashness by flatly deciding that my opinion must be wrong. Previously to Mrs. Ashleigh's migration to L——, Mr. Vigors had interested her in the pretended phenomena of mesmerism. He had consulted a clairvoyante much esteemed by poor Dr. Lloyd, as to Lilian's health, and the clairvoyante had declared her to be constitutionally predisposed to consumption. Mr. Vigors persuaded Mrs. Ashleigh to come at once with him and see this clairvoyante herself, armed with a lock of Lilian's hair and a glove she had worn, as the media of mesmerical *rapport*.

The clairvoyante, one of those I had publicly denounced as an impostor, naturally enough denounced me in return. On being asked solemnly by Mr. Vigors "to look at Dr. Fenwick and see if his influence would be beneficial to the subject," the sibyl had become violently agitated, and said that, "when she looked at us together, we were enveloped in a black cloud; that this portended affliction and sinister consequences; that our *rapport* was antagonistic." Mr. Vigors then told her to dismiss my image, and conjure up that of Dr. Jones. Therewith the somnambule became more tranquil, and said: "Dr. Jones would do well if he would be guided by higher lights than his own skill, and consult herself daily as to the proper remedies. The best remedy of all would be mesmerism. But since Dr. Lloyd's death, she did not know of a mesmerist, sufficiently gifted, in affinity with the patient." In fine, she impressed and awed Mrs. Ashleigh, who returned in haste, summoned Dr. Jones, and dismissed myself.

"I could not have conceived Mrs. Ashleigh to be so utterly wanting in common sense," said I. "She talked rationally enough when I saw her."

"She has common sense in general, and plenty of the sense most common," answered Mrs. Poyntz. "But she is easily led and easily frightened wherever her affections are concerned, and therefore just as easily as she had been persuaded by Mr. Vigors and terrified by the somnambule, I persuaded her against the one, and terrified her against the other. I had positive experience on my side, since it was clear that Lilian had been getting rapidly worse under Dr. Jones's care. The main objections I had to encounter in inducing her to consult you again were, first, in Mrs. Ashleigh's reluctance to disoblige Mr. Vigors, as a friend and connexion of Lilian's father; and, secondly, a sentiment of shame in reinviting your opinion after having treated you with so little respect. Both these difficulties I took on myself. I bring you to her house, and, on leaving you, I shall go on to Mr. Vigors, and tell him what is done is my doing, and not to be undone by him; so that matter is settled. Indeed, if you were out of the question, I should not suffer Mr. Vigors to reintroduce all these mummeries of clairvoyance and mesmerism into the precincts of the Hill. I did not demolish a man I really liked in Dr. Lloyd, to set up a Dr. Jones, whom I despise, in his stead. Clairvoyance on Abbey Hill, indeed! I saw enough of it before."

"True; your strong intellect detected at once the absurdity of the whole pretence—the

falsity of mesmerism—the impossibility of clairvoyance."

"No, my strong intellect did nothing of the kind. I do not know whether mesmerism be false or clairvoyance impossible; and I don't wish to know. All I do know is, that I saw the Hill in great danger; young ladies allowing themselves to be put to sleep by gentlemen, and pretending they had no will of their own against such fascination! Improper and shocking! And Miss Brabazon beginning to prophesy, and Mrs. Leopold Smythe questioning her maid (whom Dr. Lloyd declared to be highly gifted) as to all the secrets of her friends. When I saw this, I said, 'The Hill is becoming demoralised; the Hill is making itself ridiculous; the Hill must be saved!' I remonstrated with Dr. Lloyd, as a friend; he remained obdurate. I annihilated him as an enemy, not to me, but to the State. I slew my best lover for the good of Rome. Now you know why I took your part; not because I have any opinion one way or the other as to the truth or falsehood of what Dr. Lloyd asserted; but I have a strong opinion that whether they be true or false, his notions were those which are not to be allowed on the Hill. And so, Allen Fenwick, that matter was settled."

Perhaps at another time I might have felt some little humiliation to learn that I had been honoured with the influence of this great potentate, not as a champion of truth, but as an instrument of policy, and I might have owned to some twinge of conscience in having assisted to sacrifice a fellow-seeker after science—misled, no doubt, but preferring his independent belief to his worldly interest—and sacrifice him to those deities with whom science is ever at war—the Prejudices of a Clique sanctified into the Proprieties of the World. But at that moment the words I heard made no perceptible impression on my mind. The gables of Abbots' House were visible above the evergreens and lilacs: another moment, and the carriage stopped at the door.

CHAPTER XIV.

Mrs. Ashleigh received us in the dining-room. Her manner to me, at first, was a little confused and shy. But my companion soon communicated something of her own happy ease to her gentler friend. After a short conversation we all three went to Lilian, who was in a little room on the ground floor, fitted up as her study. I was glad to perceive that my interdict of the death-chamber had been respected.

She reclined on a sofa near the window, which was, however, jealously closed; the light of the bright May day obscured by blinds and curtains; a large fire on the hearth; the air of the room that of a hothouse—the ignorant, insensible exploded system of nursing into consumption those who are confined on suspicion of it. She did not heed us as we entered noiselessly; her eyes were drooped languidly on the floor, and with difficulty I suppressed the exclamation that rose to my lips on seeing her. She seemed within the last few days so changed, and on the aspect of the countenance there was so profound a melancholy. But as she slowly turned at the sound of our footsteps, and her eyes met mine, a quick blush came into the wan cheek, and she half rose, but sank back as if the effect exhausted her. There was a struggle for breath, and a low hollow cough. Was it possible that I had been mistaken, and that in that cough was heard the warning knell of the most insidious enemy to youthful life?

I sat down by her side. I lured her on to talk of indifferent subjects—the weather, the gardens, the bird in the cage, which was placed on the table near her. Her voice, at first low and feeble, became gradually stronger, and her face lighted up with a child's innocent playful smile. No, I had not been mistaken! That was no lymphatic nerveless temperament on which consumption fastens as its lawful prey—here there was no hectic pulse, no hurried waste of the vital flame. Quietly and gently I made my observations, addressed my questions, applied my stethoscope; and when I turned my face towards her mother's anxious, eager eyes, that face spoke for me, for her mother sprang forward, clasped my hand, and said, through her struggling tears,

"You smile! You see nothing to fear?"

"Fear—no, indeed! You will soon be again yourself, Miss Ashleigh, will you not?"

"Yes," she said, with her sweet laugh, "shall be well now very soon. But may I not have the window open—may I not go into the garden? I so long for fresh air."

"No, no, darling," exclaimed Mrs. Ashleigh, "not while the east winds last. Dr. Jones said on no account. On no account, Dr. Fenwick, eh?"

"Will you take my arm, Miss Ashleigh, and walk about the room?" said I. "We will then see how far we may rebel against Dr. Jones."

She rose with some little effort, but there was no cough. At first her step was languid—it became lighter and more elastic after a few moments.

"Let her come out," said I to Mrs. Ashleigh. "The wind is not in the east, and, while we are out, pray bid your servant lower to the last bar in the grate that fire—only fit for Christmas."

"But——"

"Ah, no buts. He is a poor doctor who is not a stern despot."

So the straw hat and mantle were sent for. Lilian was wrapped with unnecessary care, and we all went forth into the garden. Involuntarily we took the way to the Monk's Well, and at every step Lilian seemed to revive under the bracing air and temperate sun. We paused by the Well.

"You do not feel fatigued, Miss Ashleigh?"

"No."

"But your face seems changed. It is grown sadder."

"Not sadder."

"Sadder than when I first saw it—saw it

when you were seated here!" I said this in a whisper. I felt her hand tremble as it lay on my arm.

"You saw me seated here!"

"Yes. I will tell you how, some day."

Lilian lifted her eyes to mine, and there was in them that same surprise which I had noticed on my first visit—a surprise that perplexed me, blended with no displeasure, but yet with a something of vague alarm.

We soon returned to the house.

Mrs. Ashleigh made me a sign to follow her into the drawing-room, leaving Mrs. Poyntz with Lilian.

"Well?" said she, tremblingly.

"Permit me to see Dr. Jones's prescriptions. Thank you. Ay, I thought so. My dear madam, the mistake here has been in depressing nature instead of strengthening; in narcotics instead of stimulants. The main stimulants which leave no reaction are air and light. Promise me that I may have my own way for a week; that all I recommend will be implicitly heeded?"

"I promise. But that cough; you noticed it?"

"Yes. The nervous system is terribly lowered, and nervous exhaustion is a strange impostor—it imitates all manner of complaints with which it has no connexion. The cough will soon disappear! But pardon my question. Mrs. Poyntz tells me that you consulted a clairvoyante about your daughter. Does Miss Ashleigh know that you did so?"

"No; I did not tell her."

"I am glad of that. And pray, for Heaven's sake, guard her against all that may set her thinking on such subjects. Above all, guard her against concentring attention on any malady that your fears erroneously ascribe to her. It is amongst the phenomena of our organisation that you cannot closely rivet your consciousness on any part of the frame, however healthy, but it will soon begin to exhibit morbid sensibility. Try to fix all your attention on your little finger for half an hour, and before the half hour is over the little finger will be uneasy, probably even painful. How serious, then, is the danger to a young girl at the age in which imagination is most active, most intense, if you force upon her a belief that she is in danger of a mortal disease; it is a peculiarity of youth to brood over the thought of early death much more resignedly, much more complacently, than we do in maturer years. Impress on a young imaginative girl, as free from pulmonary tendencies as you and I are, the conviction that she must fade away into the grave, and though she may not actually die of consumption, you instil slow poison into her system. Hope is the natural aliment of youth. You impoverish nourishment where you discourage hope. As soon as this temporary illness is over, reject for your daughter the melancholy care which seems to her own mind to mark her out from others of her age. Rear her for the air—which is the kindest life-giver; to sleep with open windows; to be out at sunrise. Nature will do more for her than all our drugs can do. You have been hitherto fearing Nature, now trust to her."

Here Mrs. Poyntz joined us, and having, while I had been speaking, written my prescription and some general injunctions, I closed my advice with an appeal to that powerful protectress.

"This, my dear madam, is a case in which I need your aid, and I ask it. Miss Ashleigh should not be left with no other companion than her mother. A change of faces is often as salutary as a change of air. If you could devote an hour or two this very evening to sit with Miss Ashleigh, to talk to her with your usual easy cheerfulness, and——"

"Anne," interrupted Mrs. Poyntz, "I will come and drink tea with you at half-past seven, and bring my knitting; and perhaps, if you ask him, Dr. Fenwick will come too! He can be tolerably entertaining when he likes it."

"It is too great a tax on his kindness, I fear," said Mrs. Ashleigh. "But," she added cordially, "I should be grateful indeed if he would spare us an hour of his time."

I murmured an assent, which I endeavoured to make not too joyous.

"So that matter is settled," said Mrs. Poyntz; "and now I shall go to Mr. Vigors and prevent his further interference."

"Oh! but, Margaret, pray don't offend him; a connexion of my poor dear Gilbert's. And so tetchy! I am sure I do not know how you'll manage to——"

"To get rid of him? Never fear. As I manage everything and everybody," said Mrs. Poyntz, bluntly. So she kissed her friend on the forehead, gave me a gracious nod, and, declining the offer of my carriage, walked with her usual brisk, decided tread down the short path towards the town.

Mrs. Ashleigh timidly approached me, and again the furtive hand bashfully insinuating the hateful fee!

"Stay," said I; "this is a case which needs the most constant watching. I wish to call so often that I should seem the most greedy of doctors if my visits were to be computed at guineas. Let me be at ease to effect my cure; my pride of science is involved in it. And when amongst all the young ladies of the Hill you can point to none with a fresher bloom, or a fairer promise of healthful life, than the patient you entrust to my care, why, then the fee and the dismissal. Nay, nay; I must refer you to our friend Mrs. Poyntz. It was so settled with her before she brought me here to displace Dr. Jones." Therewith I escaped.

CHAPTER XV.

In less than a week Lilian was convalescent; in less than a fortnight she regained her usual health; nay, Mrs. Ashleigh declared that she had never known her daughter appear so cheerful and look so well. I had established a familiar intimacy at Abbots' House; most of my evenings were spent there. As horse exercise formed an important part of my advice, Mrs. Ashleigh had purchased a pretty and quiet horse for

her daughter; and, except the weather was very unfavourable, Lilian now rode daily with Colonel Poyntz, who was a notable equestrian, and often accompanied by Miss Jane Poyntz, and other young ladies of the Hill. I was generally relieved from my duties in time to join her as she returned homewards. Thus we made innocent appointments, openly, frankly, in her mother's presence, she telling me beforehand in what direction excursions had been planned with Colonel Poyntz, and I promising to fall in with the party—if my avocations would permit. At my suggestion, Mrs. Ashleigh now opened her house almost every evening to some of the neighbouring families; Lilian was thus habituated to the intercourse of young persons of her own age. Music and dancing and childlike games made the old house gay. And the Hill gratefully acknowledged to Mrs. Poyntz "that the Ashleighs were indeed a great acquisition."

But my happiness was not unchequered. In thus unselfishly surrounding Lilian with others, I felt the anguish of that jealousy which is inseparable from those earlier stages of love, when the lover as yet has won no right to that self-confidence which can only spring from the assurance that he is loved.

In these social reunions I remained aloof from Lilian. I saw her courted by the gay young admirers whom her beauty and her fortune drew around her; her soft face brightening in the exercise of the dance, which the gravity of my profession rather than my years forbade me to join—and her laugh, so musically subdued, ravishing my ear and fretting my heart as if the laugh were a mockery on my sombre self and my presumptuous dreams. But no, suddenly, shyly, her eyes would steal away from those about her, steal to the corner in which I sat, as if they missed me, and, meeting my own gaze, their light softened before they turned away; and the colour on her cheek would deepen, and to her lip there came a smile different from the smile that it shed on others. And then—and then—all jealousy, all sadness vanished, and I felt the glory which blends with the growing belief that we are loved.

In that diviner epoch of man's mysterious passion, when ideas of perfection and purity, vague and fugitive before, start forth and concentre themselves round one virgin shape—that rises out from the sea of creation, welcomed by the Hours and adorned by the Graces—how the thought that this archetype of sweetness and beauty singles himself from the millions, singles himself for her choice, ennobles and lifts up his being. Though after experience may rebuke the mortal's illusion that mistook for a daughter of Heaven a creature of clay like himself, yet for a while the illusion has grandeur. Though it comes from the senses which shall later oppress and profane it, the senses at first shrink into shade, awed and hushed by the presence that charms them. All that is brightest and best in the man has soared up like long dormant instincts of Heaven, to greet and to hallow what to him seems life's fairest dream of the heavenly! Take the wings from the image of Love, and the god disappears from the form!

Thus, if at moments jealous doubt made my torture, so the moment's relief from it sufficed for my rapture. But I had a cause for disquiet less acute but less varying than jealousy.

Despite Lilian's recovery from the special illness which had more immediately absorbed my care, I remained perplexed as to its cause and true nature. To her mother I gave it the convenient epithet of "nervous." But the epithet did not explain to myself all the symptoms I classified by it. There was still, at times, when no cause was apparent or conjecturable, a sudden change in the expression of her countenance; in the beat of her pulse; the eye would become fixed, the bloom would vanish, the pulse would sink feebler and feebler till it could be scarcely felt; yet there was no indication of heart disease, of which such sudden lowering of life is in itself sometime a warning indication. The change would pass away after a few minutes, during which she seemed unconscious, or, at least, never spoke; never appeared to heed what was said to her. But in the expression of her countenance there was no character of suffering or distress; on the contrary, a wondrous serenity that made her beauty more beauteous, her very youthfulness younger; and when this spurious or partial kind of syncope passed, she recovered at once without effort, without acknowledging that she had felt faint or unwell, but rather with a sense of recruited vitality, as the weary obtain from a sleep. For the rest, her spirits were more generally light and joyous than I should have premised from her mother's previous description. She would enter mirthfully into the mirth of young companions round her; she had evidently quick perception of the sunny sides of life; an infantine gratitude for kindness; an infantine joy in the trifles that amuse only those who delight in tastes pure and simple. But when talk rose into graver and more contemplative topics, her attention became earnest and absorbed; and, sometimes, a rich eloquence such as I have never before or since heard from lips so young, would startle me first into a wondering silence, and soon into a disapproving alarm. For the thoughts she then uttered seemed to me too fantastic, too visionary, too much akin to the vagaries of a wild though beautiful imagination. And then I would seek to check, to sober, to distract fancies with which my reason had no sympathy, and the indulgence of which I regarded as injurious to the normal functions of the brain.

When thus, sometimes with a chilling sentence, sometimes with a half-sarcastic laugh, I would repress outpourings frank and musical as the songs of a forest bird, she would look at me with a kind of plaintive sorrow—often sigh and shiver as she turned away. Only in these modes did she show displeasure; otherwise ever sweet and docile, and ever, if, seeing that I had pained her, I asked forgiveness, humbling herself rather to ask mine, and brightening our

reconciliation with her angel smile. As yet I had not dared to speak of love; as yet I gazed on her as the captive gazes on the flowers and the stars through the gratings of his cell, murmuring to himself, "When shall the doors unclose?"

RUSSIAN TRAVEL.

I HAVE spent no small part of a long life among the Russians in active business of divers kinds, by which I have been brought into close contact with men of all grades throughout the whole empire.

In Russia there are seasons when, and regions where, the mere act of travelling is an adventure of some peril. For example, last winter was in Russia as in England memorable for frost; but the winter before that, was memorable for snow. In several parts of Russia, the beginning of March, eighteen 'sixty, brought a succession of snow-storms, the most violent that had been experienced for more than fifty years. It was my unlucky fate to be compelled to travel at that time, three hundred versts, or not quite two hundred miles (a verst being about three-fifths of a mile), over a portion of the country which had been most heavily visited. And I began my journey only one day after the first great violence of the storms had subsided.

FAMISHING WOLVES.

I had been living for some months in a town on the Volga, in the centre of European Russia, forty versts from Jaroslav, the government county town. To reach that town I must traverse a wild and uninhabited track, where there were only two small hamlets, at one of which the twenty-verst post-station was to be found, if not buried in snow. My team of three horses, commonly called in Russia "a troika," had been carefully selected from the various stabling establishments in the place: the cost for driver and horses to be three and a half roubles (or about half a guinea, the rouble of a hundred copecks being worth a halfpenny or two more than three shillings), which was no great price for such a journey in such weather. Two wolves had been killed in our principal street within a week. One, I had shot in my own court-yard the day before we started, and many reports were current of their hunger and unusual boldness. It was even said that a small village, about thirty versts distant, had been attacked by them in force. These facts and stories made me careful about requisite defences. My six-barrel travelling companion was carefully loaded, and placed in my belt ready for use; a magnificent nine-inch bear-knife in a sheath, and a formidable black-thorn cudgel heavily weighted at the handle, belonged also to my armament. The brandy-flask, bag of provisions, bottle of water, matches, cigars, and portmanteau, having been stowed away, I was about to step into the open sledge, when a Russian neighbour came up and asked leave to join in the journey to Jaroslav. My neighbour, though a gentleman for whom I had much respect, was the last man I should have chosen as a travelling companion in a narrow sledge, for he weighed over twenty stone, had great difficulty in breathing, and, when once he was seated, almost required horse-power to get him up again. He was a phlegmatic, lazy, good-natured, monosyllabic, cigaret-smoking monster who was not to be refused; so, his request granted, he rolled in on the right side and filled three parts of the sledge. My Russian house servants crossed themselves, whereby they meant "God give you a safe journey." The members of my own family cried, "Good-by, God bless you!" and the driver having gathered up the rope reins, I jumped in, and with a noo-noo to the cattle, off we went dead against a blinding drift.

Fat-sides having observed my weapons, grunted in his own Russian, of which he made the least possible use, "Pistolet. Wolves. Shoot. Good."

"Have you any weapons?" I asked.

"No."

"Well; take this bear-knife."

"Good," he said again, and relapsed into his corner.

Daylight came struggling through the heavy morning clouds, and disclosed a cheerless waste of ridges and valleys of snow. The trees which at wide intervals indicated the route, did not save us from often plunging into great pits of soft snow, the moment our driver turned but a few feet from the track. This took place so frequently, and gave us so much trouble in digging ourselves out, that it was noon before we had made sixteen versts—hardly ten miles—having been six hours on the way.

At this point in our journey the driver sent the blood dancing through my veins, by the alarming cry of "Volka! Volka!"—"Wolves! Wolves!" I sprang from my seat, and, looking ahead, saw six great, gaunt, and no doubt hungry wolves, sitting exactly in our way, at the distance of about a hundred yards, or less. Our horses had huddled themselves together, trembling in every limb, and refused to stir. We shouted and bawled, but the wolves also refused to stir. My fat friend, gathering a large handful of hay from the sledge bottom, rolled it into the form of a ball, and handed it to me, saying, "Match." I understood him at once. The driver managed, by awful lashing and noo-nooing, to get the horses on, until we came within a short distance of our enemies. By this time I had succeeded in setting fire to the ball of hay, and just as it began to blaze out well, I threw it in among them. It worked like a charm. Instantly the wretches parted, three on each side, and skulked off slowly at right angles, their tails dragging as if they were beaten curs. On dashed our brave team—lash, lash—noo, noo.

"Hurrah!" I shouted, with a lightened heart; "we are safe this time, thank God!"

"Wait. Look back," said Fat-sides.

I did so, and I saw the wolves, who had joined each other again in the centre track, pausing, as

if to deliberate. Our horses were going at their utmost speed, the driver standing up and using lash and voice with all his might, to urge them on to the station, then only about a mile and a half ahead. Luckily, the road or track, as far as we could see, was free from drift, and our hope was that we could gain the station before the wolves, should they pursue us. Looking back just as we turned a bend in the track, I saw the whole pack in swift pursuit.

I had often been told that wolves will not attack a party unless in a large pack. Six was no large pack, yet here they were, coming up to attack us; there was now no doubt about that. Hunger through a long and severe winter must have made them daring. With the consciousness of an impending death-struggle, I prepared for the result. My thoughts went for one moment to my wife and children; for another, to the Great Disposer of events. Then, throwing off my sheepskin coat, so as not to impede the free action of my arms and legs, I sprang on the front seat beside the driver, but with my back to the horses, and my face to the enemy. I said to the driver, "They are coming, brother; drive fast, but steadily. I have six bullets in this pistol. Don't move from your seat, but drive right in the centre of the track." My fat companion sat still in his corner, and neither moved nor spoke; but I saw the blade of my bear-knife gleaming in his hand.

The track had become worse, so that the horses could not maintain their pace. In a short time, the wolves ran beside the sledge, the horses strained and shot on, keeping their distance, but in forcing our way through a drift, we came to a walking pace, and the first wolf on my side made a dash at the horse next him. The pistol was within a foot and a half of his head when I fired, and the ball went through his brain. I shouted my triumph in English; my companion echoed it with a "Bravo!" The second wolf received my second fire in the leg, which must have shattered the bone, for he dropped behind instantly. "Bravo!" was again cried from the corner. But the same moment was the moment of our greatest peril. My pistol fell into the sledge, as, with a sudden jolt, our horses floundered up to their bellies in a deep drift; then they came to a dead stop, and there was a wolf at each side of the sledge, attempting to get in.

My bludgeon still remained. With both hands I raised it high and brought it down with the desperate force of a man in mortal extremity, upon the head of the wolf on my side. He tumbled over on his back, and the skull was afterwards found to have been completely smashed. As I stooped to regain my pistol, I was astonished to see my companion coolly thrust one of his arms into the wolf's mouth, and as coolly, with the disengaged hand, drawing the knife, with a deep and sharp cut, across his throat. A peculiar cry among the horses arrested my attention. Looking round, I saw another wolf actually fastened on the off-horse by the neck. The driver was between me and the wolf. He cried, "Give me the pistol!" I did so, and the poor horse was free. So, also, were we; for the other wolf ran off, followed by the one with the broken leg. The wolf last shot, was tumbling among the snow. The driver handed me the pistol to put right, and begged another shot at the brute. This finished the engagement.

I cannot tell how I felt. I could scarcely realise our great deliverance. The driver secured the carcases to the sledge, and when we reached the station I was completely exhausted from the reaction of the strong excitement. My friend of the twenty stone chuckled much at his own trick upon the wolf he had killed. Instead of putting his arm into the animal's open mouth, as I supposed, he had stuffed into it the loose sleeves of his great sheepskin coat, thereby getting plenty of time to cut the monster's throat. His own arm was untouched. But the poor horse's neck and shoulder were much torn.

After consuming an enormous quantity of tea, and part of our provisions, we left the station, and, without meeting more adventures, except several diggings-out, arrived at Jaroslav at eight o'clock: having accomplished about thirty miles in thirteen hours. Next morning we found ourselves popular characters in the town. The driver's tongue had not been idle. My revolver underwent many an examination. The government or local reward for a dead wolf is three roubles, which we claimed and received for three. So the wolves, instead of killing us, paid our travelling expenses. The fourth animal I caused to be skinned, for preservation as a remembrance of the greatest peril I was ever in.

IN A RUSSIAN POLICE-OFFICE.

Jaroslav is the name of a large goobernie, or government. Russia is divided into such districts, the principal town of each being generally named after the district, and containing the whole machinery of local government—a governor-general, with soldiers, police, barracks, government offices, and officials of all sorts, who obtain their rank from, and obey the orders of, the supreme imperial power in St. Petersburg. I am not writing the history or geography of Russia, but am only recalling personal experiences and adventures, and therefore, having said so much, I go on with my story.

As this trip was made before the new law regarding foreigners' passports, which now enables them to travel for an entire year with one passport all over the empire, I was obliged to go before the governor-general for permission in continuing my journey to leave the government of Jaroslav. What is gained by the new passport system one may judge from what had to be endured before its time. I call at the offices entitled "Gubernator's Kansileery." The doorkeeper tells me I must wait till to-morrow. Twenty kopecks, however, induce him to conduct me to the right clerk. This clerk looks over my old passport, and, for "a consideration," makes out a petition, praying the governor to give me a new one to go to St. Petersburg, by

way of Moscow; for another "consideration" he makes out the new passport itself, for which I pay the legal sum of two roubles. I am then told to go to the governor's own house, in a distant part of the town, to get his signature. When I get there I am told that it cannot be done without a certificate from the chief of the police that I am quite clear on his books. By this time it is near four o'clock, and I am too late. A day is lost.

Next day, at ten, I am at the police-office, and, among a crowd of people of all sorts, am obliged to wait till two before the chief makes his appearance. In the mean time, I have coaxed a secretary with another consideration to make out the certificate on the back of my old passport, that there may be no delay when he does come.

Well aware, as I was, of the practically irresponsible position held, and the almost unlimited power exercised, by officials of this kind at such a distance from head-quarters, still I was scarcely prepared for the experience I acquired during a patient waiting of four hours for this official. I had been, as usual, asking questions, and moving about from one part of the large room to another. There were no mere spectators present. That all had business, was fully manifested by the enormously large papers each held in hand. These papers contained their various cases, as they were to be submitted to the chief of the police, and as they had been written out by the under functionaries of the police establishment for a consideration, duly or unduly proportioned to the nature of the cases and the demands of the officials. Accommodation in an inner room was offered to me, but declined; for I wanted to know more of a Russian police-court.

"What are you wanting here, brother?" I said to a decent-looking man.

"You are an Englishman. I will tell you. You see that man in the blue caftan?"

"Yes."

"Well, my brother and I caught him stealing from my premises six months ago. He had two horses with him for carting my goods off, and, as we caught him in the act, we gave him and the horses up to the police."

"Well," I said, "that is a plain case easily settled."

"God help me! I thought so too. But you see they have been sending for my brother and me, on one pretence or another, from our village, fifteen versts away, every week for six months, writing papers, and giving evidence, until I have cause to believe that the affair itself must have been a dream. I am so tired out, I cannot go on telling the truth any longer. Besides, it's of no use. Last week my brother saw the very same two horses in the police master's carriage."

"Ah! I see; the thief is free at the cost of two good horses. And what do you do now? That paper is——"

"A statement that the whole thing must have been a dream and delusion on the part of my brother and myself, and that we have nobody to accuse. I wish we were quit of the business." And he crossed himself.

"Why do you cry, my dear mother, and what is your petition about?" I said to a poor woman.

"Oh, my lord, I have been cheated. I am a widow; my husband died three months ago. He bought the little house and garden twelve months before that, and paid two hundred roubles—all the money except twenty roubles. The police master signed the deed of sale for it, but has forgotten all about it. The man that sold the place denies the selling and the paying. I and my children are turned out, and this is the fourth petition I have presented. I have no money to give his excellency, to make him remember."

Poor woman! The only appeal from official rapacity is to the emperor; his ears are, indeed, never shut to the lowliest of his subjects; but how can a poor woman tramp six hundred miles of Russian road to sue for justice?

Wandering among these confused but silent groups, I was heartily glad to be an Englishman.

An old grey-haired, long-bearded peasant, with a head like an apostle, attracted my attention.

"Good father, why are you here? What is that paper in your hand?"

"My son has been misbehaving and rebellious to me, his father, and I am come to get him whipped by the police."

"Is your son young, then?"

"He has seen thirty-four summers."

"How can you think of whipping a man of that age?"

"Well, you see, before he left me for St. Petersburg, nine years ago, he was, and had always been, a good and respectful son. But he has learnt bad manners amongst the fine folks. He drinks, sir; puts on fine airs; sets himself up against my authority; and is corrupting the rest of my children. I must get him whipped, for, while I live, I will be father of my own house."

Suddenly there was a bustle and stir. The waiting claimants for justice, with a score of prisoners under arrest, arranged themselves in rows all round the room, and I had time to ensconce myself behind a large and greasy merchant, when in came the long-looked-for chief of the police—judge, jury, law, and emperor in one. He was a colonel, dressed in full regimentals, a man who seemed to be naturally bold, shrewd, and intelligent; but his nose was scarlet, his face blotched, and he reeled rather than walked. Doing his best to stand erect, he scowled upon the assembled mob, all of whom, except myself, stood bending and bowing before him.

He took paper after paper; glanced at and partially read some of them; gave his signature to contracts; passed, as the papers were read, sentence on each with marvellous rapidity; tossed some on the table, and ordered those who presented them, under arrest; sent ten to be whipped—among the rest the old man's son; and before I was aware, so absorbed was I in observation of this swift torrent of jus-

tice, I found myself almost alone with his excellency, his eye resting on me for the first time.

"Ah!" he said, his tone and manner changing on the instant, "you are an Englishman, I perceive. What may your pleasure be?"

"Simply to beg that you will sign this certificate of good character, which I have here under your jurisdiction."

"It shall be done instantly; sorry to keep you waiting. You see how I am tormented by these *canaille*. Pray excuse me. A safe journey. Adieu."

He thrust me out, and I am driven to the governor-general's, to get his signature to my new passport. The governor-general has gone to dine. Another day is to be lost. The hour of the diligence for Moscow for starting every morning is eight. The governor's office does not open until ten, so that the next day is also to be lost unless I choose to hire post, which would be a desperate proceeding in such weather. The signature is obtained, however, by the aid of a consideration to the clerk, the day passes heavily away, and next morning I start for Moscow, distant two hundred and sixty-three versts, in a public diligence, in company with four Russians and a German.

THROUGH SNOW, BY DILIGENCE, TO MOSCOW.

In ordinary weather the road to Moscow from Jaroslav is one of the best and busiest in the empire. In both summer and winter it can be travelled over, in twenty-eight or thirty hours. There are post stations every sixteen or twenty versts, where horses are changed, and a fresh driver is put on to every fresh team. These drivers are the most reckless and determined whips I have seen. No weather scares them, no obstacles stop them; the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals would put every man and boy of them in jail. The knout or whip is used without mercy; the men take especial delight in beginning at the top of a steep hill a fierce gallop, that grows to racing speed as they get near the bottom, so that the cattle and passengers find themselves up the next acclivity before the momentum is lost. They don't know the meaning of patent drag, but drive determinedly on at full stretch to the end of the station. The Russians cross themselves when a start is made, lie back in the most convenient manner possible, and, amid jolting, bumping, cries, and lashing, go to sleep as composedly as if they were in a railway carriage. Wheels will come off, poles break, and other casualties occur. But as spare ropes, hammer, axe, nails, and even spare wheels, are always carried, a break-down seldom causes a delay of ten minutes. This is summer travelling: the vehicle used being a "tarantas," a large double calèche without seats, placed on and tied to the centre of horizontal poles, for springs of the best steel would snap like glass. Passengers make seats of their luggage, and with straw and pillows save their joints from dislocation. Winter, however, brings other contrivances. The universal travelling "kibitka" is got out. This is a nearly square frame of wood covered with canvas, having a door on each side. The covered frame, which resembles a large box, is fixed on a low strong sledge. Primitive birch shafts are fastened to the front, the horses are put in, and the turn-out is perfect. Without the cattle it may cost two or three pounds, because it is all covered in. This is a luxurious winter equipage compared to the open sledge.

It was in a kibitka, dignified by the name of diligence, that we started at eight o'clock A.M. from Jarislov. We had no sooner cleared the town than our difficulties commenced, not to terminate for seven following days and nights. For three days since the great storm little snow had fallen, but there was a blinding wind lifting into clouds the snow already on the ground, and building it into mountain ridges right in our track. The smooth broad macadamised road was a myth, buried here six, or there ten, feet deep, and in case of ridges or wind sweeps, thirty feet. Traffic was nevertheless going on: indeed, had been going on during the whole time of the storm. A snow-storm, however fierce, never deters the Russians from a journey. For this reason a single track was commonly available, but that track was by no means a level or smooth one; it worked like Toby Tosspot's, "with sinuosities along," not only transversely but vertically, in a continued succession of ups and downs, from six to ten feet in depth, so that the horses' heads were generally in the hollow. When the "kibitka" was on the crest of the snow wave, we soon found that our team of three good horses was totally unable to pull us over these dreadful "yamas." In many cases the six passengers got out to help the cattle, and even then it took a good pull all together to accomplish it. To save this labour, three additional horses were added at the first small village at our own expense, and then we got on rather better. It would be tedious to enumerate how many times we were overturned and had to dig ourselves out of the soft snow. Many vehicles of like construction to ours were struggling on under the same difficulties, to or from Moscow. At nine P.M. one of our horses gave up, died, and, having been cut out of his traces, was left to the wolves. At eleven o'clock, another burst a blood-vessel, and shared his fate. A third gave up within a mile of the town at which we intended to recruit, and finally we had to get out and walk to a place of refuge, leaving the three remaining animals to pull the empty carriage after us. We had, in sixteen hours, with three separate teams of fresh horses, accomplished the distance of forty-five versts: our pace being little better than two miles an hour.

The town we had entered is called Rostov, and had been, for the two previous weeks, the scene of an immense fair, second only to the great Nishni Novgorod fair held in August. It was nearly over when we reached the town. Had we come two days sooner, there would have been great difficulty in finding shelter; as it was, it was one o'clock in the morning before we got under cover in a large traktera, or inn,

densely crowded with buyers and sellers from the fair: a place steaming with all manner of odours. Wearied and worn out, and almost shaken to pieces, we were all glad to be huddled into a room twelve feet by fifteen, where, after drinking an enormous quantity of tea, and eating a cutlet, or an imitation of a cutlet in gutta percha, my companions went to bed on the floor. I, desiring better quarters, sought out the stables, where, rolled in my shirt and covered with hay—procured for a consideration—I passed four or five hours in a sound sleep.

A Russian hotel in the interior is the most filthy of all filthy places, for, as the floors are never washed, the mud and filth accumulate to an inch and a half in thickness, the walls are black and fœtid, tarakans—a horrible sort of large brown beetle—crawl in myriads over everything, invading even the dishes out of which the traveller eats and drinks, and the dirty deal tables are covered constantly with a dirty linen cloth. The public rooms, generally lofty and spacious, are constantly filled with the offensive odour of the native tobacco. The waiters are all men dressed in print trousers and shirts, the trousers stuffed into long boots and the shirts hanging outside the trousers: a parti-coloured band or scarf round the waist completing the costume. Their hair, like that of all the peasants, is worn long, cut straight round the neck, and parted in front like a woman's, while the beard is neither cut nor trimmed.

Most of the Russian merchants do all their bargaining in the inns, and, while doing business, swallow fabulous quantities of tea at a sitting. It is drunk in glass tumblers, and the sugar is taken, not in the tea, but with it—nibbled at, to sweeten the mouth before every gulp. No milk is used. The brass urn, or "samovar," contains the supply of hot water, which is kept boiling by inserting burning charcoal in the centre tube. Travellers may carry their own tea, sugar, and bread, and by paying ten or twenty kopecks will at any station or inn get the use of an urn. The hot water being brought to the carriage-door in summer, many travellers never enter one of these places, but sleep, eat, and travel in their conveyances for weeks.

Next morning we started at six o'clock with five horses, but had soon to add a sixth. This day was like the day before it, except that we killed no horses. As daylight vanished, we determined to push on during the night; but at eleven o'clock we lost the track in the dark, and stuck fast in a mountain ridge of snow. After an hour spent in fruitless efforts at extrication, three of us set out in search of assistance. To our astonishment we presently discovered by "the smoke that so gracefully curled" from several points at once, that we were wrecked in the midst of a straggling snow-covered village. A kind peasant gave us admittance, and sent help to our half-frozen companions. This day we made about thirty-two miles in seventeen hours. As I had slept with the horses on the previous night, so this evening the cow gave me a part of her bed.

We had passed six dead horses, some of them partially devoured, and four overturned conveyances, embedded in deep snow, beyond recovery until the spring. Where the passengers were, I know not. My companions said, "God knows," and crossed themselves. All along the track we had seen evidences of distress: wrecks of sledges, horses up to their necks in drift, men digging them out. But just before starting the next morning we saw the most horrible sight of all. Opposite the hut of our poor entertainer there had been men digging, to get into a house entirely buried in snow, and they had succeeded in rescuing a family that had been four days buried. This family was none the worse for its mishap; but the diggers had come on a sledge with its horse, driver, and two women frozen to death, and buried in the drift. They had got fast, and had perished without help in the midst of a village. Caught in the greatest fury of the storm, they had not known their whereabout, nor had their cries been heard. Three months after this, and when the snows disappeared, from two hundred and fifty to three hundred corpses were found, all of whom had met their death in this fearful storm upon the Moscow road alone. So I have been told, and fully believe.

SALMON BREEDING.

At a beautiful spot on the river Tay, not far from a place celebrated in Scottish history—the Palace of Scone—there is now being carried on a remarkable series of experiments, having for their object the multiplication of salmon. Salmon is so valuable as to be a source of considerable revenue to many of the landed proprietors. Its value, in fact, has been its ruin; costing nothing for seed, grown to maturity at almost no charge, and being then of even greater value than a good Southdown sheep, the greed of those who traffic in it as an article of commerce has led to gross over-fishing; the result is, that the great rivers of England are salmonless, while the rivers of Scotland and the sister kingdom are being rapidly depopulated. Hence the necessity for resorting to pisciculture, or artificial fish-breeding. Salmon ponds were constructed on the Tay as a commercial speculation, to afford protection to the incubating eggs and the young fish when hatched. Good service to science has also been done at the ponds, by aiding in the solution of a problem which long served our naturalists as a theme of contention.

An excellent group of ponds have been excavated at Stormontfield, and it may be hinted to those interested in such matters that the drive out to the salmon ponds on a fine breezy day is delightful, and that the particular part of the river Tay on which they have been placed is exceedingly picturesque, while ruddy Peter Marshall, the genius of the place, is an adept in the art of pisciculture, and eager to communicate information and show his skill.

The experiments in fish-breeding were commenced at Stormontfield in November, 1853,

the plan having been sanctioned and the expense provided for by the proprietors of the river. The initiatory process was entrusted to Mr. Ramsbottom, of Clitheroe. This gentleman is an expert in the art, and before the trial at Stormontfield, had practised it for some time, very successfully, at the salmon fisheries of Oughterard, in Galway. The pond having been properly constructed and an equable supply of filtered water provided from a mill-race which runs parallel to the river, the breeding-boxes were laid down in rows, carefully filled with gravel, and of capacity to contain three hundred thousand eggs. The "redds" having been searched and a few female fish, with the roe perfectly ripened, having been caught, they were gently pressed until the eggs fell into a tub of clean river water. Having been rinsed so as to cleanse them, fresh water was added, and the milt poured over them direct from the male salmon. In a brief moment the mysterious vivifying principle was seen to change the aspect of the roe, which was then sown upon the gravel of the breeding-boxes, the parent fish being returned to the river unharmed, but carefully marked: by which means it is known that the same fish has been twice taken for the same purpose. A great many females are required in order to obtain the necessary number of eggs; but the milt of two or three males is sufficient to spawn the whole of the ova. It has been determined by these experiments that the male salmon in the river are more plentiful than the females: the proportion, according to Peter Marshall, being three to one.

After being deposited, the eggs were carefully watched all the winter by their faithful guardian, and it at once became apparent that the first year's experiment would be a highly successful one, for the eggs remained in a healthy condition, and advanced favourably towards the ripening point. The progress of the first hatching in the pond was keenly watched from day to day, and the various changes of the eggs noted down, so that the gradual transformation of the roe into a fish took place before the eyes of those interested.

Immediately on the contact of the two bodies of roe and milt, instantaneous change takes place in the colour of the eggs—it brightens and becomes florid, having previously been dull and opaque. About the twentieth day, a bright spot is seen in the shell, which continues to increase in brilliancy for about a month. On the forty-eighth day, the future salmon may be distinctly traced in the shape of a tiny thread. In other fifteen days the eyes will be observed—two bright black spots. The daily progress of the fish is now marked, and it can be seen to increase from day to day. On the ninetieth day the head is apparent. When a hundred days have passed, the shape of the fish begins to be distinguished. The tiny animal now becomes restive, and the yolk is seen drawn up into a bag of conical shape firmly attached to the fish. The restlessness of the fry soon leads to the breaking of the fragile prison, the efforts of the coiled-up animal to straighten itself causes the shell to burst, and lo! a fish!

The time which the egg requires to ripen and become salmon has been definitively settled by these experiments. The first egg of the first season's hatching was observed to burst on the 31st of March, and from that date to the end of May the remainder of the eggs rapidly came to life. It appears from the pond experiments, that from one hundred and ten to one hundred and twenty days are required for the coming to life of the eggs; but, in places affording better shelter, the roe has been known to ripen in half that period. No person has ever known it to be hatched in so short a space as forty-eight hours, although a denizen of Billingsgate stated two days and two nights as the time required by nature for that important process. According to the data of this authority, a salmon might be born, and might be eaten, a prime fish of five or six pounds weight, within a year.

The young fry as they come to life flounder about in the breeding boxes with unwieldy bags of yolk attached; but they are speedily carried by the strength of the current which flows over the boxes into the little canal, which ultimately conducts them into a reception pond, where they are fed on boiled liver till they are ready for their migration seaward.

It is well known that fishes are the most fecund of all the inhabitants of the animal kingdom. Herring, cod, and flounders, yield their eggs by tens of thousands. The female salmon yields a thousand eggs for every pound she weighs; and were the whole of them to arrive at maturity, there would be no scarcity of this fine fish, though the demand were treble what it now is. But the enormous fecundity of fishes is in a manner neutralised by the waste incidental to their habits of life. The eggs are left to perish or ripen as the state of the weather may determine. They may be carried away and wasted by some sudden winter flood; they may be gobbled up by the water-fowl (as Thames salmon spawn is devoured by Thames swans); or be preyed upon by the pike and the trout; or the shallow in which they have been laid, may dry up and the eggs be withered by the sun. The infant fish are killed by thousands, both from accident and design; and few of the myriads of salmon eggs that are laid in the stream, ever come to life. Of the fish which are hatched, it would be a liberal calculation to allow that ten in every hundred come to table as full grown salmon.

The anomaly of growth which admits of one-half of the number of salmon hatched in any given year assuming the smolt dress and departing for the sea, while the other moiety remain as parr a year longer, still continues to puzzle our naturalists. The dates of a particular hatching will illustrate this striking feature of natural history. The last batch of eggs manipulated at Stormontfield was placed in the boxes at the end of 1859. They came to

life in March, April, and May, 1860. They remained in the reception pond as parr till the spring of the present year, when about one-half of them, having assumed the silvery dress of the smolt, they were permitted to proceed into the river that they might reach the sea. The runlet communicating with the river Tay was called into requisition, the sluices were opened, and the fish allowed to depart. The other half of the batch, although put in the boxes and coming to life at the same period, were still in the parr state, and certain to remain so for another year, at which date their brothers and sisters will be found in the river as grilses of comely appearance, and from six to seven pounds in weight!

More than a million of pond-bred fish have now been sent into the river at Stormontfield; it is satisfactory to think with so favourable a result, in a monetary point of view, as to enhance the annual rental of the river by the handsome sum of ten per cent. Proprietors of other salmon rivers should take a lesson from what has been done in this instance.

AMERICAN SPORTSMEN.

THE long vacation served for an excuse; but, indeed, I might have given myself a holiday, even during the busiest portion of the legal year, without detriment to my professional prospects. I was not precisely a briefless barrister, having made exactly nineteen guineas and a half (the half-guinea being due to a "motion of course") during the past twelvemonth. But I did not depend on the patronage of attorneys for my bread; my great-aunt's legacy gave me a modest independence, and I felt an anxious wish to visit America and see my brother once more. There were but two of us left out of a rather large family. I had been bred to the bar, at home, but William had chosen to push his fortunes in the New World. He had hitherto chased the fickle goddess so hotly, that the letters of his relatives rarely reached him, and that his were seldom dated twice over from the same town, or even from the same state. He had adopted the restless habits of the most migratory Yankee, whisking from Florida to Maine, speculating, mining, prospecting, land-jobbing, entering professions to abandon them half tried, and leading that Jack-of-all-trades life so dear to our Transatlantic cousins. Yet Willy made money: he never complained, never asked assistance from his few surviving kinsfolk, and his elastic spirit swam like a cork in all waters of difficulty. When last I heard of him he was junior partner in a new bank at New Orleans; he had done well enough, and gave me a pressing invitation to visit him in the healthy season. He was housed in Rochambeau-street, and could introduce me, he said, to all the celebrities of a city compared with which even Paris is tame and common-place. Autumn came, and I went. I had written twice since I had made up my mind to the voyage, but had received no reply. This, however, disturbed me little. I made no doubt that I should find my brother in the bank parlour, safely anchored before his ledgers and cash-books. "Banking," said I to myself, "is a steady and a permanent pursuit, and I am glad that Willy has taken to so sober a mode of realising a fortune. This is very different from his Californian land-jobbing, or his Texan mule trade, or his Oregon life assurance company. He will do well now, and I shall find him at his post." I set off. I travelled by rail and steam, without the slightest adventure, to a certain well-known port on the Mississippi, where I embarked. The river-boat I selected was a fine one, the Benjamin Franklin; she had been launched but a month before, and her superb cabins retained their maiden splendour of decoration. What pretty cabins they were, lavishly adorned with mirrors, alabaster statues, costly woods, gilding, and rich carpets and curtains, a world too fine for the rough majority of the company. There were some well-bred, quiet people on board, certainly, but they formed a small minority, and seemed to shrink from notice. The bulk of the passengers were excessively wild and noisy, with beards and hair tangled and luxuriant, and dressed in garments of incongruous fashion, half dandy, half backwoodsman.

"Surely, steward," I ventured to say, "these cannot be all Southern planters. Are they filibusters, or——"

"No, no, massa," grinned the black, very affably; "dem not Southern gentlemen, sure, nor yet Yankee notionsellers, nouther. Massa must have heard ob de great diggins at Pike's Peak, hey?"

"Pike's Peak!" repeated I, rallying my wandering recollections.

"Iss, sir, up 'mong de ole Rocky Mountains. Dere dem passengers are all going off as fast as can hurry. Pike's Peak shocking savage place, massa, not fit for Chris'en—oh dear no!"

I *had* heard of Pike's Peak, the reports of its immense wealth, varied by hideous tales of starvation, suffering, death, and cannibalism, among the emigrants thither.

"But those gentlemen," said I, glancing towards a group of four well-dressed, well-behaved men, "can hardly be going to Pike's Peak?"

"Which, massa?" said the affable negro. "Ah! I see; dem wid de lily-white hands and de smart cravat round him throat, and de shirt-cuff so clean and stiff, and all de bootiful rings and watch-guards. Certainly not, sir; dem never go grubbing wid pick and cradle. Dey too clebber, sure."

"Those, then, are planters?" said I, with some interest.

"Cornelius, ye darned snowball, get me a julep!" bawled a fierce adventurer from among the diggers.

"Coming, sir!" answered the steward, swishing his napkin, and then answered my query with, "He! he! he! Massa make comical mistake. Dem are *sportsmen*."

"But how—why?" I began, when the impatient digger assured the black that he would

"draw a head on his ugly carcase" with his revolver, unless the desired refreshment were instantly produced. Nor did Cornelius seem to regard this threat as a mere flower of speech, for he hurried off, muttering between his teeth, but outwardly obedient.

I was left alone. Not for long, however. One of the gentlemen who had attracted my observation very civilly came forward, and invited me, as a stranger and an Englishman, to take a seat at their table.

"We may be able," said the American, "to afford you some reliable information respecting the productions and noteworthy points of the country we are skirting, and I need scarcely say that to assist a traveller in forming a correct estimate of the South will be a pleasant task to us all."

Very civil this. I willingly complied, and met with a genial welcome. Two of the party were fine-looking men, of an appearance eminently prepossessing, and seemed to combine keen intelligence with the bland suavity of citizens of the world. The others were much younger, and had rather a haggard aspect, but their dress was faultless—at least, from an American point of view—and their display of jewellery and spotless linen was equal to that of their elder companions. "Well!" thought I, "if all American sportsmen are as elegant in dress and deportment, it is plain that, in the New World at least, out-door amusements have a tendency to refine instead of brutalise." And I thought with a contemptuous pity of British fox-hunters, and still more of British turfites, as I surveyed these dandy Nimrods of the West. Still, I am bound to say that not one word of sport did I hear. On the contrary, my new friends conversed on politics, commerce, the cotton crop, the snags and sawyers of the river, the last revival, the last explosion, and the difference between New York and London.

"You seem to know New Orleans well, gentlemen," said I, after listening to two or three anecdotes, the scene of which was invariably laid in the metropolis of the Western Delta.

"No place like it!" cried one of the younger men, with a sort of enthusiasm; "it's right down, thorough going, and slick through, the cream of all creation. Life goes faster there than in other places."

"So I have heard," said I, with a smile, but rather diffidently; "life, I understand, goes a good deal more abruptly than is pleasant. In duels I mean," added I, seeing that I was not understood.

"Sir," said another of the party, "you have been misinformed. Not that I insinuate that our free citizens will tamely brook affront. No, sir! But there is great exaggeration prevalent on the score of duels and fatal affrays, pretended to be of continual occurrence down South. We have chivalry, sir, we have fire, but we air not the monsters we air depicted."

I told him I had always understood that the state of Mississippi in especial was renowned for its lawless condition, and for the slight value set on human life by its inhabitants. The four gentlemen shook their heads with one accord.

"These air slanders," said one of the seniors of the party, whose name I understood to be Alphonso P. C. Jones—"these air slanders, I give you my sacred word of honour. We live, it is true, in a land where the blushing bloom of Eden has not yet wholly faded away; in a land where the luxuriant beauty of airth sometimes attracts the spoiler and the rowdy, and occasional difficulties will happen. But peace is our idol, and the olive-branch——"

Here some confusion was caused to the orator by the trifling circumstance of his bowie-knife tumbling from its concealment somewhere in the roll-collar of his waistcoat, and coming with a bang on the mahogany table. He turned very red, and was shuffling the unwelcome implement away, when I stretched out my hand, saying, "Would you allow me to look at it? I have often wished to inspect a bowie-knife."

Mr. Alphonso P. C. Jones solemnly handed over the weapon in its shagreen sheath, and I looked with great interest at the sharp and heavy blade, the strong cross-bar to increase the purchase in close conflict, and the silver mountings of haft and scabbard. Meanwhile, Mr. Jones muttered something about the necessity of self-preservation, and the number of Irish and Germans about.

"You must often have found this sort of thing useful in your mode of life," said I, poising the heavy dagger as I gave it back.

"What way of life? What might you mean?"

Such were the questions rather fiercely propounded, and every brow was overcast. But I had spoken in perfect innocence; and when I went on to talk about buffalo-chases and bear-hunts, and the rough forest sports of America, the frowns relaxed, and my new acquaintances gave me a good deal of surprising information on the subject of woodcraft. Suddenly my eye lit upon a remarkable object. This was no other than the face of Cornelius, the black steward, now expressing, with its rolling eyes and open mouth, as much astonishment as the face of a negro can convey. He was gaping and glaring, first at me, and then at my companions, quite oblivious of the tray and napkin he carried. I jumped up:

"What on earth is the matter, steward?" said I.

The black drew me aside: "Me tell massa no lie! When Britisher ask if me sabe who gentlemen wid lily-white hands and plenty gold rings—me say, sportsmen. Den Cornelius come back, and find massa sit down along wid dem, as tick as tieves."

"And why not?" asked I, in bewilderment. "What possible objection could I have to their company? Or, indeed, what better company could I expect to meet with than those gentlemen who, by your own account——"

"Curm hyar, you black-faced chatterbox!" thundered a voice from the pantry, the voice of the captain himself. "How's dinner to be true

to time, if you stand preachin' there? Free nigger or not, I'll cowhide you."

Off flew Cornelius, and I returned to my seat, puzzled, but pleased with my new friends. A few more spirit-stirring tales of the prairie and the forest, and then a game of cards was proposed, and a couple of packs seemed to appear, as if by magic, on the table. But Alphonso P. C. Jones would not play, nor would he agree to any game, excepting for merely nominal stakes, quarter-dollar points, or the like. I have never felt any taste for gambling, but I play a steady rubber at home, and I had no objection to make a fourth in a quiet way, the stakes being so small, and the other gentlemen being so disappointed at Mr. Jones's firm refusal. But scarcely had the second deal taken place before Captain Pell himself appeared, and marched with a stern countenance straight up to our table, on which he placed his clenched hand.

"Very sorry, gentlemen," said he, "but, as commander of this vessel, I am obligationed to say, shut up!"

Mr. Jones remonstrated in a mild but dignified manner. "Surely, captain, we are as harmlessly employed as the chess-players yonder, or as those enthusiasts who make such a tarnation clatter with the dominoes. I was not aware that your rules——"

"Then, sir, you had oughter! 'Tis printed up yonder in black and white, plain to read as a chyild's hornbook. Cyards air pro-hibited aboard any of our owner's bits o' hollow timber. So, I say, gentlemen, shut up, or go ashore!"

There was no more card-playing, but I could not help sympathising with my new acquaintances in their suppressed indignation at this arbitrary interference with our recreations.

We were running fast down stream, and the brown levees, or artificial embankments, of the Mississippi shore were visible on the left bank, while above them nodded the green crests of tall trees, not yet laid low by the woodman's axe.

"If you will do us the favour," said Alphonso P. C. Jones, after a little whispering conversation with his three friends, "to become our guest for a few days, it will please us much, and honour us excessively. We disembark at Grand Gulf, where the boat will stop some three hours hence, and where my residence is located. We can offer you but bachelor accommodation, sir, combined with duck-shooting, but if you air not too proud——"

What could I do but accept so frank and well-meant an invitation? It was settled that I should for a short time become the guest of my fellow-travellers. And now the metallic summons to dinner was heard, and then succeeded the usual crushing, elbowing, and pushing for places. I was swept away by the crowd, and found myself seated at the table at a considerable distance from my new friends. On my left was a rosy clerical gentleman, an episcopal bishop, I believe; and on my right sat a rather prepossessing lady of literary tastes, Mrs. Governor Gunn. Mrs. Governor Gunn had a husband somewhere about the ship: a small grey-haired gentleman with excessively sore eyes, and who had been governor of some outlying state—Wisconsin, Florida, or Missouri—but had retired on account of bad health. The consort of this puny dignitary was certainly the principal personage on board, the queen of fashion and arbitress of taste, and she had been pleased to converse with me in a gracious and regal manner during the early part of the voyage. Now, however, the springs of Mrs. Governor Gunn's affability were frozen. She answered my remarks with icy monosyllables, frowned at me, rustled her ribbons at me, and gave me the cold shoulder. I was at a loss to know how I had given offence, but when I attributed this hostile behaviour to feminine caprice, and turned to the bishop, the bishop was just as bad. He became redder of visage and huskier of speech, lost his bland smile, and was no longer interested in my comments on the voluntary principle, or desirous of information respecting the British hierarchy. It was very odd. What had I done? I was obliged to confine my attention to the wild-turkey and venison-steaks, and presently the plentiful meal came to an end.

We all rose. Mrs. Governor Gunn, at the head of a bevy of flounced silks, swept off in dignified procession to the ladies' cabin, and nothing remained but to smoke and chat, to lounge and "liquor." The bishop edged away from me as soon as he could, and I was left among a knot of planters, overseers, and the like. But these yellow-faced gentlemen did not seem to eye me in a very amicable manner. There was a scowl on every face and a sneer on every lip. I felt angry and uncomfortable, but I could scarcely demand an explanation. I glanced around for my new friends. I did not see them, so I went on deck. The hurricane-deck of a Mississippi boat usually presents a lively scene of animation and stir. So it did on this occasion, but it curiously happened that whenever I joined a gossiping group, that group broke up and dispersed. I might have been one of the plague-stricken in a time of pestilence, so shunned was I, for no apparent reason. I felt puzzled and irate. I was avoided as if I had suddenly become a leper. What was the reason? Never mind! My connexion with the Benjamin Franklin was about to terminate. The boat was approaching Grand Gulf; I saw the shingled roofs and the church belfries peeping over the tawny levee, and it was time for me to settle with the steward and to see about my baggage. I found black Cornelius as grim and sullen as a bear. He received payment and gratuity with a dry "Tank you, sir!" and did not permit his white teeth to shine upon me any more. I thought, too, there was a reproachful and somewhat resentful expression in his rolling eyes. But I had neither time nor patience to ask for an explanation. I was obliged to bustle up on deck, followed by a coloured man with my bag and portmanteau. There I found Alphonso P. C. Jones and his companions, with their

effects, ready to land at the wharf towards which we were rapidly gliding.

"Welcome, my dear sir, to Grand Gulf," said my hospitable inviter; "it is but a small city, but——"

Crack! The clear, sharp detonation of a rifle cut Mr. Jones short in his civilities, and then succeeded the bang, bang, of several fire-arms, and a clamour of voices, and then a deathly stillness. Mr. Jones looked at his friends; there was a haggard intelligence, a lurking apprehension, visible in every eye for a moment; then the usual calmness of mien came back. I heard a bystander remark, "Something amiss in Grand Gulf, I guess;" and his friend said something about "rowdies."

We went on shore. A couple of lean and shabby German emigrants, with yellow hair and sunburnt skins, were ready to load themselves with the baggage of the party; but, with the exception of these men, a couple of half-clad black children, and a yawning book-keeper, the wharf was deserted. Nor was there any stir or sign of life among the timber-built stores and taverns, the tall gaunt hotels over which waved the stars and stripes, the wooden houses that stood back from the road in their plots of garden ground. It looked a mournful place, did Grand Gulf; and I half regretted the Benjamin Franklin, as she sidled off from the landing-stage and snorted her course down stream.

Crack again! Bang again! and a hoarse roar, inarticulate and menacing as the utterance of a wild beast's wrath, broke upon our ears, and then for a minute or two the rattle of fire-arms was continuous.

"What's going forward?" asked Mr. Jones, hastily.

The nearest of the German porters grinned humbly as he replied: "It is a pad pusiness, mein herr, put it is only a street affair. It is not apout bolitics."

We were now in sight of a crowd of people, eddying wildly to and fro, who were gathered in front of a pretty house, whose smart verandah and bright paint had an air of pretension unusual in that wretched town.

"By Jehoshaphat!" exclaimed one of the young men, excitedly, pointing out the scene, "it's our boys the row is about."

"Keep cool, keep cool," answered Alphonso P. C. Jones, who was pale but collected. "Step out; push through them, but no running."

On they went, still accompanied by me, though I was completely at a loss to account for the popular fury or the turmoil. We reached the crowd, and began to elbow through them.

"Who on airth may you be?" asked one fierce-looking woodsman whom we jostled.

"More of the gang, I reckon," bawled a farmer, in homespun.

I was hanging back, but one of the party grasped my arm and urged me on, whispering, in a husky tone, "Get in-doors, stranger, if you don't want to cheat the insurance company."

We were now in the garden, the gay flowers of which the mob were trampling down in a reckless way. I could see that the windows were open, but barricaded with logs and furniture, and that two or three gun-barrels were peeping through the chinks. We got close up to the door, and Mr. Jones knocked, uttering a peculiar sharp cry at the same moment. I looked round for our Germans with the luggage: they were not to be seen. After the lapse of a minute—the longest minute I ever spent—the door was cautiously opened, but not to its full extent. "Quick!" muttered a voice at my ear. In we went. There was a shout and a rush: the people surged up to the door, like an angry sea; but the muzzles of two revolvers were thrust into the faces of the foremost, and they fell back, and we were inside and the door was closed.

I was now, to all appearance, in a besieged place, and one of the beleaguered garrison. And yet I knew nothing of the quarrel, and had no share in it. Of all the strange spectacles this strange continent had hitherto afforded me, this was the most inexplicable. In the midst of the bustle and feverish hurry, as bolts were shot, chains linked, and bars slipped across the door again, I asked repeatedly what was the matter, but in vain: "Thank your stars, stranger, for a whole skin," was all the reply I could elicit. And then everybody went up-stairs. In a front room, prettily decorated in French taste, we found five men fashionably dressed, bejewelled, and white-handed, like my inviters. But there was a terrible confusion reigning there. The costly furniture had been piled up as a barricade before the windows, mixed with firewood, mattresses, and portmanteaus. The five occupants of the room were flushed and heated, with disordered hair, and faces already smeared with black stains of powder. An arsenal of weapons lay about; guns, swords, pistols, ball-pouches, flasks, kegs, bottles, saddles, whips, and boots, all in confusion. One of the party was binding up his arm in an awkward way, as heavy gouts of blood ran trickling down his shirt-sleeve. The two gentlemen who had admitted us came in along with us, making a total of eleven, not reckoning myself.

"Phillips, what accursed folly has brought on all this?" asked Mr. Jones, angrily.

"Keep your temper, Jones," answered the man who had been hurt; "no need to quarrel among ourselves, I guess. The Grand Gulf vagabonds will have all our scalps before sundown."

Jones shrugged his shoulders.

"How did it happen?"

Another of the group answered, "Oh, the old story; Phillips is so tarnation random. He polished off young Edmonds, and they got to blows a few over the card-table, and Phillips gave him a Kentucky pill, and has brought the wasps about our ears."

"Young Edmonds! Do you mean the judge's son?" asked Jones, with a long face.

"Yes," was the reply; "they've taken him into the doctor's, with breath in him yet, and if he recovers——"

"It's all U. P. with us, misters!" cried another man, gazing from the window.

We—I say we, for I was getting a terrible

interest in the affair—rushed forward, and saw what haunts my memory still. Carried on a door by several strong men was the dead body of a young man, quite a youth, partially wrapped in a gaudy Indian blanket. An old man, grey-haired and venerable of aspect, was weeping over the passive form, while a crowd of angry men, with clenched fists and brandished weapons, surrounded it. Meanwhile, one tall fellow, carrying on a pole, as if it were some ghastly banner, the bloody shirt of the murdered man, was haranguing a dense mass of human beings, above whose dark heads we saw the ominous glancing of ax-heads and rifle-barrels.

"See what you've brought on us, Mr. Phillips!" said Jones, bitterly; and he ground his teeth as he spoke.

"The pot and the kettle, I calculate!" answered Phillips, sulkily; "better keep your breath to try and cheat the hangman!"

There was a yell from the mob beneath: "Kill 'em! Burn the house over their heads! Forward, bhoys!" And twenty shots were fired, splintering the Venetian blinds and crashing into ceiling and wainscot.

"Stand to it!" cried one of the boldest of the besieged. "Blaze away, gentlemen, and we shall beat 'em yet." The speaker fired a rifle at the broad mark of the crowd; a cry of pain succeeded, and then a savage roar.

In a moment there was firing enough on both sides. The reports were deafening, doors and windows rattled again, the room was full of smoke, and the sulphurous steam of the gunpowder half choked me as I got my back against the wall in a recess between the windows, and awaited in comparative security the issue of the affray. I knew nothing of the quarrel. Trojan and Tyrian were alike to me, only I wished with all my heart that Mr. Jones had been less hospitable, or I less complying. The besieged fought hard, firing incessantly with revolver and gun, while I heard Mr. Jones encouraging them. But four were already down, wounded, on the floor; one of them mortally hurt, to judge by the blood that bubbled from his lips as he gasped for breath. I knelt beside the poor wretch, to offer such unskilful help as I could afford, when there was a crash, a whoop, and a rush, and the barricade was scaled or forced, and the citizens came pouring in, furious as a storming party. Borne down, trampled, sick, and giddy, I was dragged from the scuffle, and found myself in the street, pinioned and a prisoner. Beside me were the majority of my new acquaintances, tattered, bruised, and their faces hardly to be seen through their masks of blood and gunpowder. They were all bound and captive.

"Drag 'em forward. Up to the big oak. The court sits theer!" bawled fifty voices; and we were roughly hauled or pushed to a grassy space, where a huge solitary tree spread its branches, while under its shade stood a score of farmers and boatmen, well armed.

"Now for it!" shouted the crowd; "we've got 'em, redhanded."

Some one twitched my sleeve, and pointed to the oak, into whose boughs several men had climbed, and were busy in reeving—as I saw with horror—a rope and running noose to every branch strong enough to serve as an impromptu gallows.

"Silence for Judge Lynch!" bawled an amateur crier.

A gaunt farmer represented the redoubtable judge, and addressed the assembly.

"Fellow citizens, I'm no forky-tongued lawyer, nor yet no stump speaker, but it's easy to clap the saddle on the right hoss. We've had our hosses stole, our niggers 'ticed away, our liquor hocussed, and our dollars spirted out of our pouches. That's bad enough, but when it kem's to blood——"

Here a roar drowned the orator's voice. Next, the crier shouted that the jury had been impanelled, and the prisoners must be put to the bar. I was thrust forward with the rest.

"Guilty, or not?" was the stern demand.

Some of them trembled very much. Jones and Phillips were calm, but it was the calm of desperation.

"Guilty, or not guilty?"

"Bring the farce to an end," cried Jones. "You've got us; more ass I to run back into the trap. Do your worst!"

"Are those ropes ready aloft there?" Judge Lynch called out.

"All ready, Judge," was the rejoinder.

"Then, gentlemen of the jury, your verdict."

"Guilty! All guilty!"

The wild judge exclaimed, "I kin pass but one sentence. Death. A halter apiece, and a good riddance to the city and State!"

A yell of approval broke forth; we were hustled beneath the tree, and a halter soon encircled every neck. Then I found my voice, and loudly appealed: protesting my entire innocence, and that I was a harmless traveller, an Englishman, and so forth. A peal of incredulous laughter decided my appeal.

"Britishers ain't licensed to rob and murder, ye'll larn to your cost," said an old farmer, who held me.

"Smother the hypocrite!" exclaimed a boatman.

"Did ye hear the cantin', cowardly skunk," cried another fellow.

"Can't ye take pattern by your captain, Jones there, and die like a man?"

My eyes following the man's pointed finger, I beheld the blackened face and staring eyeballs of my late acquaintance, as his struggling body dangled some yards above.

"Now for Phillips," was the cry; and I closed my eyes, not to see the wretch's execution.

"Morgan third; the Britisher fourth," announced Judge Lynch. "Up with Phillips! Haul and hold."

"Tchick!" cried somebody, with an unfeeling laugh.

"Whisht! howld your sneaking tongue, not to mock the dyin'," sternly replied some honest Patlander hard by.

"Now, Morgan!" was the next summons.

"Hyar's the deputy sheriff!" cried a voice, as a horse was heard galloping.

"What o' that?" replied another: "the sovereign people ain't to be choused out o' their revenge. Besides, Willy Hudson's a good fellow."

Willy Hudson! All the blood rushed from my head to my heart, and back again, and I tingled from head to foot. *My* name was Hudson—my brother's name was William! One glance was enough, as a sunbrowned horseman dashed into the crowd. It *was* Willy—the brother I had come to visit—just in time! I forgot exactly what was done and said. I only know that in about two minutes I was unbound, safe, free, arm in arm with my brother, and that the rough fellows who had been about to hang me were nearly wringing my hand off as they shook it, begging pardon for an awkward mistake. It was not only to me that Willy rendered service: I twitched his sleeve, and begged him to do what he could for the miserable men, whatever their faults, still under sentence. He pushed me into a tavern parlour, shut the door, went out, and left me. I heard shouts, laughter, groans, the applause, the mutterings of a mob. After a long time, Willy returned, wiping his face with a handkerchief, very much flushed and dishevelled.

"Wagh!" he exclaimed, "what a tough job! But it's done now, though my tongue aches with the talking. I did it for you, George, my boy, and, luckily, I'm in favour here. Tar and feathers, instead of hanging, and nine-and-thirty with a cowhide, well laid on, will spoil their beauty for one while. But how came you to be with them?"

"First, Willy, tell me what brought you here? I thought the bank at New Orleans——"

"Pooh!" interrupted my Americanised brother; "an old story that! It broke down, paying assets and no more. I'm here, agent for a goods insurance company. I'm doing well, and I'm deputy sheriff. Didn't you get my letter at New York? But how about your being with those rascals, of whom two have been hanged, and four shot, I hear, eh?"

"Why, they told me they were sportsmen, Willy, and——"

"You greenhorn!" said my brother, good humouredly; "were you thinking of fox-hunting or partridge popping? 'Sportsman' in America means sharper, gambler, thief, swindler, gallows-bird!"

I did not stay long at Grand Gulf.

STORY OF THE INCUMBERED ESTATES COURT.

IN TWO CHAPTERS. I. THE DISEASE.

The patient lay almost at the last gasp. This was not surprising, considering that the whole system had been wasting in a sort of pecuniary atrophy; that it had been bled murderously over and over again by the fiscal lancet; that a poor-rate cantharides had been applied on the raw, fresh and fresh; that a rebellious fever was working in its blood, ready to burst out upon the surface in angry pustules; and that a fierce emigration dysentery was griping its vitals. Taking this hopeful diagnosis into account, I say it was not very surprising. The ordinary medical Sangrados had done their best and their worst—had played out their consultations, stethoscopic soundings, fees, and other bits of regular show, and were now gazing with an awful respect at the two eminent metropolitan practitioners—sent for specially—who were standing by the bed. The eminent practitioners—the Sir Parker Peps of the House of Parliament, with a smaller official brother—had seen the desperate nature of the case, and were now turning up their shirt-sleeves for a frightful operation. The patient was that part of the kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland called Ireland; the eminent metropolitan surgeons were no other than the Right Honourable the Lord John Russell, M.P., with the Solicitor-General of the period; the perilous operation was the famous Incumbered Estates Act of eighteen hundred and forty-nine.

It was indeed time that something should be done. Under the questionable treatment of famines, seditions, agitations, evictions, arms bills, coercion bills, and suspensions of habeas corpus, the features of an incumbered estate, always exceptional, acquired a new and very curious interest. Where there were no tenants to pay rents, it would be unreasonable to look for rents; and where poor-rates were at the modest figure of one pound in the pound, it may be assumed that landlords were shy of assuming their real character. Under this general elimination of rents, landlords, and tenants, the situation was distressingly simplified, and to mere unimpassioned spectators presented a field for the strangest speculation. But there was a class who looked on from afar off, and to whom the question, apart from its theoretic merits, became interesting on more vulgar grounds. These were a strong band of mortgagees, principally base Saxons, representing a charge of some four millions upon a nominal rental of some twelve millions, and whose feelings, on this practical suspension of the relations between landlord and tenant, would not unnaturally be tinged with alarm. Their gratification at so pleasing a phenomenon in political economy, would be not unmixed with a foolish sense of personal apprehension. Even in the old prosaic times there had been, in most instances, a coldness, a complete estrangement, between mortgager and mortgagee; and parties had been driven to the pressure of equity suits, languishing through many decades of years, to restore anything like friendly communication. But, on this new aspect of things, there came a total suspension of all relations between these gentlemen and their friends in Ireland; and there being neither rent to pay, nor moneys to pay rent with, nor tenants to earn moneys to pay rent with, there seemed no probability of the breach being healed. This unavoidable suspension of cash payments—unprovided for by act of parliament or charter—began to excite murmurs

both loud and deep. Harpies of the law began to disturb the last agonies of the patient; they clamoured at the gate with an indecent importunity; they threatened, by sheer force of numbers, to bear down the ingenious frustration of equitable proceedings happily interposing between them and their victims; and then, and only then, were the famous metropolitan doctors sent for express.

The incumbrances had to be cut out with the knife. Looking outside the fearful visitations which had swept the country as with a human murrain, it seemed to be agreed to lay much of the evil at the private entrance of the Court of Chancery. Much vituperation was then outpoured upon that conduit-pipe of the law, then much choked, and needing scavengering sadly.

It was plain that this unhappy tribunal was to be the Aunt Sally of the period. The sticks came flying from every quarter. It was Bogie Chancery, and nurses found an appeal to its terrors useful in the treatment of children. Terrible legends went abroad of its doings: How its delight was to send forth a swarm of Burrs known as Receivers, who, when an estate became sick and weakly, proceeded to fix themselves to it inseparably, and drain away its vitals. How a greedy mortgagee, after a three years' arrear of interest or a claim of say ten pounds annually, might apply for a special insect to be sent down and receive the rents and profits of the whole estates. How the whole land became overrun with these cruel administrators, who, living in the capital, drained from their provinces huge fees and profits and costs, and suffered heavy arrears to accumulate, and the lands and tenements to run to waste, and often disappeared, largely in default. We are told how this grew to be a lucrative profession, side by side with a broad comprehensive suit—a rich and luscious professional plum-cake. It was considered the normal condition of all estates. Each was already enjoying or tending towards this agreeable supervision.

Pleasant little narratives were in circulation, as illustrating the awful wickedness of Bogie Chancery. There was the tenant who, when mildly remonstrated with on his not improving his holding, pleaded his having had seven masters in succession, all of the rank of Receiver, within as many years; which permutation of ownership naturally entailed an uneasiness of tenure. Then came pleasant personal reminiscences from the lips of the most puissant of lawyers, the writer of the Sugdenian Pandects and the Chancellor of two kingdoms. No doubt, at many a board was narrated that incident of his Irish experience, when a great foreclosure suit was setting in, and legions of barristers sprang up, one after another, each introducing himself as accredited from some party to the suit. Each as he spake flung his brief towards the amazed Chancellor. The mean Saxon mortgagee would foreclose; but, by way of overture to his equity opera, must give notice to every judgment creditor. Hence this barristerial flux. The Right Honourable Abraham Brewster had the good fortune to be in at the final close of a little suit, which began so far back as the year seventeen hundred and ten. Other instances came under that gentleman's professional eye, enjoying a promising vitality of fifty, sixty, and seventy years. In the last century the great Lord Mansfield was induced to assume the character of an Irish mortgagee, a step which happily resulted in a thriving, healthy suit, which actually survived down to the year eighteen hundred and fifty-three—a fine sexagenarian—when it unhappily met with an untimely demise. An eminent judge, who sat in his Incumbered Estates Olympus, has a little suit in his memory where, to raise a small charge of one thousand pounds, no less than fifty parties had to be "served," for "answering" purposes.

The famous Jarndyce suit was notorious in the Irish equity tribunal, long before it attracted notice across the Channel. That sort of piece was so familiar to an Hibernian audience, that they almost smiled at the horror of the British public. Taking it, then, that Irish Jarndyce, anxious to recover his moneys, is inclined to pursue the unworthy device of selling his debtor's estate, it may, perhaps, be interesting to watch his progress as he flounders slowly through the vast equity bog. There were howls of delight at Rackrent Castle when this intelligence came down; an exultation shared in yet more largely, by the solicitor to that establishment. There was a "long day," and a certain annuity for a definite period at last ensured to the estate. For unsuspecting Jarndyce the first plunge was the manufacture of "a bill," a huge, swollen bale of paper flooded with verbiage and profitable circumlocution, containing narratives in the nature of biographies of every single person who might in any shape be connected with the lands. A sort of ruck of creditors, mortgagees, tenants for life, and every variety of the incumbrancer species, was laboriously introduced. This process often took years, for it required singular pains and diligence to unearth all the parties. An omission discovered at a later stage would be fatal, and entail a new beginning. But at length, all being arranged in beautiful symmetry, and each counsel incumbered with his bale of clean snowy matter, it might be reasonably taken that all was ready to begin. Vain delusion! News has come that some one has died beyond the seas. He must be eliminated from "the bill." In another quarter, twins, whom a little diligence might have forewarned of, have appeared unexpectedly; they are fresh "parties," and must be added to "the bill."

This awful engine, being duly placed in position, it was only reasonable that fair scope and opportunity should be given for defence. The Rackrent solicitor now girds up his loins, and in easy, lazy fashion begins garnering evidence and preparing his "answer." This process, laborious, too, must be indulged with a handsome space of years. Finally, all being compact and

symmetrical, and the whole facts embodied in the two versions of the case, the huge whale came labouring into court, towing behind it all the subsidiary minnows. Equity Jove, sitting aloft with a complete version of the case before him, had only to thunder Presto! order for sale, money paid—causa finita est!

Innocent anticipation! We are barely begun. Counsel, astride on the back of his huge legal monster, addresses a few observations to great Jove aloft, who nods assent, and the labour of months and years, the stalking of "parties," the army of counsel for "parties," and the bales of snowy briefs, all culminate in the driest and purest of formalities. "Take the ordinary decree," chants Equity Jove, and the minor bewigged divinities bob down into their seats again. It is a happy thought, however, that every one is before the court now, hitherto invisible to Equity's naked eye.

Invigorated by this encouragement, and after a decent interval, we start afresh, plunging downwards into the Erebus of masters' offices. Into that grateful arena, Irish Jarndyce takes his whole apparatus of parties, notices, bulky paper bales, and wigged spirits, and gets ready for a protracted residence. The case has been referred, and an "account" has to be taken; and through many years, in those dim cells of equity, still with no unseemly hurry, wigged spirits shall square at each other over hostile figures and discordant vouchers. When at last all things are made square and taut, and Jarndyce emerges to light and air, a long interval of many months elapses, during which it is understood the "master" is making up his "report." After say a nine months' incubation, it is discovered that a monster white roll has been "laid." So then, gathering up our parties and wigged spirits, the great Jarndyce whale again comes blowing and frothing into court. Every one is furnished with clean new bales, exact copies of what had been "laid" in the equity poultry-yard, shining, dazzling bag furniture. Now we are in port, and a sale is at hand. But here are shoals, breakers, in the shape of "exceptions" to the master's report—an obstructive system of fault-finding; so we must needs back our monster out of court as best we can. By-and-by we shall come again with all our wiggery and fight the battle of exceptions. Finally, we again appear, and in a single sentence great Equity Jove breathes his soft consent to a sale.

This was that fine old fruity full-bodied Equity, of a rich nutty or knotty flavour, and fully one hundred years in bottle, which was drunk say thirty years ago in Ireland. Nor yet let our English broker hug himself for the purity of his own Chancery liquor. The system was the same with both, only through this load of Irish debt and facile multiplicity of mortgage, the evil became prominent and more conspicuous.

All this time a receiver was gorging on the rents, costs were accumulating, tenants knowing no certain master were decaying, and when the hour of sale came, only the shells of the estate remained.

With this complication of anthraxes spread over the fair skin of the country, there was no choice but to submit to the operation. The neat-handed surgeons came. No grander "demonstrator" could have been selected than Sir John Romilly. The invention of this peculiar mode of treatment has been claimed for Lord St. Leonards and for Sir Robert Peel; but the idea was too obvious not to have presented itself to hundreds of unprofessional minds. It only appeared too daring and even Quixotic for practical purposes. However that might be, in the month of April, eighteen hundred and forty-nine, the Solicitor-General took his scalpel in hand, and with one sharp sweeping cut introduced his—bill. And by the twenty-eighth of July of the same year, the operation was successfully performed, and the Incumbered Estates Act became law.

Not, however, without gloomy desponding and loud and despairing protest. It was piteous to hear the wail of the Irish peers, forecasting their too certain fate from afar, and pleading for territorial life—the very Girondins of the senate. They had a horrid prescience that they were marked for the earliest victims of this new guillotine. There were some whose estates, sunk beyond redemption in incumbrances, pledged and pledged again for half a million and more, lay helpless in the nets of mortgage, judgments, costs, and receivers. Yet to these noble persons, Chancery had promised an agreeable and almost affluent existence—for their lives at least; after them, the deluge might set in when it pleased. Some years after, when the executioners were weary with their bloody work, one victim, smarting under his wounds, came with frantic cries, and, striking out wildly, told his griefs to his noble friends. It was "the most disgraceful system ever since courts *had been invented!*" It was a nest of "the greatest robbery possible to imagine." It was taken advantage of by "a set of professional schemers" (euphuistic reference to solicitors), who had "myrmidons" up and down the length and breadth of the land. It was not too much to say that the whole "was a system of plunder unexampled." Alack, poor peer!

But on this earlier consultation, when the surgeons were waiting with their instruments, the same victim was raving incoherently of "robbery and confiscation." To him Lord Langdale neatly rejoined, with an affected wonder as to how such harsh terms could fit, what was a payment of just debts? A novel and unexpected, and yet at the same time disagreeable, way of putting the thing. Complaint, too, was made, that at the final stage an unhandsome advantage was taken of the absence of noble persons at their Irish estates, where they were busy trampling out the embers of an insurrection then overdue. The member for Birmingham received it with positive rapture, "a more beautiful explanation he had never heard." But there were ravens abroad of those nights, and raven notes. Mr. Newdegate prophesied

gloomy things; and snuffled from afar off "spoliation" and socialism and communism, and, above all, that morcellement, or French partition of lands into small parcels, the very quintessence of Jacobinism. Another held out that the scheme would give but a market to speculators and hucksters, and would break down. Another (Sir J. Walshe) said scornfully they might sell and sell, but who would buy? About as absurd, he added, as to put a house actually on fire up to auction.

Still the operators went forward with their work bravely; abundance of evil omen was held out to encourage them. They would never cauterise as they went along; they would never take up the arteries. The patient would sink under it. But with two millions of persons receiving relief, and a poor-rate that equalled about half the received rental of the country, and a population decreasing at the rate of half a million a year, it was no season for tisanes and water-gruel. The knife was the only remedy.

Behold, it has been done. Draw the curtains. Perfect quiet for the patient; opiates and what not. And here is Mr. Solicitor coming out from the bedroom wiping his fingers on a towel.

In a week we shall call and see how the patient is getting on.

LABORIOUS TRIFLING.

The tulipomania which arose in Holland and the Netherlands in the seventeenth century, had such an effect on the minds of the people, that a craving to become tulip growers seized all classes. The worthy and prosperous burghers left their lucrative business to give and receive enormous sums for tulip roots, and (as they thought) to make their fortunes, which very few of them did. Enormous and almost fabulous prices were given for tulips. One man bought a tulip for 4600 florins, and a new carriage, two grey horses, and a complete harness. Talk not of early peas at a guinea a dish, or grapes at some astounding price, when you are told that in exchange for one tulip, called the Viceroy, were given the following articles: Two lasts of wheat, four lasts of rye, four fat oxen, three fat swine, twelve fat sheep, three hogsheads of wine, four tons of beer, two tons of butter, one thousand tons of cheese, a complete bed, a suit of clothes, and a silver goblet, the whole valued at 2500 florins. Another person offered twelve acres of land for one tulip root, but his offer was contemptuously refused.

In some places tulips were bought, not for the sake of their beauty, but only to be used for gambling purposes. For instance, a nobleman bought a tulip of a dealer for 1000 florins, the tulip to be delivered in six months; during those six months the value of that species of tulip must either have risen, decreased, or remained as it was; at the expiration of the six months, instead of demanding his tulip, he either paid or received the difference of price. The tulips were dignified with the most pompous names. One species was called Semper Augustus, and others were called by the names of princes and admirals. They were usually sold according to the weight of the roots. Four hundred perits (a small weight less than a grain) of a tulip called Admiral Leifken, cost 4400 florins; four hundred and forty-one perits of Admiral von der Eyk, 1620 florins; one hundred and six perits of Schilder, at 1615 florins; two hundred perits of Semper Augustus cost 5500 florins; four hundred and ten perits of the Viceroy cost 3000 florins. One florist sold his collection of tulips by public auction; it was sold for 9000 florins. A merchant made a present of a herring to a sailor, who mistaking some roots lying near him for onions, ate them with the herring; the roots were tulip roots belonging to the merchant, who found that the sailor's breakfast had cost him an enormous sum of money. The mania extended to England and France, but only among that small part of the people who had intercourse with Holland; for at this time the Dutch customs were very much followed in England. It was about the time when Dutch gardening was the rage, when holly bushes were clipped and cut into the form of dragons, peacocks, giants, obelisks, and other hideous forms. In France it seems to have had some victims, for at Lille, a large brewery was given in exchange for one tulip root. This brewery is still called the tulip brewery. In Holland the mania rose to such a pitch that at last the government had to take the matter in hand, and forbade the sale of tulips except at reasonable prices: this measure was not taken till several families had been ruined by the absurd mania.

A favourite custom among the elegant bucks and "wits" as they were called of olden times, was to carry in their vest combs of ivory and tortoiseshell, and at theatres or public places to produce them, and commence combing their wigs. The elder Laroon painted a portrait of John Duke of Marlborough at his levee; in which the Duke is represented dressed in a scarlet suit, with large white satin cuffs, and a long white wig, which he is combing, while his valet, who is stationed behind the chair, adjusts the curls after the comb has passed through them.

Dryden in his prologue to Almanzor and Almahide touches on this custom:

> But as when vizard mask appears in pit,
> Straight every man who thinks himself a wit,
> Perks up; and *managing his comb with grace*,
> With his white wig sets off his nut-brown face.

Patches, or beauty spots, which were worn by ladies, were used, as we find by the Spectator, to denote to which political party the enthusiastic ladies might belong. The ladies who inclined to the Whigs patched on the right cheek, and the Tory ladies patched on the left cheek. The Spectator has an amusing account of a lady called Rosalinda, who, being a noted Whig, unfortunately had a mole on the Tory part of her forehead, which made her look as if she had abandoned the Whigs and gone over to the Tories. It must have occasioned many unpleasant mistakes.

The *pantin*, a little figure with strings attached

to the arms and legs by which it was made to dance, came into fashion in France; ladies and gentlemen, and even the magistrates and officers at a ball, or while conversing, would produce their pantin and work the strings. A French song called Portraits à la Mode has the following verse, in which this custom is mentioned:

To follow with uniformity,
Dame Nature and simplicity,
Ne'er practising frivolity,
This was the ancient code.
Paris, its promenades and halls,
Is filled with calotins and dolls,
Danced on strings *at public balls*,
And portraits à la Mode.

In the reign of William the Third a mania for old porcelain and china cups, took possession of several persons. Some families had services that had been handed down to them by their ancestors; these were religiously kept, and only produced on special or grand occasions; then woe to any unlucky visitor who by any misfortune should happen to break one of these precious relics! We can imagine the shame and horror of the unlucky man, and the anger of the owners.

Horace Walpole had a fine collection of china cups and porcelain at Strawberry Hill. This was one of the finest collections in England; and although there were collections at Chiswick and other places, none could compare with Strawberry Hill, as we find by a song by William Pulteney, Earl of Bath:

Some cry up Gunnersbury,
For Lion some declare,
And some say that with Chiswick House
No villa can compare;
But ask the beaux of Middlesex,
Who know the country well,
If Strawberry Hill, if Strawberry Hill,
Don't bear away the bell?
Tho' Surrey boasts its Oatlands,
And Clermont kept so gim,
And some prefer sweet Southcote,
'Tis but a dainty whim.
For ask the gallant Bristow,
Who does in taste excel,
If Strawberry Hill, if Strawberry Hill,
Don't bear away the bell?

A china dealer named Turner brought Horace Walpole two small china cups that had been cracked by the shock of an earthquake. He asked twenty guineas for them; for although the cups were only worth ten guineas, he asked twenty, as they were the only cups in Europe that had been cracked by the shock of an earthquake. Small china cups are very pretty things to collect, but a hideous custom was introduced from Holland by Mary, wife of William the Third, namely, of putting in the gardens large china images. At Hampton Court Palace, Mary placed in the garden a quantity of huge and hideous china images of mandarins, pagodas, and vases, ornamented with pictures of trees and bridges.

We can see, by a careful observation of some of Hogarth's pictures, how men have tortured their brains to invent enormous machines and ways to effect the simplest objects. For example, a large complicated mechanical machine for drawing the corks of bottles was invented by some man, who for this simple matter employed an amount of thought and labour that might have achieved great results.

Even literature, the last stronghold of wisdom and good sense, and whose duty it usually is to lash with the sharp whip of satire all manias or absurd customs,—literature at one time had its day of laborious trifling. Anagrams, bouts rimés, or rhyming ends, and chronograms, were then the fashion. The anagram is the changing of one word into another by an inversion of the letters. The Spectator mentions a witty author who in a controversy styled his adversary, who was deformed and distorted, the anagram of a man.

The bouts rimés, or rhyming ends, were invented by Dulot, a French poet, who used to prepare the rhymes of his poems, and fill them up at his leisure. This soon became the fashion in France, and some of the higher French poets did not despise this kind of labour. Some writers composed poems in the shape of hearts, scissors, eggs, and wings; and a Frenchman, named Paunard, a true votary of Bacchus, we may be sure, wrote his drinking-songs in the shape of bottles, glasses, and goblets.

Tryphiodorus, in his Odyssey, had no A in his first book, and no B in the second, and so on in the other books, with the letters of the alphabet one after the other. Lopez de Vega wrote five novels in prose; the first without an A, the second without a B, the third without a C, and so on. This custom existed among the Persian poets. One of them read to the poet Jami, some verses of his own composition, which Jami was not so struck with as the author expected; the author said, however, it was, without doubt, a very curious poem, for the letter *Aliff* had been omitted from all the words; Jami replied, "You can do a better thing yet. Take away all the letters from every word you have written." A monk named Hugbald wrote a work entitled the Ecloga de Calvis. The peculiarity of this work is, that all the words begin with a C. Lord North, in the time of James I., wrote a set of sonnets, each beginning with a successive letter of the alphabet.

Jacob Vernet published a book, entitled Letters on the Custom of employing *You* instead of *Thou*. The Cento was a kind of poem much in fashion. This word, which originally meant a cloak made up of different patches and pieces of cloth, is used in poetry to express a poem composed of verses taken from various writers, and arranged so as to form a new work with a new meaning. The most curious Cento ever made, was A Life of Jesus Christ, written by the Empress Eudoxia, in verses taken from Homer.

Among other literary trifles are to be noticed reciprocal verses: that is, verses which give the same words, read either backwards or forwards.

The following is a specimen of an English reciprocal verse by the poet Gascoigne.

Lewd did I live, evil I did dwel.

Several writers have taken years of weary labour, and have wasted ink and foolscap which might have been put to a better purpose, in order to prove things impossible of proof. They have founded their preposterous labours on the Old Testament. One of these, Hugh Broughton, who lived in the time of James I., wrote a work in which he discusses the colour of Aaron's ephod, and the language spoken by Eve; also frequent controversies took place as to the season in which God made the world, and some writers even settle the day and hour on which Adam and Eve were created.

A climax of laborious trifling is reached by the Irish antiquaries, who speak of antediluvian public libraries. Paul Christian Ilsker gives a catalogue of a library belonging to Adam!

ON THE GRAND JURY.

"KENT to wit. By virtue of a precept to me, directed from the High Sheriff, I hereby Summons and Warn you personally to appear at the next Quarter Sessions, to be holden at Hopstone on Thursday, the —— of ——, on the Grand Jury, at Half-past Ten of the Clock in the forenoon of the above day. Hereof fail not. You will be fined if you do not attend."

I am a mild, middle-aged gentleman, with a small rural villa, and a wife, family, and servant of similarly limited proportions; and this was the awful document left one morning with an imposing official double-knock, that threw my diminutive household into that condition of mind which I have seen described in the newspapers as a state of the greatest alarm and consternation. On returning from my customary constitutional with that healthy glow which my physician tells me is a satisfactory sign that I am deriving direct benefit from my morning walk and cool tankard of Kentish ale, I found the features I had last seen beaming with placid happiness darkened by clouds. There was dismay on the face of the servant, who had evidently got a notion that I was to be tried at the Old Bailey forthwith for some dreadful offence, and that my mildest fate would be banishment for life to a penal settlement. There was a timorous dread among my children (who are deeply read in English history) that I had been guilty of high treason, and that I was about to be led forth for immediate execution on Tower-hill. There was a painful apprehension on the part of my wife that I was to be torn from her for an indefinite period and locked up without my usual carefully prepared meals, and after-supper comforts of a glass of grog and a cigar, until I should have been compelled at starvation point to render up my independence, and agree to whatever terms my obstinate fellow-prisoners might choose to impose. For myself, I received the summons to serve my country as a good citizen should; and, though I had never before been called upon to appear in the elevated capacity then impending, I was imbued with enough of that proper patriotic pride, which should exist in the breast of every Englishman, to feel resolved to discharge, at any cost of self-sacrifice, the claims of one of our oldest and finest institutions. An institution, sir, as I observed at the last annual dinner of our local society for "Advancing Universal Progression," that must be remembered as the palladium of our liberty and the glorious birthright of every free-born Briton.

I will candidly admit, in strict confidence, that my notions of the ordeal I had to go through, were not of the clearest. I will further confess that I privately looked into a cheap encyclopædia to discover, if possible, under the head "Jury, Grand," what might be expected from me, and, finding no kind of information calculated to be of the slightest service, that I borrowed a few legal volumes from a neighbour, whose late lodger had left them behind in discharge of a little liability for rent. I shall not inflict the result of my researches on the reader, nor lead him into the mazes of controversy whether grand juries were established before the Conquest; nor shall I mention so much as the name of King Æthelred; nor relate that in the first volume of Mr. Thorpe's Ancient Laws and Institutes it is written, according to his version, "And the twelve senior thanes go out, and the reeve with them, and swear on the relic that is given to them in hand that they will accuse no innocent man nor conceal any guilty one." I found reason to believe that the said relic had not been handed down to my day, that the reeve had gone with the relic, and that, though an elderly gentleman, I should not be recognised as a senior thane. So I abandoned my inquiries in despair.

The county town of Hopstone was to be reached by railway in about an hour; but, mistrustful of my abilities for early rising, I thought it advisable to store my carpet-bag with a few essentials for such an expedition as I was about to undertake, and set forth overnight, that I might be ready in the coolest manner to discharge my patriotic duties in the morning. Accordingly, in the close of the summer twilight preceding the eventful day, I found myself (with a greatly increased sense of my own importance, as one who had the laws of his land to administer) solemnly walking down the High-street of Hopstone, and regarding with becoming reverence the stately town-hall.

There was a rather discouraging absence of excitement about the town, and I had no distinct proof afforded me that my arrival caused any sensation; but I attributed this to the fact that the inhabitants were unconscious of the distinguished position I was shortly to take amongst them. Business appeared to be going on as usual, and, as I advanced more into the heart of the town, I found the shop shutters were being elevated with a proper regard for early closing, but with a careless whistling accompaniment that was hardly the kind of prelude I might have expected to the formal opening of

the law courts, where the majesty of the law was to be vindicated. Nor did my demand for a supper and a bed at the Family and Commercial Hotel, to which I next directed my footsteps, create an overwhelming impression. I suffered a hint of my important office to drop upon the ear of the solitary individual whom I found the occupant of the coffee-room, but it had no further effect upon him than extracting from his lips an indefinite ejaculation, and he soon after gloomily retired, and left me in lonely meditation over my glass of negus and the local directory. Thus driven back on my own resources, I sought to improve my knowledge of the names of the traders in the town, to the end that I might the more readily connect them with any circumstances that might afterwards transpire before me officially; but the monotony of the loud-ticking clock, the drowsy winking of the gaslight, and the want of a sustained interest in the pages I perused, very soon engendered sleepiness. I thought it advisable to encourage this sensation in a place more conducive to personal comfort than an arm-chair that was gradually becoming all angles, and developing in its cushion a luxurious undergrowth of pins and needles.

A hasty toilet and a hurried breakfast, and I had just time to reach the assize hall at the appointed hour. The usual crowd of policemen, witnesses, and friends of the prisoners, were collected at the entrance; with a bustling barrister or two darting rapidly amongst them and disappearing suddenly through doors beyond. A functionary in a cocked-hat and a very stiff blue coat, trimmed with red cloth, and who will not feel personally offended, I hope, if I designate him by the honourable name of Beadle, was standing on the threshold and pointing indefinitely up the stone staircase in answer to all inquirers. With a due sense of our mutual dignity, I ventured upon addressing him. The outstretched arm turned abruptly from the staircase, and I was sharply told to go to the right, which I did accordingly. Opening the door at the extremity of half a dozen stone steps, down which I descended, I became aware that I had penetrated to the region of the court coal-cellar. Convinced that I had not been summoned to serve my country by investigations in this quarter, I retraced my steps, and preferred the guidance of my own reasoning faculties. These, and a happy combination of chances, led me to the place where I was wanted.

The court is by this time tolerably full, and some two dozen of us, in what appears to me to be a pew of a small country church, are soon listening to a profoundly inaudible discourse. A droning sound pervades the building as if a quantity of bees had made a hive out of the glass dome, and the constant fluttering and hurrying in and out, and through the passages below, help to strengthen the suggestion. Considered from a good point of view by a cool and unconcerned spectator, I am afraid we all of us in the pew would look as if we were about to receive sentence for some appalling crime that we had individually and collectively committed. At last we are relieved by being called upon to answer to our respective names. After having prematurely cried out "Here!" once or twice simultaneously with a dozen other gentlemen, and after venturing upon a mild effort at ventriloquism, which, when my own name really was called, caused my presence to be sought for in quite a different part of the building, I am summoned with the rest into a little alley below, and we are told off in threes to be sworn in. In my own little triangular confederacy is a ruddy-faced personage, palpably connected with the agricultural interest, who never desists from smiling benignantly on the presiding official and the two strangers with whom he has become linked. We are asked if any of us have served on the Grand Jury before, and it being discovered that only one has had that honour, and that he is the ruddy-faced agriculturist, he is appointed our foreman, and smiles no more.

There is some difficulty in administering the customary oath, by reason of a rather confused notion that seems to prevail about right and left hands, and an impetuous inclination to smack the lips in wrong places; but we are all duly sworn at last, and are marched off under the guidance of an usher into a large upper apartment, lighted with spacious windows which overlook the approaches below and the distant country. It has a long table strewed with pens, inkstands, and paper, extending down the centre. As I am rather anxious to receive instruction in my new office from one who has previously gone through the duty, I sit next to the ruddy-faced foreman, and reverentially watch his movements. We all arrange ourselves at the long table with becoming gravity, but with a general restless feeling of anxiety concerning what will happen next, when our meditations are interrupted by a message from the landlord of the adjacent tavern, who presents his compliments to the Grand Jury and begs to know if they will be pleased to order dinner? This unexpected communication enlivens us greatly. We begin to grow more sociable; and an interesting discussion springs up as to the relative merits of chops, or steaks, as opposed to veal and ham, with an occasional argument dexterously thrown out in support of the nutritious qualities of roast beef. We recognise the invitation, however, as indicating an exceeding thoughtfulness on the part of the authorities, and we accept it as a courteous compliment to our national importance. The desirability of a dinner is put to a show of hands and carried unanimously; but we presently find that the expenses are to be defrayed by ourselves, and not by the country, and that refreshment can only be taken at the close of the day's labours; whereupon we unanimously agree to postpone the question. A magnificent intimation that the Grand Jury, having given the subject their deliberate attention, will think about it in due time, is accordingly given; the intruding messenger who was hailed with cordiality is frowningly repulsed;

and with a general expression of resolute self-denial and stern indignation on our faces, we relapse into solemnity.

A few minutes elapse, during which interval, having nothing else to do, we put the weather upon trial, and find from the evidence before us that it is not guilty of turning out a wet afternoon; a bill is then sent up from below. It is delivered to our foreman, who becomes absorbed in its contents, and as he evidently considers this a subject for profound study, we come to the conclusion that our sharpest powers of investigation will be put to a rigid test. As I am near enough to overlook the paper that has been handed to our great chief, I perceive that he is holding it upside down; and, therefore, with some trepidation, as if I were making the boldest of corrections, I timidly suggest that it will be understood more easily if read in the usual way. The clerk of the court comes to the foreman's assistance, and whispers that he had better read it aloud: whereupon our foreman, looking upon the puzzling paper and then upon ourselves, explains that the arts of reading and writing were not included in the rudiments of his education. We are rather startled by this intelligence, but learning on the authority of the official who comes to our aid, that if our foreman can sign his name in any hieroglyphical character, he may still hold his position as presiding over our investigations, we agree to transfer the reading portion of his duty to another gentleman. We are accordingly enlightened by the individual upon whom this task has devolved as to the indictment before us, and we find that it charges William Grubbens with feloniously taking three feet of leaden pipe from Boxley Church. We demand evidence of the most conclusive kind, and the most conclusive evidence is instantly forthcoming. There is the boy who saw him do it, and who told him it was wrong, and there is the boy who saw him take it away and didn't know it was wrong, and there is the policeman who (from information he received) overtook the appropriator and found him with the three feet of leaden pipe in his hand. Nevertheless, there is one resolute investigator among us who demands more. We have had no evidence of the existence of Boxley Church itself, and, to make the case complete, he thinks decided proofs on that head ought to be forthcoming.

After some persuasion he waives the objection, and we return a true bill. We conscientiously pursue a similarly rigorous investigation through half a dozen more cases; having up every witness we can get hold of, and only requiring official correction when we mistake the second count for the third count, and mix up all the other counts together. Nevertheless, we improve fast, and display absolute forensic acumen in our elaborate cross-examination of witnesses, whom we will not let off on any plea till we have put them under the air-pump of our interrogations, and have exhausted them of all particulars touching their birth, parentage, and social condition. Having consumed some hours in this way, and having aggravated the petty jury below by the lingering reluctance with which we allow the cases to drop into their hands, our official extricator slides in at the door, with a grinning remark that we have given ourselves much unnecessary trouble, as all the prisoners have pleaded guilty. However, we are not to be turned aside from the path of duty, and we go on asking questions with a pertinacity that would do credit to a jury composed of Pinnock's Catechisms.

As the day wears on, and the setting sun begins to throw longer shadows of ourselves upon the wall, I perceive that the most inveterate interrogators are getting subdued into silence. On my left I find one who has mildly intoxicated himself with peppermint lozenges, indulging in such dreams of bliss as that carminative confection may inspire. Others are visibly oppressed by the drowsy repetition of oath-taking gone through by a long succession of witnesses, and by their monotonous similarity of statement. To overcome our lethargy, the more wakeful of us dive down to the court below in the intervals when we are waiting for fresh indictments, and watch the fruits of our labours ripening under the glass dome, where the bees are buzzing with a more sonorous and sleepy hum than ever. We have just enough daylight to read the last indictment when we get it, and have the agreeable satisfaction of varying the routine of our proceedings by ignoring the bill, which we fix upon the extremity of a long rake, and thus deliver from the gallery to the intelligent chairman below. With infinite gratification we then hear him say, "Gentlemen of the Grand Jury, the court has much pleasure in discharging you, and the county thanks you for your services." In another moment we are off upon our several private missions, which would seem chiefly to be of a gastronomic kind, and through the deepening twilight I see my juridical brethren, as I pass towards the railway station, empanelled in the snug boxes of the nearest hotel, making the waiter solemnly depose what is his belief of the state of the larder, and prepared to "thoroughly try and investigate, according to the best of their ability, everything that shall be brought before them."

NEW WORK

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A STRANGE STORY,

BY THE

AUTHOR OF "MY NOVEL," "RIENZI," &c. &c.

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A STRANGE STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY NOVEL," "RIENZI," &c.

CHAPTER XVI.

IT was with a wrath suppressed in the presence of the fair ambassadress, that Mr. Vigors had received from Mrs. Poyntz the intelligence that I had replaced Dr. Jones at Abbots' House, not less abruptly than Dr. Jones had previously supplanted me. As Mrs. Poyntz took upon herself the whole responsibility of this change, Mr. Vigors did not venture to condemn it to her face: for the Administrator of Laws was at heart no little in awe of the Autocrat of Proprieties; as Authority, howsoever established, is in awe of Opinion, howsoever capricious.

To the mild Mrs. Ashleigh the magistrate's anger was more decidedly manifested. He ceased his visits; and in answer to a long and deprecatory letter with which she endeavoured to soften his resentment and win him back to the house, he replied by an elaborate combination of homily and satire. He began by excusing himself from accepting her invitations, on the ground that *his* time was valuable, *his* habits domestic; and though ever willing to sacrifice both time and habits where he could do good, he owed it to himself and to mankind to sacrifice neither where his advice was rejected and his opinion contemned. He glanced briefly, but not hastily, at the respect with which her late husband had deferred to his judgment, and the benefits which that deference had enabled him to bestow. He contrasted the husband's deference with the widow's contumely, and hinted at the evils which the contumely would not permit him to prevent. He could not presume to say what women of the world might think due to deceased husbands, but even women of the world generally allowed the claims of living children, and did not act with levity where their interests were concerned, still less where their lives were at stake. As to Dr. Jones, he, Mr. Vigors, had the fullest confidence in his skill. Mrs. Ashleigh must judge for herself whether Mrs. Poyntz was as good an authority upon medical science as he had no doubt she was upon shawls and ribbons. Dr. Jones was a man of caution and modesty; he did not indulge in the hollow boasts by which charlatans decoy their dupes; but Dr. Jones had privately assured him that though the case was one that admitted of no rash experiments, he had no fear of the result if his own prudent system were persevered in. What might be the consequences of any other system, Dr. Jones would not say, because he was too high-minded to express his distrust of the rival who had made use of underhand arts to supplant him. But Mr. Vigors was convinced, from other sources of information (meaning, I presume, the oracular prescience of his clairvoyants), that the time would come when the poor young lady would herself insist on discarding Dr. Fenwick, and when "that person" would appear in a very different light to many who now so fondly admired and so reverentially trusted him. When that time arrived, he, Mr. Vigors, might again be of use; but, meanwhile, though he declined to renew his intimacy at Abbots' House, or to pay unavailing visits of mere ceremony, his interest in the daughter of his old friend remained undiminished, nay, was rather increased by compassion; that he should silently keep his eye upon her; and whenever anything to her advantage suggested itself to him, he should not be deterred by the slight with which Mrs. Ashleigh had treated his judgment, from calling on her, and placing before her conscience as a mother, his ideas for her child's benefit, leaving to herself then, as now, the entire responsibility of rejecting the advice which he might say, without vanity, was deemed of some value by those who could distinguish between sterling qualities and specious pretences.

Mrs. Ashleigh's was that thoroughly womanly nature which instinctively leans upon others. She was diffident, trustful, meek, affectionate. Not quite justly had Mrs. Poyntz described her as "common-place weak," for though she might be called weak, it was not because she was common-place; she had a goodness of heart, a sweetness of disposition, to which that disparaging definition could not apply. She could only be called common-place, inasmuch as in the ordinary daily affairs of life she had a great deal of ordinary daily common-place good sense. Give her a routine to follow, and no routine could be better adhered to. In the allotted sphere of a woman's duties she never seemed in fault. No household, not even Mrs. Poyntz's, was more happily managed. The old Abbots' House had merged its original antique gloom in the softer character of pleasing

repose. All her servants adored Mrs. Ashleigh; all found it a pleasure to please her; her establishment had the harmony of clockwork; comfort diffused itself round her like quiet sunshine round a sheltered spot. To gaze on her pleasing countenance, to listen to the simple talk that lapsed from her guileless lips in even, slow, and lulling murmur, was in itself a respite from "eating cares." She was to the mind what the colour of green is to the eye. She had, therefore, excellent sense in all that relates to every-day life. There, she needed not to consult another; there, the wisest might have consulted her with profit. But the moment anything, however trivial in itself, jarred on the routine to which her mind had grown wedded; the moment an incident hurried her out of the beaten track of woman's daily life, then her confidence forsook her; then she needed a confidant, an adviser, and by that confidant or adviser she could be credulously lured or submissively controlled. Therefore, when she lost, in Mr. Vigors, the guide she had been accustomed to consult whenever she needed guidance, she turned, helplessly and piteously, first to Mrs. Poyntz, and then yet more imploringly to me, because a woman of that character is never quite satisfied without the advice of a man. And where an intimacy more familiar than that of his formal visits is once established with a physician, confidence in him grows fearless and rapid, as the natural result of sympathy concentred on an object of anxiety in common between himself and the home which opens its sacred recess to his observant but tender eye. Thus Mrs. Ashleigh had shown me Mr. Vigors's letter, and forgetting that I might not be as amiable as herself, besought me to counsel her how to conciliate and soften her lost husband's friend and connexion. That character clothed him with dignity and awe in her soft forgiving eyes. So, smothering my own resentment, less perhaps at the tone of offensive insinuation against myself than at the arrogance with which this prejudiced intermeddler implied to a mother the necessity of his guardian watch over a child under her own care, I sketched a reply which seemed to me both dignified and placatory, abstaining from all discussion, and conveying the assurance that Mrs. Ashleigh would be at all times glad to hear, and disposed to respect, whatever suggestion so esteemed a friend of her husband's would kindly submit to her for the welfare of her daughter.

There all communication had stopped for about a month since the date of my reintroduction to Abbots' House. One afternoon I unexpectedly met Mr. Vigors at the entrance of the blind lane, I on my way to Abbots' House, and my first glance at his face told me that he was coming from it, for the expression of that face was more than usually sinister; the sullen scowl was lit into significant menace by a sneer of unmistakable triumph. I felt at once that he had succeeded in some machination against me, and with ominous misgivings quickened my steps.

I found Mrs. Ashleigh seated alone in front of the House, under a large cedar-tree that formed a natural arbour in the centre of the sunny lawn. She was perceptibly embarrassed as I took my seat beside her.

"I hope," said I, forcing a smile, "that Mr. Vigors has not been telling you that I shall kill my patient, or that she looks much worse than she did under Dr. Jones's care?"

"No," she said. "He owned cheerfully that Lilian had grown quite strong, and said, without any displeasure, that he had heard how gay she had been; riding out and even dancing—which is very kind in him—for he disapproves of dancing,—on principle."

"But still, I can see he has said something to vex or annoy you; and, to judge by his countenance when I met him in the lane, I should conjecture that that something was intended to lower the confidence you so kindly repose in me."

"I assure you not; he did not mention your name, either to me or to Lilian. I never knew him more friendly; quite like old times. He is a good man at heart, very; and was much attached to my poor husband."

"Did Mr. Ashleigh profess a very high opinion of Mr. Vigors?"

"Well, I don't quite know that, because my dear Gilbert never spoke to me much about him. Gilbert was naturally very silent. But he shrank from all trouble—all worldly affairs—and Mr. Vigors managed his estate, and inspected his steward's books, and protected him through a long lawsuit which he had inherited from his father. It killed his father. I don't know what we should have done without Mr. Vigors, and I am so glad he has forgiven me."

"Hem! Where is Miss Ashleigh? Indoors?"

"No; somewhere in the grounds. But, my dear Dr. Fenwick, do not leave me yet; you are so very, very kind; and somehow I have grown to look upon you quite as an old friend. Something has happened which has put me out—quite put me out."

She said this wearily and feebly, closing her eyes as if she were indeed put out in the sense of extinguished.

"The feeling of friendship you express," said I, with earnestness, "is reciprocal. On my side it is accompanied by a peculiar gratitude. I am a lonely man, by a lonely fireside—no parents, no near kindred, and in this town, since Dr. Faber left it, without cordial intimacy till I knew you. In admitting me so familiarly to your hearth, you have given me what I have never known before since I came to man's estate: a glimpse of the happy domestic life; the charm and relief to eye, heart, and spirit which is never known but in households cheered by the face of woman; thus my sentiment for you and yours is indeed that of an old friend; and in any private confidence you show me, I feel as if I were no longer a lonely man, without kindred, without home."

Mrs. Ashleigh seemed much moved by these words, which my heart had forced from my lips, and, after replying to me with simple unaffected

warmth of kindness, she rose, took my arm, and continued thus as we walked slowly to and fro the lawn:

"You know, perhaps, that my poor husband left a sister, now a widow as myself, Lady Haughton."

"I remember that Mrs. Poyntz said you had such a sister, but I never heard you mention Lady Haughton till now. Well!"

"Well, Mr. Vigors has brought me a letter from her, and it is that which has put me out. I dare say you have not heard me speak before of Lady Haughton, for I am ashamed to say I had almost forgotten her existence. She is many years older than my husband was; of a very different character. Only came once to see him after our marriage. Hurt me by ridiculing him as a bookworm. Offended him by looking a little down on me, as a nobody without spirit and fashion, which was quite true. And, except by a cold and unfeeling letter of formal condolence after I lost my dear Gilbert, I have never heard from her since I have been a widow, till to-day. But, after all, she is my poor husband's sister, and his elder sister, and Lilian's aunt; and, as Mr. Vigors says, 'Duty is duty.'"

Had Mrs. Ashleigh said 'Duty is torture,' she could not have uttered the maxim with more mournful and despondent resignation.

"And what does this lady require of you, which Mr. Vigors deems it your duty to comply with?"

"Dear me! what penetration! You have guessed the exact truth. But I think you will agree with Mr. Vigors. Certainly I have no option; yes, I must do it."

"My penetration is in fault now. Do what? Pray explain?"

"Poor Lady Haughton, six months ago, lost her only son, Sir James. Mr. Vigors says he was a very fine young man, of whom any mother would have been proud; I had heard he was wild. Mr. Vigors says, however, that he was just going to reform, and marry a young lady whom his mother chose for him, when, unluckily, he would ride a steeplechase, not being quite sober at the time, and broke his neck. Lady Haughton has been, of course, in great grief. She has retired to Brighton; and she wrote to me from thence, and Mr. Vigors brought the letter. He will go back to her to-day."

"Will go back to Lady Haughton? What! has he been to her? Is he, then, as intimate with Lady Haughton as he was with her brother?"

"No; but there has been a long and constant correspondence. She had a settlement on the Kirby estate—a sum which was not paid off during Gilbert's life; and a very small part of the property went to Sir James, which part Mr. Ashleigh Sumner, the heir-at-law to the rest of the estate, wished Mr. Vigors, as his guardian, to buy during his minority, and as it was mixed up with Lady Haughton's settlement, her consent was necessary as well as Sir James's. So there was much negotiation, and, since then, Ashleigh Sumner has come into the Haughton property, on poor Sir James's decease; so, that complicated all affairs between Mr. Vigors and Lady Haughton, and he has just been to Brighton to see her. And poor Lady Haughton, in short, wants me and Lilian to come and visit her. I don't like it at all. But you said the other day you thought sea air might be good for Lilian during the heat of the summer, and she seems well enough now for the change. What do you think?"

"She is well enough, certainly. But Brighton is not the place I would recommend for the summer; it wants shade, and is much hotter than L——."

"Yes, but unluckily Lady Haughton foresaw that objection, and she has a jointure-house some miles from Brighton, and near the sea. She says the grounds are well wooded, and the place is proverbially cool and healthy, not far from St. Leonard's Forest. And, in short, I have written to say we will come. So we must, unless, indeed, you positively forbid it."

"When do you think of going?"

"Next Monday. Mr. Vigors would have me fix the day. If you knew how I dislike moving when I am once settled; and I do so dread Lady Haughton, she is so fine, and so satirical. But Mr. Vigors says she is very much altered, poor thing. I should like to show you her letter, but I had just sent it to Margaret—Mrs. Poyntz—a minute or two before you came. She knows something of Lady Haughton. Margaret knows everybody. And we shall have to go in mourning for poor Sir James, I suppose; and Margaret will choose it, for I am sure I can't guess to what extent we should be supposed to mourn. I ought to have gone in mourning before—poor Gilbert's nephew—but I am so stupid, and I had never seen him. And—— but oh, this *is* kind! Margaret herself—my dear Margaret!"

We had just turned away from the house, in our up and down walk; and Mrs. Poyntz stood immediately fronting us.

"So, Anne, you have actually accepted this invitation—and for Monday next?"

"Yes. Did I do wrong?"

"What does Dr. Fenwick say? Can Lilian go with safety?"

I could not honestly say she might not go with safety, but my heart sank like lead as I answered:

"Miss Ashleigh does not now need merely medical care; but more than half her cure has depended on keeping her spirits free from depression. She may miss the cheerful companionship of your daughter, and other young ladies of her own age. A very melancholy house, saddened by a recent bereavement, without other guests; a hostess to whom she is a stranger, and whom Mrs. Ashleigh herself appears to deem formidable—certainly these do not make that change of scene which a physician would recommend. When I spoke of sea air being good for Miss Ashleigh, I thought of our own northern coasts, at a later time of the year, when I could escape myself for a few weeks, and attend her. The

journey, too, would be shorter and less fatiguing; the air more invigorating."

"No doubt that would be better," said Mrs. Poyntz, dryly; "but so far as your objections to visiting Lady Haughton have been stated, they are groundless. Her house will not be melancholy; she will have other guests, and Lilian will find companions young like herself—young ladies and young gentlemen too!"

There was something ominous, something compassionate, in the look which Mrs. Poyntz cast upon me, in concluding her speech, which in itself was calculated to rouse the fears of a lover. Lilian away from me, in the house of a worldly fine lady—such as I judged Lady Haughton to be—surrounded by young gentlemen, as well as young ladies, by admirers, no doubt, of a higher rank and more brilliant fashion than she had yet known! I closed my eyes, and with strong effort suppressed a groan.

"My dear Anne, let me satisfy myself that Dr. Fenwick really *does* consent to this journey. He will say to me what he may not to you. Pardon me, then, if I take him aside for a few minutes. Let me find you here again under this cedar-tree."

Placing her arm in mine, and without waiting for Mrs. Ashleigh's answer, Mrs. Poyntz drew me into the more sequestered walk that belted the lawn; and, when we were out of Mrs. Ashleigh's sight and hearing, said:

"From what you have now seen of Lilian Ashleigh, do you still desire to gain her as your wife?"

"Still? Oh! with an intensity proportioned to the fear with which I now dread that she is about to pass away from my eyes—from my life!"

"Does your judgment confirm the choice of your heart? Reflect before you answer."

"Such selfish judgment as I had before I knew her would not confirm, but oppose it. The nobler judgment that now expands all my reasonings, approves and seconds my heart. No, no; do not smile so sarcastically. This is not the voice of a blind and egotistical passion. Let me explain myself if I can. I concede to you that Lilian's character is undeveloped. I concede to you that, amidst the childlike freshness and innocence of her nature, there is at times a strangeness, a mystery, which I have not yet traced to its cause. But I am certain that the intellect is organically as sound as the heart, and that intellect and heart will ultimately—if under happy auspices—blend in that felicitous union which constitutes the perfection of woman. But it is because she does, and may for years, may perhaps always, need a more devoted, thoughtful care than natures less tremulously sensitive, that my judgment sanctions my choice; for whatever is best for her is best for me. And who would watch over her as I should?"

"You have never yet spoken to Lilian as lovers speak?"

"Oh no, indeed."

"And, nevertheless, you believe that your affection would not be unreturned?"

"I thought so once—I doubt now—yet, in doubting, hope. But why do you alarm me with these questions? You, too, forebode that in this visit I may lose her for ever?"

"If you fear that, tell her so, and perhaps her answer may dispel your fear."

"What now, already, when she has scarcely known me a month! Might I not risk all if too premature?"

"There is no almanack for love. With many women love is born the moment they know they are beloved. All wisdom tells us that a moment once gone is irrevocable. Were I in your place, I should feel that I approached a moment that I must not lose. I have said enough; now I shall rejoin Mrs. Ashleigh."

"Stay—tell me first what Lady Haughton's letter really contained to prompt the advice with which you so transport, and yet so daunt, me when you proffer it."

"Not now—later, perhaps—not now. If you wish to see Lilian alone, she is by the old Monks' Well; I saw her seated there as I passed that way to the house."

"One word more—only one. Answer this question frankly, for it is one of honour. Do you still believe now that my suit to her daughter would not be disapproved of by Mrs. Ashleigh?"

"At this moment, I am sure it would not; a week hence I might not give you the same answer."

So she passed on, with her quick but measured tread, back through the shady walk, on to the open lawn, till the last glimpse of her pale grey robe disappeared under the boughs of the cedar-tree. Then, with a start, I broke the irresolute, tremulous suspense in which I had vainly endeavoured to analyse my own mind, solve my own doubts, concentrate my own will, and went the opposite way, skirting the circle of that haunted ground; as now, on one side its lofty terrace, the houses of the neighbouring city came full and close into view, divided from my fairyland of life but by the trodden murmurous thoroughfare winding low beneath the ivied parapets; and as now, again, the world of men abruptly vanished behind the screening foliage of luxuriant June.

At last the enchanted glade opened out from the verdure, its borders fragrant with syringa, and rose, and woodbine; and there, by the grey memorial of the gone Gothic age, my eyes seemed to close their unquiet wanderings, resting spell-bound on that image which had become to me the incarnation of earth's bloom and youth.

She stood amidst the Past, backed by the fragments of walls which man had raised to seclude him from human passion, locking under those lids so downcast, the secret of the only knowledge I asked from the boundless Future.

Ah, what mockery there is in that grand word, the world's fierce war-cry, Freedom! Who has not known one period of life, and that so solemn that its shadows may rest over all life hereafter, when one human creature has over him a sovereignty more supreme and abso-

lute than Orient servitude adores in the symbols of diadem and sceptre? What crest so haughty that has not bowed before a hand which could exalt or humble? What heart so dauntless that has not trembled to call forth the voice at whose sound ope the gates of rapture or despair? That life alone is free which rules and suffices for itself. That life we forfeit when we love!

CHAPTER XVII.

How did I utter it? By what words did my heart make itself known? I remember not. All was as a dream that falls upon a restless, feverish night, and fades away as the eyes unclose on the peace of a cloudless heaven, on the bliss of a golden sun. A new morrow seemed indeed upon the earth when I woke from a life-long yesterday; —her dear hand in mine, her sweet face bowed upon my breast.

And then there was that melodious silence in which there is no sound audible from without; yet within us there is heard a lulling celestial music, as if our whole being, grown harmonious with the universe, joined from its happy deeps in the hymn that unites the stars.

In that silence our two hearts seemed to make each other understood, to be drawing near and nearer, blending by mysterious concord into the completedness of a solemn union, never henceforth to be rent asunder.

At length I said softly: "And it was here, on this spot, that I first saw you—here, that I for the first time knew what power to change our world and to rule our future goes forth from the charm of a human face!"

Then Lilian asked me timidly, and without lifting her eyes, how I had so seen her, reminding me that I promised to tell her, and had never yet done so.

And then I told her of the strange impulse that had led me into the grounds, and by what chance my steps had been diverted down the path that wound to the glade; how suddenly her form had shone upon my eyes, gathering round itself the rose hues of the setting sun; and how wistfully those eyes had followed her own silent gaze into the distant heaven.

As I spoke, her hand pressed mine eagerly, convulsively, and, raising her face from my breast, she looked at me with an intent, anxious earnestness. That look!—twice before it had thrilled and perplexed me.

"What is there in that look, oh, my Lilian, which tells me that there is something that startles you—something you wish to confide, and yet shrink from explaining? See how, already, I study the fair book from which the seal has been lifted, but as yet you must aid me to construe its language."

"If I shrink from explaining, it is only because I fear that I cannot explain so as to be understood or believed. But you have a right to know the secrets of a life which you would link to your own. Turn your face aside from me; a reproving look, an incredulous smile, chill—oh! you cannot guess how they chill me—when I would approach that which to me is so serious and so solemnly strange."

I turned my face away, and her voice grew firmer as, after a brief pause, she resumed:

"As far back as I can remember in my infancy, there have been moments when there seems to fall a soft hazy veil between my sight and the things around it, thickening and deepening till it has the likeness of one of those white fleecy clouds which gather on the verge of the horizon when the air is yet still, but the winds are about to rise, and then this vapour or veil will suddenly open, as clouds open and let in the blue sky."

"Go on," I said, gently, for here she came to a stop.

She continued, speaking somewhat more hurriedly:

"Then, in that opening, strange appearances present themselves to me, as in a vision. In my childhood these were chiefly landscapes of wonderful beauty. I could but faintly describe them then; I could not attempt to describe them now, for they are almost gone from my memory. My dear mother chid me for telling her what I saw, so I did not impress it on my mind by repeating it. As I grew up, this kind of vision—if I may so call it—became much less frequent, or much less distinct; I still saw the soft veil fall, the pale cloud form and open, but often what may then have appeared was entirely forgotten when I recovered myself, waking as from a sleep. Sometimes, however, the recollection would be vivid and complete: sometimes I saw the face of my lost father; sometimes I heard his very voice, as I had seen and heard him in my early childhood, when he would let me rest for hours beside him as he mused or studied, happy to be so quietly near him—for I loved him, oh, so dearly! and I remember him so distinctly, though I was only in my sixth year when he died. Much more recently—indeed, within the last few months—the images of things to come are reflected on the space that I gaze into as clearly as in a glass. Thus, for weeks before I came hither, or knew that such a place existed, I saw distinctly the old House, yon trees, this sward, this moss-grown Gothic fount, and, with the sight, an impression was conveyed to me that in the scene before me my old childlike life would pass into some solemn change. So that when I came here, and recognised the picture in my vision, I took an affection for the spot; an affection not without awe; a powerful, perplexing interest, as one who feels under the influence of a fate of which a prophetic glimpse has been vouchsafed. And in that evening, when you first saw me, seated here——"

"Yes, Lilian, on that evening——?"

"I saw you also, but in my vision—yonder, far in the deeps of space—and—and my heart was stirred as it had never been before; and near where your image grew out from the cloud I saw my father's face, and I heard his voice, not in my ear, but as in my heart, whispering——"

"Yes, Lilian, whispering—what?"

"These words—only these—'Ye will need one another.' But then, suddenly, between my upward eyes and the two forms they had beheld, there rose from the earth, obscuring the skies, a vague dusky vapour, undulous, and coiling like a vast serpent, nothing, indeed, of its shape and figure definite, but of its face one abrupt glare; a flash from two dread luminous eyes, and a young head, like the Medusa's, changing, more rapidly than I could have drawn breath, into a grinning skull. Then my terror made me bow my head, and when I raised it again, all that I had seen was vanished. But the terror still remained, even when I felt my mother's arm round me and heard her voice. And then, when I entered the House, and sat down again alone, the recollection of what I had seen—those eyes—that face—that skull—grew on me stronger and stronger till I fainted, and remember no more, until my eyes, opening, saw you by my side, and in my wonder there was not terror. No, a sense of joy, protection, hope, yet still shadowed by a kind of fear or awe, in recognising the countenance which had gleamed on me from the skies before the dark vapour had risen, and while my father's voice had murmured, 'Ye will need one another.' And now—and now—will you love me less that you know a secret in my being which I have told to no other—cannot construe to myself?—only—only, at least, do not mock me—do not disbelieve me. Nay, turn from me no longer now:—now I ask to meet your eyes. Now, before our hands can join again, tell me that you do not despise me as untruthful, do not pity me as insane."

"Hush—hush!" I said, drawing her to my breast. "Of all you tell me we will talk hereafter. The scales of our science have no weights fine enough for the gossamer threads of a maiden's pure fancies. Enough for me—for us both—if out from all such illusions start one truth, told to you, lovely child, from the heavens; told to me, ruder man, on the earth—repeated by each pulse of this heart that woos you to hear and to trust;—now and henceforth through life unto death—'Each has need of the other'—I of you—I of you! my Lilian—my Lilian!"

DR. WILKINS'S PROPHETIC DREAMS.

Instantaneous and, in case of need, secret communication has advanced within a few years through the successive phases of a wild vision, a bare possibility looming in the distance, a reality too strange to be fully appreciated, and an ordinary matter of fact. That it was a short time ago the first, is as certainly true as that it is regarded now as a mere sixpenny convenience, but, like many other of the most important and interesting discoveries of modern science, before even the knowledge of which it is born had come into the world, telegraphy had its prophetic announcement. Shortly after the discovery of printing, and the religious and political ferment that followed closely upon that discovery, there was an amount of speculative prescience among the pursuers of science that has at no other time been equalled. Men were not overloaded with facts, and they allowed their imaginative and poetic faculties full play. Very vague and uncertain, no doubt, was the glimpse of futurity they got; but it was often real, and much of it has since been fully verified.

It is now just two centuries ago that the Honourable Society of Gray's Inn selected as their preacher the Reverend Dr. John Wilkins, at that time a puritanical clergyman, in the forty-sixth year of his age, not unknown to his contemporaries, but chiefly remarkable for his great skill in what were then called "the mathematicks." Preachers were then, as now, selected for the Inns of Court with the liberal toleration that looks straight at a man's worth, and Dr. Wilkins was an able, earnest clergyman, as well as the author of works on the physical science of his day, which might even at present be considered little recommendation to a society of gentlemen learned in the law. He was one of that small but distinguished body of learned men to whom England is indebted for the foundation of the "Royal Society for the improvement of natural knowledge"—a body which has since included, and still includes, most of those who have chiefly distinguished themselves in the pursuit of science in England. Appointed Warden of Wadham College, Oxford, in 1648, during the troublesome political disturbances of the great rebellion, Dr. Wilkins does not seem to have meddled much with politics, but, marrying a sister of Oliver Cromwell, then Protector of England, he naturally attached himself to the ruling party. His time, however, at Oxford was occupied in pursuits congenial to his tastes, for there were held at his rooms those meetings, commenced at the lodging of Dr. Petty, at which were assembled the Honourable Mr. Robert Boyle, Dr. Willis, Mr. Ashmole (founder of the Ashmolean museum), Dr. Seth Ward (afterwards Bishop of Salisbury), Dr. (afterwards Sir Christopher) Wren, Dr. (afterwards Sir William) Petty, and many others. These kindred spirits discussed subjects antiquarian, astrologic, medical, and mechanical, rather than political, and laid the foundation of a club which afterwards ripened into the much more important institution we have named.

At the Restoration, Dr. Wilkins, who had retained the appointment of master of his college after his marriage, contrary to the statutes and by a dispensation from Cromwell, was, of course, ejected, and, coming to London, his fortune was for some time at the lowest ebb, for he was out of favour both at court and at Lambeth, and could hardly expect much preferment. He did not, however, for this reason slacken in the pursuit of what then passed for natural philosophy, but continued to communicate on such subjects with his scientific friends. He also formed one of a party who met at Gresham College, first, to hear the lectures there given, and afterwards for "mutual converse," every Wednesday afternoon during term time at three

o'clock, "where, amongst other matters that were discoursed of, something was offered about a design of founding a college for the promoting of physico-mathematical experimental learning."

"There arose at this time," as Dr. Whewell observes, "a group of philosophers, who began to knock at the door where truth was to be found, although it was left for Newton to force it open." These earnest and honest men were the actual founders of the Royal Society, and among the foremost of them stands the Reverend Dr. Wilkins.

It was while thus occupied that our philosopher received the appointment of preacher at Gray's Inn. His affairs and finances being thereby improved, and his position in London established, he presided on the 28th November, 1660, over a remarkable meeting, at which it was finally decided to form a society for the pursuit of natural knowledge. This society having shortly afterwards been mentioned to the king, his approval and encouragement were obtained, and, being announced on the following 5th December, the Royal Society may be said to have been from that time established.

The chairman of a meeting at which so remarkable a body received life must ever be regarded as a personage in English science. But he was also a remarkable man in himself, for in spite of his puritanical opinions and his intermarriage with the family of the arch-rebel, he contrived to put himself on good terms both with the political and ecclesiastical authorities after the Restoration. Thus, in 1662, when the first charter of the Royal Society was granted by King Charles the Second, we find among those mentioned as members of the first "and modern" council of twenty-one, to whom was devolved the important duty of selecting the first fellows of the society, Robert Boyle, Kenelm Digby, William Petty, Christopher Wren, and others, with "John Wilkins, Doctor of Divinity," as worthy associates for so worthy a purpose, the object of the society being "to confer about the hidden causes of things, with a design to establish certain and correct uncertain theories in philosophy, and by their labours in the disquisition of nature to prove themselves real benefactors to mankind."

In the year preceding that in which the charter was granted to the Royal Society, Dr. Wilkins had been presented to a living in the City in the gift of the crown, and soon afterwards he was promoted to the deanery of Ripon. In 1668 he was appointed to the bishopric of Chester, and, we are told by his biographer, that in the exercise of his important functions in the latter part of his career (which terminated in 1672) "he filled his episcopal office with a goodness answerable to the rest of his life, but with a prudence above it, considering the two extremes of popery and fanaticism, which were nowhere then so much as in his diocese."

Turning now to consider the scientific dreams and discoveries of Dr. Wilkins, we begin with a work published in 1638, entitled A Discovery of a New World; or, a Discourse tending to prove that it is probable there may be another Habitable World in the Moon: with a Discourse concerning the Possibility of a Passage thither. This idea of the moon being inhabited was not then new, and has not quite passed out of date. While at one time we are told that the absence of atmosphere and water would render life on it impossible, at another time astronomers suggest the possibility of vapour and atmosphere different, perhaps, from that to which we are accustomed, but by no means incapable of supporting a mooncalf. As to the passage thither, indeed, no practicable means have ever been suggested, for although the author of the tract before us believes that the earth's attraction, supposed by him to be a kind of magnetism, might be overcome in various ways mechanically, more complete knowledge of the nature of the force of gravitation has added greatly to the improbability that we can ever move ourselves beyond its local influence. This, therefore, is a prophecy unaccomplished, and is likely to remain so.

A year or two after the publication of the essay just referred to, Wilkins published a treatise entitled Mercury; or, the Swift and Sure Messenger: showing how a Man may, with Privacy and Speed, communicate his Thoughts to a Friend at any Distance. Concerning this book the following doggrel lines of a certain Richard West, who edited a second edition some years afterwards, will serve to give a general notion. He tells us that not only are we there to learn the way of attaining perfect secrecy in communication, but

Our thoughts will now arrive before they're stale:
They shall no more wait on carrier's ale
And hostess—two land *remoraes*, which bind
All to a tortoise-pace though words be wind.
This book's a better ark: we brook no stay,
Maugre the deepest flood or foulest way.

Afterwards addressing the author, the editor, rising into a higher poetic vein, exclaims:

Then your diviner hieroglyphicks tell,
How we may landskips read and pictures spell.
You teach how clouds inform, how smoaks advise;
Then saints will incense talk to deities.
* * * * *
'Tis not like juggler's tricks, absurd when shown,
But more and more admired the more 'tis known.
Writing's an act of emanation,
And thoughts speed quick and far as day doth run.

Doggrel indeed! Marvellous revelations would be expected from such an announcement; and, although the first glance at the book suggests a notion that the secrets thus trumpeted are somewhat shabby and lean, there are some exceedingly singular suggestions mixed up with odd and apparently unmeaning matter. The art of secret information generally is defined and set forth in great minuteness of detail, and with a distinct Greek and Latin nomenclature worthy of a new science. It includes three branches: the first of which is a kind of arranged nonsense-talk made up of broken words, and corresponds well with the

peculiar jargon that school-children have adopted from time immemorial when discussing their affairs with favourite companions. The second department includes the formation and use of cypher alphabets, often invented and modified with great ingenuity, but always capable of being made out when there is any real necessity for doing so. The third method is a kind of short-hand, but the key to this, like that of cyphers, and also like that of many written languages almost lost, can be with singular ease discovered, owing to the much greater abundance of certain letters and words in every language than others, and an invariable and inevitable law thus obtained. All these methods or departments of secret communication, curious and ingenious enough at the time, may now be said to have little value, and possess no general interest.

While, however, describing these familiar and not very useful secrets, our author suggests others far less probable, as it might seem at the time, but which have been found more useful and practicable. Thus he speaks of "a flying chariot than which imagination itself cannot conceive any one more useful, since by this means a man may have as free a passage as a bird, which is not hindered by the highest walls, or the deepest rivers and trenches, or the most watchful sentinels." It is true that the notion of sailing through the air like birds is of very ancient date, and that Roger Bacon states that he has heard of a machine to accomplish this purpose. But it seems certain that no human being ever actually ascended far into the air in any floating balloon till, in 1783, the brothers Montgolfier made their first successful experiment near Lyons, in France. It would be difficult, however, to find words to express in smaller space, or with greater reference to the modern contrivances of balloons, all that these machines can perform, than those made use of in the above short extract. Balloons, indeed, have not yet been made useful, except on a small scale, in war, but that is because they cannot yet be guided. When this is secured, the prophetic description will be perfect.

On the subject of rapid communication of news generally, we find in this same work a reference to "three saturnine angels and certain images by which in the space of twenty-four hours a man may be informed of news from any part of the world." If the saturnine angels or messengers be translated to mean metallic wires, and the images the dial-plates of telegraphic instruments, all that is apparent in the electric telegraph would be described, but as the nature of the power or influence is not alluded to, the hint is hardly sufficient. Much more distinct, however, is the sentence that follows shortly after, when "certain fabulous relations that concern secret and swift conveyances," are thus described. "Let there be two needles provided of an equal length and business, being both of them touched with the same loadstone. Let the letters of the alphabet be placed in the circles on which they are moved, as the points of the compass under the needle of the mariner's chart. Let the friend that is to travel take one of them with him, first agreeing upon the days and hours wherein they should confer together, at which times, if one of them move the needle of his instrument to any letter of the alphabet, the other needle, by a sympathy, will move unto the same letter in the other instrument, though they be never so far distant. And thus, by several motions of the needle to the letters they may easily make up any words or sense which they have a mind to express."

Dr. Wilkins, while he thus describes what he was informed could be done, evidently has grave doubts as to its possibility. He observes, first, "that every natural agent is supposed to have some certain sphere, which determines its activity," and therefore that this sympathy between distant magnets was improbable. Secondly, he says, that "magnetical operations do not arise from mere sympathy, but from such a diffusion of these magnetical qualities through the medium that they may be continued from the agent to the patient." Still he describes and refers to it as to a fact, and it is not a little curious to see in this suggestion of a result only recently attained, how completely the imagination has gone ahead of the observing and reflective faculties. The principle involved in all practical telegraphic operations, that of making soft iron magnetic by passing through it a galvanic current, and the facility thus obtained of making and unmaking a magnet at will is not referred to in these speculations, and is altogether a modern invention. The communication of magnetic currents by metallic wires, although exceedingly useful and generally adopted, is not so essential, and thus one very small step, and one only, really separates this suggestion, doubtful even to the suggestor, from the marvellous realisation of our own day.

There is something exceedingly interesting in looking back to the infancy of science and tracing the foreshadowing of great inventions in the mind of an ingenious man, whose imaginative and poetic intellect was enabled to overleap the mechanical difficulties that for centuries prevented the successful carrying out into practice of the ideas he entertained. It may be very doubtful whether such guesses and vague fancies really assist the more matter-of-fact discoverer in after times, but there is no doubt that they prepare the minds of men, and keep alive an excitement which may often tend in its operation to promote discovery.

One word more with regard to the apparent vagueness of the accounts, and even the impossibility of obtaining a fairly accurate notion of the details, when such men as Bishop Wilkins set forth their ideal views of what science is doing or will do. Although what they wrote seems to us now so unpractical, we must not conclude that men of this stamp were without wisdom and honesty, or that they did not exert themselves to the utmost, according to their knowledge and powers, for the improvement and enlightenment of mankind. They had but few

facts to work upon, and little experience of accurate observers to fall back upon. Everything around them was equally new and wonderful, and if they had not generalised by instinct they never could have arrived at the useful conclusions that we frequently meet with, and the suggestions that abound in their works. Step by step knowledge has advanced; one after another the various sciences and departments of science have taken their natural place in the great series. At one time minute accuracy of detail, and at another broad generalisations, have marked the advance, but those have not been the least valuable friends to scientific research who have collected the facts and suggested the practical applications that might possibly result from them. There was something of prophecy even in the scientific dreams of Dr. Wilkins, because he loved truth, and pursued science for its own sake. The difference between the habit of thought in such a man two centuries ago and at the present time is not greater than the difference that exists between the early and later memoirs published in the Transactions of that learned body of which Bishop Wilkins was a founder.

SANDS OF LIFE.

THERE are two (if not more, for there are thirty-six Montreuils in all) well-known Montreuils in France. One, inland, near Paris, Montreuil-aux-Pêches, is distinguished by the peaches for which it is famous. The other, a small fortified sous-prefectoral town on the top of a hill, overlooking the valley of the Canche, is called Montreuil-sur-Mer, although it is several miles distant from the English Channel. This is the Montreuil of which Nelson wrote, "We lodged in the same inn, and under the auspices of the same cheerful landlord who supplied Sterne with his servant Lafleur. We would gladly have remained at Montreuil, but neither good lodgings nor good company are to be had. There is no middle class at all; the town is inhabited by some sixty noble families, who are the owners of great part of the neighbouring country, while all the rest are very poor. Very few places have such good shooting. Partridges are twopence-halfpenny the brace; pheasants and woodcocks, as well as poultry in general, are equally cheap. Thirty-six hours spent at Montreuil made us regret that we had to leave it."

Since Nelson's letter was put into the post, Montreuil has made great advances in everything—the price of partridges included. Without any dearth of landed proprietors, there is also a middle class, besides good lodgings and good society, with good fish and good fowl, and, above all, a good physician, Doctor Paul Perrochaud, who is the hero of the following story:

The doctor was once a little boy, perhaps not a little spoiled, and doubtless given to house-building with cards, and to peopling small wooden mansions with dolls. Such must have been the pursuits of his childhood, for the child is father to the man. The only difference now, is, that instead of a wooden Swiss farm and its appendages, which may be taken to pieces and put into a box, he has a wooden hospital with wooden offices, and a wooden chapel, which he can undo, and shift about, and put together again, as whim or wisdom may direct; also that, instead of wooden haymakers and shepherds and sheep, he has a staff of Sisters of Charity really alive and active in their black and white costume: with a collection of one hundred boys and girls who squeak, make faces, and float in the water, as naturally as the most expensive doll to be found in all London.

Everybody has his hobby; Dr. Perrochaud's hobby is SCROFULOUS CHILDREN. And why not? A scrofulous child is far more interesting than a healthy child. In fact, a healthy child is uninteresting. It never gives you the excitement of fearing that it should go blind, or should melt away to nothing, or become frightful to behold with abscesses and scars, or be a cripple for life with white swellings and stiff joints, if consumption do not shorten its sufferings. With a healthy child, you have no need to sit up o' nights, watching whether the flame of life is to go out speedily or to flicker on a little longer. A healthy child never gives you the pleasure of observing the results of successful treatment—the look that assures a fresh hold on existence, the increasing flesh, the clearer complexion, the smile.

But if the scrofulous child be also a poor child—the child of parents confined within large cities, or a foundling child in a foundling hospital, fatherless and motherless—our interest in the child increases tenfold. It is a romance in one volume, whose tedious chapters we cannot skip and turn to the end to satisfy our curiosity. Actual life is an unflinching reader; we must follow every individual page before we can arrive at the conclusion. How strong the interest, is proved by the way in which the appetite grows with the indulgence. Dr. Perrochaud began with nursing one scrofulous child; he now has one hundred under his wing; he hopes in a year or two to get some four or five hundred together in his expansive and movable hospital.

France is not ravaged with scrofula so severely as several other countries of Europe. There is more scrofula in England than in France, and still more in Holland than in England. But there is yet enough scrofulous disease in France to put a medical man upon his mettle. Ever since popular credulity withdrew its faith from the touch of kings, the Faculty have been anxiously inquiring, Where is the remedy, what is the specific, against that dreadful disease the King's Evil?

According to Michelet, it was reserved for England to solve the problem. One of the most striking features of England at the present day are her innumerable marine villas, the love of a sea-side residence, and the bathing continued late into the autumn; all which are modern, premeditated, and intentional habits. The Duke of Newcastle asked Dr. Russell why, in so many of the fairest forms, rottenness lay hid beneath

lilies and roses? The doctor, by way of answer, published, in 1750, a book entitled De Tabe Glandulari, seu de Usu Aquæ Marinæ (On Glandular Disease, or the Use of Sea-Water). His object was, through its use, not to cure but to remake and recreate his patients. He proposed to work a miracle, although a possible miracle; namely, to make new flesh, to create fresh tissues. It follows clearly that he greatly preferred to work upon children. At that period, Bakewell had just invented meat; cattle, which had hitherto scarcely supplied anything else besides milk, were in future to yield a more generous aliment. Russell, on his part, by this little book, most opportunely invented the sea; that is to say, he made it the fashion.

His whole system may be resumed in one word—THE SEA. You must drink sea-water; you must bathe in it, and you must eat all sorts of marine things—shell-fish, fish proper, sea-weeds (there is not a single poisonous marine vegetable), in which its virtue is concentrated. Secondly, Dr. Russell ordered his scrofulous children to be very slightly clad, and always exposed to the air; sea-air and sea-water, at their natural temperatures, and nothing more, were his remedies. The latter prescription was bold and decided practice, which is followed with considerable modifications by practitioners of the present day. To keep a child half-naked in a damp and variable climate, amounted to a resolution to sacrifice the weakliest. The strongest only would survive; and the race, perpetuated by them alone, would be reinstated in its pristine vigour.

Last December, M. Michelet received a small pamphlet from Italy. Opposite the title-page were the portraits of two children, of whom one died and the other was dying, in the hospitals of Florence. Its author was the hospital doctor, who took the fate of his little patients so keenly to heart that he could not help expressing his sorrow and regret; for which he alleges as his excuse, that "These dear children would not have died, if they could have been sent to the sea." Conclusion: A hospital for children must be established on the coast. The doctor's appeal went home to people's hearts. Without waiting for government assistance, an independent society immediately founded a Children's Bathing Establishment, at Viareggio.

The benevolent Florentine's idea had already been anticipated in France by Messieurs Frère and Perrochaud (the former sub-inspector of the assisted children belonging to the Department of the Seine, who are placed out in the arrondissement of Montreuil-sur-Mer; the latter the physician charged with the medical care of the said children), who, in April, 1857, placed in the village of Groffiers, on the Channel coast, several children in a desperate state of rachitism and scrofulism.

The reader here ought to be informed that the Administration Générale de l'Assistance Publique at Paris is almost a sort of ministry, rivalling in importance the Ministry of the Interior, the Ministry of War, the Ministry of Worship and Public Instruction, or any other branch of the government. Its office is a large building close to Notre Dame. It manages the affairs of all hospitals, infirmaries, almshouses, foundling hospitals, out-door and in-door relief, and every other public act of charity connected with the department of the Seine. Its powers are very great; lately, it has established hospitals of convalescence for sick persons recovering from illnesses, who have been treated in hospitals proper, or elsewhere; and we see that it has sent scrofulous children to the sea-side. It has immense revenues at its disposal, roughly estimated at from two hundred and fifty thousand, to three hundred thousand pounds sterling per annum. It levies a tribute of ten per cent on the profits of all theatrical performances, balls, concerts, circuses, and amusements of every kind, in Paris. It has landed property, interest from funds, payments from public markets, profits of the Mont-de-Piété, or Public Pawnbroker, a good slice out of the income of the octroi tax, besides the special endowments of the hospitals, &c. The whole of this money must be expended on charitable purposes only, and not on paving, drainage, or any other work of public utility, however recommendable. Any one who has served for thirty years in a hospital, or other charitable establishment in Paris, is entitled to a maintenance for life from the Administration Générale de l'Assistance Publique. It will be seen, therefore, what an enormous power for good is wielded by the director-general.

The cure, by sea-bathing, of the above-mentioned little patients encouraged MM. Frère and Perrochaud to demand from the director-general, an authorisation to place, by way of experiment, in a private house on the beach at Berck, as many scrofulous children as could be attended to by the person who undertook to board and lodge them. In '58 and '59, more than fifty children of both sexes, sent to Berck by the Administration, were completely cured of the scrofulous affections under which they were suffering.

These results, as satisfactory as they were unexpected, decided the Administration, in the month of May, 1860, to confide to Messieurs Frère and Perrochaud more than sixty of their scrofulous and rickety protégés. In consequence of the salutary influence of sea-bathing on these last patients, Monsieur le Directeur Général, wishing to give the scrofulous children under his administration a new proof of his incessant solicitude for their welfare, authorised the erection, on the beach at Berck, of a hospital containing one hundred beds: which are now occupied, in the proportion of a third each, by scrofulous children selected from the hospitals Sainte Eugénie, des Enfants Malades, and des Enfants Assistés. Every child, before its departure, is carefully examined, and a note of its condition is drawn up by competent physicians belonging to the Paris hospitals. All the details of the treatment of each, with the effects of sea-side residence and saline baths, on the

constitution, are to be described in a second notice, which will accompany the child on its return to Paris, where it will be examined again. The Administration will thus be able to form a competent judgment as to the value of the new therapeutic means which it places at the disposal of its medical men. Every fortnight, a detailed account of the state of each child is sent to Paris, so that the parents (of such as have parents) can know how their children are going on. And that is the history of Dr. Perrochaud's pet hospital.

But although the overgrown wooden toy is dilatable and transferable at pleasure, there is no thought of removing it from its present site, which is all that can be wished. Suppose, Reader, you come with us, for an easy and recreative jaunt, and take a look at it.

In less than an hour, the Boulogne Railway drops us at the station of Montreuil-Verton. A road running off to the left would take us inland to Montreuil itself; we follow, instead, seaward, a road to the right, which leads us through a sandy plain of pleasant pasturage and close-cropped meadows to the large long loose-twisted village of Berck: an irregular street of three thousand inhabitants, which seems to be continually creeping onward, like a colossal worm protruding its snout of new-built houses, in the hope of one day reaching the sea. The centre of the vermicular burgh bulges out into a cavity or hollow stomach, wherein are contained a well, some benches serving as market stalls, and, studded along the ribs of the village, sundry retailers of meat and drink.

Out of the village, we have the sandy plain again, still sandier, bearing tufts of marram-grass, sea-side convolvulus, and other members of the maritime flora. The place is flooded with light and with dry pure air; there are no marshes near, no stagnant pools; no river is discharging itself and bringing down decaying vegetable deposits. Before us is the deep blue sea, and an enormous area of yellow sandy beach, impregnated only with the bromine and iodine left by the retiring tide, stretching right and left with no visible boundary. The extent would be oppressive to the mind, were it not relieved and broken up by scores of stranded fishing-boats, some in full employment, with masts and rigging, others retired on half-pay, and roofed with thatch. After a few steps, the scene groups itself into a sparkling picture, with wooden erections on either side, cottages at the service of strangers, lodgings clean but not luxurious, where a regimen of coddling is impossible. Thus, at the clean-looking sign of the emperor's godson, Louis Eugène Drapier receives lodgers for the baths—and we presume for no other purpose on earth. The whole is overlooked by the considerable Hôtel de la Plage, and the more considerable Hôtel des Bains, where good entertainment and pleasant company are to be found. All this, being in front of the boundary of sandhills, constitutes a world of the shore quite distinct from the world of fields. We have left inland life and town life far behind us.

Where, but here, would you find planted, in the middle of your path, a board with an inscription thus poetically and decorously conceived:

defense est faite aux hommes de venir se baigner
sans avoir un calecon que chacun doit porter
de même sur la plage un homme en nudité
subira les rigueurs d'une autre autorité
le maire fontaine

Done freely into English, thus:

no man who comes to bathe may ever here
without a proper bathing-dress appear
nude individuals are sure to be
punished by gendarmes and authority
the mayor fontaine

A few steps to the left, passing a Russian lady's wooden cottage villa, and we are within hail of a wooden terrace, on whose railing several children's windmills are spinning, while merry voices salute us with shouts of "Bonjour, Monsieur Perrochaud!" The plan of the hospital is seen at a glance—three sides of a square, open to the sea, with an isolated box-chapel in the middle. The whole takes to pieces, and may be enlarged. The wing on one side is occupied by boys, that on the opposite side by girls. These are connected by a sort of gallery which, besides containing a passage or corridor, is partitioned off into the doctor's room; the sisters' refectory; the linen-room, with sheets, and every needful article of clothing, coarse, but well-aired, and in apple-pie order; the pharmacy, or apothecary's-room, where medicines are perfectly well dispensed by a sister who purposely studied two years in a druggist's shop; and the kitchen, redolent of savoury smells, the cooking also being done by neat-handed culinary sisters.

"Some soup, my sister,* if you please." It is a meagre Wednesday for the hard-working Franciscans; for the children it is a meat day, all the same. "Excellent soup, indeed, my sister; suppose we try a little more." And we enjoy a hearty plateful, with carrot and bread, without scruple of robbing the poor. The city of Paris and the Administration Générale pay for all, and can afford without grudging, this slight refreshment to the passing traveller.

As these poor children are made to partake of sea-bathing and sea-side lodgings, like the children of the rich, so are they fed with the diet of the rich, to strengthen their feebleness and spur on their constitutions. Pleasant little extras are forthcoming, when required; green or blue curtains, and green spectacles for the weak of sight. Take note that the director-general has conceived the notion that the children's cure *may be hastened* BY SPOILING THEM. Every mother will understand this novel principle of hospital treatment. This smart collection of barrows and rakes, playthings which will enjoy a reign of eight-and-forty hours, was sent only the other day, in order that the patients may amuse themselves with removing the sand, which drifts into the front court and also into their playgrounds, like snow. When tired of this,

* Religious women are addressed as, "Ma sœur," the Mother Superior as "Ma mère."

they have their gymnastic apparatus to go to; as soon as that begins to pall, there are their little shrimping-nets to tempt them to paddle in the salt sea waves, and catch what shrimps and crabs they can. Was there ever a child that did not delight to dabble in water? Bravo, Monsieur Husson, director-general! Your heart is in your work. The children who are to be kept through the winter will have warm water to bathe and dabble in.

Here is their dietary for three successive days: Tuesday: breakfast, bread-and-butter, with milk to drink; dinner, soup with vegetables, roast mutton (the dearest meat in France), baked potatoes; supper, soup, roast mutton, fish. Wednesday: breakfast, milk-soup and bread; dinner, meat-soup, boiled beef, fresh vegetables; supper, soup, beef ragoût, with French plums in it. Thursday: breakfast, bread-and-butter and milk; dinner, soup with vegetables, roast veal, potatoes; supper, soup, roast veal, potatoes.

The day is thus occupied during summer: Rise at six; prayers and mass at seven; breakfast at half-past seven; from eight till nine, school, nominal, most of the children being too seriously ill to attend to anything of the kind; the least unwell learn a little catechism and A B C; walk and play from nine till ten; sea-bathing and medical dressings from ten till half-past eleven. At half-past eleven, dinner.

Recreation from twelve till one; from one till two, the doctor's visit; from two till three, school, nominal, mostly taken up with the doctor's prolonged inspection; from three till half-past four, sea-bathing—which is performed twice a day—and medical dressings; at half-past four, "goûter," a little bit of something to stay the stomach; from five to half-past six, walk and play; at seven, supper; at eight, extraordinary medical dressings, and to bed.

It thus appears that the little patients are pretty nearly made to play away their scrofula. "Let us work away!" cry the afflicted playmates, as they proudly barrow off the sand. The wholesome sea influences are manifested by the fact that children, after having been ill for four or five years, have got well here in six or eight weeks. At Berck there are two distinct populations—the rope-makers and cord-spinners, comparatively ill-conditioned; and the fishermen and fishwomen, handsome, robust, and ruddy. Advantage is taken of everything derived from the sea; it is found that the so-called samphire, really glasswort (Salicornia), used as a vegetable, is a useful substitute for cod-liver oil.

It will be taken for granted that such an establishment is provided with every requisite room and office, with dining and work-rooms, bath-rooms, wound-dressing-rooms, washhouses, drying-houses, and infirmaries for boys and girls: one just now occupied with cases of scrofulous ophthalmia, requiring constant and careful attendance on the part of the good Franciscan nuns. Each dormitory has its washing-place with a separate basin, numbered, for each patient: separate towel, comb, brush, sponge, and little bag of toilet articles hanging beneath it against the wall. Between two dormitories is a surveillance chamber, or glazed watch-room, occupied by the sister on duty for the night.

It is the hour for the doctor to visit his patients. Here they come to be visited, finding their way up-stairs as well as they can: the halt being helped on by those who have only abscesses and sores; some limping, some scarred, bloated, and swollen, but all powdered with sand, and smiling, to be reviewed. Every iron bedstead is numbered at the head, and has a ticket bearing the occupant's name. The temporary owner of the bed stands (when he *can* stand) at the foot, and we pass very leisurely between the double row of cheery sufferers, followed by attendant sisters, note-book in hand, with a kind word, a tap on the cheek, an order, an admonition, or a joke, for each. The poor little child who came in lately, like an overgrown spider, with distended body and meagre limbs, looks up and laughs, as it crawls on the floor at the foot of its bed; hope is dimpling in its mouth and chin. That womanly thoughtful girl, sitting up in bed with the enormously swelled knee, uncovers it complacently. Ah! It hurts her to touch it! Very well; let the plaister remain. She is recovering; she has slept well, the last two nights. Yes; she says with evident confidence in the future, she has slept very well indeed. And these rosy cheeks, and these laughing eyes, can *they* belong to sick children? Ah, yes! They are all sick, have been very sick, otherwise they would not be here. This merry face, however, and that, will be sent back to Paris next week, to gladden homes relieved of a deep care.

And who are they that bear the great brunt of the burden, from day to day, and from hour to hour? Who, but the good Franciscan Sisters? They have not withdrawn from the world to meditate in solitude on religious mysteries; they do not say too many prayers, nor repeat interminable Aves and Paternosters; their life is a continued prayer—of thanksgiving and beneficence. Doubtless they will have their reward; for you may read in their countenances that they have it already. Adieu, Mother Superior! I thank you heartily for the good work I have enjoyed the privilege of seeing.

Works of real charity are sure to find followers in the United Kingdom; the idea of sea-side hospitals, for the reception of inland patients, is good. It has been suggested that so excellent a sanitary measure need not be confined to children only, but may be advantageously extended to adults. "Every large town contains within itself another over-peopled town—the hospital—to which the worn-out workman retires, again and again, incessantly. He dies young, leaving his family a charge on the public. It would be much easier to prevent his falling ill, than to cure him when once he is really ill. The man for whom much may be done, is not the man who is already sick, but the man who is likely to become sick, in consequence of the exhaustion of his strength. Ten days' repose by the sea-side would set him right

again, and be the means of saving a solid workman. The transport, the simple shelter needed for so short a summer sojourn, a low-priced public ordinary, would, altogether, cost infinitely less than a long stay in a hospital. The man would be saved; and with him," adds Michelet, "his wife and children." If the cure be not radical, life is, at least, eased and prolonged.

PARTING DAY.

THE sunset burns, the hamlet spire
Gleams grandly, sheathed in evening fire,
The river rolleth red.
The flowers are drenched in floating haze,
The churchyard brightens, and old days
Seem smiling on the dead.

From pendent boughs, like drops of gold
The peaches hang; the mansion old
From out its nest of green,
Looks joyful through its golden eyes
Back on the sunset-burnished skies
A smile o'er all the scene.

The running child, whose wavy hair
Takes from the sunset's level glare
A purer, brighter tinge,
Rolls on the grass; the evening star
Above yon streak of cloudy bar
Hangs on Day's purple fringe.

Where latest sunshine slanting falls,
Above the ivied orchard walls,
The tall tree-shadows lean,
In waving lines of shade, that nod
Like dusky streams across the road
With banks of light between.

The streams are gilt, the towering vane
Stands burnished; and the cottage pane
Seems melting in the sun;
The last lark wavers down the sky,
The husky crow slides careless by,
The golden day is done.

FOUR STORIES.

ALL four shall be told exactly as I, the present narrator, have received them. They are all derived from credible sources; and the first—the most extraordinary of the four—is well known at first hand to individuals still living.

Some few years ago a well-known English artist received a commission from Lady F. to paint a portrait of her husband. It was settled that he should execute the commission at F. Hall, in the country, because his engagements were too many to permit his entering upon a fresh work till the London season should be over. As he happened to be on terms of intimate acquaintance with his employers, the arrangement was satisfactory to all concerned, and on the 13th of September he set out in good heart to perform his engagement.

He took the train for the station nearest to F. Hall, and found himself, when first starting, alone in a carriage. His solitude did not, however, continue long. At the first station out of London, a young lady entered the carriage, and took the corner opposite to him. She was very delicate looking, with a remarkable blending of sweetness and sadness in her countenance, which did not fail to attract the notice of a man of observation and sensibility. For some time neither uttered a syllable. But at length the gentleman made the remarks usual under such circumstances, on the weather and the country, and, the ice being broken, they entered into conversation. They spoke of painting. The artist was much surprised by the intimate knowledge the young lady seemed to have of himself and his doings. He was quite certain that he had never seen her before. His surprise was by no means lessened when she suddenly inquired whether he could make, from recollection, the likeness of a person whom he had seen only once, or at most twice? He was hesitating what to reply, when she added, "Do you think, for example, that you could paint me from recollection?"

He replied that he was not quite sure, but that perhaps he could.

"Well," she said, "look at me again. You may have to take a likeness of me."

He complied with this odd request, and she asked, rather eagerly:

"Now, do you think you could?"

"I think so," he replied; "but I cannot say for certain."

At this moment the train stopped. The young lady rose from her seat, smiled in a friendly manner on the painter, and bade him good-by: adding, as she quitted the carriage, "We shall meet again soon." The train rattled off, and Mr. H. (the artist) was left to his own reflections.

The station was reached in due time, and Lady F.'s carriage was there, to meet the expected guest. It carried him to the place of his destination, one of "the stately homes of England," after a pleasant drive, and deposited him at the hall door, where his host and hostess were standing to receive him. A kind greeting passed, and he was shown to his room: for the dinner-hour was close at hand.

Having completed his toilet, and descended to the drawing-room, Mr. H. was much surprised, and much pleased, to see, seated on one of the ottomans, his young companion of the railway carriage. She greeted him with a smile and a bow of recognition. She sat by his side at dinner, spoke to him two or three times, mixed in the general conversation, and seemed perfectly at home. Mr. H. had no doubt of her being an intimate friend of his hostess. The evening passed away pleasantly. The conversation turned a good deal upon the fine arts in general, and on painting in particular, and Mr. H. was entreated to show some of the sketches he had brought down with him from London. He readily produced them, and the young lady was much interested in them.

At a late hour the party broke up, and retired to their several apartments.

Next morning, early, Mr. H. was tempted by the bright sunshine to leave his room, and stroll out into the park. The drawing-room opened

into the garden; passing through it, he inquired of a servant who was busy arranging the furniture, whether the young lady had come down yet?

"What young lady, sir?" asked the man, with an appearance of surprise.

"The young lady who dined here last night."

"No young lady dined here last night, sir," replied the man, looking fixedly at him.

The painter said no more: thinking within himself that the servant was either very stupid or had a very bad memory. So, leaving the room, he sauntered out into the park.

He was returning to the house, when his host met him, and the usual morning salutations passed between them.

"Your fair young friend has left you?" observed the artist.

"What young friend?" inquired the lord of the manor.

"The young lady who dined here last night," returned Mr. H.

"I cannot imagine to whom you refer," replied the gentleman, very greatly surprised.

"Did not a young lady dine and spend the evening here yesterday?" persisted Mr. H., who in his turn was beginning to wonder.

"No," replied his host; "most certainly not. There was no one at table but yourself, my lady, and I."

The subject was never reverted to after this occasion, yet our artist could not bring himself to believe that he was labouring under a delusion. If the whole were a dream, it was a dream in two parts. As surely as the young lady had been his companion in the railway carriage, so surely she had sat beside him at the dinner-table. Yet she did not come again; and everybody in the house, except himself, appeared to be ignorant of her existence.

He finished the portrait on which he was engaged, and returned to London.

For two whole years he followed up his profession: growing in reputation, and working hard. Yet he never all the while forgot a single lineament in the fair young face of his fellow-traveller. He had no clue by which to discover where she had come from, or who she was. He often thought of her, but spoke to no one about her. There was a mystery about the matter which imposed silence on him. It was wild, strange, utterly unaccountable.

Mr. H. was called by business to Canterbury. An old friend of his—whom I will call Mr. Wylde—resided there. Mr. H., being anxious to see him, and having only a few hours at his disposal, wrote as soon as he reached the hotel, begging Mr. Wylde to call upon him there. At the time appointed the door of his room opened, and Mr. Wylde was announced. He was a complete stranger to the artist; and the meeting between the two was a little awkward. It appeared, on explanation, that Mr. H.'s friend had left Canterbury some time; that the gentleman now face to face with the artist was another Mr. Wylde; that the note intended for the absentee had been given to him; and that he had obeyed the summons, supposing some business matter to be the cause of it.

The first coldness and surprise dispelled, the two gentlemen entered into a more friendly conversation; for Mr. H. had mentioned his name, and it was not a strange one to his visitor. When they had conversed a little while, Mr. Wylde asked Mr. H. whether he had ever painted, or could undertake to paint, a portrait from mere description? Mr. H. replied, never.

"I ask you this strange question," said Mr. Wylde, "because, about two years ago, I lost a dear daughter. She was my only child, and I loved her very dearly. Her loss was a heavy affliction to me, and my regrets are the deeper that I have no likeness of her. You are a man of unusual genius. If you could paint me a portrait of my child, I should be very grateful."

Mr. Wylde then described the features and appearance of his daughter, and the colour of her eyes and hair, and tried to give an idea of the expression of her face. Mr. H. listened attentively, and, feeling great sympathy with his grief, made a sketch. He had no thought of its being like, but hoped the bereaved father might possibly think it so. But the father shook his head on seeing the sketch, and said, "No, it was not at all like." Again the artist tried, and again he failed. The features were pretty well, but the expression was not hers; and the father turned away from it, thanking Mr. H. for his kind endeavours, but quite hopeless of any successful result. Suddenly a thought struck the painter; he took another sheet of paper, made a rapid and vigorous sketch, and handed it to his companion. Instantly, a bright look of recognition and pleasure lighted up the father's face, and he exclaimed, "That is she! Surely you must have seen my child, or you never could have made so perfect a likeness!"

"When did your daughter die?" inquired the painter, with agitation.

"About two years ago; on the 13th of September. She died in the afternoon, after a few days' illness."

Mr. H. pondered, but said nothing. The image of that fair young face was engraven on his memory as with a diamond's point, and her strangely prophetic words were now fulfilled.

A few weeks after, having completed a beautiful full-length portrait of the young lady, he sent it to her father, and the likeness was declared, by all who had ever seen her, to be perfect.

Among the friends of my family was a young Swiss lady, who, with an only brother, had been left an orphan in her childhood. She was brought up, as well as her brother, by an aunt; and the children, thus thrown very much upon each other, became very strongly attached. At the age of twenty-two the youth got some appointment in India, and the terrible day drew near when they must part. I need not describe the agony of persons so circumstanced. But the mode in which these two sought to mitigate the anguish of separation was singular. They agreed that if either should die before the young

man's return, the dead should appear to the living.

The youth departed. The young lady by-and-by married a Scotch gentleman, and quitted her home, to be the light and ornament of his. She was a devoted wife, but she never forgot her brother. She corresponded with him regularly, and her brightest days in all the year were those which brought letters from India.

One cold winter's day, two or three years after her marriage, she was seated at work near a large bright fire, in her own bedroom up-stairs. It was about mid-day, and the room was full of light. She was very busy, when some strange impulse caused her to raise her head and look round. The door was slightly open, and, near the large antique bed, stood a figure, which she, at a glance, recognised as that of her brother. With a cry of delight she started up, and ran forward to meet him, exclaiming, "Oh, Henry! How could you surprise me so! You never told me you were coming!" But he waved his hand sadly, in a way that forbade approach, and she remained rooted to the spot. He advanced a step towards her, and said, in a low soft voice, "Do you remember our agreement? I have come to fulfil it;" and approaching nearer he laid his hand on her wrist. It was icy cold, and the touch made her shiver. Her brother smiled, a faint sad smile, and, again waving his hand, turned and left the room.

When the lady recovered from a long swoon there was a mark on her wrist, which never left it to her dying day. The next mail from India brought a letter, informing her that her brother had died on the very day, and at the very hour, when he presented himself to her in her room.*

Overhanging the waters of the Frith of Forth there lived, a good many years ago, a family of old standing in the kingdom of Fife: frank, hospitable, and hereditary Jacobites. It consisted of the squire, or laird—a man well advanced in years—his wife, three sons, and four daughters. The sons were sent out into the world, but not into the service of the reigning family. The daughters were all young and unmarried, and the eldest and the youngest were much attached to each other. They slept in the same room, shared the same bed, and had no secrets one from the other. It chanced that among the visitors to the old house there came a young naval officer, whose gun-brig often put in to the neighbouring harbours. He was well received, and between him and the elder of the two sisters a tender attachment sprang up.

But the prospect of such an alliance did not quite please the lady's mother, and, without being absolutely told that it should never take place, the lovers were advised to separate. The plea urged, was, that they could not then afford to marry, and that they must wait for better times. Those were times when parental authority—at all events in Scotland—was like the decree of fate, and the lady felt that she had nothing left to do, but to say farewell to her lover. Not so he. He was a fine gallant fellow, and, taking the old lady at her word, he determined to do his utmost to push his worldly fortunes.

There was war at that time with some northern power—I think with Prussia—and the lover, who had interest at the Admiralty, applied to be sent to the Baltic. He obtained his wish. Nobody interfered to prevent the young people from taking a tender farewell of each other, and, he full of hope, and she desponding, they parted. It was settled that he should write by every opportunity; and twice a week—on the post days at the neighbouring village—the younger sister would mount her pony and ride in for letters. There was much hidden joy over every letter that arrived, and then intense anxiety until the next arrived. And often and often the sisters would sit at the window a whole winter's night listening to the roar of the sea among the rocks, and hoping and praying that each light, as it shone far away, might be the signal-lamp hung at the mast-head to apprise them that the gun-brig was coming. So weeks stole on in hope deferred, and there came a lull in the correspondence. Post-day after post-day brought no letters from the Baltic, and the agony of the sisters, especially of the betrothed, became almost unbearable.

They slept, as I have said, in the same room, and their window looked down well-nigh into the waters of the Frith. One night, the younger sister was awakened by the heavy moanings of the elder. They had taken to burning a candle in their room, and placing it in the window: thinking, poor girls, that it would serve as a beacon to the brig. She saw by its light that her sister was tossing about, and was greatly disturbed in her sleep. After some hesitation she determined to awaken the sleeper, who sprang up with a wild cry, and, pushing back her long hair with her hands, exclaimed, "What have you done, what have you done!" Her sister tried to soothe her, and asked tenderly if anything had alarmed her. "Alarmed!" she answered, still very wildly, "no! But I saw him! He entered at that door, and came near the foot of the bed. He looked very pale, and his hair was wet. He was just going to speak to me, when you drove him away. O what have you done, what have you done."

I do not believe that her lover's ghost really appeared, but the fact is certain that the next mail from the Baltic brought intelligence that the gun-brig had gone down in a gale of wind, with all on board.

When my mother was a girl about eight or nine years old, and living in Switzerland, the Count R. of Holstein, coming to Switzerland for his health, took a house at Vevay, with the in-

* In the Beresford story, a similar ineffaceable mark is said to have been made by an apparition on a lady's wrist. It may be worth consideration whether, under very exceptional and rare conditions, there is thus developed in women any erratic manifestation of the power a mother sometimes has, of marking the body of her unborn child.

tention of remaining there for two or three years. He soon became acquainted with my mother's parents, and between him and them acquaintance ripened into friendship. They met constantly, and liked each other more and more. Knowing the count's intentions respecting his stay in Switzerland, my grandmother was much surprised by receiving from him one morning a short hurried note, informing her that urgent and unexpected business obliged him to return that very day to Germany. He added, that he was very sorry to go, but that he must go; and he ended by bidding her farewell, and hoping they might meet again some day. He quitted Vevay that evening, and nothing more was heard of him or his mysterious business.

A few years after this departure, my grandmother and one of her sons went to spend some time at Hamburg. Count R., hearing that they were there, went to see them, and brought them to his castle of Breitenburg, where they were to stay a few days. It was a wild but beautiful district, and the castle, a huge pile, was a relic of the feudal times, which, like most old places of the sort, was said to be haunted. Never having heard the story upon which this belief was founded, my grandmother entreated the count to tell it. After some little hesitation and demur, he consented:

"There is a room in this house," he began, "in which no one is ever able to sleep. Noises are heard in it continually, which have never been accounted for, and which sound like the ceaseless turning over and upsetting of furniture. I have had the room emptied, I have had the old floor taken up and a new one laid down, but nothing would stop the noises. At last, in despair, I had it walled up. The story attached to the room is this:

"Some hundreds of years ago, there lived in this castle a countess, whose charity to the poor and kindness to all people were unbounded. She was known far and wide as 'the good Countess R.,' and everybody loved her. The room in question was her room. One night, she was awakened from her sleep by a voice near her; and looking out of bed, she saw, by the faint light of her lamp, a little tiny man, about a foot in height, standing near her bedside. She was greatly surprised, but he spoke, and said, 'Good Countess of R., I have come to ask you to be godmother to my child. Will you consent?' She said she would, and he told her that he would come and fetch her in a few days, to attend the christening; with those words he vanished out of the room.

"Next morning, recollecting the incidents of the night, the countess came to the conclusion that she had had an odd dream, and thought no more of the matter. But, about a fortnight afterwards, when she had well-nigh forgotten the dream, she was again roused at the same hour and by the same small individual, who said he had come to claim the fulfilment of her promise. She rose, dressed herself, and followed her tiny guide down the stairs of the castle. In the centre of the court-yard there was, and still is, a large square well, very deep, and stretching underneath the building nobody knew how far. Having reached the side of this well, the little man blindfolded the countess, and bidding her not fear, but follow him, descended some unknown stairs. This was for the countess a strange and novel position, and she felt uncomfortable; but she determined at all hazards to see the adventure to the end, and descended bravely. They reached the bottom, and when her guide removed the bandage from her eyes, she found herself in a room full of small people like himself. The christening was performed, the countess stood godmother, and at the conclusion of the ceremony, as the lady was about to say good-by, the mother of the baby took a handful of wood shavings which lay in a corner, and put them into her visitor's apron.

"'You have been very kind, good Countess of R.,' she said, 'in coming to be godmother to my child, and your kindness shall not go unrewarded. When you rise to-morrow, these shavings will have turned into metal, and out of them you must immediately get made, two fishes and thirty silberlingen (a German coin). When you get them back, take great care of them, for so long as they all remain in your family everything will prosper with you; but, if one of them ever gets lost, then you will have troubles without end.' The countess thanked her, and bade them all farewell. Having again covered her eyes, the little man led her out of the well, and landed her safe in her own court-yard, where he removed the bandage, and she never saw him more.

"Next morning the countess awoke with a confused notion of some extraordinary dream. While at her toilet, she recollected all the incidents quite plainly, and racked her brain for some cause which might account for it. She was so employed when, stretching out her hand for her apron, she was astounded to find it tied up, and, within the folds, a number of metal shavings. How came they there? Was it a reality? Had she not dreamed of the little man and the christening? She told the story to the members of her family at breakfast, who all agreed that whatever the token might mean, it should not be disregarded. It was therefore settled that the fishes and the silberlingen should be made, and carefully kept among the archives of the family. Time passed; everything prospered with the house of R. The King of Denmark loaded them with honours and benefits, and gave the count high office in his household. For many years all went well with them.

"Suddenly, to the consternation of the family, one of the fishes disappeared, and, though strenuous efforts were made to discover what had become of it, they all failed. From this time everything went wrong. The count then living, had two sons; while out hunting together, one killed the other; whether accidentally or not, is uncertain, but, as the youths were known to be perpetually disagreeing, the case seemed doubtful. This was the beginning of sorrows. The king, hearing what had occurred, thought

it necessary to deprive the count of the office he held. Other misfortunes followed. The family fell into discredit. Their lands were sold, or forfeited to the crown; till little was left but the old castle of Breitenburg and the narrow domain which surrounded it. This deteriorating process went on through two or three generations, and, to add to all other misfortunes, there was always in the family one mad member.

"And now," continued the count, "comes the strange part of the mystery. I had never placed much faith in these mysterious little relics, and I regarded the story in connexion with them as a fable. I should have continued in this belief, but for a very extraordinary circumstance. You remember my sojourn in Switzerland a few years ago, and how abruptly it terminated? Well. Just before leaving Holstein, I had received a curious wild letter from some knight in Norway, saying that he was very ill, but that he could not die without first seeing and conversing with me. I thought the man mad, because I had never heard of him before, and he could have no possible business to transact with me. So, throwing the letter aside, I did not give it another thought.

"My correspondent, however, was not satisfied. He wrote again. My agent, who in my absence opened and answered my letters, told him that I was in Switzerland for my health, and that, if he had anything to say, he had better say it in writing, as I could not possibly travel so far as Norway.

"This, however, did not satisfy the knight. He wrote a third time, beseeching me to come to him, and declaring that what he had to tell me was of the utmost importance to us both. My agent was so struck by the earnest tone of the letter, that he forwarded it to me: at the same time advising me not to refuse the entreaty. This was the cause of my sudden departure from Vevay, and I shall never cease to rejoice that I did not persist in my refusal.

"I had a long and weary journey, and once or twice I felt sorely tempted to stop short, but some strange impulse kept me going. I had to traverse well-nigh the whole of Norway; often for days on horseback, riding over wild moorland, heathery bogs, mountains and crags and lonely places, and ever at my left the rocky coast, lashed and torn by the surging waters.

"At last, after some fatigue and hardship, I reached the village named in the letter, on the northern coast of Norway. The knight's castle —a large round tower—was built on a small island off the coast, and communicated with the land by a drawbridge. I arrived there, late at night, and must admit that I felt misgivings when I crossed the bridge by the lurid glare of torchlight, and heard the dark waters surging under me. The gate was opened by a man, who, as soon as I entered, closed it behind me. My horse was taken from me, and I was led up to the knight's room. It was a small circular apartment, nearly at the top of the tower, and scantily furnished. There, on a bed, lay the old knight, evidently at the point of death. He tried to rise as I entered, and gave me such a look of gratitude and relief that it repaid me for my pains.

"'I cannot thank you sufficiently, Count of R.,' said he, 'for granting my request. Had I been in a state to travel I should have gone to you; but that was impossible, and I could not die without first seeing you. My business is short, though important. Do you know this?' And he drew from under his pillow, my long-lost fish. Of course I knew it; and he went on. 'How long it has been in this house, I do not know, nor by what means it came here, nor, till quite lately, was I at all aware to whom it rightfully belonged. It did not come here in my time, nor in my father's time, and who brought it is a mystery. When I fell ill, and my recovery was pronounced to be impossible, I heard one night, a voice telling me that I should not die till I had restored the fish to the Count R. of Breitenburg. I did not know you; I had never heard of you; and at first I took no heed of the voice. But it came again, every night, until at length in despair I wrote to you. Then the voice stopped. Your answer came, and again I heard the warning, that I must not die till you arrived. At last I heard that you were coming, and I have no language in which to thank you for your kindness. I feel sure I could not have died without seeing you.'

"That night the old man died. I waited to bury him, and then returned home, bringing my recovered treasure with me. It was carefully restored to its place. That same year, my eldest brother, whom you know to have been the inmate of a lunatic asylum for years, died, and I became the owner of this place. Last year, to my great surprise, I received a kind letter from the King of Denmark, restoring to me the office which my fathers once held. This year, I have been named governor to his eldest son, and the king has returned a great part of the confiscated property; so that the sun of prosperity seems to shine once more upon the house of Breitenburg. Not long ago, I sent one of the silberlingen to Paris, and another to Vienna, in order that they might be analysed, and the metal of which they are composed made known to me; but no one is able to decide that point."

Thus ended the Count of R.'s story, after which he led his eager listener to the place where these precious articles were kept, and showed them to her.

STORY OF THE INCUMBERED ESTATES COURT.

IN TWO CHAPTERS. II. THE OPERATION.

In this way, then, the court came into the world. It should have been announced officially, in this wise: "On the — ult., at Westminster, the United Parliament of Great Britain and Ireland, trins!" for there were to be three judges.

Even out of so dry a function as an official appointment, came something like a snatch of romance. The Master of the Rolls in Ireland, cast-

ing about for the very fittest person, pressed the office on the eminent conveyancer, Mr. Christie, who first hesitated, then declined. "But," said the eminent conveyancer, "I could name a young man, whom nobody yet knows, who is a first-rate mathematician and a first-rate lawyer, who would be just the person:" and to the young man whom nobody knew, plodding laboriously in chambers, toiling at his legal plough, deputies came to offer the crown. Law, then, has its flower-beds and its flowers; and the young man whom nobody knew, left his mortgages and his draughting, to have and to hold prematurely, all that and those the dignity and powers of office, with all the rights, profits, easements thereunto appertaining.

To this Act, too, should etymologists be grateful. During the earlier debates that first syllable fluctuated uneasily betwixt *en* and *in*. But now the omnipotence of parliament has decreed that *in*cumbered estates shall be sold; but not *en*cumbered.

These high judicial auctioneers set up their rostrum in an old-fashioned street of red brick, of the last century's pattern, in a collapsed nobleman's house, where the mammoth marble chimney-pieces and the arabesques on the ceiling seemed much out of keeping with its new functions. Nearly opposite, was the mansion of the husband of Marguerite Countess of Blessington, whose ample estates shall, by-and-by, be submitted to their manipulation. With an unprecedented despatch, an admirable code of orders and regulations was framed in about six weeks; and on the twenty-fifth of October, eighteen hundred and forty-nine—one of the greatest days of all the great days for Ireland—the first petition was presented. The name of this courageous postulant should be known; still more, that of the first victim, the protomartyr of the law revolution, who, even in his dissolution, must have been soothed by the sweet sense of an enviable priority. The petitioner, then, was Joseph Walker; the protomartyr was one James Balfe, Esquire, or as it was always put, with a generous delicacy on the part of these tribunals—In re, or in the matter of James Balfe, Esquire, of Southpark, Owner. Beatified Balfe! shortly shall you receive your crown!

Take it that we are now a famished mortgagee; let us give instructions to Doolin and Company, the eminent firm of Bachelor's-walk, and proceed to sell our incumbered estate in the regular way. Our relations are somewhat after this fashion:

About five-and-thirty years ago, it came to pass that the Right Honourable Charles Henry Deelish, Baron Savourneen, and Earl of Tumbletowers, of Tumbletowers, Co. Mayo, and of Kilgollagher Lodge, Co. Galway, and of Lower Dominick-street, Dublin, happened to be pressed for money, and was prevailed on to give the preference to the English market. The sum was contemptible—fifty thousand pounds—a mere fleabite, as his lordship's solicitor humorously put it; so, the security being substantial, we, or our trustees—for we were then minor—agreed to advance the fleabite, and took a mortgage for the amount. For three years, as we find from unpublished data, "favours" continued to reach us with extraordinary punctuality from T. Shine Murphy, Esq., his lordship's agent over the Kilgollagher property; and it was then remarked that they began to arrive in an irregular and fitful way: the intervals, however, lengthening in a steadily increasing ratio. By-and-by the communications of T. Shine Murphy, Esquire, began to be less and less satisfactory, taking the shape of fragmentary payments, wholly disproportioned to the amount due; the balance being filled in with a cheque for promises to a very handsome amount. It grieves me to state that some time after things came to be upon this footing, all communication with T. Shine Murphy, Esquire, ceased abruptly; and from that time no notice was taken of letters, protests, or even gentle legal remonstrances. The only resource, then, was the eminent firm of Doolin and Company, of Bachelor's-walk; and we were presently aboard a slow and heavy hulk, putting out to Chancery with the traditional speed. Then, too, it was discovered that we were but part of a sort of convoy; consort to some dozen or so of hulks with similar sea-going qualities, all proceeding contemporaneously. My lord was abroad in foreign parts with his son, Lord Savourneen, and the Honourable Miss Deelish; and curious to say, was deriving a comfortable income out of an arm which had been considered hopelessly "bad," and of a "standing" that dated back beyond the Chancery suit, but which had been restored by means of a patent lotion.

Pursuant to our instructions, the eminent firm of Doolin and Co. have presented a petition humbly praying that the estates of the Right Hon. the Earl of Tumbletowers may be submitted to public competition, and the proceeds applied to satisfy the claims of your petitioner. This document is laid before us, and we are astonished to find that it is utterly illegal—so far as being outrageously brief and succinct, and setting out in plain intelligible English what it *means* to express. We see, too, that the eminent firm has been at the trouble of collecting into one focus, as it were, all the other charges on our nobleman's estate: presenting thus, in a very handy shape, a pretty little narrative of his liabilities. These exceeding half our nobleman's rental (with a very handsome margin in the present instance), there is found to be no impediment to a sale. It will be matter of surprise how the eminent firm came into possession of such private details, without prying into the tin cases, where lie stored up the mortgages, deeds, settlements, and muniments, of the Incumbered Nobleman. But, since the reign of Queen Anne, every such instrument has been exactly registered; and all lenders applied to for moneys, have only to diligently thumb over this huge dictionary of incumbrances. No one lends without being himself entered in the lexicon; and no one lends without seeing who has lent. In this fatal ledger, therefore, is focused the

whole land liability of the country. In England only two counties enjoy this privilege, and the incumbrances, instead of being brought together in a complete tableau, are scattered broadcast over the solicitors' offices of the kingdom. These "very Irish" proceedings are sometimes well worthy of imitation.

The commissioner gratifying us with a mere formal order for sale, we discover that we have been inviting the Incumbered Nobleman to meet us before the commission, and make any little objections that may occur to him against this rather sudden proceeding: which, indeed, is only reasonable. Accordingly, if he has anything to say, he will "come in" on a particular day and "show cause;" if he has not, he will allow matters to take their course. The Incumbered Nobleman makes no sign; so we obtain "an absolute order" for sale.

The case proceeds vigorously. In a few days we are surprised at seeing advertisements, labelled in one corner, "In the matter of the Estate of the Right Hon. the Earl of Tumbletowers," staring at us from every newspaper, requiring all parties, in severe and stern language, to take notice that such an order has been made. Then follows a protracted intermission, during which, we are informed, that the eminent firm is engaged in "making searches"—that is, consulting the Incumbrance Dictionary—drawing out a compact little epitome of "title," which shall show how it came into the possession of the Incumbered Nobleman. We find also that the eminent firm has taken the mail train down to the estate in question (a very disturbed district), and has personally waited on the occupying tenants at their residences, inquiring from each all particulars as to the exact nature of their tenancy: a proceeding naturally received with much mistrust and suspicion. Some of these poor souls, thinking to foil the inquisitors whose questions only concealed some sinister design, shut themselves up in an artful reticence, and decline furnishing any information. The Brothers Cody (Teague and Larry) received many compliments for their skilful baffling of what were called the "Dublin schamers," whom they sent away wise as they came. But, alas for the Brothers Cody! The result only was that the estate was sold, "discharged" of their lease, and the purchasers not having their names in his rental, declined to recognise the tenure of the Brothers Cody.

By-and-by all these labours of the eminent firm, result most unexpectedly in a handsome folio volume, elegantly printed, and copiously illustrated with lithographic plans, vividly-coloured drawings, sections, and elevations, together with tabulated columns showing the tenancies, rents, and acreage—in short, such a complete topographical picture in one volume—of his estate as must have astonished the Incumbered Nobleman himself. Considering that some eight thousand estates have been sold, it may be conceived what a valuable library, as illustrating the country, this sort of literature must be; and there are painstaking men who have been provident enough to collect the whole series.

Again have more severe and menacing notices burst out in newspaper columns, and the general public is sternly bidden to take notice that on a particular day, some two or three months off (to give time for its being properly noised abroad), will be set up and sold, the several "denominations" of land, "hereinafter specified," in eighty-five lots, as in the following schedule:

SUMMARY OF LOTS.

Denomination.	Statute Acres.			Net Annual Rental.			Ordnance Valuation.		
	A.	R.	P.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Knockakilty	569	0	0	215	16	7½	260	0	0
Drumbunnion	300	0	0	200	0	6	210	0	0
Ballyshambo	410	6	0	250	6	7	270	0	0
Killemall	26	3	0	30	5	0	41	0	0

For its space of two months or so this denunciation looks out warningly from its ambuscade in the advertising columns. It reaches even the Right Honourable the Earl of Tumbletowers, enjoying his lotion annuity afar off at Florence, in a corner of a well-known local print, the Mayo Wrangler. That journal observed, with regret, that the ancestral estate of a time-honoured and illustrious family which had not of late years resided among us, would, next week, be brought under the ruthless and destroying hammer. The grief of the local print was very unaffected, yet that balm which comes of Gilead takes many soothing shapes. The advertisement of the coming holocaust, blazed in conspicuous type, forms a column of the local journal.

The space of two months being all but run out, and copies of the illustrated topographical memoir having fluttered across the sea to every noteworthy coffee-house and news-room in the kingdom, it is presumed that a decent amount of notoriety has been obtained. Vulgar agriculturalists, mean-souled graziers, have been measuring critically those Corinthian meads. The sacred demesne has been broken up into convenient "lots" with a horrid profanity to encourage the growth of "a small proprietary." The Incumbered Nobleman himself has not yet realised it. The old protecting spirits from Heavenly High Chancery, reference, decree to account, and other angels of protraction, will still descend, even at fifty-nine minutes past ten—on the stroke of the eleventh hour—and interpose.

The fatal morning has at last come round, and we, the famished baffled long-outraged mortgagee feel an Indian pleasure in going down to see this scalping of our enemy. There is a splendid time coming, and no waiting a little longer. So we stride through the great hall of the Incumbered Nobleman's mansion, where my lord and my lady's chairs used to wait during those fashionable parties before the Union, and make straight for the great auction-room.

Judicial auctioneer is sitting afar off, aloft in his rostrum, knocking down statute acres, roods, and perches, according to his function, but with a grave and measured utterance. Some one points out that this is the third commissioner—or the

young man whom nobody knew—but who has since got to be rather better known. There is a crowd of solicitor interest, of agricultural, metropolitan, local, and other divergent interest, who are all furnished with the topographical memoir, and contend for lots with a savage competition. It is hard not to admire the professional manner in which judicial auctioneer does his work, for all the world as though he had been bred to it: falling into the correct cadences of suspension, of pathetic entreaty, of remonstrance, and often one last lingering appeal of suspension, all conveyed without any vulgar iteration. There is something so piquant in this notion of a judge flourishing his hammer and inviting bids, that it is to be regretted the function should have since been delegated to meaner hands. Finally, we find that judicial auctioneer, who has all this time been working briskly through Knocakilty, Drumbunnion, and other euphonious denominations, is now "declaring the purchaser" for the last lot, and has left the Incumbered Nobleman without a rood. The family castle of Tumbletowers, an awe-inspiring mass of turrets and battlements, which, with its fittings and decorations, was said to be contracted for at some fifty thousand pounds, was included in the last lot, and absolutely did not swell the price one shilling. To be sure, the builder's little account had never yet been settled, and it was likely that his heirs and assignees walking nearly last in the procession of incumbrancers, might come in for a thousand or so of his bill. But it has been remarked that, somehow, a cruel blight waits upon these noble but unpaid-for tenements, which by the unhappy law of incumbered sales scarcely swell the price by a few pounds. The rich demesne lands are purchased at good figures, and the noble but unpaid-for mansion is thrown in.

An inflexible strictness, reaching almost to the casuistical, marks all the dealings of the judicial auction-room. A sort of code peculiar to itself has gradually grown up. Once the mystic solemnity of "declaring the purchaser" has been gone through, the sale is decreed eternally. Bidders, napping for an instant—whispering or inattentive — have, within a second after that final declaration, been known to offer thousands over the price—and have been eternally refused by the incorruptible Medes sitting aloft upon their rostrum.

The tradition of that first inaugurative sale still survives. The name of the earliest victim should surely descend with a certain notoriety. He who was thus exposed mercilessly to the fury of the Jacobins was called, surnominally, Balfe—baptismally, James—and the first morsel cast to the hungry executioners was all that and those the lands, tenements, and hereditaments of Southpark, in the County of Roscommon. The day of immolation was Friday, February the twenty-second, eighteen hundred and fifty; the price fetched, equivalent to some three-and-twenty years' purchase. A notable day. Bidding was at first a little languid, owing to the novelty of the thing, and the chief commissioner, a Baron of the Exchequer, gently remonstrated. "We are not," said he, "about to adopt the phraseology of the auction-room, and say, 'Going, going!' at every fresh bid." The remark of another commissioner brought the thing home to each spectator in a startling manner: "The purchaser can have his *conveyance executed, sealed, and delivered this very day!*" "And," added the third commissioner, a little facetiously, "it will be satisfactory to him to know that a very small box indeed will hold the conveyance!" A small box! They were as yet scarcely familiar with their tools and machinery; for the printed form of conveyance barely fills twenty lines, or half a page of duodecimo print. By-and-by, it was expanded into a single skin of parchment, which even included a map.

No wonder that this unworthy spirit of abbreviation should be resented. From Irish Chancery-lane, rose a deep cry of disquiet. The profession had been betrayed, even "sold!" the legitimate fruits of its spoliation cut off. Now, were remembered with a regretful feeling, reaching almost to affection, the soft protraction, the legal sweetness long drawn out, of the olden Chancery days. Generous professional minds could now only think of their benefactress with an amiable longing. "Give us back, give us back," they shrieked, "the professional wild freshness of receivers' accounts, of answers, of exceptions to masters' reports! The bark is still there, such as it is, but the barristerial waters are gone!" It is on record that a solicitor's bill for costs, searches, drafting, conveyance, and other charges, was actually presented under the new system at the degrading figure of some eight or ten pounds. After this cruel stab, well might the profession cover up its head decently in its gown, and sink down, Cæsar-like, at the base of the next convenient statue.

The sacrifice of the Tumbletowers estate being thus complete, we are given to understand that fourteen days of grace will be granted to the purchasers to "bring in" their moneys. Their moneys are "brought in" to the Bank of Ireland, which has often held floating balances of nearly half a million sterling, to the credit of the court, and is reputed to turn some forty thousand a year by the temporary manipulation of those funds. A few purchasers have applied to be released from their bargains, on the ground of mistakes and errors in the rental, discovered afterwards; some still fewer have made default and subjected themselves to the disagreeable process of the court known as "attachment." The money being thus paid down and the land delivered, the distribution among creditors follows next. Then sets in the storm and battle of incumbrancers, hitherto combined against the common enemy, now distracted with an internecine competition. They stand upon the order of their going, or rather coming. He that is first, is paid first; those who fall under the unhappy category of "puisne," or later and latest in time, must stand by and look

on ruefully as the funds melt away. There is but a poor chance of its lasting out to their turn; a still poorer of there being a margin over for that hapless puisne incumbrancer of all, the owner. Therefore do they battle with one another for priority, and strive to trample their way through the crowd to the front. But one week is allowed on an average for this struggle, and the cloud of vultures (birds with mortgages, judgments, and other charges, in their talons) who are wheeling in the air in disorderly circles, are at last allowed to swoop in their turn and each to carry off his morsel. There are some thirty or forty proprietors now over the fair lands of Tumbletowers, and we, no longer a famished mortgagee, have returned to our own country with a cheque for principal and interest in our pocket.

Remains now, to sum up the labours of these vigorous backwoodsmen, who, with their stout legal axes, have entered into the bush country and cleared whole miles of incumbered districts. From the day of the fatal auto da fé, when unhappy James Balfe, Esquire, of Southpark, headed the procession in his San Benito shirt, on that twenty-second of February, eighteen hundred and fifty, down to the last day of sacrifice in eighteen hundred and fifty-eight, it is registered that nearly two millions of acres, or about one-seventh of the available surface of the country, has been disposed of by public auction. Nearly five-and-twenty millions sterling has been paid into the hands of the unflinching triumvirs, who nicely weighed and determined conflicting claims, representing a sum of some four-and-twenty millions. Nearly four thousand petitions from creditors have been presented, praying for a sale; eight thousand estates have been brought to the hammer; and some four thousand titles have been scrutinised by the triumvirs themselves. For this hodman's work was part of their laborious round of duty; and each personally waded through those dirty waves of vellum and faded yellow paper on which the true title to an estate usually drifts down. Indeed, it is a curious feature in the whole proceeding, that many who protested against the new innovation, and forecast innumerable dangers, own that their predictions were falsified by the special and exceptional character of its administrators—by the jealous care and untiring watchfulness of the three commissioners. The old-fashioned Chancery Dilly rumbled on at a slow walk, and was ten years distributing a million sterling. The new legislative engine dashes by, express, and scatters five-and-twenty millions within the same space.

Many wise seers and prophets, and some hopeful men, went sadly astray in their vaticinations. There was to be a complete shifting of proprietary, a fierce irruption of moneyed Saxon bone and sinew; and that curious surgical process, the opening of an Hibernian artery and the introduction by mechanical agency of a foreign ichor, would be performed satisfactorily. The result astounded even those who looked with apprehension on the certain extinguishment of a brave and faithful peasantry. Out of eight thousand five hundred and fifty purchasers, it was found that only three hundred and twenty-four were of the foreign element: the overwhelming balance of eight thousand two hundred and twenty-five, being natives. Thus, too, was in part remedied what was pointed out by the Devon Commission as the most fatal hindrance to the advancement of the country: the absence of a middle-class proprietary with small holdings. It was noticed that the foreign element introduced itself early in the first rush, but afterwards wholly disappeared. Poor feeble Dame Chancery it was still destined, even indirectly, to persecution; for it has been ascertained that in the infancy of the new court, when it had hardly reached to the two hundred and thirtieth petition, no fewer than four hundred equity suits stopped short, stricken with paralytic seizure, and collapsed.

It was hardly to be expected that these new captains, strange to their work, could have got through the thick of this mingle-mangle of figures, acres, maps, surveying, conveyancing, law, and auctioneering, without some casualties. Some bad legal seamanship might reasonably be looked for, and handsomely extenuated. It was no fault of theirs, that in that glutting of the market, in the earlier days, land should have gone off at miserable sacrifices. There were instances of estates sold at ten years' purchase, which, three or four years later, fetched twenty-five: to the luckless owners' mortification. There was actually a tradition of one accursed domain which, under some unholy blight, brought but *one* year's purchase! The rental was set down at six hundred pounds, and it fetched but six hundred pounds! But on scrutiny it proved that this was an airy impalpable rental, which, being drawn from miserable paupers and shattered tenements, on which, instead of roofs, lay a load of hopeless arrears, shrank into a very mean rental indeed, more than handsomely represented by that one year's purchase. There was something like abuse in that instance pointed to by Lord St. Leonards, where a creditor for eleven pounds contrived to have an estate of six hundred a year sold for his demand. In that legend we may justly suspect misapprehension, or varnish of some kind. As to the law, such captains were safe enough; but how was it with them in that matter of surveying—that manipulation of nearly three million acres? Judge Hargrave (the young man whom nobody knew) owns penitentially to some failing of this nature. "In one or two instances," he says, "we encroached a little on the adjoining property, principally bog; but the compensation was so trifling and ridiculous that the injured party usually gave up the point." A few roods of bog, astray in some three million of acres!

Some three or four cases of greater hardship stand against the commissioners. Three or four persons have suffered out of—take it to be a million others, whom they have dealt with. A not very heavy per-centage. The wisest law is but a beneficent Juggernaut, which must crush some few victims.

There was "the great case" of Errington and Rorke, which travelled up slowly from the Assizes to the Court of Queen's Bench, from the Court of Queen's Bench to the Court of Exchequer Chambers, and from the Court of Exchequer Chambers to the House of Lords; and on which hung more serious questions than unprofessional outsiders dreamed of.

A Mr. Rorke had the misfortune to be a tenant, in the enjoyment of a lease for three lives, upon an estate which was about to undergo the salutary purging by fire, of the Incumbered Estates Court. With other tenants he received due notice, furnished his lease, had its existence duly acknowledged, and went his way secure and comfortable in mind. The sale took place. Adjoining lots were sold, but not the lot in which Rorke was interested. Before matters were concluded, one of the purchasers, Mr. Errington, proposed to exchange a portion of his newly acquired territory for the lot which had *not* been sold, and which was in possession of the unconscious Rorke. Through some unhappy misapprehension, this was agreed to; a formal conveyance was executed; and luckless Rorke, dreaming in fancied security of his three lives and certain terms, was one morning confounded at finding himself considered as an interloper and trespasser. There was no mention of his lease in the conveyance. He was promptly dealt with, by ejectment; Mr. Errington having only to show his conveyance to the jury. But the point was "saved" and carried to a higher tribunal. The judges were strangely divided. It did, indeed, appear that it was the intention that the title given by the court should be almost of an omnipotent character, indefeasible, not to be disturbed by mistake or any possible contingency. Still it was urged that it could scarcely have been contemplated that in selling Mr. A.'s incumbered estate, Mr. B.'s adjoining and flourishing domain might, through a mistake, slip into the conveyance and be irrecoverably handed over to a purchaser. The discussion began to excite intense alarm. For some seventeen to eighteen millions sterling had been already invested on the faith of this parliamentary title, which was held out as being secure against all the world; and vision of newly-found flaws, and fresh legal groping among those hateful yellow deeds and parchments, sat as horrid nightmares on the breasts of purchasers. The battle was accordingly fought out, over again, at the bar of the House of Lords.

There, the law lords condoled with the unhappy tenant, and the exceeding hardship, but felt themselves constrained to support the Incumbered Estates Court and the judgment of the court below: the Lord Chancellor dwelling specially on "the very masterly and satisfactory manner" in which Chief Justice MONAHAN had dealt with the case—a name now very familiar to the public from the unprecedented eulogy which was poured upon it from all sides of the House of Lords, and which the Lord Chancellor characterised as belonging to the "ablest and most enlightened judge that ever adorned the bench!"

There was Colonel Keough's case—a case of exceeding hardship. This gentleman's estate had been submitted to the process of being saved, yet so as by sale; the money had been distributed, but, unluckily, in paying off an old judgment debt, the commissioners had paid the wrong person. When all was concluded, when the moneys were disbursed, and when the estate was in possession of the new purchasers, the original judgment creditor appears upon the scene, and forces the late proprietor to discharge this debt a second time. It was cruel "miscarriage" of justice, as the indulgent phraseology of the law would put it, and the victim has petitioned the House that some special relief may be granted to him. The House has recently determined that justice should be done, and that the injured officer should be recouped the full sum.

These are cases of hardship, truly, where the innocent have suffered for the general good. Rorke and Keough are as the canonised martyrs of the Incumbered Estates reform. But where, after all, has the huge legal diligence rumbled on, and run over so few?

In the year eighteen hundred and fifty-eight the term of this wonderful tribunal ran out; and in the month of August it passed away quietly and without a struggle. It had been long known to be ailing, for the strange reason that it had no work to do: its labours in the last month of its existence dealing with some seventeen or eighteen petitions, or about four and a half to each judge. What would we have? Its functions were accomplished. There was nothing left for it to sell; there were no more patient mortgagees, exasperated by long suffering, to petition. Everybody was paid. Nobody was incumbered of land. These are, indeed, the great days for Ireland. A newer form of machinery is now at work, under the title of the Landed Estates Court, and is meant to deal with unincumbered as well as incumbered lands; with a wider philanthropy, it opens its arms even to any little dwindled lease under sixty years. Any owner now, nervous as to his title, may come in and have it riveted and steel-plated, and made capable of resisting all attacks.

The whole tendency of both these systems is to promote a free transfer of land; so that the conveyance, perfect and complete in itself, may pass from hand to hand, a land bank-note, and of which the owner may divest himself at a moment's notice, like railway shares or other scrip. Such a system is already at work in certain foreign countries, and is found to answer well.

For the end, remains the pointing of the moral. What may be done with five-and-twenty millions may surely be done with ten times that sum. There is a huge superficies in Great Britain, already handsomely burdened; there are mortgagees hungering and thirsting after their proper moneys, and labouring through the protracted formalities of the English Court of Chancery, to recover it. The cumbrous engines of that establishment are too slow and old-fashioned for the work of the age, even after

all alterations and remodellings. They should be taken down, and new machinery put up with all convenient speed.

CURIOUS DISCOVERY IN WHITECHAPEL.

EXTRAORDINARY springs have been discovered in various places at different times, and have been duly subjected to chemical analysis. Science has declared some to be alkaline, chalybeate, or saline, and others to be either carbonated, or flavoured with sulphur. Fashion, rallying round one or other of these springs, has caused "spas" to be built, and has converted quiet inland villages, or obscure London outskirts, into popular watering-places. Fashion, again, either recovered from temporary indisposition, or drawn off by mysterious influence to the worship of new gods, has basely and gradually deserted these places, after raising them into short-lived importance. What has become of St. Chad's Well in the parish of St. Pancras, and of that metropolitan Cheltenham in the High-street of Islington, where Lady Mary Wortley Montagu resorted to "take the waters"? What trace is there now, in the neighbourhood of Sadler's Wells Theatre, of that "New Tunbridge Wells" which Beau Nash honoured with his presence when he could be spared from Bath? A small, mangy "Islington Green" exists, on which it is proposed to erect a statue to Sir Hugh Myddelton; and a few trees cast their cool shadows across the bonnet-shops and jewellers' windows still forming the one solitary Boulevard in London. This is all. St. Chad's Well—like the old Clerk's Well—is swallowed up by the "Underground Railway" as it passes through King's-cross. But whatever peculiar metropolitan waters may have been found at different times, such as no country wells have ever given forth, Whitechapel has been made famous by one of the most curious of these discoveries.

About twenty years ago, in the middle of a very hot summer's day, a respectably-dressed young woman was observed sitting on a door-step in an east-end thoroughfare. Her manner was bewildered, and her speech was incoherent. A policeman coming up in the course of a few minutes, asked her where she lived, and with some little difficulty she told him "the dish-tillillery." As there were not half a dozen distilleries throughout London, she was supposed to refer to an establishment of the kind in the neighbourhood, and thither she was conducted with as little delay as possible. She was at once recognised and admitted as Mary the housemaid.

There were several theories with regard to the condition of this housemaid. Charitable people traced it to the heat of the weather; uncharitable people traced it to residence at a distillery. The popular idea was, that in such a place there must be as much gin as water, and that the servants had unchecked liberty to draw either liquor. Some, thought it was a pity that steady young women should be thrown in the way of so much temptation; others wished they had the young woman's unlimited control over a spirit tap. Of course the young woman's story, that she had tasted nothing but water, was received with incredulity. Even when she admitted that she had drunk rather freely of the simple fluid, in consequence of the heat of the weather, the incredulity was not lessened. This was one result of living at a distillery.

A few weeks after this occurrence, still in one of the hottest of the summer months, two more of the distiller's female servants were taken unwell. Their illness showed itself chiefly in a tendency to dance and sing songs in a defiant manner, and a disinclination for work. According to their own account, they had tasted nothing but a can of water, and, of course, no one who looked at them believed such a barefaced assertion. Certain symptoms of drunkenness are not easily mistaken, especially when they appear in persons employed at a distillery. The young women were doctored with strong tea, soda-water, and other well-known restoratives, and some care was taken to conceal their indisposition from their employer. This gentleman, however, became aware of the "accident," as it was called, and very generously took no notice of it. Perhaps, as a distiller, he could hardly object to a little drunkenness, even when it appeared in his own establishment; at least, some of his enemies said as much.

Those who know what a distillery is, could not very reasonably suppose that servants employed in the dwelling-house attached, had easier access to the wells of spirit, than any stranger passing the outer gate. As the government has a direct interest in every half-pint of whisky distilled from malt—pure spirit distilled from malt is called whisky—the excisemen have really more control over the premises than the master. These "officers of inland revenue," as they now style themselves, lock up vats, outbuildings, vaults, and coppers, with patent locks, signed and sealed; and the proprietor of the works can only look at his property with the consent of one of these officers. Baths of fiery spirit may be floating underneath the yard or the dwelling-house; but no one can dip a bucket into them, except in the presence of an exciseman. So, those who reflected upon these facts were disposed to be charitable towards the female servants of the distiller.

Nothing more was thought about the matter for some weeks, until a new groom, belonging to the distillery, was heard telling a curious story concerning one of the horses in the stable.

"I giv' 'er 'er feed," he said—"a quartern an' a 'arf, an' threepen'orth—which she took as usual, but when I tried 'er with the water, she shied at it. I thought, p'raps, the water was dirty, so I empties the pail in the yard an' fills it agen fresh from the same tap, but when I offered it to 'er she threw up 'er 'ead, an' shook all over."

"What did you do, then?" asked one of his listeners: an in-door man-servant, who waited at table.

"What did I do?" returned the ostler,

almost contemptuously, "why tastes the stuff, o' course, an' finds it as good cold whisky-an'-water as I ever put my lips to."

This extraordinary story came to the ears of the master, and the water-tap, which stood in the distillery-yard, was openly examined before all the servants. Water was drawn in tumblers, mugs, and pails, and tasted by all present. No one could detect the slightest flavour of spirit in the liquid, and the ostler, by common consent, was laughed at as a dreamer. He adhered to his story, but his tone was less confident than it had been before the experiment.

A few more weeks passed by, and the story of the temperate horse, who got nicknamed "Father Mathew," began to fade away. Even the excisemen, who were always about the place although not welcomed as members of the family, and who had taken a strong interest in the groom's narrative, ceased to talk about it. As the weather got much colder, no more mysterious cases of water-intoxication were heard of among the females of the household, and the establishment became as quiet and well-conducted as the establishments of a dean and chapter in a cathedral city.

Soon after Christmas, however, when the weather was very severe, this calm was broken by a discovery. A spring of water, possessing peculiar properties, suddenly bubbled up, in the middle of a public highway in Whitechapel. It was not a saline spring, nor an alkaline spring, nor was it flavoured with sulphur. It was not tested by any people more scientific than a knot of cabmen, boys, and east-end idlers; but, one of these bystanders—no mean authority on a question of ardent spirits—boldly pronounced the spring to be "some kind of gin." A fountain of gin spouting up in the middle of the roadway was such a remarkable fact, that no one present could believe it without tasting the liquor. A few hesitated to try the drink, more from fear than from holding temperate opinions; but when a score or two had drunk, and had loudly agreed with the opinion of the first taster, a general scramble for the precious water took place. The mob increased very rapidly, and several wiry boys who had glided in between the men and women, and had taken a fair share of the mysterious fountain, began to show symptoms of youthful intoxication. A few policemen came on the ground, but were unable to dispel the crowd, or account for the mystery. Some few drinkers suggested that charity had something to do with the spring, and that spirits-and-water were being unostentatiously supplied by a friend of the people. This suggestion was rather favourably received, and the health of the unknown benefactor was noisily drank by the mob, who seemed inclined to take all that the fountain could yield. The policemen had no rule to guide them in such an unexpected emergency, and they only formed part of the mob. Never, since the days when the old water-conduits ran wine on high festivals, was such a scene witnessed in a public thoroughfare.

In the present state of the law and the national finance, it is impossible to cut the connexion between excisemen and ardent spirits. Wherever one is seen, the other is sure not to be far off: the spirits following the man, or the man following the spirits. The street-fountain of what turned out to be whisky-and-water was soon taken into custody by a body of inland revenue officers, who had more experience in such matters than the astonished policemen. They tasted the running liquid, and at once began to trace it to its source, unchecked by any theories about remarkable springs. A broken pipe of a well-known east-end water-company was the first thing discovered; and this pipe—burst by the frost—was traced at one end into the distillery where the female servants had made themselves "ill" with "water." The other end of this pipe was also traced, through a long distance, into another distillery, where it may possibly have conveyed whisky underground, without the knowledge of the excisemen, and without volunteering an account to government. This pipe was ostensibly a private branch water-main, laid down by the two distillers (who happened to be brothers) to supply their works with water, and no one was more astonished to find the pipe filled with cold "grog" than the suspected manufacturers. One or two scientific men stepped forward in their defence, and discoursed about peculiar waters, and remarkable springs, and several other theories, in explanation of the spiritual manifestations. The government, however, were not to be satisfied without a trial in a court of law; and a jury, after patiently hearing the case, inflicted a fine of seventy-five thousand pounds sterling on the two distillers. The sobriety of the maid-servants was incidentally vindicated; the ostler was relieved from the suspicion of being a madman; the excisemen were rewarded; the public revenue was benefited; and Whitechapel, in being deprived of a peculiar spring which might have converted it into a "spa," was doubtless the only actual loser.

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A STRANGE STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY NOVEL," "RIENZI," &c.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN spite of the previous assurance of Mrs. Poyntz, it was not without an uneasy apprehension that I approached the cedar-tree, under which Mrs. Ashleigh still sat, her friend beside her. I looked on the fair creature whose arm was linked in mine. So young, so singularly lovely, and with all the gifts of birth and fortune which bend avarice and ambition the more submissively to youth and beauty, I felt as if I had wronged what a parent might justly deem her natural lot.

"Oh, if your mother should disapprove," said I, falteringly.

Lilian lent on my arm less lightly. "If I had thought so," she said, with her soft blush, "should I be thus by your side?"

So we passed under the boughs of the dark tree, and Lilian left me, and kissed Mrs. Ashleigh's cheek, then seating herself on the turf, laid her head quietly on her mother's lap. I looked on the Queen of the Hill, whose keen eye shot over me. I thought there was a momentary expression of pain or displeasure on her countenance; but it passed. Still there seemed to me something of irony, as well as of triumph or congratulation, in the half smile with which she quitted her seat, and in the tone with which she whispered, as she glided by me to the open sward, "So, then, it is settled."

She walked lightly and quickly down the lawn. When she was out of sight I breathed more freely. I took the seat which she had left, by Mrs. Ashleigh's side, and said, "A little while ago I spoke of myself as a man without kindred, without home, and now I come to you and ask for both."

Mrs. Ashleigh looked at me benignly, then raised her daughter's face from her lap, and whispered, "Lilian," and Lilian's lips moved, but I did not hear her answer. Her mother did. She took Lilian's hand, simply placed it in mine, and said, "As she chooses, I choose; whom she loves, I love."

CHAPTER XIX.

FROM that evening till the day Mrs. Ashleigh and Lilian went on the dreaded visit, I was always at their house, when my avocations allowed me to steal to it; and during those few days, the happiest I had ever known, it seemed to me that years could not have more deepened my intimacy with Lilian's exquisite nature,—made me more reverential of its purity, or more enamoured of its sweetness. I could detect in her but one fault, and I rebuked myself for believing that it was a fault. We see many who neglect the minor duties of life, who lack watchful forethought and considerate care for others, and we recognise the cause of this failing in levity or egotism. Certainly neither of those tendencies of character could be ascribed to Lilian. Yet still in daily trifles there was something of that neglect, some lack of that care and forethought. She loved her mother with fondness and devotion, yet it never occurred to her, to aid in those petty household cares in which her mother centred so much of habitual interest. She was full of tenderness and pity to all want and suffering, yet many a young lady on the Hill was more actively beneficent—visiting the poor in their sickness, or instructing their children in the Infant Schools. I was persuaded that her love for me was deep and truthful; it was clearly void of all ambition; doubtless she would have borne unflinching and contented whatever the world considers to be sacrifice and privation,—yet I should never have expected her to take her share in the troubles of ordinary life. I could never have applied to her the homely but significant name of helpmate. I reproach myself while I write for noticing such defect—if defect it were—in what may be called the practical routine of our positive, trivial, human existence. No doubt it was this that had caused Mrs. Poyntz's harsh judgment against the wisdom of my choice. But such chiller shade upon her charming nature was reflected from no inert, unamiable self-love. It was but the consequence of that self-absorption which the habit of reverie had fostered. I cautiously abstained from all allusion to those visionary deceptions, which she had confided to me, as the truthful impressions of spirit, if not of sense. To me any approach to what I termed superstition was displeasing, any indulgence of phantasies not within the measured and beaten tracks of healthful imagination, more than displeased me in her—it alarmed. I would not by a word encourage her in persuasions which I felt it would be at present premature to reason

against, and cruel indeed to ridicule. I was convinced that of themselves these mists round her native intelligence, engendered by a solitary and musing childhood, would subside in the fuller daylight of wedded life. She seemed pained when she saw how resolutely I shunned a subject dear to her thoughts. She made one or two timid attempts to renew it, but my grave looks sufficed to check her. Once or twice, indeed, on such occasions, she would turn away and leave me, but she soon came back; that gentle heart could not bear one unkindlier shade between itself and what it loved. It was agreed that our engagement should be, for the present, confided only to Mrs. Poyntz. When Mrs. Ashleigh and Lilian returned, which would be in a few weeks at furthest, it should be proclaimed; and our marriage could take place in the autumn, when I should be most free for a brief holiday from professional toils.

So we parted—as lovers part. I felt none of those jealous fears which, before we were affianced, had made me tremble at the thought of separation, and had conjured up irresistible rivals. But it was with a settled heavy gloom that I saw her depart. From earth was gone a glory; from life a blessing.

CHAPTER XX.

During the busy years of my professional career, I had snatched leisure for some professional treatises, which had made more or less sensation, and one of them, entitled The Vital Principle; its Waste and Supply, had gained a wide circulation among the general public. This last treatise contained the results of certain experiments, then new in chemistry, which were adduced in support of a theory I entertained as to the reinvigoration of the human system by principles similar to those which Liebig has applied to the replenishment of an exhausted soil—viz. the giving back to the frame those essentials to its nutrition, which it has lost by the action or accident of time; or supplying that special pabulum or energy in which the individual organism is constitutionally deficient; and neutralising or counterbalancing that in which it superabounds—a theory upon which some eminent physicians have more recently improved with signal success. But on these essays, slight and suggestive, rather than dogmatic, I set no value. I had been for the last two years engaged on a work of much wider range, endeared to me by a far bolder ambition—a work upon which I fondly hoped to found an enduring reputation as a severe and original physiologist. It was an Inquiry into Organic Life, similar in comprehensiveness of survey to that by which the illustrious Müller, of Berlin, has enriched the science of our age; however inferior, alas, to that august combination of thought and learning, in the judgment which checks presumption, and the genius which adorns speculation. But at that day I was carried away by the ardour of composition, and I admired my performance because I loved my labour. This work had been entirely laid aside for the last agitated month; now that Lilian was gone, I resumed it earnestly, as the sole occupation that had power and charm enough to rouse me from the aching sense of void and loss.

The very night of the day she went, I reopened my MS. I had left off at the commencement of a chapter "Upon Knowledge as derived from our Senses." As my convictions on this head were founded on the well-known arguments of Locke and Condillac against innate ideas, and on the reasonings by which Hume has resolved the combination of sensations into a general idea, to an impulse arising merely out of habit, so I set myself to oppose, as a dangerous concession to the sentimentalities or mysticism of a pseudo philosophy, the doctrine favoured by most of our recent physiologists, and of which some of the most eminent of German metaphysicians have accepted the substance, though refining into a subtlety its positive form—I mean the doctrine which Müller himself has expressed in these words:

"That innate ideas may exist, cannot in the slightest degree be denied; it is, indeed, a fact. All the ideas of animals, which are induced by instinct, are innate and immediate. Something presented to the mind, a desire to attain which is at the same time given. The new-born lamb and foal have such innate ideas, which lead them to follow their mother and suck the teats. Is it not in some measure the same with the intellectual ideas of man?"*

To this question I answered with an indignant "no." A "yes" would have shaken my creed of materialism to the dust. I wrote on rapidly, warmly. I defined the properties and meted the limits of natural laws, which I would not admit that a Deity himself could alter. I clamped and soldered dogma to dogma in the links of my tinkered logic, till out from my page, to my own complacent eye, grew Intellectual Man, as the pure formation of his material senses; mind, or what is called soul, born from and nurtured by them alone; through them to act, and to perish with the machine they moved. Strange, that at the very time my love for Lilian might have taught me that there are mysteries in the core of the feelings which my analysis of ideas could not solve, I should so stubbornly have opposed as unreal all that could be referred to the spiritual! Strange, that at the very time when the thought that I might lose from this life the being I had known scarce a month, had just before so appalled me, I should thus complacently sit down to prove that, according to the laws of the nature which my passion obeyed, I must lose for eternity the blessing I now hoped I had won to my life! But how distinctly dissimilar is man in his conduct from man in his systems! See the poet reclined under forest-boughs, conning odes to his mistress; follow him out into the world;

* Müller's Elements of Physiology, vol. ii. p. 134. Translated by Dr. Baley.

no mistress ever lived for him there!* See the hard man of science, so austere in his passionless problems; follow him now where the brain rests from its toil, where the heart finds its Sabbath—what child is so tender, so yielding and soft?

But I had proved to my own satisfaction that poet and sage are dust, and no more, when the pulse ceases to beat. And at that consolatory conclusion my pen stopped.

Suddenly beside me I distinctly heard a sigh—a compassionate, mournful sigh. The sound was unmistakable. I started from my seat; looked round, amazed to discover no one—no living thing! The windows were closed, the night was still. That sigh was not the wail of the wind. But there, in the darker angle of the room, what was that? A silvery whiteness—vaguely shaped as a human form—receding, fading, gone! Why I know not—for no face was visible, no form, if form it were, more distinct than the colourless outline—why I know not, but I cried aloud, "Lilian! Lilian!" My voice came strangely back to my own ear. I paused, then smiled and blushed at my folly. "So I, too, have learned what is superstition," I muttered to myself. "And here is an anecdote at my own expense (as Müller frankly tells us anecdotes of the illusions which would haunt his eyes, shut or open), an anecdote I may quote when I come to my Chapter on the Cheats of the Senses and Spectral Phantasms." I went on with my book, and wrote till the lights waned in the grey of the dawn. And I said then, in the triumph of my pride, as I laid myself down to rest, "I have written that which allots with precision man's place in the region of nature; written that which will found a school—form disciples; and race after race of those who cultivate truth through pure reason, shall accept my bases if they enlarge my building." And again I heard the sigh, but this time it caused no surprise. "Certainly," I murmured, "a very strange thing is the nervous system!" So I turned on my pillow, and, wearied out, fell asleep.

CHAPTER XXI.

The next day, the last of the visiting patients to whom my forenoons were devoted had just quitted me, when I was summoned in haste to attend the steward of a Sir Philip Derval, not residing at his family seat, which was about five miles from L——. It was rarely indeed that persons so far from the town, when of no higher rank than this applicant, asked my services. But it was my principle to go wherever I was summoned; my profession was not gain, it was healing, to which gain was an incident, not the essential. This case the messenger reported as urgent. I went on horseback, and rode fast; but swiftly as I cantered through the village that skirted the approach to Sir Philip Derval's park, the evident care bestowed on the accommodation of the cottagers forcibly struck me. I felt that I was on the lands of a rich, intelligent, and beneficent proprietor. Entering the park, and passing before the manor-house, the contrast between the neglect and decay of the absentee's stately hall and the smiling homes of his villagers was disconsolately mournful.

An imposing pile, built apparently by Vanburgh, with decorated pilasters, pompous portico, and grand perron (or double flight of stairs to the entrance), enriched with urns and statues, but discoloured, mildewed, chipped, half hidden with unpruned creepers and ivy. Most of the windows were closed with shutters, decaying for want of paint; in some of the casements the panes were broken; the peacock perched on the shattered balustrade that fenced a garden overgrown with weeds. The sun glared hotly on the place, and made its ruinous condition still more painfully apparent. I was glad when a winding in the park road shut the house from my sight. Suddenly, I emerged through a copse of ancient yew-trees, and before me there gleamed, in abrupt whiteness, a building evidently designed for the family mausoleum. Classical in its outline, with the blind iron door niched into stone walls of massive thickness, and surrounded by a funereal garden of roses and evergreens, fenced with an iron rail, parti-gilt.

The suddenness with which this House of the Dead came upon me heightened almost into pain, if not into awe, the dismal impression which the aspect of the deserted home, with its neighbourhood, had made. I spurred my horse and soon arrived at the door of my patient, who lived in a fair brick house at the other extremity of the park.

I found my patient, a man somewhat advanced in years, but of a robust conformation, in bed; he had been seized with a fit, which was supposed to be apoplectic, a few hours before; but was already sensible, and out of immediate danger. After I had prescribed a few simple remedies, I took aside the patient's wife, and went with her to the parlour below stairs, to make some inquiry about her husband's ordinary regimen and habits of life. These seemed sufficiently regular; I could discover no apparent cause for the attack, which presented symptoms not familiar to my experience. "Has your husband ever had such fits before?"

"Never!"

"Had he experienced any sudden emotion? Had he heard any unexpected news? or had anything happened to put him out?"

The woman looked much disturbed at these inquiries. I pressed them more urgently. At last she burst into tears, and, clasping my hand, said, "Oh! doctor, I ought to tell you—I sent for you on purpose—yet I fear you will not believe me—my good man has seen a ghost!"

"A ghost!" said I, repressing a smile. "Well, tell me all, that I may prevent the ghost coming again."

* Cowley, who wrote so elaborate a series of amatory poems, is said "never to have been in love but once, and then he never had resolution to tell his passion."—Johnson's Lives of the Poets: Cowley.

The woman's story was prolix. Its substance was this: Her husband, habitually an early riser, had left his bed that morning still earlier than usual, to give directions about some cattle that were to be sent for sale to a neighbouring fair. An hour afterwards he had been found by a shepherd near the mausoleum apparently lifeless. On being removed to his own house, he had recovered speech, and bidding all except his wife leave the room, he then told her that on walking across the park towards the cattle-sheds he had seen, what appeared to him at first, a pale light by the iron door of the mausoleum. On approaching nearer, this light changed into the distinct and visible form of his master, Sir Philip Derval, who was then abroad—supposed to be in the East—where he had resided for many years. The impression on the steward's mind was so strong, that he called out, "Oh! Sir Philip!" when, looking still more intently, he perceived that the face was that of a corpse. As he continued to gaze, the apparition seemed gradually to recede, as if vanishing into the sepulchre itself. He knew no more; he became unconscious. It was the excess of the poor woman's alarm, on hearing this strange tale, that had made her resolve to send for me instead of the parish apothecary. She fancied so astounding a cause for her husband's seizure could only be properly dealt with by some medical man reputed to have more than ordinary learning. And the steward himself objected to the apothecary in the immediate neighbourhood, as more likely to annoy him by gossip than a physician from a comparative distance.

I took care not to lose the confidence of the good wife by parading too quickly my disbelief in the phantom her husband declared that he had seen; but as the story itself seemed at once to decide the nature of the fit to be epileptic, I began to tell her of similar delusions which, in my experience, had occurred to those subjected to epilepsy, and finally soothed her into the conviction that the apparition was clearly reducible to natural causes. Afterwards, I led her on to talk about Sir Philip Derval, less from any curiosity I felt about the absent proprietor than from a desire to re-familiarise her own mind to his image as a living man. The steward had been in the service of Sir Philip's father, and had known Sir Philip himself from a child. He was warmly attached to his master, whom the old woman described as a man of rare benevolence and great eccentricity, which last she imputed to his studious habits. He had succeeded to the title and estates as a minor. For the first few years after attaining his majority he had mixed much in the world. When at Derval Court his house had been filled with gay companions, and was the scene of lavish hospitality. But the estate was not in proportion to the grandeur of the mansion, still less to the expenditure of the owner. He had become greatly embarrassed, and some love disappointment (so it was rumoured) occurring simultaneously with his pecuniary difficulties, he had suddenly changed his way of life, shut himself up from his old friends, lived in seclusion, taking to books and scientific pursuits, and, as the old woman said, vaguely but expressively, "to odd ways." He had gradually, by an economy that, towards himself, was penurious, but which did not preclude much judicious generosity to others, cleared off his debts, and, once more rich, he had suddenly quitted the country, and taken to a life of travel. He was now about forty-eight years old, and had been eighteen years abroad. He wrote frequently to his steward, giving him minute and thoughtful instructions in regard to the employment, comforts, and homes of the peasantry, but peremptorily ordering him to spend no money on the grounds and mansion, stating, as a reason why the latter might be allowed to fall into decay, his intention to pull it down whenever he returned to England.

I stayed some time longer than my engagements well warranted at my patient's house, not leaving till the sufferer, after a quiet sleep, had removed from his bed to his arm-chair, taken food, and seemed perfectly recovered from his attack.

Riding homeward, I mused on the difference that education makes, even pathologically, between man and man. Here was a brawny inhabitant of rural fields, leading the healthiest of lives, not conscious of the faculty we call imagination, stricken down almost to death's door by his fright at an optical illusion, explicable, if examined, by the same simple causes which had impressed me the night before with a moment's belief in a sound and a spectre—me, who, thanks to sublime education, went so quietly to sleep a few minutes after, convinced that no phantom, the ghostliest that ear ever heard or eye ever saw, can be anything else but a nervous phenomenon.

THE BOUNDLESS BED-CHAMBER.

Eöthen has told us of the pleasurable sensations experienced by the traveller who becomes familiar with Mother Earth, and seeks repose without fear on her bosom, calmly enjoying the glories of his "boundless bed-chamber." I am a traveller who have spent some nights in that bed-chamber with sensations far from pleasurable.

There are as yet no guide-books to the Rocky Mountains. Mounted on a stout Indian pony or light-limbed Texian mule, of matchless powers of endurance, with a leathern canteen of water and the lightest of camp-kettles slung to his saddle, the wanderer may traverse the rolling prairies, explore the rugged mountain ranges, and test his own capabilities of supporting the pains of thirst, upon the salt and barren tablelands which are to be met with "beyond white settlements." He is left to study for himself, as rare occasion serves, the lawlessness of human nature in the half Mexican towns on the Upper Rio Grande, or, without Murray's help to the best hotel, must share with the solitary trapper by the San Pedro his supper of roast beaver-tail.

But he is not too dependent upon hospitality. Fish are in every creek; game, although not so plentiful as might be supposed, is still in most places a sure resource; and with a little bag of dried beef or parched corn ground by the hands of Indian squaws, the traveller who has few wants may have few troubles.

Journeying in this manner, and enjoying it, I nevertheless did once fall into sore trouble.

I was on the way to a U. S. military post on the frontier, and the road to it lay across the wide valley of the Colorado of the west, where that river, the Nile of North America, divides the great Californian desert from the wild and little known territory of New Mexico. After a hot ride over the low barren table-land, which extends from within a dozen miles of the river to the base of the rugged granite wall that bounds the horizon, I came to a point where the path suddenly descended a steep of a hundred feet. It was evident that I had reached a level partially blessed by the great periodical inundation. The acacia of the New World —mezquit-tree—with its gnarled stem and pale green foliage, showed that the ground knew moisture. Farther on, the appearance of a covey of crested quail, piping and fluttering among the bushes, proved that water could not be far distant, and that to find it I should not be obliged to go as far as the river itself, or to force my way through the almost impenetrable jungle on its banks. The steady manner in which the quail advanced in one direction, testified that they were going to their watering-place. I followed them for more than a mile, and was enchanted by the sight most welcome to a wayfarer through the desert. This sight was, a deep oval basin, about fifty or sixty yards in length, bordered by shady willow-trees, and having in the centre one spot of moist black mud—on its surface, a shallow pool containing about a cupful of water. From the numerous footprints in the neighbourhood of this miniature tank, it was evident that many small animals, especially the coyoté (the American jackal), were in the habit of visiting it. I determined to execute a public work, and confer lasting benefit upon the population of the desert, by converting this miserable pool into a decent well. The spot, indeed, was in many ways so attractive, that it was impossible to resist the temptation of remaining there for a few days. At each end of the basin was a large plot of grass—a rare sight in that burnt-up land—which my horse had already begun to crop while I was engaged in my amateur survey. Close by, was a grove of mezquit, laden with golden branches of pecheta—the staff of life to the New Mexican horses. There was abundance of dry wood, and what more was required for a perfect camp, if the well should but turn out well?

Having picketed the horse on the little meadow, I set to work with a bowie-knife, and in the course of a few hours dug what I regarded as a very pretty well. It filled rapidly with water, and towards evening the water became as pure and clear as lip could wish. My horse appeared to enjoy the unwonted luxury of grass, but he did not properly appreciate the glory of being the first settler and improver in the desert. Evidently he longed for the society of his own kind; being so restless that I rather feared he might break away in the night and join a little herd of ponies and mules belonging to an adventurous pioneer, who had established a solitary rancho about twenty-five miles off, among the cane-brakes and cotton-wood groves on the bank of the river. I thought it prudent, therefore, to "hobble" as well as picket him before retiring to rest.

Lying beside a cheerful fire, watching the great comet which then blazed in the sky, and tranquilly smoking the pipe of contentment, I experienced all the exquisite joys of the boundless chamber, and after a night of glorious and wholesome sleep, such as the dweller in houses seldom knows, I rose and inspected my new well. Numerous coyoté tracks around its margin showed that the oasis had not been without visitors during the night. My horse appeared reconciled to his position, and to luxuriate in the new sensation of repose. Feeling that he might be safely trusted alone, I started on an exploratory walk in the direction of the river. On every side, there extended a monotonous and desert plain, which in many places bore signs of having been partially overflowed. Except a low ridge of yellow sand-hill, there were no breaks in the dreary level, save here and there a stunted shrub or a thorny old mezquit-tree. On the summit of the sand-hill, were the remains of an Indian encampment, where a Yuma family had evidently fixed their summer quarters during the last inundation. A rude sun-shade of posts and boughs, and a few broken jars, were the only traces of the former occupants: who had returned with the subsiding waters to the willow-shaded lagoons and bayous of the mosquito-haunted river.

From this slight elevation could be seen the long sierras of New Mexico, and the solitary precipitous peaks that rise like beacons in the desert of California: while, a few miles to the westward, a dark green line marked the course of the Colorado. On returning to my camp, I found all well, and my mind was relieved on observing that neither the coyotés nor the ground rats had been able to reach the bag of provisions, which I had left hung to the branch of a tree. Reposing in the shade of the willows, I applauded myself for the well I had called into existence, and regretted that the fertile ground around it was too limited for the working out of any ideas of an agricultural nature. Three days were spent thus agreeably, in idle watching of the manners and customs of the wild creatures by day, and in gazing at the comet by night. Sometimes, when I lay awake, I shot a quail, and it amused me to cook him à la braise, while the never-failing pipe was famous company. At last I became sensible that even these simple pleasures must come to an end, and that, as I had only provision for a

few days more, I must proceed upon my journey. I saddled my horse, and took what I supposed to be a last look at the spot where I had passed three days, which Sedjid, Emperor of Ethiopia, might have envied; but hardly had I ridden two hundred yards when my unlucky horse, startled by a rattlesnake in a bush, suddenly shied, and, bounding to one side, lighted on a spot undermined in every direction by ground rats. Next moment we were rolling in the sand together. The horse was on his legs again in a few seconds, and then, unlike the faithful steeds of which one has read in romances, gave a snort of astonishment and a glance of defiance at his master, who lay crushed and helpless on the ground, and then started off at a smart canter. I lay for a few minutes half stunned, and afraid to ascertain whether any bones were broken, but it soon appeared that I was only frightfully bruised, and that the best thing to be done was to return as fast as possible to the water and the friendly shade of trees. Being unable to walk, I was obliged to crawl, after the manner of the wounded Zouaves in the French battle-pieces, so that it took me nearly an hour to reach the well. Most fortunately—for I owe my life to the accident—the havresack containing provisions had come loose from the saddle when the horse rolled over; but the wretched animal, in taking himself off, had carried away my rug and blankets. This loss was a serious one, for the nights were beginning to be chilly, although still the days were warm. However, it was again a happy event for me that the accident had happened so near the well. Had it occurred a mile away, I might have died of thirst.

I spent the forenoon in reflecting on all the possibilities of the situation. I was at a great distance from the rarely traversed road across the flats, in a spot by which probably no white man would ever pass, and where there was but small chance of seeing even an Indian. The horse, I knew very well, would go to a pasture-ground twenty-five miles distant, with which he formerly had been familiar; but he might not be seen for weeks by the men who lived there, and, even if he were seen, there was not the slightest chance of their making any search for me. I had provisions for three or four days; the question was, whether or no I should by that time be able to walk. The day wore on while I was revolving those unpleasant questions, and it was with the greatest difficulty that I managed to move myself a little as the sun changed its place in the heavens, so as to continue to lie in the shade.

My death-like quiescence seemed to reassure the numerous visitors who cheered my solitude. A flock of quail drank without fear at the well within a couple of yards of my feet; it would have been easy to shoot one, for although my stock of ammunition had gone with my horse I still had the six shots of my revolver. But, it seemed to me treacherous to do so. The birds apparently enjoyed their sense of my harmlessness. They were my chief amusement. The efforts made by a coyoté to surprise the stragglers, and their organised system of sentries and alarm calls, interested me so much that I sometimes almost forgot my distressful situation.

It soon appeared that the coyotés began to take a deep interest in my condition. Two or three surveyed me from under cover of the bushes on the other side of the basin, with an air of the most cheerful expectation in their fox-like faces. There was not the slightest danger of an attack from them. The mere voice of a human being is enough to scare a troop of these poor jackals, but their persistent attentions were by no means consolatory.

These coyotés were not the sole enemies against which my pleasant friends, the quail, had to be on their guard. A large rattlesnake, probably the snake that had alarmed my horse and caused his fall, stealthily glided forward from the bushes, but to my great satisfaction could not succeed in catching the little feathered sentinel off guard. With a shrill cry of alarm and a loud whirring of wings, the whole covey took up a safe position in a tree. The snake sulkily coiled himself, until, becoming conscious of my presence, he lifted his head and surveyed me with much curiosity. The presence of the creature struck me with horror, although I had experience enough of snakes to know that there was no danger to be apprehended. I threw at him a piece of dry wood, with all the force of my uninjured arm; upon the receipt of which insult he slowly uncoiled, softly hissing the while, and moved off: not without a certain dignity.

At last, after a very long day, the sun disappeared behind the sand-hills, and it soon became bitterly cold. Of course I was unable to collect firewood, and was forced to shiver through the night as well as I could in my boundless bed-chamber, with feelings of bitter wrath against the treachery of the ungrateful horse by whom my blankets had been carried off. Several times I fell asleep, though never losing the consciousness of pain and cold; several times I awoke with a start, to find a coyoté stealing off from a close inspection of my face. The provision-bag, which I was now unable to hang on a tree as I had done during the three days when this oasis was my paradise, attracted the ground rats, who constantly disturbed me with their eagerness for biscuit. This night of dreariness was enlivened only by the notes of a screech-owl in a neighbouring tree, and the occasional yelping howl of the sleepless coyoté.

The morning did not bring much comfort. Stiff and sore, I felt more hopelessly unable to move than before. Reflecting upon every chance of deliverance, I saw more and more clearly that assistance was not to be hoped for. There were a thousand chances against my horse ever being seen by a white man. It was far more probable that he would fall into the hands of the Yuma Indians, who would quietly kill and eat him.

During the second day of misery my coyoté attendants were as attentive as a set of sordid

legatees; they were assisted by a few buzzards and crows, who also appeared to take a lively interest in my decline. However, as the day went on, hope revived in my heart. Perhaps it never had completely left me, even in the coldest and gloomiest hour of the night. The Indian savage never despairs under any circumstances, and the civilised man who leads the same free open air life soon arrives at the same happy condition of mind. This day was spent in the same manner as the day before. I was still almost unable to move, and felt above everything the tediousness of my condition. The quail now appeared tiresome, the coyotés were impertinent, the buzzards had been from the first disgusting, and I could not refrain from the hope, that if I was to perish by that well side, my obsequies would be enjoyed by so many beasts as to leave nothing upon a bone of me for those horrible birds.

But I did not think my case so desperate. Towards evening hope grew stronger. Finding that I could crawl a little, I collected all the dry wood that lay near and made a small fire. When I lay coiled by it, after the Indian fashion, the want of blankets was not so much felt. But the plan had its inconvenience; for, during the night, I awoke with my clothes on fire, and had some trouble in extinguishing myself. By the fire-light, too, I then saw—or fancied that I saw—the horrible forms of scorpions and centipedes creeping about; so that on the whole I did not get my bed warmed without paying something for the luxury.

The third and fourth days of my crushed-worm state of existence, passed more hopefully yet. I found that I could walk a little with the assistance of two sticks, and I became confident that I should get out of the "fix" in safety. Twenty-five miles of sand were a long stretch for a cripple: still the feat might be done on the tortoise system. The buzzards recognised the fact of my convalescence, and evidently viewed it with feelings of disgust. When they saw me moving about, they heavily flapped their wings, and by their departure gave me earnest of a good deliverance.

There is no more to be told, except that slowly, patiently, and with much suffering, I crept for my life across the five-and-twenty miles of desert, to that place of human luxury in which I found my truant horse. I began with the remark that I had had an unpleasant experience of nights spent in the boundless bedchamber. On second thoughts, I don't know that they were not half enjoyed.

PERFUMES.

The chief places for the growth of the sweet perfume-producing flowers are Montpelier, Grasse, Nismes, Savoy, Cannes, and Nice. Nice alone produces a harvest of a hundred thousand pounds of orange blossoms, and Cannes as much again, and of a finer odour. Five hundred pounds of orange blossoms yield about two pounds of pure Neroly oil. At Cannes the acacia (Acacia Farnesiana) thrives particularly well, and produces yearly about nine thousand pounds of blossoms. One great perfumery distillery at Cannes uses yearly about one hundred and forty thousand pounds of orange blossoms, twenty thousand pounds of acacia flowers, a hundred and forty thousand pounds of rose-leaves, thirty-two thousand pounds of jessamine blossoms, twenty thousand pounds of violets, and eight thousand pounds of tuberoses, together with a great many other sweet herbs. The extraction of ethereal oils, the small quantities of which are mixed in the flowers with such large quantities of other vegetable juices that it requires about six hundred pounds of rose-leaves to win one ounce of otto of roses, of course demands a very careful treatment.

Nice and Cannes are the paradise of violets, producing annually something like thirteen thousand pounds of blossoms. The variety cultivated is generally the double or Parma violet, which is so productive that the flowers are sold at about fivepence per pound; and we all know what sort of bouquet a pound of violets would make.

The abundance in Sicily of every flower which in our climate is most highly prized, recals the traveller in the story, who arrived in a country where the children played at pitch-and-toss and marbles with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and other precious gems. "These are, doubtless, the sons of some powerful king," he said, and bowed respectfully before them. The children, laughing, made him soon perceive that they were the street boys, and that the gems were only the pebbles of that country. In Sicily, the crimson grenade and rose-trees, the peach-coloured rhododendrons, and the delicate white camellias, form the country hedges. The white and green myrtles, and pink, white, and flame-shaped and flamed-coloured tulips, grow wild. When a pleasure-garden is made, the orange and lemon-trees are taken out, because they are too common. By the same rule, very few people trouble themselves with flowers: they are too vulgar. Alphonse Karr was much surprised to notice that the ladies of Nice never decorated themselves with real flowers, but seemed to dislike them. He observes this is all the more strange in a country where it is no longer a mythological flattery to say that flowers spring from under the ladies' feet. The roses, violets, jessamine, and mignonette, are cultivated only by the peasants for perfumery purposes, and honoured but as we honour potatoes or cabbages.

Alphonse Karr has thus described a sale of some jessamines at Nice. "The other day I saw two cultivators in a garden; one was buying of the other four thousand Spanish jessamine roots. I was not present at the struggle, but it must have been hot and passionate. When I arrived, the sale of the jessamines was concluded. The ordinary price of the Spanish jessamine is from three to five francs the hundred roots. These jessamines were splendidly loaded with large white flowers and pinkish

violet buds. The buyer took a pickaxe and uprooted them. I thought he was mad. For jessamines torn up in full flowering in the month of August, would in France be considered entirely lost, and fit only to be tied up in bundles for firewood. But this man, instead, carried his jessamines home, planted them in the ground, threw a few buckets of water over them, and left them to themselves. Three days afterwards I went to see them; they were in splendid condition, and had not ceased flowering."

We are now wholly dependent for our finest perfumes on France, so that when the crop of a flower fails, as did that of the jessamine last year, it will put the manufacturers to serious inconvenience. It would therefore be the interest of perfumers to promote the production of those flowers in other countries; and the high price they fetch in the market would make it a very profitable speculation. It has been proposed to cultivate flowers in England on a large scale for perfumery purposes, but the climate renders this scheme totally impracticable. For English flowers, however beautiful in form or colour, do not possess the intensity of odour required for extraction, and the greater part of those used in the south of France for perfumery would grow here only in hot-houses. The one flower which might be had in abundance would be the rose, but the smell of it is very faint compared with that of the Southern rose. Add to this the shortness of the flowering season, and the high price of land and labour, and it may be safely said that the cultivation in England of flowers for perfumery would prove as bad a speculation as attempting to make wine from English grapes.

A new process of extraction, patented by M. Piver, the eminent Paris perfumer, consists in forcing, by means of an air-pump, a strong current of air into a receiver filled with fresh flowers. The air-current then passes into a cylinder containing grease in a liquefied state, which is kept in constant motion by a series of disks revolving on an axis in the centre. The fragrant particles thus come in contact with a surface of grease, constantly renewed, which readily absorbs the greater part of them, and passing through a second cylinder in the same way, those that have escaped the first become fixed in the second, and let the air issue nearly scentless. In order to avoid all chance of waste, the same current of air is driven several times again through the flowers until it has exhausted all their perfume. The force of this current of air is such that, although the flowers are put in perfectly dry, it drives a considerable quantity of water out of them, which is collected in a receiver at the side of the apparatus. This water, which is quite a new product, possesses the pure scent of the flower in the highest degree.

The most widely-known of the toilet waters having an alcoholic basis is the eau-de-Cologne, invented in the last century by an apothecary in Cologne. It can, however, be made just as well anywhere else, as all the materials come from the south of France and Italy. Its perfume consists principally of the flowers, leaves, and rind of the fruit of the bitter orange-tree.

THE MOUNTGARRET ROMANCE.

The romantic ring of some titles in the peerage of Ireland has often caused amusement; and it has been insinuated that, in the family committee of the whole house which is supposed to assemble to select a title, much assistance has been derived from the nomenclature of Minerva Press novels and highly strung Della Cruscan romances. In this way only, can we reasonably account (it is urged) for the chevaleresque magnificence of Guillamore, De Vesci, Clanwilliam, Belmore, Valentia, and Clarina. Other titles, by a sort of brand or prefix of "Mount," betray a suspicious connexion with that bargain and sale known as the Union, and raise the ghost of

Lord Mount Coffeehouse, the Irish Peer,
Who killed himself for love—with wine—last year.

Now, the Mountgarrets were not blood relations, or any relations, of the Irish peer who killed himself for love with wine last year. But it must have been a thunderclap for the head of that house when his daily post-bag disgorged a letter which warned him that he must do battle for his rights, for his peerage, castle, lands, tenements, and hereditaments. For, there were parties taking the regular steps to eject him according to the forms of law, and eject him as a false and illegitimate usurper. Most likely came in the bag also, a blue-veined red-sealed lawyer's letter from the confidential man of business, stating how "he had accepted service," and obtained "time to plead," and how that from what he could make out there was a very strong and ugly case on the other side.

The result seemed doubtful. It was said that the present peer's father had been first married in a secret and irregular fashion, according to the loose Scottish canons, and had since wedded, according to more orthodox rites, the mother of the present peer; but unhappily before the death of the first wife. The plaintiff was a cousin, son to a brother of this supposed noble bigamist, and, on proof of the illegitimacy of the present noble incumbent, the heir-at-law. Things looked grave.

By-and-by, when assize time came round, the little country town of Kilkenny, which was selected as the battle-ground, became filled with the usual gipsy miscellany which waits on solemn jail deliveries. The peripatetic judges had been "brought in" with all the shabby majesty of hired horses and bailiffs disguised in livery, and a solitary bugler winding Io Pæan in the shape of a feeble national anthem. The wandering bar, the legal Zingari, now on the tramp from town to town, were dropping in spasmodically. The inns were filled with a loose jumble of grand jurymen, witnesses, farmers, and attorneys, dashed with a sort of

commercial cayenne known as gentlemen of the bag. The little town—in its ordinary shape somewhat mean and stagnant in temperament—was in a manner glorified; its resources were strained and dislocated. There were foreign and outlandish tongues heard in its streets, and it was rumoured among those who gossiped in frieze coats that there were strange gentlemen, skilled in the law, and speaking with a Scottish brogue, billeted in lodgings; nay, for that matter, there were great counsels, arch big-wigs, huge thunderers—not belonging to that regular beat—who had been "brought down special." The tenements where these awful auxiliaries condescended to lay their heads, could also be pointed out, but with a sense of mystery; and people were taken to see the residence where the foreign witnesses were detained with jealous precaution in a sort of honourable captivity. Above all, it was rife among the gaping multitude that some monster mortars, forensic huge legal artillery, which on the morrow would crash and scatter destruction, had been brought down. One was named Brightside.

The story unwound during the next few days is more romantic than any authorised romance. There is a beautiful lady in the centre; not one of the passive smooth waters concerning whom there is unaccountable ferment, but a dazzling sparkling creature, with a conscious or unconscious power, that reached almost to the demoniac, of working mischief. She was left a widow, and a very youthful widow, by a rich Scottish officer of the name of Colebrooke, and then she began to work her spells and enchantments. A confidential maid described her, soberly and temperately, as "a very pretty little woman, very good manners, very well educated." But by a lover was she thus rapturously construed: "The most beautiful creature in Edinburgh, and the handsomest I ever saw; not in my opinion only, *but in that of every person.*"

The scene throughout was at Edinburgh, in the high days of its fame and reputation. It was about the year eighteen hundred and ten; and Edinburgh then teemed with brilliant professors in all the sciences, to sit at whose feet the world sent all its growing-up sons. And there was choice society in the city, sprinkled with wit and elegance, by which the student with decent introduction might profit. In this moved a certain Professor Jeffrey and one Horner, and a clergyman of the name of Sydney Smith, together with notorious lecturers, called Dugald Stewart and Dr. Reid, and others with whom we have now a certain familiarity.

In the very heart of this society moved Mrs. Satanella Colebrooke, keeping up an establishment of horses, and carriages, and retainers, including the confidential maid to whom she appeared as a "pretty little woman." Confidential maid's name was Stride. Mrs. Colebrooke had her two daughters with her, who were "wards of Chancery," and for them she was supplied a maintenance of some five hundred a year, besides a handsome jointure of her own.

A little before this time, the Honourable Henry Butler had been wandering about places of fashionable resort, as many noble Irishmen of that day did—possibly in the capacity of a nomadic Cœlebs, seeking that pearl of inestimable price, an heiress. In his wanderings he looked in on a place then known as Brightelmstone, but which, later, became more manageable in the matter of pronunciation as Brighton, and there he became enthralled by this fatal Satanella. It is to be feared that the friendship between the two was of a warmer character than the stricter canons of society would now countenance. But the elegant society of those days, taking its tone from a model known as the First Gentleman in Europe, did not too nicely regard little failings.

Then came a shifting to Sloane-street, London, to a mansion in Cadogan-place; there, were horses, carriages, retainers, and confidential maid Stride; the two young ladies, wards of Chancery; and the Honourable Henry still hanging on in a dubious and suspicious capacity, letting himself in and out privately. Presently the scene is at Edinburgh, back again in the intellectual society; but another Irish Cœlebs has stepped upon the stage. "A gentlemanly little man—a very pretty gentleman—more the features of a lady than a gentleman"—a sort of preux chevalier, of elegant tastes and very popular. He was Mr. Taaffe, of Smarmore Castle, county Louth, and heir to some five thousand a year. He, too, had been drawn to Modern Athens by the attraction of its intellectual society; and, as he says himself, principally to make the acquaintance of Mr. Jeffrey and Sir Walter Scott. He wished, also, to attend the lectures of Dugald Stewart, and of the famous chemist Hope. This gentleman would appear to have been a man of tastes and accomplishments.

It came to pass that at a particular Edinburgh evening party Mr. Taaffe was introduced to Mrs. Satanella Colebrooke. The result was a deep impression on both sides. The pretty little gentleman with the lady's face, found favour in Satanella's eyes, and a few days after the party, Mr. Fortescue, another Irish knight upon his travels, stopped his horse in the street to give him a message from the fascinating lady. The result was a fiery attachment; in the thick of which, it may be a curious subject of speculation how it fared with Professors Dugald Stewart and Hope.

Act the second. After some months of this agreeable medley of love, science, and society, Nemesis steps on from the side scene. One evening, far in the night, a violent knocking is heard at the door, together with furious declamation and angry parley; and it is understood that the Honourable Butler has arrived, is below, and is anxious to be placed on his former footing. This inopportune appearance of the Honourable Butler is the more embarrassing, as his successor is actually on the premises. However, imperative orders are sent down, and the Honourable Butler is sternly refused admittance. Lover the second is thus delivered from a rather awkward ren-

contre. But later on in the night comes a yet more violent disturbance, and it is now discovered that, in spite of all precaution, the Honourable Butler has succeeded in scaling the back wall, and is actually in the hall, creating a fearful uproar. Lover the second is locked into an upper room, while Satanella herself descends fearlessly to beard the Honourable Butler in the hall. Lover the second, who knows nothing of what is going forward, continues ringing the bells of his upper chamber frantically; in the hope of attracting the attention of persons in the street. Then follows this extraordinary dénoûment:

Stride meets the intruding Butler at the top of the stairs, and asks him how he dared to break in. He replies, with a ready effrontery, that it is his house and his wife, and keep him out nobody shall! To them in altercation enters Satanella, robed in white, and encounters the midnight disturber. The two, strange to say, are seen to pass up-stairs to a little room, and fade out of sight. In a few moments all is calm, and then, wonderful to relate! word is passed below for all hands, including discordant Stride, to come aloft to the little chamber. Thereupon, enter coachman, footman, butler, housemaids, the whole retainers, wondering exceedingly what this should mean. And behold, standing together on the rug, their mistress and the Honourable Butler! She then addresses them, and declares to them that Mr. Butler wishes them to be informed that he and she are man and wife: which declaration, according to the Scottish laws, would seem to be sufficient for a marriage. On the receipt of which extraordinary piece of news, the domestics retire, again wondering; and the Honourable Butler, apparently quite satisfied, departeth peacefully.

The other lover was in the mean time released from his inglorious captivity, and smuggled away by the discreet Stride; but he returned by-and-by, attended by Captain Pollock, Mr. Charles Stanley, and a strong party of friends, who were gallant enough to remain on duty the whole night for the protection of the lady.

After this date, the fortunes of the lovers fluctuated with an extraordinary impartiality. The ceremonial in the upper chamber, although a little irregular, would appear to have given the Honourable Butler a reasonable title to some preference; and this would seem to have been the juster view that at first prevailed in the mind of Satanella; for we find the two departing with a full train of attendants, carriages and horses, and the Honourable Butler seated in a domestic manner on the box.

Yet, shortly after, we find Mrs. Colebrooke and Mr. Taaffe creeping down, disguised, and, under circumstances of romance, to get on board the Berwick smack. Finally, after much mysterious peregrination, Mr. Taaffe and Mrs. Colebrooke, in spite of the strong claims of that Scottish ceremonial, are united in loyal matrimony at Preston. There the piece ought to have ended, with a valedictory "They lived happily together for ever after;" the rather, as the Honourable Butler witnessed this proceeding, so much to his own prejudice, with a strange acquiescence. But the pair did *not* live happily together for ever after. It was said that the little gentleman with the womanish face did not treat the beautiful lady handsomely. It was known that she was overwhelmned by debts, and that any husband of respectable means would be cast to creditors to be devoured. So Taaffe's parent—far away at Smarmore Castle, in the pleasant pastures of Louth—resolves to be cruel, but wise; and, taking the disinheriting knife in his hand, cuts Taaffe off without a moment's hesitation. Away go the fine castle, the gentle pastures, and that five thousand a year! Naturally enough, this element does not sweeten the nuptial nectar. By-and-by symptoms of insanity develop themselves in the beautiful lady, and we obtain a glimpse of a strange scene. The disinherited husband lying dozing on a sofa, and the distraught lady approaching him on tiptoe with an open razor in her hand! Then follow restraint, legal compulsion, and final separation; and, at the end of all, poor Satanella, grown worn and faded, sinks into poverty, and expires in the arms of the faithful Stride. So ends *her* share in the history.

Very much further on, years later, one of the twin heroes of these adventures turns up again in Italy. The "disinherited knight" is very much with my Lord Byron and his merry men, at Pisa and Genoa, and is enthusiastic almost to ferocity about a fresh object of affection! This new flame was, however, no creature in earthly mould, but a literary inamorata, a translation of the famous Dante, with a commentary annexed. The noble peer, his friend, found time to write home pressing letters to Mr. Murray, trying to stimulate him into undertaking the business. He pleads, too, with Mr. Moore. The commentary on Dante is "excellent," but the verse "is such as it has pleased God to endue him withal; nevertheless, he is so firmly persuaded of its equal excellence, that he won't divorce the comment from the traduction, as I ventured delicately to hint, not having the fear of Ireland before my eyes, and upon the presumption of having *shotten* very well in his presence the day before." The eagerness of the young knight of the Edinburgh parties to plunge into the black Pactolus of printer's ink, is very comical. "He is eager to publish all, and must be gratified, though the reviewers will make him suffer more tortures than are in his original. Indeed, the notes are well worth publication, but he insists upon the translation for company, so they will come out together, like Lady C—t chaperoning Miss * * *. Now, what shall we do for him?" Then the noble friend proposes adroit intercession with the terrible reviewers Jeffrey and Giffard to allow him to pass by unnoticed—a most comic test of his opinion of the book. Perhaps the comment might be noticed "without touching the text; but I doubt the dogs—the text is too tempting." We have another glimpse of him, riding out furiously at Pisa with his noble friend and Cap-

tain Medwin, and at a sharp turn getting a severe fall, which is, as usual, placed in the most comic light by his noble friend. He makes one more appearance does this Irish Quixote, who lost five thousand a year for love. As the Mountgarret trial drew on in the year 'fifty-four, a commissioner and two barristers, with their bags, set off for Italy, struggling painfully over mountains and through defiles, to reach a strangely barren spot on the Adriatic, called Fano. There, was found a grey-haired gentleman in a ripe old age, who had retired to this solitary spot; and sitting down before him—the commissioner in the middle, and the barristers at opposite sides—they proceeded to extract from him, by way of examination and cross-examination, the facts of his life that have just been detailed.

At the trial, the faithful Stride was discredited in that story of the calling up of the servants and the proclaiming of the Honourable Butler as husband; so the jury "brought a verdict home" for the defendant, and Viscount Mountgarret keeps his coronet steady on his head.

FARMER PINCHER'S RATS.

It was all a false report about the Golden Age having departed from the land; it still flourishes, as it always did, away there in Downshire.

I am just returned from a visit to old Farmer Debenham, who lives in a little sunny village about thirty miles, more or less, from Shaftesbury, and in the centre of the Blackmoor Vale country.

The first glimpse I caught of Stoneton was on suddenly emerging from a deep dell, banked with fern and white with bindweed-bells, among which the nightingale sang all to itself (practising, I suppose) even at noonday, in the season of its singing-time. But now was harvest-time, and there was no sound in the dell but the sullen bees, honey-gathering in the wild geraniums. From the green darkness of this deep-sunk lane, I emerged as from a telescope-tube into a broad panoramic plain with some thirty miles of horizon. Those hills there, of a cloudy blue, reach out towards the sea; that little fume of smoke, boiling up there like the mere smoke of a pic-nic fire, is the smoke of one of the chief Dorsetshire towns; and yonder I see Dorchester. In the foreground, the long lines of trees stretch like regiments; and as for the hedges, they look like ranks of skirmishers thrown out before the main army.

Stoneton is but a small place, but the cottages are all of stone, and the windows are wide and mullioned. There, is the rector's, with the pleasant garden round it, and the standard roses shaking in the wind. That squat blind Norman tower is the church, with its daily congregation of martens, who build in every cranny and corbel.

Farmer Debenham's house has not sacrificed much to the Graces; utility, and not beauty, is the household god of the Debenhams. The stacks are square and clean cut, as so many tin loaves; but the garden is slovenly and neglected. The thrashing-machine is covered up as trim as if it were a new barouche; but the vine gads over the house, with the most spendthrift wantonness, reaching its curling tendrils in at the windows, and thrusting the fruit prodigally into your hands. The hollyhocks, too, thrust up their staffs of rosette flowers with an almost Indian luxuriance, while the roses wrap the old house now in one great crimson-scented robe: so that it looks quite regal in its old age, and faces the sun with a rustic pride as of one new come to power.

But what I meant about the Golden Age was this: I meant that the manners and social customs of Farmer Debenham and his family are as pure, simple, and unsophisticated as were the manners of people in Shakespeare's time. There is no luxury or corruption entered Farmer Debenham's house; no late hours, or debilitating sauces, or niminy-piminy pretence for him or his; no make-believe parties given to people whom you don't want to see, and accepted by people who don't want to see you; no empty expense on turtle and venison, and after-repentance on boiled neck of mutton and suet-pudding. No, Farmer Debenham, though he is not the least aware of it, lives a stern, hard life. He rises at five—four in summer—lunches at ten, dines at half-past twelve. I hear him up, in my dreams. In my midnight, in the soft warmth of my first sleep, I hear him knocking the tables and chairs together, which he calls being "about betimes." As the farmer is up at four, and then always finds the floor washed and the table set, and as the wife and daughters are yet rosy and well-looking, and evidently have no stint of healthy sleep, I begin to conjecture that somebody stops up at night and cleans everything all trim and snug when we are gone to bed—not that there is any noise, no, not to fray a mouse. As for going to bed, everybody is turned in and asleep by nine; no one abroad but the crickets, the rats, and outside the window the "flitter mice."

And that reminds me of the rats, the real staple of my story; but first let me dismiss the Debenhams, father and sons. They are frank as sailors, honest, sturdy, stolid, obstinate, and, intellectually, perhaps, rather heavy. They are dark-red and brown-red, according as they are old or young. They are proud of Dorsetshire, and they like the condition to which they were born. There are four sons, and each has his special duties, which he performs with military discipline. Father goes to market, buys and sells; Jack, the eldest son, looks after the home farm; Tom, the second, attends to the labourers, starts them and keeps them agoing; Bill sees to the thrashing, the horses, and the in-door work; Joe, the youngest, has a playful existence, sees to the cows, shoots the rats, and kills rabbits and trout for family consumption. As to Mrs. Debenham and daughters, they have quite enough to do with the dairy and the poultry. The piano gets mouldy in the house of the Debenhams;

but the milk-pans are as clean as snow, and the glass bowls as bright as silver.

Now, for the rats. Farmer Debenham, you must know, is only a new comer to Stoneton; his hereditary farm is in Wiltshire, "down away at Cropmore," which he left because the landlord was hard about the repairs, and would not do the place up at all. The tenant he succeeded was Farmer Pincher, who made a fortune in the good old hard times, when the poor people had some of them to live on grains, and working men got meat once a week, and then not too much of it. He was a wonder of eccentricity even in this country of individualised and eccentric people. He had grown very rich, and one year his brother farmers at market began to tease him about four very old wheat-stacks that stood round his farm-yard at Stoneton. He was a sullen obstinate man. It is supposed that he swore then and there, in presence of them all, that he wouldn't thrash them out for the next ten year; but of course no one knew the terms of his oath, because he made it secretly and silently. Years went on, and the stacks sank and dwindled. They were pierced, like colanders, with rat-holes; the thatch rotted; weeds branched out on them; they became no longer great loose hills of golden grain, large as small houses, but mere black clotted sops of spoiled grain; what once had been worth pounds was now worth only pence; the poor people in severe winters, or in bad corn years, groaned at the wickedness of letting food perish, from sheer wicked obstinacy; but nothing could move Farmer Pincher. He would reply nothing to any inquiry about the stacks, but only growled, and walked away. He chose it; it was his corn; it gave him a wicked pleasure to show, visibly, how he could afford to waste money; every day he passed them, he felt that he was revenged. They were the inn talk, the fireside talk, the cover-side talk, the sportsmen's talk, were Pincher's wheat-stacks. How rich and dogged the man must have been, who, let corn rise as it would, would die rather than touch his four black stacks! I believe that man was such a flint-and-iron pagan, that he would have been cut into ounce pieces rather than have thrashed those stacks until the time of his oath had expired.

But, when Farmer Debenham came, it was necessary that Pincher should either thrash or destroy the four black stacks. And at last he sullenly named a day for thrashing them.

"Begin and thrash those four old stacks on Monday," was all he said. No joke, taunt, or side-wind, could touch him. He said no more about it. The same Monday, early, suddenly, without wishing any old friend good-by, he and his bad-tempered dog (who had tasted nearly every boy's leg in the village) departed, with no old shoes to celebrate their departure.

This Monday was the day on which I got to Stoneton, and great was the excitement there. The black ricks had for years brought the curse of rats upon the village. Squire Harker's game-keepers, with their game-preserving, had rendered the curse still more intolerable by killing all weasels, ravens, stoats, hawks, owls, carrion-crows, kites, polecats, and other creatures, that live mainly on rats and mice, and such "small deer;" the rats, first filling the stacks, had then, overflowing from them, burst like an inundation over the whole village. The poor people's bacon and best clothes had been gnawn away; the farmers' ducklings and chickens went off in broods; the rats got into cupboards, presses, drawers, boxes, lofts, preserve-rooms, stables; got everywhere, and spoilt and devoured everything.

If the rats were unbearable, living, they were insupportable, dead; for the sanitary principles of extramural interment seemed grossly disregarded by them, and they always contrived to die in dining-rooms or under the floor of bed-rooms, in studies, or under drawing-room sofas. The noise, too! At night they were like burglars, ghosts, rioters, and election mobs. I could hear them drag weights about, chains about, chairs about, and they were so violent that nothing but knocking a nail into the wainscot over the place stopped them. They fell down the kitchen chimney; they bit the cook's legs and the gardener's fingers; they left their limbs in the traps, and were found calmly drowned in the milkpans. I am quite sure that if Moses had only tried the plague of rats, that stubborn Pharaoh would have let the Israelites go wherever and whenever they liked. They were such big rats, too, with sloughing tails, yellow teeth, naked feet, and eyes out of which an undying and changeless malice stared with cold cruelty.

Nothing stopped them, Farmer Debenham said. Tar? Lord bless you, no. Broken glass? Not a bit of it; arsenic they seemed to rather like—a few died puffed out, or drank and burst; the rest got wiser, avoided arsenic, and grew more violent than ever. They gnawed the corks in the cellar and they drank the wine; they ate the potatoes, and they gnawed the game in the larder. Life in Stoneton was no longer a pleasure, and all owing to Farmer Pincher's droves of rats.

The most extraordinary stories were told of them. They were said to be met at night, going down in long files to the ponds to drink; and among them were often found some almost denuded of hair—it was supposed from extreme old age. What a rat purgatory for the Debenhams; but, for a Chinaman, what a paradise, was Stoneton!

I remember them at night, in Pincher's time, when I was down staying with my friend the rector; sometimes they had a Derby Day, sometimes a congress, now and then a single combat. It entirely explained to me the origin of ghosts, and of all mysterious noises and haunted houses.

As for the stacks, they had (at the time when Pincher left) become quite serious; they swarmed, they heaved, they almost walked, with rats—in the midst of which lived, it was reported, one or two tax-collecting weasels, who led the life of sultans. If you went at dusk

and put your ear to the stacks, you could hear a fighting and a stir, as if they were hives in full work. Each stack was one vast nation of robber rats, crowded together as in a huge fortress, ready to sack and devastate the surrounding country. Nor were the stacks their only barracks; all the hedge-rows round, were honeycombed and catacombed with their runs, in some places the very fields were undermined with their burrows. And all this vexation and mischief sprang from the wicked obstinacy of one selfish man.

Farmer Debenham was in despair. He saw no way to profits for a year or two, if this torrent of vermin life were annually to sweep over his barns and rick-yards. In vain he strewed layers of corn, and slew twenty rats at a time with a duck gun; in vain, at dusk, Joe, the rat-killer, slew them in pig-troughs, on walls, and on sloping thatches; they seemed to increase the more. No, there must be a great razzia and an universal slaughter, and not a she rat or a ratling must be spared.

The day fixed for the great raticide was the day after I arrived, when the full thrashing was to begin. The day of my arrival was spent in pitching double rabbit nets, three feet high, all round each stack: in cutting bludgeons, and collecting dogs. That same night, too, at dusk, the steam thrashing-machine arrived, drawn by three horses—a great black iron monster, covered with tarpaulin as carefully as if it were the wooden horse about to enter Troy.

That night we all dreamed of rats. I swam in rats, ate rats, fought with rats, rode over rats, shot into them, slashed them, crushed them, first *wrote* and then *read* to them, TALKED to them. About daybreak we began.

Debenham and his sons were on guard round stack No. 1, armed with long bludgeons, hurdle-poles, and pitchforks; each held an impatient and fretful terrier, struggling in the leash. There were a whole field full of children, anxious and wondering; there were cynical gamekeepers and young farmers, who had come to the Debenhams from sympathy or from sheer love of the sport.

Behind all these, like a burning Moloch of insatiable appetite, and the vigour of forty Herculeses, puffed and champed the steam thrashing-machine: its jaws breathing fire and black smoke, its arms and claws toiling with a supernatural absence of fatigue. A mixture of stoker and farm labourer looked to its fires, or from time to time rubbed some favourite brass cog or plug with a black oily rag, like a dirty Vulcan who had broken out for a holiday into the fields.

A pleasant clack of voices arose. Debenham, in pure Dorsetshire, urged his men to work, in a short but telling speech, with a glance at certain oozy kegs that lay wallowing in the hedge under some flowering nettles, and near some sturdy and odorous fustian jackets that retained the shape and manner of their wearers. The children lay in circles, pulling at gilt buttercups, or playing with a barking toothless dog, too old to kill rats, but not too old to bark and look on, and encourage its younger brethren.

Now, the men with poles look staunch, relentless, and bloodthirsty, for the work of death begins. The men, dark against the rosy daybreak, remove the thatch carefully, as you would "prize" the crust off a pie, and fling down the first pitchforkfuls of tubular straw to the "greepers" and binders below. They are knee deep in the loose wheat.

What is that living lump of black that topples down, picks itself up, and then hops off in such a ludicrous panic? That's a rat—first rat! "At him, dogs!" "Tear him, dogs!" "Go it, dogs!" "Hold him, dogs!" "Worry him, dogs!" But no. "Mr. Rat" lays sharp hold of an uninitiated dog's soft black nose, and there he hangs, let the dog shake ever so wildly.

But at length beaten off by the dog, he falls on the ground, and is there quickly done to death by Joe's deft bludgeon. First blood to Joe! The first rat of some ten thousand rats has fallen by Joe's puissant arm.

Now, from various sally-ports, crafty cautious rats hop and bolt suddenly, hoping to elude their watchful and relentless enemies by the unexpectedness of their exit. Sometimes they escape the mauling shower of sticks, and tumble hopelessly against the netting—but only there to be snapped by the red jaws of the terriers, or to be struck with the javelin pitchfork. All ages of rats are there, from the swollen patriarch and bald sore beggar rat, to the mere stripling rat, and the mere naked shrimp rat of some six hours. Our war was a relentless one, and we gave no quarter. Our peace had been disturbed, and now revenge was sweet to us. It was war to the knife—a war of extermination. Old rats, lean rats, fat rats, young rats, meek rats, blind rats, spiteful rats, cantankerous rats that fought in corners and defied dogs and sticks, rats that ran for help into the very pockets and bosoms of the women and children spectators, rats that threw themselves from the roof of the stacks, rats that ran suddenly from the bottom, rats that hid themselves, rats that bravely faced sunshine and glittering steel; rats that appeared at the mouths of holes in the straw, looked round as if to see how the weather was, did not like the look of things, and turned in again; rats of every kidney, of all complexions, and of every age, were run down and slain, with sudden shouts, sudden runnings together, crushing blows of sticks that seemed all in the air at one time, like the daggers that slew Cæsar.

And all this time the great engine, fed with great feeds of grain, devoured its endless meals, and breathed forth its great black banner of smoke. The men who fed it, talked with angry loudness, for the noise of the machinery erased all ordinary voices; far away on the other side, in a snug corner, beaten down among the nettles, close to the great red-tinged heap of dead rats, sat a small jury of village children—small children nursing babies, so large in proportion that they nearly tumbled over with top-heaviness; rustic boys, with large shapeless hats, battered cruelly-used trunks of

dolls, toy-carts without wheels; one or two boy younglings who swung about by the tail, small rats that served as playthings, not being much larger than the horses in a Noah's Ark; the larger rats being, I observed, in the sudden quarrels that occur among children, sometimes used as missiles.

Every now and then, there was a warlike episode, produced by Joe's dog leaping savagely at an intrusive terrier from a neighbouring village, who had seized a rat not properly in his special province. Tremendous, then, was the rush of the men; tremendous the tearing and rending of the snapping and growling dogs; lithe and wonderful the twists and turns. The pitchforks worked deftly, tossing off layer after layer and ledge after ledge of straw; and always, as the straw was lifted and shook loose and light, down showered and tumbled rats, like so much rolling black fruit. The satiated dogs cared only to gripe and kill the rats at a bite; they had no spirit for protracted worrying now; and all this time the mountain of rats widened and grew higher.

It may be true that rats leave a leaky vessel as soon as they can, for the oozing in of the water may drive them out of their holes; but rats in a stack will not leave it till they are obliged; they creep, and sink, and get to the bottom, and there remain huddled together in a spiteful snapping frightened mass, till the men almost reach to them, and then the rats run for it, like so many detected conspirators.

Some tons of rats lie dead in the sun, and already the bright buzzing blue blowflies are busy at their eyes. Barrow-loads of rats are ready to manure the wheat-fields they once invaded.

The casualties on our side have not been numerous. Joe has hit Tom a tremendous blow on the shin with a hedge-stake in trying to fell a rat; Bill has been bitten by a rat; and old Farmer Debenham by an impatient dog he tried to drag home. Every one has stories to tell of his own special prowess; how he took a boar-rat of enormous size by the tail, and beat his brains out against a wall; how he sprang on four rats, and struck them dead with four successive well-aimed blows; how he caught a rat on his pitchfork as he fell from the stack; and so on, after the manner of old soldiers at the bivouac-fire.

Now, Farmer Debenham talks blithely of bread and meat, beer and perry, to be met with at home by all who have killed more than ten rats. Everybody immediately puts in a claim to have killed more; the bolder spirits claim to have killed scores; the milder, rest content with one score—fifteen—twelve—eleven—anything over ten. The stalwart work is over; the great steam-engine stops its tremendous attempt to puff itself into public notice; the sacks of hard yellow grain are lolling in the waggon; the engine has put on his great black tarpaulin dreadnought; the waggons roll and jingle homeward; the red bludgeons are tossed into the waggons; some corrosive lime is strewn over the rat-mountain, so that it now looks like an enormous country pie waiting only for the upper crust; the cowboy blows his horn to call in loiterers; and home we go to a merry-making supper.

LOVE IN KENTUCKY.

Waiting for clients is not the most agreeable employment in life. If you have a good digestion you can take your quantum suff. of Chitty and Smith's leading cases, with an occasional quid of Coke upon Littleton; and, having read yourself into a state of torpor, you can take a walk or a gallop on horseback; or, if disposed to waste your time, you can do so by devoting an hour to some pretty maid or charming widow, taking care not to commit yourself unnecessarily. In this way I worried through my first year in Barrington, a large town in Kentucky, where I chanced to settle. For the first week, I turned my head sharply when the door of my office opened, expecting to see a client. My nerves had ample time to become tranquil, however, and after a few months I was so accustomed to solitude, that I should have regarded an actual litigant, fee in hand, as a being for whom the sexton would presently come with a habeas corpus. The only person who commiserated me was the faithful Jake, who attended to my rooms. Being naturally social, he thought a man shut up at work all day, the most wretched of creatures.

"Massa Bill" (African for William Tompkins, attorney and counsellor), "seems to me you powerful lonesome here in Barrington. Little white, too, 'bout de chops." (I had not then the handsomely grizzled beard which now adorns the lower part of my face.) "Lor, don't I wish you knew my old massa Barr'l [Barwell]. Jest to be dar 'bout hog-killin' time, scare up a fox or two at night, drive a deer down from the knobs in de mornin', den cavort roun' de country on horseback, see turkey-shootin', an' de scrub races, an', maybe, do a little courtin' when it come handy."

It was a tempting picture which Jake presented. I did know his master, though not intimately. I meditated.

"I should like to have a crack at a deer, Jake."

"Gor-a-mighty, massa, I'se nigger, and some folks tink dey don't know noffin. But let Jake alone. I go Sunday to Massa Barr'l's, caze ole Sally she looks for me. Hi! Chasin' arter the dogs at sun-up through the black-jacks* is better 'n loafin in dis dead-an'-live town."

It was Saturday; that night, armed with a pass against molestation by the patrol, Jake went home. I thought no more of the hunting, but amused myself next day as well as I could, making a synopsis of Brother Banger's sermon. I had many times wandered after him through the tangled shrubbery of his periods, but I

* The black-jack is a species of stunted oak, abounding in Southern Kentucky.

thought I would this time set down logically his premises, major and minor, with the conclusions, mathematically speaking, to reduce his vulgar fractions, with swelling denominators, to lowest terms. But did you ever wait for the settling of the froth of new ale?

I have heard some startling sermons in my time. Think of a man with cropped hair, grovelling look, *no* manners, the action of a wood-sawyer, and the tone of a bull, getting up, pulling his coat off, loosening his cravat, and then "going in" after this fashion: "Breethren an' sister'n, I'm all the way from *Ind*ianny—ah, where I left my wife'n six children—ah, to come over here an' preach to you the Gospel—ah! I ain't got no larnin', an' I don't want any. I'm proud to be as ign'rant as my lord an' master—ah, an' his disciples an' apostles—ah! If God wanted me to have larnin'—ah, he'd a gin me larnin'." And so on for an hour. I [William Tompkins, counsellor, &c.] am ready to make affidavit having heard this exercise—the *ahs* exploded like a lumberer's when felling an oak—one fine day in the woods, where, from a safe distance on horseback, I beheld the motley crowd that gathers on such occasions.

I do *not* believe, however, the story which my friend James tells of a young preacher, who, in the midst of the long prayer before sermon, casting his eye furtively upon his watch on the pulpit-cushion, and seeing that a considerable portion of the customary fifteen minutes remained to be filled, went through every form of petition he had ever heard, including the restoration of the Jews to Palestine and the coming of the millennium; and at last, thinking of an expedient which had sometimes served him in eking out an unsatisfactory exhortation, exclaimed, "*And now, O Lord, I will relate an anecdote!*"

I repeat, I do not believe this story, although it has some features of probability.

To return. On Monday, Jake appeared with a knowing face. Presently, the cause of his knowing expression came out. Colonel Barwell called. It was county court day, when every farmer of substance (and some without) came to town to do business. The colonel was in many respects a very remarkable man. He was tall, six feet two, broad-shouldered, and not too corpulent. His leonine hair fell backward from a fair brow, while the lower part of his face was browned, and his solid chin thickly set with stumps of blue-black beard. A more commanding person one would seldom see. Two things you would be certain of: first, that Colonel Barwell had the most flourishing farm in the county: second, that his family (in his own opinion) was beyond comparison the first and bluest blooded that ever sprang from old Virginia. His courtesy was overwhelming in its stateliness. He had come to ask me to make him a visit. Jake's intervention was politely kept in the background. His daughter, attending school in Barrington, was going to return with him that day, having a vacation of a few weeks. My business was not troublesome, and nothing stood in the way of acceptance. In the afternoon, Colonel Barwell called for me, and, having mounted our horses, we rode to the seminary. The daughter was already at the door in a riding suit. A young fellow came out, and, as I thought, exchanged a significant glance with her. The colonel bent his scowling regards upon the youngster as he walked away, but neither spoke or recognised the other.

"Come, my daughter," said Colonel Barwell, "Jake is holding your horse."

As we rode away, I took my place at her right, being beckoned there by her father. It was really a new sensation to me, to come in contact with such a fresh and spontaneous nature. Very handsome, animated, vivacious, and natural, I really think she spoke just as she thought, and without a particle of policy or reserve. Nevertheless, she did not once allude to the youth who had departed with the reflexion of her smile on his face. And I suspected that her rapid and even brilliant talk was the result of effort.

In due time we traversed the sixteen miles which constituted our journey to Colonel Barwell's estate; our ride through the prairie land, covered here and there with stunted scraggy black-jacks, does not require any special mention. Neither shall I describe the house, the negro quarters, the kennels, and stables. Are there not tourists who do this? Nor shall I dwell upon the sumptuous entertainments, the old-fashioned Virginia dances, the morning rides, the exhilarating life in the open air, the freedom from restraint, which make a wealthy Kentucky farmer's house the most delightful place to visit in the (Western) world. Miss Celia was my constant companion, and Jake was our faithful squire. But I could not forget that youngster, and I felt sure that Miss Barwell did not forget him either. You can believe me. I am not the hero of my own story. The youth had been beforehand with me.

Jake, however, drew conclusions rapidly.

"Powerful good girl, Miss Cely; caze I knows her from a piccaninny. Carried her in my arms; reckon couldn't do it now, nohow." And Jake laughed, but continued. "Dere's ony two of 'em to sheer the property, Miss Cely an' Miss Anny; short division, hi! a mighty big farm an' lots o' niggers. Couldn't do better, noways. And, Massa Bill" [meaning me, William Tompkins] "I sh'd like to b'long to you, I should *so*."

I had not thought of making an investment in that species of live stock, but the frank avowal of confidence by Jake was a compliment to my good temper which I own was flattering. So I told him that if I were his owner I would not whip him more than once a week; at which he haw-hawed, and showed his vermilion gums again.

Nothing could be more touching than the pride and affection Colonel Barwell felt in his daughter. He watched her sparkling face at table, and followed her steps across the floor with all a father's fondness in his eyes. His wife was dead; he had no son; and his second daughter, Anne, was plainer, and of a quiet turn.

I remained a week, and the hunting was successful. On one occasion, Colonel Barwell gave a proof of his astonishing skill with the rifle. Jake had gone home, carrying the carcase of a buck, and the colonel and I sauntered through the woods. It was a heavy gun: not the one he used for birds and squirrels: but nothing escaped him. Squirrels, which I could not see, came tumbling down from the trees; partridges and quails dropped among the low bushes; in every case the ball touched only the head. "Do you never hit in the body?" I asked. "Never, in this kind of game. If I should kill a bird or squirrel with a ball in his crop, I should leave it in the bushes." I mentally determined not to become a target for Colonel Barwell, as long as there was any other for him to shoot at.

On the morning when I was to return home, my host expressed the customary satisfaction at the visit, in which I heartily joined; and he assured me that he would remember me in any legal business he might have.

Miss Celia (the prefix is universal in Kentucky) came to the stile, and kindly bade me good-by. I *afterwards* remembered that I saw her slip something into Jake's hand.

I resumed my former mode of life. A fortnight passed, when one evening, going to the hotel for tea, I heard that Colonel Barwell's daughter had eloped with young Manley—for a Gretna-green marriage in Tennessee, it was supposed—and that the father was in hot pursuit. *Then*, I remembered the letter given to Jake, and the significant glances between Miss Celia and the unknown young man. The news startled me. I saw once more, the spirited girl, full of enthusiasm and romantic nonsense, fancying herself a heroine. I saw the father, too, with his pride, self-will, and energy, thundering along in the track of the fugitives, I hardly knew whether to wish for their escape or no. I feared for the young man, howsoever it fell out.

And who was Manley? I asked a number of persons, each of whom answered after his own way of thinking. No *one* man can give a correct idea of another; by two or three observations, as in trigonometry, you can obtain the data and compute the elements.

Manley was the son of a waggon-maker in Barrington, "poor but honest" (as the damaging phrase is), who had brought up a numerous family, feared God, and obeyed the laws. The eldest son was of medium height, but looked puny beside the tall men who are reared in Kentucky. He was shapely and even graceful, but slender in figure and retiring in manner. While other young men hunted or revelled he read and studied, until his complexion became singularly delicate for that scorching climate. When he was described to me, I well remembered his large blue eyes, full of intelligence and sensibility, and so shy withal, that no one ever had more than a passing glance from them. This was the man, albeit so shrinking and feminine, who had fascinated the stately and self-assured girl; this fellow, as timid as a deer with his horns in the velvet, had succeeded while a score of vigorous gallants were waiting for an opportunity!

Next day, towards evening, young Manley, with a companion named Cockburn, came back to Barrington without the young lady. As the town was full of a thousand flying stories about the elopement, the disappointed hero was overwhelmed with questions. This was the explanation:

Colonel Barwell had pushed on to the last inn on the border of Tennessee, and had there learned that the lovers had preceded him at least an hour, and that they were by that time, probably, man and wife. The innkeeper added, that he expected them to return and pass the night at his house. There was no alternative; the baffled father sent his foaming horse to the stable and waited for them.

Meanwhile, the fugitives found the magistrate who generally tied the hurried knots for couples from Kentucky; unfortunately, he had no blank licenses required by the law, and to serve the present purpose he took one which had been used: erasing the old names and filling in the new. The ceremony performed in this irregular way, the young couple returned in high spirits, and soon reached the inn. A bountiful supper awaited them, and, when it was finished, the bride was shown to her chamber, Miss Celia was humming a song as she opened the door, but the notes froze in her throat when the light she carried, fell upon the stern features of her father. He stood before her, just within the room; a thousand rebukes in his silent face.

"Father!" It was all she could say.

"Daughter!" And he stood with folded arms. "So, you ran away," he went on at length; "ran away, like one of the 'poor trash.' *My* daughter, who can marry whom she likes! I am not angry, but I am ashamed of you."

She did not speak. Proud and resolute as she was, she knew her master.

"Are you married?"

She bowed silently.

"According to law? Oh, you don't know! We'll see about that. Now, my daughter, you haven't but one life to live, and we can't have it wasted in experiments. When it is a proper time for you to marry, I shall allow you a free choice; but you are a foolish child now, and nothing more. You thought it would be funny or romantic to do this—as though it were something that could be undone! I shall take you home with me, and you can then reflect. I don't believe you will disgrace yourself by choosing any such low-flung people. But, first of all, whose notion was it, this running away, yours or his?"

"Mine," she answered, tremblingly. Perhaps not truly, for her father's eyes shone as he put the last question, and, knowing the violence of his wrath, she saw what a tempest was about to break on the unlucky bridegroom.

"I shall see you again presently," said the father. He walked to the door, and, taking the

key, went out and locked her in. He had not far to go. Manley had heard voices, and was coming up, when he encountered the man whom, of all men living, he dreaded to meet.

"Are you the fellow that has stolen my daughter?" asked the colonel. Now, whatever bravery Manley had, it did not nerve him to look calmly on threatening muzzles, or to be cheerful in anticipation of having his bones broken. He had a theoretical or sentimental courage, very well in its way, inasmuch as it has sustained some very trembling knees on their way to the stake; but it was not of the kind needful in a "scrimmage," when, after natural means are exhausted, the bowie-knife comes in to settle the affair. So Manley, feeling an uncertainty in his legs, and a prodigious thumping at his heart, answered, in words that seemed to have the palsy:

"Yes, sir—that is, I married her—by her consent. She was—was not stolen."

"Oh! Not stolen. Now, sir, I want to know about the ceremony. Tell me what was done—all about it."

Mr. Manley was not a man with a legal education, or he would have known better than to admit away his case. In fact, he had a foolish sort of frankness that is highly commended in story-books, but is very bad policy, especially in dealing with an antagonist like Colonel Barwell. So, he told what had happened, not omitting the mending of the second-hand license. A gleam of delight lighted up the colonel's iron face when he heard that.

"Caught in your own trap, you fool!" he exclaimed. "The marriage is not legal; not worth so much as continental currency; void from the beginning. My daughter is not your wife. Go home, you fool! Perhaps you can make a waggon-wheel. Think yourself lucky that I leave you with a whole skin."

Manley was roused by the taunts, and said something about appealing to the daughter. The colonel unlocked the door, and, standing on the threshold to keep the unmarried couple apart, said:

"My daughter, you have been imposed upon, deceived, betrayed. The marriage was a sham; it gives you neither the rights nor the protection of a wife. Now go home with me. I only ask you to stay three weeks. If at the end of that time you wish to marry this man, you shall have an honourable wedding at my house. But I don't believe that, possessing your senses, you will ever marry such a mean-spirited fellow as he has shown himself."

Here Cockburn interrupted from the stairway. "If you are fool enough to agree to that, Manley, then you are a mean-spirited fellow, and you don't deserve to have her."

"Who is this pitching in with his cock-a-doodle-doo?" inquired the colonel. "Come here, you, if you want your comb cut." And he took out a keen, glittering bowie-knife, and felt the edge with his thumb. Manley could not repress a shudder as he saw this unconcerned handling of the fearful weapon. He spoke, however, more calmly than before.

"Cockburn, I don't want any blood shed on my account—your blood least of all. As I said before, I did not steal the young lady, and to prove that I have no wish to control her against her will, I will leave it for her to decide. If she loves me, she will not leave me for her father's threats. If we are not lawfully married, it will be easy to have the ceremony lawfully performed. I shall not answer Colonel Barwell's flings at my father's business. Some people, whom the world considers great, have not been ashamed of the labour of their hands. And there are many rich men whom I would not exchange places with, if I had to take their ignorance, their animal habits, and brutal temper."

A few minutes earlier, this retort would have cost the young man his life. As it was, Celia turned pale, while she watched the play of passion in her father's face. But he, feeling pretty sure of triumph, was willing to let the youth talk, and preferred on the whole not to have the trouble and scandal of a fight.

"Come, daughter, you have heard the young spark. He can talk, though he hasn't the pluck to do anything else." (Still feeling the edge of the knife, and showing his teeth to Manley with an expressive smile.) "Will you go home with me? I tell you in three weeks you shall have your choice."

She wavered. She looked towards her lover with tearful eyes. Perhaps one word from him would have brought her to his side. But that foolish uprightness of his, held him silent. He had said what he had to say. If she came to him, he thought, she must come of her own free will. He would not lift a finger, to induce her.

"Decide," said the colonel. "If you leave me, leave your name behind you; for I swear I will never own you, nor shall you ever have a crust from me to save you from starving!"

She moved a step towards her father. He opened his arms.

"Can you forgive me, George?" she said. "It is only for a little while. I swear I will never marry any one but you. But to please my father—and you know what he has promised—will you not let me go? Then we'll have a wedding, with our relations and friends. I can't bear to go off with father's curse on my head. *Won't* you forgive me, George? I will be true to you."

What the father thought, he kept in his own breast. He clasped his daughter in his arms and throwing a cold glance over his shoulder to Manley, said, with ironical courtesy, "You can go, young man. And you may as well order your horse to be fed for an early start."

"I am obliged to you," said Manley. "You can keep your advice for another. As for you, Celia, I must abide by your decision. Something within tells me that we part for ever. But the die is cast, by your hand. Farewell!"

Next day, Colonel Barwell and his daughter started homeward. Manley and Cockburn sat at the door, but no words were interchanged. An hour or two later the young men followed, reaching Barrington in the evening. The most

disappointed and enraged man of the party was Cockburn. Though less stalwart and muscular than the colonel, he was full of reckless impetuosity, and was keenly sensitive to the imputation of cowardice. It chafed him to see his friend's tame acquiescence in Colonel Barwell's insolent dictation, and he would have been glad to have a brush if his principal had shown the least disposition to sustain him.

"We shall be laughed out of the world for this," was his hundred-times repeated consolation to the downcast bridegroom on the way home. "Two young men, to let one old fellow bully them, ride over them roughshod, and carry off the girl when they had her sure! You and I could have chawed him up in three minutes."

"But he was too well armed."

"Never mind his butcher-knife! That isn't worth shucks when you close in. Give a regular bear's hug, and a man can't carve you up."

"But I don't want a fight."

"Then what on earth did you go in for? Don't grip with the devil unless you mean to use your nails. We go home like a couple of dogs with their tails between their legs. You can jump into Green River, or take lodgings in the Mammoth Cave, but you can't hold up your head in Barrington. What made you tell him about that license?"

"Why, you said it was legal."

"So I say now; the girl is your wife. But you might have kept your mouth shut."

The nearer they came to the town, the more the dread of ridicule weighed upon Cockburn. Again and again he repeated:

"We are disgraced—cowed like spaniels—not worth the powder to blow us up."

"Well, what could I have done?"

"Stood up for your rights, demanded your wife, showed fight. The old man wouldn't care to have a ball through his body any more than you or I. Besides, your wife had nobody to go to. You didn't show her that you would protect her, and so you made her give up to him."

"But it's over now, and I have agreed to wait three weeks."

"Don't be a spooney, and let the wool be pulled over your eyes in that way. I tell you she is your wife, and she showed her disposition plain enough. Go out to her father's place and take her!"

Poor Manley was in a sad dilemma. The shame and mortification of the affair were quite enough without the stinging taunts of his companion. He saw how he had been bullied and swindled, and, but for his word, he would have risked his life in the attempt to recover his bride. No man becomes so recklessly brave as a man of a delicate sensitive cowardly nature, stung into madness, or turned to bay in despair.

In every town of Kentucky there is a set of gentlemanly loafers, who in pleasant weather sit on chairs a-tilt at the street-corners under the trees, moving round with the shadow the whole day. When it is cool they congregate in lawyers' offices, groceries, bar-rooms, the clerk's office, or wherever their company is welcome. Quids of tobacco and home-made cigars are their solace, whittling cedar-sticks is their ostensible employment, and telling stories and playing practical jokes their diversion. Woe to the unlucky wight whose shortcomings or mistakes bring him under their notice! Dante never dreamed of worse refinement of torture than they know how to apply. Their laughter is worse than a volley, their jibes are more to be dreaded than a thrust from a two-inch blade. It is useless for a man to say that he don't care. They give the cue to the town, and every face is wreathed in smiles, every finger is pointed, every voice says, "Aha!"

No man can face a whole community long. Into such a nest of hornets came Manley and Cockburn. Everywhere the ludicrous end of the elopement was the theme of jeering conversation. Verses were extemporised upon it, and were sung by all the idle rascals in town, black and white. Manley was treated to a mock serenade; horns were blown, kettles were beaten; one of the serenaders had a tame crow which cawed in concert; another led a venerable goat that bleated when his beard was pulled; for Manley, it was Pandemonium let loose. The company had thoughts of bestowing similar delicate attentions on Cockburn; but the more prudent remembered his revolver, and thought it best not to run the risk of being peppered.

Cockburn met Manley next day, and was surprised to see the change in his face. Though still pale and thin, his bloodless lips were sharply compressed, and his eyes, no longer humid and womanly, shone with a cold steady lustre.

"You see now," said Cockburn, "we might as well be in the infernal regions. Something must be done. We can't kill all these fellows; they are too many. You have nothing left but your choice between three things: to run away, cut your throat, or go and get your wife."

"I will go and get my wife!"

"Good!" exclaimed Cockburn. "I begin to believe in you."

Their plan was speedily arranged. Cockburn undertook to engage two or three men to accompany them. They thought the display of force would intimidate the colonel into submission.

Strange that any persons could have been found to go on so desperate an errand. Perhaps. But what enterprise, however foolhardy, has ever failed to draw followers from among the restless spirits of Kentucky? If Molino del Rey is to be stormed, Kentuckians are the first to scale the walls. If Buena Vista is to be won against sevenfold odds, Kentucky rifles and cavalry are ready. If Lopez needs men to be garotted or shot in a vain attempt upon Cuba, or if the little tyrant Walker calls for aid in establishing a slave-republic in Central America, Kentuckians are eager to brave fever and vomito, hunger and thirst, poisonous reptiles and more deadly semi-savages, all for glory and the love

of adventure. A Kentucky officer who had served in the Mexican war raised a rifle regiment for Kossuth, had them armed and equipped, and was ready to sail if the Magyar had only been able to make a beginning. I, William Tompkins, knew the colonel of the regiment, and have seen his commission from the ex-Governor of Hungary.

Preparations were speedily and silently made, and next morning at daylight, Manley and Cockburn, with three friends, all armed to the teeth, set out for Colonel Barwell's estate. All of them wore cloaks or loose coats, to conceal their weapons; and as they had kept their intention secret, they expected to take the enemy completely by surprise.

But the proverbial "little bird" carried the news; in this case it was a black bird—namely, Jake. In some mysterious way he heard of what was going on, and at once came to me.

"Massa Bill, dere's trouble a brewin' for ole Massa Barr'l. Dat yer Manley an' Cockbun is goin' to-morrer to fotch away Miss Cely, an' to shoot de ole man if he gits in de way."

Jake, in common with all his race, had a mortal contempt for "po'r white trash," and he was rejoiced beyond measure when his master came home victorious. "I 'spected he was done shet* of dat po'r white-livered chap, an' dat Miss Cely 'd be 'shamed of stoopin' to de low-flung people for a man. Gor-a-mighty, I hope ole massa 'll gib de whole crowd some lead to fotch back wid 'em! Don't you, Massa Bill?"

I had not made up my mind.

"But, Massa Bill, wouldn't you now be a frien' to ole massa, and jest ride over an' let him know, so 's they shan't jump on him onawares?"

"Me! Go sixteen miles at night! I think I shall not interfere in the quarrel. Why don't you go yourself? Mind, I don't tell you to do it, nor advise you."

"Oh, massa, you'se sartin lawyer enough to know dat nigger's word ain't good for noffin in court; an' if dere's any trouble, ole massa maybe 'll want to show that he knowed de rascals was a comin'."

The astute Jake! To think that he was more far-seeing than I, in my own field!

Notwithstanding, I kept my ground. I did not see any reason why I should desire that Manley, or even the hare-brained Cockburn, should be shot. But Jake was bent on his errand, and, after borrowing a dollar from me, set out and found some white man to accompany him. I neither helped nor hindered.

A little after sunrise Miss Celia was making her toilette, when she heard the tramp of horses; she looked out of window and recognised her lover and Cockburn. What she felt, I don't pretend to say. For afterwards, when it became a matter of great importance to know, she kept her counsel. A remarkably intelligent and self-possessed person she proved to be. But at all events, she started up and ran down stairs in a great fright to——to inform her father? I did not say so. For anything I know, she may have intended to run to her lover's arms. But in the hall her father was ready: his rifle on his arm, a double-barrelled deer-gun in the corner: powder, balls, buckshot, patches, and percussion-caps in a chair at his knee. She had not time to speak before he stepped forward, raised the rifle, and said, "Keep off! Don't open my gate, or I shall fire!"

"Don't shoot! Keep cool!" some one answered.

The party were close together, and Manley, in advance, was just opening the gate, a hundred yards or so from the porch where the colonel stood. The gate swung open, and the party coolly came on.

"Once more!" shouted the colonel, "I warn you!"

At the same instant the sharp crack of the rifle was heard, and Manley fell off his horse. His party responded with pistol-shots, but their fire fell short, and only enraged their antagonist. Quick as lightning he discharged a load of buckshot from the other gun, and winged two of them; one was Cockburn, whose right arm fell powerless at his side.

The horsemen now halted for parley. These movements took place within ten seconds from the time when Celia came down. It was not until after Colonel Barwell had set down the second gun, still smoking, by the door, that he became conscious of his daughter's presence. She had fallen to the floor and was grasping his knees with cries and supplications. She did not obey his stern order to go to her room, but still clung to him, weeping convulsively.

The two unwounded members of the expedition now dismounted and picked up the body of their unfortunate chief.

"Bring him in," said the colonel. "Is it peace or war?" he continued, as he rammed down a ball in his rifle. "Let us understand each other."

"Peace," was the reply.

Cockburn meanwhile, and his wounded companion, got off their horses with difficulty, and fainted from pain and loss of blood before they had gone ten steps. (I may as well state here that amputation became necessary in both cases.)

Manley was brought into the hall and laid on his cloak for a pillow. The colonel stood by unflinchingly; not a muscle moved. His daughter bent over the body in a paroxysm of grief, and, I dare say, of remorse. Manley breathed feebly, but his eyes were shut in insensibility. Presently he gave a groan, which shook his whole frame; his eyes slowly unclosed. "I told you!—we part—I die for you! Farewell!" He was dead.

The colonel drew a deep breath. "This is a sorry business, gentlemen," said he, "and I hope you are satisfied with your share in it."

No one ventured to answer. Celia still sat by the dead body, weeping and moaning.

The master of the house then called his servants, and gave orders for the care of the

* In Kentucky, *to be shut of* a man is to be rid of him.

dead body. He despatched one for a surgeon, and ordered another to have his carriage ready. The wounded men were brought in to receive medical treatment.

Then, turning to one of the unfortunate party, he said:

"Of course this affair will require a legal investigation. My carriage is prepared. Please ride over to Squire Hemenway, the coroner; ask him to have a jury summoned, and say that I and the witnesses are ready."

While waiting for the coroner, Colonel Barwell took his daughter aside and said,

"You must not blame me, Celia. I had information last night of their coming, in violation of agreement, to tear you from me by force. You are my child, and the law gives me the right to protect you and to defend my house from violence. You were not his wife, and he had no claim upon you, even if he had come with an officer instead of a party of armed desperadoes. And remember—for possibly I may not be allowed to give bail, but may have to be imprisoned until the trial comes on—remember, I say, that you saw Manley's hand on a revolver under his cloak as he came through the gate."

What she saw, or what she remembered or said, rests with her. I only give the facts that were brought out at the trial. Miss Celia, in a very distinct voice, then testified as her father wished, and, upon cross-examination, she admitted the conversation I have just recorded.

The coroner sat. A magistrate to whom the homicide surrendered himself bound him over to the next term of court. The colonel gave bail and went at large, as stately in his carriage, as proud and defiant, or as gracious and agreeable, as he had ever been. The day he was admitted to bail, he came to Barrington, and engaged counsel for the defence: among them, myself. It was my first important case, and I threw all my energies into its preparation. Of course I saw much of the colonel and of his daughter. The conflict in her mind was over. Her lover was in his grave; her father was in danger; and she was more drawn to the living than the dead. Perhaps in some little nook of her heart (if she had one) she preserved a recollection of the man who had paid for his love with his life; but, for all that I could discern, Manley was as dead to her as though he had never existed.

I shall not report the trial, nor the speeches (two for the prosecution and four for the defence). My own speech, carefully written out, and rehearsed to an attentive audience of blackjacks half a mile out of town, is still on my files, endorsed

COMMONWEALTH OF KENTUCKY
vs.
JAMES BARWELL,
Under Indictment for Murder.
Argument of W. T. for Defence.

Of course our client was acquitted. Who ever knew a Kentucky jury to convict where they believed there was "a fair fight?"

Cockburn and the Manleys railed at the jury, as might have been expected; but a one-armed man might talk as much as he chose, since he could not take up the quarrel; and as for the Manleys, what matter was it what a set of poor "no-account" waggon-makers said?

"And Miss Celia?" She is married to a thriving planter in Tennessee. "Her father?" Lives on his estate, comfortable and respected.

"No poetical justice, then?" Not a particle.

I do not practise in Kentucky now; this trial, and a few others in which I was concerned, gave me some food for reflection. I confess to a preference for dying in my bed like a Christian, and I have too keen a sense of the value of my existence to be ready to risk it for the sake of a client, who may not pay me after all. I don't desire to be pounded with hickory canes wielded at the court-house door, by witnessess wrathful at having been cross-examined. And, though I might have continued to steer clear of difficulties by caution and suavity, I thought it best to plant myself where "difficulties" are not quite so common.

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